

True

25

Mystic Science

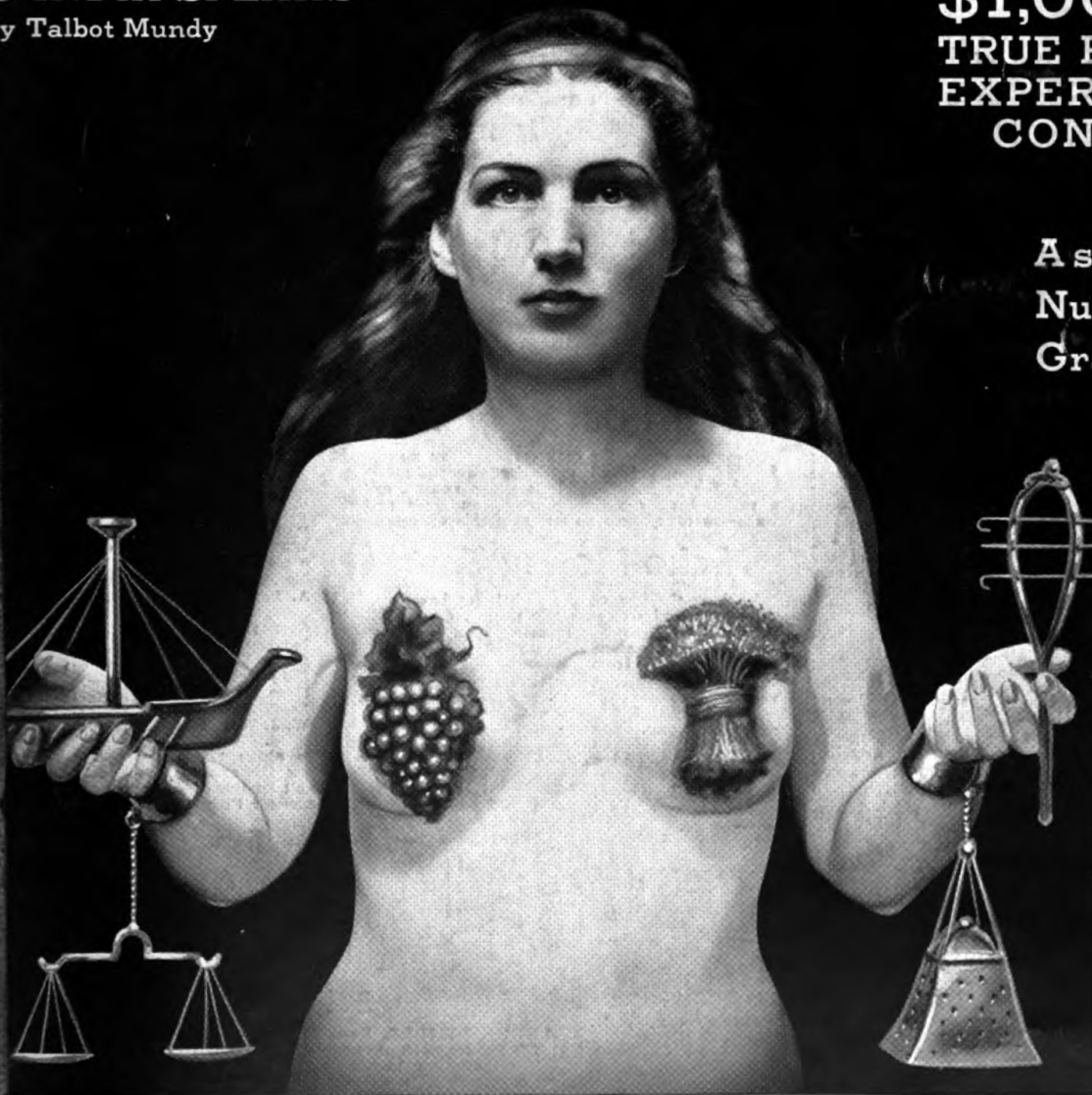
5/12/28

MYSTIC INDIA SPEAKS

By Talbot Mundy

\$1,000.00
TRUE PSYCHIC
EXPERIENCES
CONTEST

Astrology
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Graphology



HIS OCCULT POWER WON THE WORLD WAR!

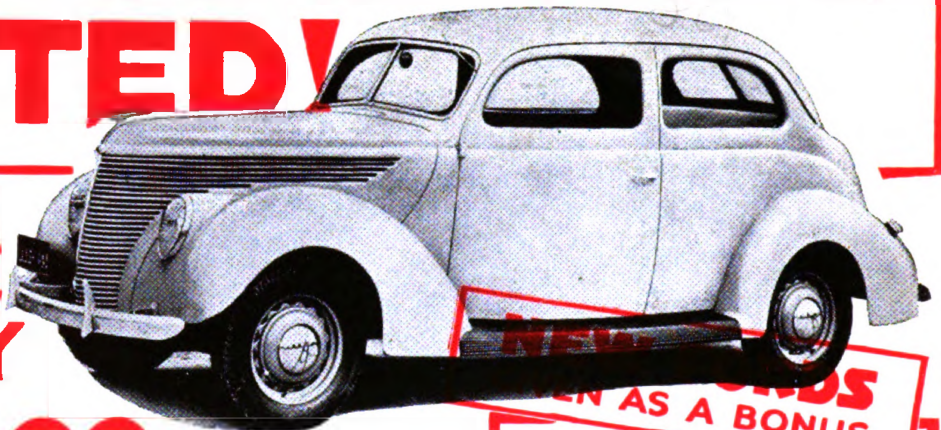
—By Louis Norton Sarbach

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MAN AND WIFE WANTED!

To run local COFFEE AGENCY

Splendid Chance To Make Up To **\$60⁰⁰** in a Week



If you want an unusual opportunity to make a fine cash income operating a Coffee Agency right in your locality, send your name at once for full details about my plan—FREE.

This opportunity is open to one person—man or woman—in each locality, or two persons operating in partnership. Local Coffee Agency is ideally suited for married couples; wife takes care of orders and handles calls at home, while husband delivers and collects. *Earnings start very first day.* Prosperous business of 200 regular customers quickly developed through remarkable, tested plan.

Start Earning at Once

I'll send you everything you need—your complete outfit containing full-size packages of products, also printed forms, blanks, advertising matter, samples, etc., together with simple, proven plans showing exactly what to do to make good money right from the start. Make as high as \$45.00 your very first week.

Everybody uses Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Cosmetics, Soaps, Toilet Goods, and other food products and similar daily necessities. They **MUST BUY** these things to live. You simply take care of your regular customers right in your locality—just keep them supplied with the things they need. You handle all the money and pocket a big share of it for yourself. You keep all the profits—you don't divide up with anyone. Hundreds of housewives in many localities are waiting, right now, to be served with these nationally famous products.

I Send Everything

Just as soon as I hear from you I will send you complete details—tell you all the inside workings of this nation-wide Coffee Agency plan. I will explain just how to establish your customers; how to give them service and make good cash earnings. You can plan it so you give only 5 days a week to your business, collect your profits on Friday, and have all

day Saturday and Sunday for vacation or rest. The plans I send you took years to perfect. You know they must be good because they have brought quick help to hundreds of other men and women, both married and single, who needed money.

Ford Cars Given

Over and above the cash earnings you make, I offer you a brand new Ford Sedan as a bonus for producing. This is not a contest or a raffle. I offer a Ford Car—as an extra reward—to everyone who starts in this business.

Make Money Fast

Look in the box on the right! See how fast these men and women made money, according to their own bona-fide reports. Some of them even worked alone without any help from their husbands or wives. They used this same plan that I will now send you. You read it; then if you see the possibilities, I'll help you start without asking you to risk a penny of your own money.

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY

You can start a Coffee Agency and make money the first week. You don't have to risk a cent. I absolutely guarantee this. No experience is needed. You use your home as headquarters. *You can build your business on my money.* Full details of money-making plans are free. Send your name today for the free book giving all inside facts, then you can decide. Don't waste a minute as you might lose this opportunity through unnecessary delay. **ACT AT ONCE.**

ALBERT MILLS, President
6572 Monmouth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

NOT A CONTEST

Not a lottery. Not a game of chance. You don't have to "win" to get a Ford Car of your own. I give these Ford Cars to producers as a bonus over and above their cash profits, to encourage prompt service to their customers. The car becomes your personal property with no strings attached.

AND HERE IS POSITIVE PROOF OF BIG EARNING POSSIBILITIES

Can you make money with a Coffee Agency? Yes. Here's a way to make it **FAST!** If only three or four people had made money as fast as this, you might call it an accident. But *many* have done it! Here are only a few—if space permitted I could print scores of exceptional earning reports:

	Amount Earned in One Week
F. J. Mosher, Wyo.	\$ 60.00
Wilbur W. Whitcomb, Ohio.	145.00
Clare C. Wellman, N. J.	86.00
Mrs. A. Anderson, Conn.	75.00
A. Fardini, Calif.	69.09
Norman Gelsler, Mich.	136.50
Gunson R. Wood, N. Y.	82.10
Lamar C. Cooper, Mich.	82.00
Helen V. Woolmington, Pa.	45.00
Ruby Hanneu, W. Va.	73.00
Hans Coordes, Neb.	96.40
Lambert Wilson, Mich.	79.00
W. J. Way, Kans.	78.15

The above reports of exceptional earnings show the amazing possibilities of my offer. Don't let this opportunity pass—send me your name for **FREE Facts.**



MAIL COUPON Now

SEND NO MONEY—FREE

ALBERT MILLS, President,
6572 Monmouth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Send your free book telling how to start a Local Coffee Agency in which a married couple (or a single person) can make up to \$60.00 in a week. I will read it and then let you know if I want to accept this opportunity.

Name
Address

(Please Print or Write Plainly)

TRUE Mystic SCIENCE

DECEMBER

R. T. MAITLAND SCOTT, JR., Editor

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"JOAN OF ARC — FRANCE'S PSYCHIC SAVIOR"

by

**PAUL
CHADWICK**

Fascinating Account of the
Mystic Maid of Orleans,
Whose Occult Power
and Poignant Memory Is
Revered by the Whole
French Nation After Five
Hundred Years

**Be Sure Not to
Miss This
Outstanding
Feature
in the
January Issue**

**Out in
December**

HIS OCCULT POWER



They called Lawrence of Arabia a crusader reincarnate, a mysterious miracle man doing penance for cruel deeds committed centuries ago in the desert. Was Lawrence the reincarnation of his famous ancestor who rode with Richard the Lion-Heart?

THE STRANGEST CHAPTER in the story of the World War is believed by many to tell of the reincarnation of a medieval soldier. Deep in the centuries that separate our modern world from ancient times lie the Crusades, the holy wars of the middle ages. The armies of the Cross marched across France to the blaring commands of pennanted trumpets, marched across Germany, across the Austria of the mighty Hapsburgs, through the savage wilds of the Balkans, and into Asia Minor. When they met the Arabian hosts of the Crescent, many a brave man on either side fell dying to the earth, his blood soaking into the desert sands.

After the wars were over and those remaining returned to their homes, one man of them, an English knight in the service of King Richard the Lion-Heart, regretted the slaying he had committed in the name

Colonel T. E. Lawrence, accepted by desert tribesmen as a Prince of Mecca, unheard of status for an infidel.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



WON THE WORLD WAR!

By Louis Norton Sarbach

Author of "A Demonic Power Ruled D'Annunzio"

of holiness. Yearning for a chance to right the wrong done to the Arabs, he lived his life and died—but his desire was not fulfilled.

Centuries later, in 1914, a descendant of that medieval knight went as a mere youth into the glamorous and mystic Arabian country. There, making use of strange occult power, he tried to help the Arabs regain their freedom from the crushing heel of the Ottoman Turks. Thus, after hundreds of years, the wrong was to be righted, and this time the knight disdained the uniform of King Richard's men; this time he wore the agal, aba and kuffieh of an Arab prince. The medieval knight was Sir Robert Lawrence; the world of today knows his strange reincarnation by the name of Lawrence of Arabia.

* * * * *

Seventeen years after the end of the war, in May, 1935, a large black motorcycle roared through the countryside of Dorsetshire, England, at more than ninety miles an hour. It burned around the turns in the road, churning a cloud of dust that marked its progress across the panorama. Nothing impeded its headlong journey for miles until, horrified, its driver saw a boy riding on a bicycle. So suddenly did this apparition loom up that there was only time, the split-fraction of a second, to try to break the violence of impact by swerving. Swerve the driver did, and the boy was flung to the road, stunned but otherwise unhurt. The motorcyclist was found, many yards clear of his demolished machine, and rushed to a hospital.

Six days later, on May 19th, it was announced that Lawrence of Arabia had breathed his last.

A few weeks passed. There had been a simple funeral, without flowers—only the Union Jack wrapped about the casket to signify that within it there lay one who had served England honorably. Notes of consolation came from the most important people in the Empire and from many in every country both of the Occident and the Orient. Obituary notices in the world press stressed the dead hero's achievements in the World War. Journalists spoke once more of Lawrence's eccentricity, which caused him to decline the worldly honors that his country had tried to heap upon him; once more they emphasized the mystery that even in death enshrouded the blue-eyed, poetic, diffident, yet strong-willed man of action, Colonel T. E. Lawrence.

Lawrence was dead, authoritatively, by virtue of every official document that one might require for proof. The funeral had been held, the king had sent his personal message, the world had taken note—yet in four weeks' time as dependable a Paris newspaper as *L'Ouvre* stated that Lawrence was by no means dead but had, on the contrary, arrived at Addis Ababa on the 29th of May, was very much alive at the present time, and was, in fact, on the intelligence staff of the ill-fated Abyssinian emperor, Haile Selassie. This report was presently confirmed in the Italian press. There were other suggestions also, emanating from varied and unconnected sources. One said that Lawrence could not have been killed in





VIDE WORLD

Lawrence, as an enlisted airman after he forsook rank and honors and tried to bury his identity.

the motor-bike accident because he was on secret service at the time in the British Orient. It was not denied that *someone* had been killed; it was merely considered impossible that that someone could have been Lawrence.

It was pointed out also that there were many reasons—some of them extremely official and secret—for certain people to *want* the world to think that Lawrence was dead. It was even suggested that Lawrence would be safer if certain sinister foreign agents, then at large in England, thought him dead and buried. But we can be sure of this much: Lawrence himself had several good and *private* reasons for wishing everyone to believe that he had been killed. And to understand just what some of these private reasons were, we shall glance over the fascinating details of his amazing and mystical career among the Bedouins of the Arabian Desert.

THERE WAS in the blood of Lawrence an odd commingling of racial stocks: Welsh, English, Spanish, Scotch and Irish. But dominating his spiritual outlook was the ancestral factor of Sir Robert Lawrence, his Crusading forebear. At the beginning, of course, he had no realization of this, and it is interesting to trace the steps whereby the influence of his destiny gradually and consistently made itself evident.

There was, for one thing, nothing soldierly about his physique; indeed, the army turned him down when he tried to enlist at the outbreak of the war, regarding his five feet, three inches as below the standard of British military requirements. They shoved the future "Uncrowned King of Arabia" into a white-collar office job at Cairo. And during the years previous to the war,

soldiery seemed a thing apart from him and his world. He was, in fact, a scholar, specifically an archaeologist.

But Lawrence received the first inkling of his destiny when his interest in archaeology took a sudden military turn and led him (how strange the workings of fate!) to study the ruined castles and fortresses built by his Crusading ancestors in the Holy Land. These studies took him many a weary mile on foot and into many a strange country. While still a student at Oxford, he had traveled through the desert land of Syria, poking among the mystical cuneiform inscriptions that he turned up from the ruins of ancient cities—such as Carchemish, capital of the Biblical Hittites—and between times familiarizing himself with the customs and dialects of the peoples that he met. In this respect he was undoubtedly an almost unique traveler.

Most people who journey in the Orient go about in their everyday Occidental clothes. They arrive in an Oriental city, find the most up-to-date hotel, take a standardized sight-seeing tour and spend the rest of the time writing postcards to friends at home and complaining of the heat, the food, the flies and the service. But not Lawrence. . . .

He quickly discovered, first, that the costume of the Arab is the most comfortable costume to wear—in Arabia. Secondly, and more important, he found that this native dress, plus his growing knowledge of language and customs, drew him more and more into the mysterious aura of the enigmatic Arabian people.

It was not long before the Oxford scholar was taken into the secret places of the desert and instructed in those mysteries which are the centuries-old possession of wise men who see naught of the world but the stars overhead at night and the horizon-bound expanse of sand by day.

Arabia, with its almost limitless stretches of unbroken sand and, by night, its equally untrammelled view of the heavens, is the natural home of astrology. Traditionally, the great astrologers of ancient times were Babylonians and Assyrians, who inhabited cities in the northern part of the Arabian peninsula. Although civilizations have since risen and fallen in many parts of the world, Arabia the Changeless still has the same clear sky by night and the same sparkling astral map. Yet, like their ancestors of three millenia ago, the wisest of the bearded Bedouin sages emerge from their tents at night, mount their faithful camels and turn their eyes for guidance aloft to the stars. . . .

What, precisely, Lawrence learned in the desert, we may never know. But the desert so moulded him, so instilled its philosophy, austere to a degree, into his spiritual core, that he came out of it a man apart. Then the war broke out, and strangely enough, *the work of destiny had been fulfilled, just in time.*

Could it all have been a coincidence? For Lawrence at that moment of history was the only man living who could don an Arabian costume, speak more than a dozen difficult Arabian dialects, and despite the highly dangerous fact that he was an infidel among thousands of fanatical Moslems, win them completely over to do his slightest bidding.

Could it have been merely coincidence that this insignificant-looking Britisher, on whose head the Turks had set a price of \$250,000, went in perfect safety among the notoriously poor Bedouins, though any one of them



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

knew that he could be rich beyond dreams simply by betraying this same insignificant British infidel? Was it merely a coincidence that Lawrence possessed strange and invaluable occult powers without which his mastery of Arabia would have been utterly impossible? Any *one* of these might have been coincidental. But mathematical law assures us that *all* could not have been.

For Lawrence had lived in the desert before. He had seen at night the starry message. Time and time again he and the bearded seers had interpreted it, and when the fatal shots at Sarajevo plunged the world into madness and the gray German armies swarmed over the hapless Belgian countryside, Lawrence knew then exactly what he *was*, where he was to go, and what he was to do.

But he told nobody about it. Why? Because everyone would have laughed; no one would have thought him sane. Too small in height to get into active service, the mere idea of him as an officer among the Arabs would have seemed ridiculous. Also, wasn't he rather young, less than twenty-five years of age? Last but not least, he had no military experience whatever. The world knew him only as a student, an archaeologist, a college boy, as it were. So Lawrence said nothing, but kept his own mystic counsel.

DESTINY'S PLAN, however, was almost at once set in motion; Lawrence was sent to Cairo by the government and set to work making military maps for the British regulars in the Near East. And presently came the second opportunity which had been foretold: he was granted a short leave of absence. He never returned, officially, until his work was finished. He silently slipped away, into the trackless reaches of the mysterious desert.

The enemy was Germany's great Oriental ally, the Turkish Ottoman Empire. Germany counted on Turkey to attack French and British interests in Africa and the Near East, and England knew that if Turkey's power were destroyed, the Allies would be free to deal with Germany in the European theater of war. This destruction of the Turkish Ottoman Empire was the super-human achievement of Lawrence, and his instrument was a great revolt of all the Arab tribes, who for centuries had suffered and bled beneath Turkish misrule.

Expert strategists say that had Lawrence failed there would have been an entirely different story to tell—that Lawrence won the World War!

Deep in the desert regions of Arabia lie two mystic and holy cities, Mecca and Medina. Medina contains the tomb of the Prophet Mohammed; Mecca is his birth-place, and there is the Shrine of the Kaaba-stone. In neither of these cities are any but sons of Islam permitted. Infidels may not contaminate the fanes of these

It was while riding a motorcycle at furious speed that T. E. Lawrence was supposed to have met his "death."

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD





ACME NEWSPICTURES

Transjordanian sheik, an aide-de-camp to Shariif Abdullah, Abdullah, himself well versed in mysticism, was awed by Lawrence's spiritual greatness.

holy acres. But Lawrence was permitted to enter and leave the holy cities at will. More than that, he was regarded by all Arabs as a Shariif, one of the Ashraf.

In itself this is almost incredible. It can only be explained by Lawrence's occult control, which he exerted over the tribes. It was a talisman by which they trusted him. For the Ashraf is a cult more than a thousand years old. It is a blood cult and consists of the direct descendants of the Prophet by Fatima, his daughter. Naturally these descendants are the holiest people of Arabia and form, obviously, the very central core of Islamite aristocracy.

Lawrence was habitually referred to as *Shariif* by the Arabs and invariably saluted as Sidi (i. e., Lord). As he rode on his camel over the sandy wastes from oasis to oasis, he was royally clothed in luxurious Oriental attire, and at his waist, in front, he wore, as one born to the distinction, a jewel-encrusted, curved sword that proclaimed to all who saw him that he was nothing less than a prince of Mecca.

What Lawrence achieved in freeing the Arabs had been attempted before. But his predecessors had always failed because of the disunity of the many Arab tribes. Many a caliph rode out of Bagdad and went up and down the peninsula trying to weld the Bedouins into a militarily, coherent whole—but without success. It was not accomplished until the Christian Prince of Mecca, the infidel with psychic powers, came and erected his mystic standard. As a loadstone draws all to its center,

so the usually bickering nomad tribes flocked to "Shariif El Orens'" banner, wildly proclaiming their allegiance and shooting their rifles into the air, the characteristic desert military salute.

LAURENCE'S CONDUCT of the campaign against the Turks is characterized by a wonderful tact and, of course, by his skillful handling of his occult powers. The latter was so masterly that one suspects that Lawrence had been trained as a mystic from the very early days of his youth. Such training, at any rate, would have been available, for (as is well known) there is a group of scholars at Oxford who meet at intervals for the study (and sometimes the practice) of occultism. It is possible that Lawrence in his student days associated with this group at the university.

We have the word of the well-known American journalist, Lowell Thomas, that Lawrence had certain highly unusual knowledge, of which he made use when necessary. On several occasions (as Thomas tells) he successfully cured Arabian warriors of the Evil Eye. And one day a man was brought before the Sidi grievously bewitched. Lawrence studied the case and suitably solved it by casting over the un-

fortunate Arab a counter bewitchment. If Lawrence had indeed studied with the Oxford group, he certainly found an early outlet for his talents. These demonstrations of unusual abilities served to tighten the English Shariif's control over the hundreds of violent, feuding tribes.

His destiny as the Crusader Reincarnate had, as we have seen, subtly turned even his scholarly archaeological interests toward the study of the military architecture of the Crusades. This same destiny had caused him, at about the same period, to read works on the strategy of warfare. One such work was a book on the latest military techniques by the famous French field marshal, Foch. Here again is an example of Lawrence's occult grasp of values: without any military experience whatever, he knew that the methods of Foch would fail, utterly and completely, in Arabia. And what would succeed? The same mysterious instinct led him back through many centuries, to one Roman and to one Greek. Their names were Caesar and Xenophon.

Turkey in those memorable years was one of the Oriental powers that tried to be as "modern" and Western as possible. And therein lay her great mistake. Turkey's military methods were strictly up-to-date and modeled after the best and efficient German style. This style, however, was quite useless in Arabia, where the days of the Bible still prevail in spite of Western pride and progress. Basing his tactics on those of these great classic soldiers, Lawrence developed a style of fighting that has since

been called super-guerilla warfare. No trenches, no digging-in for the Arabs; nothing like that. The Arabian army did as it knew best how to do—travel on thousands of camels over the trackless voids of sand, to arrive without a sound in the middle of the night, to inflict quick and fatal damage, and (like the caravan

in the poem) to “silently steal away.” Thus great train loads of Turkish soldiers, riding toward Medina, would suddenly fly into the blue Arabian sky, while the vast silences of the Arabian desert would be shattered by the voice of the exploding mines. Then from behind every hillock and ridge of sand, the rejoicing Sons of Ishmael would swarm, chanting in heroic accents their improvised epics of “El Orens Bey,” as they affectionately styled their idol, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Shariif. Thus reincarnation gradually, through the passing years, was bringing peace to the troubled spirit of medieval Sir Robert Lawrence.

The climax was the triumphant entry of Lawrence and his Arabian army into the ancient city of Damascus. And then the anti-climax—the unwise peace conferences at Versailles that have turned loose a world of troubles to vex the nations of both hemispheres.

Though he formed and led armies and proved himself a leader of men, Lawrence was something more. He had read his destiny and had moved to carry it out—but his success was a bitterness to him. For Lawrence saw his efforts in his reincarnate function broken and scattered again amid the politics of the peace conference. France, as greedy as her old “tiger” Clemenceau, was fierce and demanded Syria for her own. Lawrence protested and told how he had fought for a free Arabia, how this French demand was a clear betrayal of all Britain’s promises to the Arabs. And France won out.

The cup of bitterness was now at Lawrence’s lips. This disillusionment lies behind all his later activity, which was the activity of a man brutally frustrated, deeply overwrought and nervously unstrung. For a time he tried to engage in various government offices, but his spirit was in turmoil—and he had no peace. He gave up these positions and tried to bury himself in obscurity. Meanwhile, tortures began to rain upon him from another

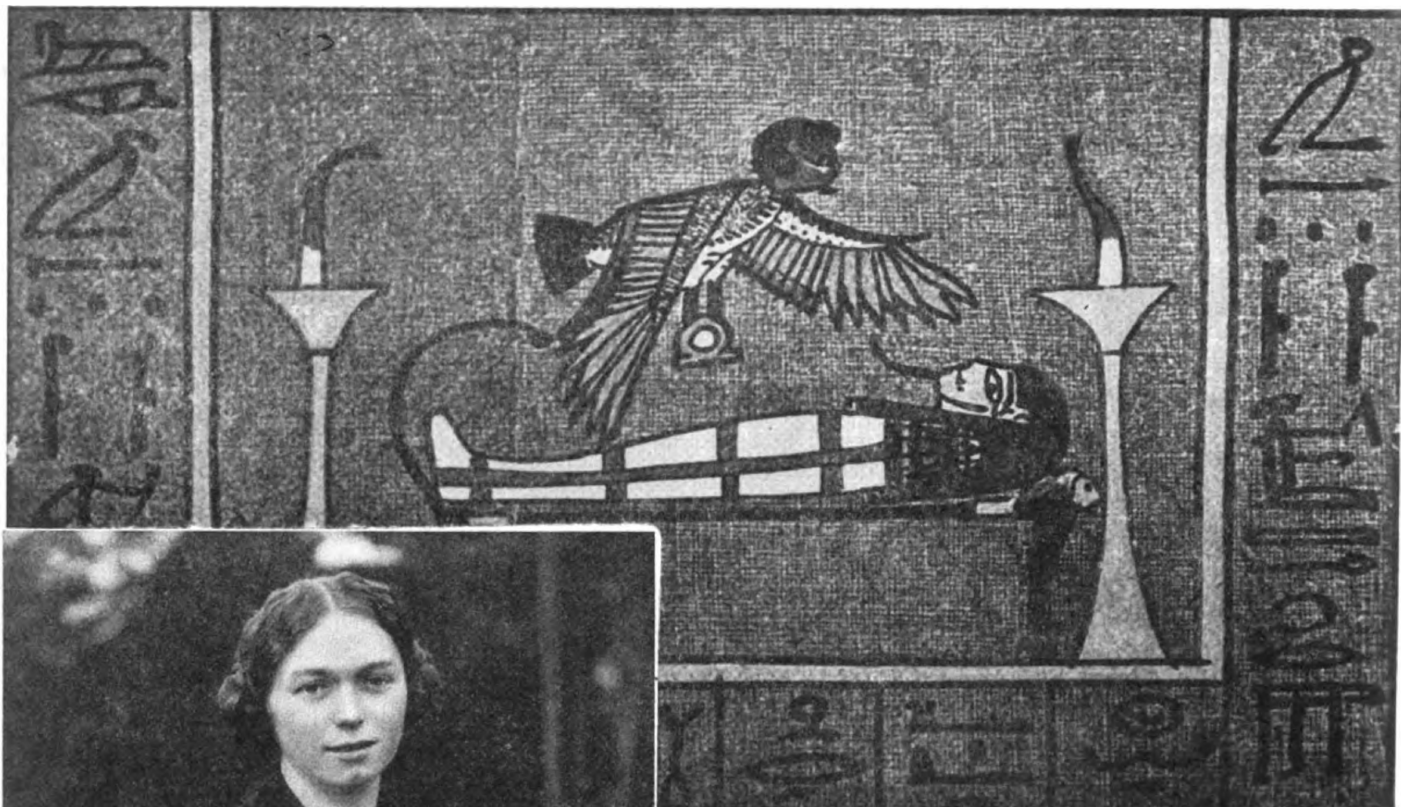
[Continued on page 62]

The mighty Shariif Abdullah (below) said of Lawrence (left)
—“Can it be that he is Allah, thus to know everything?”

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD



THE AMAZING CASE OF



Like the ancient Egyptians, Miss Lina Lauter (left, below) has the power to project her astral body while in a conscious state of mind. The Egyptians believed that the astral form even returned at times to the physical body after its death and burial. Above is the soul of Ani, visiting his mummy in the tomb.

form. Which brings us into a deeper and more amazing phase of astral study than in my first of this series of articles in *TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE* in which I dealt mainly with proven cases of spontaneous projection, when I cited cases of people's bodies being seen and recognized at long distances from their physical bodies at times when they were known to be asleep.

I shall tell you Miss Lauter's story, just as she recounted it to me, before I checked and rechecked the evidence available and found it to be substantial. However, it might be well to first briefly outline something of Lina Lauter's personal background.

Lina was born in Germany, the daughter of a Lutheran minister. When she was twelve, her mother died. Eventually her father married a second time. When she was nineteen, he, too, passed away, leaving Lina to live with a very ill-natured stepmother, who, as she said, "had no love for me, nor I for her."

Life was made so unbearable for her by the demands of her stepmother and the privations of a starving country, that in due course Miss Lauter shook the dust of her homeland from her feet and came to America, a move for which she has always been thankful.

For eleven years she was the only woman on the staff of a popular newspaper, published in Cleveland, where

ONE OF THE MOST amazing cases of astral projection ever to be discovered and substantiated in the field of psychic research was the experience of Miss Lina Lauter of 8707 Tompkins Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. She projected her astral from her physical body, with terrifying sensations during a part of the process, and actually journeyed far into the future. For what she saw in a death-ruled land of advance time actually came to pass long after her astral body returned into the physical. It is even more remarkable that Lina Lauter experienced a conscious projection of her astral

LINA LAUTER

By

Sylvan Muldoon

Author of "In the Land of Living Ghosts"

Death carried her on swift wings into the future, showed what was fated to come and then allowed her to return safely, back into the present, to her everyday life.

she wrote her daily column and edited the woman's page and was the foremost German welfare worker in that city.

But to go back to 1914. Lina was then twenty years old, a subject of Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm, and was working as a teacher at *Waldpädagogium*—a school for children—in the village of Bad Berka, district of Thuringia. Her brothers, Fritz, Dethardt, and Karl, had been drafted into the army and were in active service at the front. . . . It was in that setting that her amazing experiences took place.

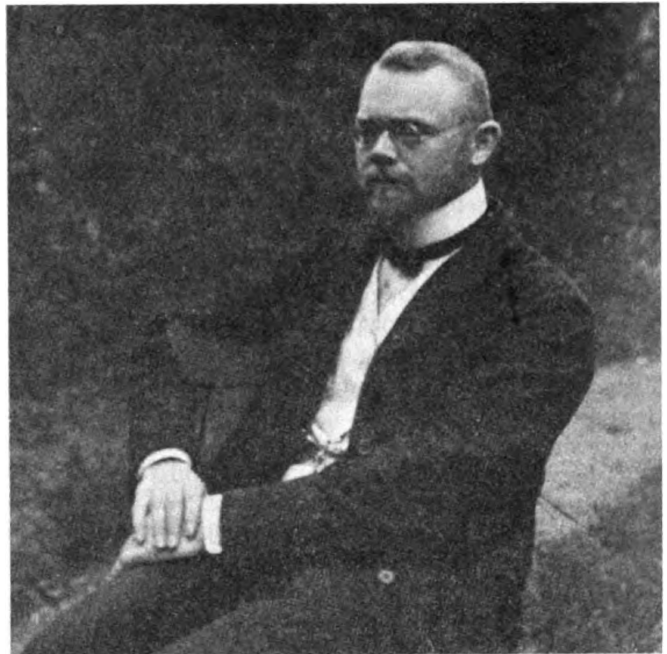
"One night I lay stretched out on my bed," Miss Lauter said. "but I could not go to sleep. I noticed that my limbs were growing stiff, that my breath was starting to come in gasps. Following this, a terrifying sound reached my ears: it was like the rushing of water over a falls, and seemed very close to my bed.

"I grew frightened, and more so when I discovered that I could not move. I wanted to call out for help, but could not utter a sound. I tried in vain to open my eyes. A terrible pain cut through my chest, and I was helpless to resist or wince from it. It seemed as if I were going to be literally torn apart as I lay there, hopelessly powerless but nevertheless clearly conscious.

"Then, like a flash, it dawned upon me that I was dying. I knew I was experiencing death, and I kept wailing over and over in my mind. 'I am dying, I am dying—tomorrow they will find my body here.'

"In another moment all pain and breath left me. My body grew light, as if it weighed nothing, and slowly ascended into the air, until finally I rested in a horizontal position several feet above my bed. Then slowly I turned upright, my feet and legs moving downward and my head upward, and presently found myself standing on the floor in the middle of my bedroom. I saw that I had left my physical body behind—looked at it lying there on the bed—but that fact caused me no regret, for I was overjoyed at finding myself wide awake and in possession of a new and magnificent body which seemed bubbling over with buoyance.

"I tried to think of the many things I should have done and perceived with wonder how clearly my thoughts came. I was especially conscious of all my surroundings.



Fritz Lauter, Lina's brother. In her weird experience Miss Lauter learned the exact circumstances of Fritz's death long before it took place.

I thought of my friends and family and was glad that father had died shortly before and would now be spared the ordeal of conducting my funeral.

"During the experience it never once occurred to me that I had not really died. That fact was self-evident; I knew I was a spirit, for I was standing there perfectly conscious and could see my old physical form, which I had just vacated, lying there as if dead. . . . There was a very strange kind of light all about me, not bright, but rather like the light of early dawn; yet there were no shadows, and everything in the room stood out clearly.

"A feeling of great calm seemed to take possession of my new self, and I stretched out my arms and said a blessing for my loved ones. Just then I was struck with a thought of great joy. It seems so silly now, but as I stood there—believing myself about to enter heaven—I was still so human that my heart was filled with glee to think I would not have to rise early in the morning and prepare breakfast for my stepmother, and still

Newspaper funeral notice of Fritz Lauter's death, details of which are a part of the chain of evidence to support Lina Lauter's psychic powers.



(Anstatt besonderer Anzeige.)

Auch unseren geliebten Sohn, Schwiegersohn, Gatten, Vater, Bruder und Schwager, Herrn Oberlehrer im Waldpädagogium zu Bad Berka

Fritz Lauter

Witzoldwibel und Offiziers-Stellvertreter im Kgl. u. S. Res.-Inf.-Regt.

haben wir nach dem Willen des Herrn für unser teures Reich und Vaterland opfern müssen. Er fiel durch die Stirne geschossen bei einem Nachtgefecht auf dem Friedhof zu Fresnoy, 33 Jahre alt. Gott schenke dem tapferen und frommen Streiter Christi die Krone der Ehren im ewigen Leben!

Emetzhelm und Nürnberg im Oktober 1914.

Die trauernden Familien
Pfarrer Lauter und Nusselt.

3197

more delighted to think of her having to prepare her own . . . ”

SPECIAL ATTENTION to the fact that this was a conscious-from-beginning projection, the type of experience which is comparatively rare, that at no time did the sleep or dream state figure in the occurrence, and that the unseen intelligence which controlled it was entirely foreign to Miss Lauter's own volition. As many of my readers know, I long ago designated this X-force (unknown force) as the "crypto-conscious mind."

After a brief adventure out of the body, Lina Lauter's experience came to an end in typical fashion when she found herself moving back again into her material form, where she became physically alive once more.

"I lay there on my bed, wide awake and wonderstruck at the miracle I had just undergone," she went on to say. "I knew I had just passed through the experience of death and of conscious resurrection from death in a new and wonderful body, but that I was now imprisoned back in the flesh again."

After lying thus for some time, Miss Lauter finally drifted off to sleep and next experienced a very vivid premonitory dream, although she did not know, of course, that it was a vision of the future, at the time.

"In my dream I heard the door bell ring," she explained. "Responding, I went to the front door, opened it and saw the mailman standing there. He handed me a post card. After a few moments he reached down in his bag again and pulled out a letter. Not a word was spoken, and he left in the usual manner. Closing the door, I entered the sitting room and sat down to look at the two pieces of mail.

"The post card was in my own handwriting, addressed to my brother Fritz in France. But in the upper left-hand corner someone had scribbled a crude cross and, in bold letters over the address, had written the words, *Gefallen—Zurück*, which, when translated, means *Fell—Goes Back*.

"I did not notice the date or postmark on the card, but presumed, during the vision, that it was a card I had already sent to Fritz, and that it had been returned because Fritz had been killed.

"I next looked at the letter. It was in a square, yellow envelope addressed by a friend of my brother who was with him at the front, but of whom I had never heard before. I noticed that it was dated *November*, although it was then only the 19th of September. In the enclosed letter the writer expressed his sorrow and said that his friend—my brother—had been shot, twice in the head and three times in the chest. . . . As I placed the card and letter on the table beside me, the vision ended."

Although fully aware of the significance of her first experience—that she had been entirely outside of her body and conscious—Miss Lauter attached no importance to the dream which followed it, believing it to have been brought about by the constant fear and appre-

hension under which she was living. As stated, the vision occurred on the night of September 19, 1914.

On October 6, 1914, seventeen days after the vision, Lina wrote and sent Fritz a card.

On October 14, 1914, twenty-five days after the vision, Lina received the card back again.

In the upper left corner was scribbled a cross, and in bold, hastily written red letters, over the address, were the words, *Gefallen—Zurück*, exactly as she had seen them in her vision!

When official notice of the death of her brother reached Lina and her stepmother a short time later, she learned that he had been killed on October 2, thirteen days after the vision. . . . The official notice as well as the funeral notice, published in the local newspaper, stated of Fritz Lauter, that:

He fell, shot through the head, in a night battle at the cemetery in Fresno; age 33 years.

While the returned post card was in itself a remarkable verification to Miss Lauter's prevision, there was more, and perfect, evidence to come. She went on to say:

"At the end of November, over two months after the dream, we actually did receive a twelve-page letter from a man who had been with Fritz at the front. He was a stranger to us and he signed his name, George Lehman. In the letter he told us that the funeral notice was incorrect and that brother Fritz had not only been shot twice through the head, but *three times through the chest*, just as I had read in the letter of my vision!"

I have carefully checked all of Lina Lauter's amazing evidence: dated letters, post card, etc.

Miss Lauter has much the same power of precognition as the famous dramatist, Maurice Maeterlinck, who claims to have had many premonitions and is of the opinion that they never foretell a fortunate event. But

while premonitions of disaster may have been peculiar to that great Belgian, they are by no means the universal law. The case of Goethe, for instance, illustrates admirably how a premonitory experience can actually forecast a happy future event.

When Goethe was twenty-one he said good-by to Fredericka Biron, the girl he loved, and rode sadly away from Sesenheim, in Alsace, the town where she lived. On reaching the path leading to Drusenheim he suddenly saw a phantom double of himself in a gray suit, embroidered with gold, such as he had never worn before. The double was riding toward him and back toward the home of Fredericka. He watched the phantom until it vanished, and declared it had a calming influence upon him in those unhappy moments following the parting.

"How strange," Goethe relates in *Aus Meinen Leben*, "that eight years later I found myself riding along the same road, back to visit Fredericka, wearing the gray suit with gold trimmings which I had seen in the vision. And I wore it not by design, but by chance!"

[Continued on page 75]



Sylvan Muldoon, author of this second fascinating article of an unusual series on astral projection. Mr. Muldoon is the author of several books dealing with metaphysical wonders.

To Our Readers

THANK YOU for your purchase of this, the second, issue of **TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE**. If you are one of the thousands who bought the first issue, thank you again.

Some months ago the publisher at the head of **The Continental News, Inc.**, came to me and said, "Create a magazine that will be of real interest to all persons genuinely interested in mysticism in all its phases—one setting forth facts concerning a subject believed by many and understood by few, but at which no one who will listen will scoff. I am myself deeply interested in the subject, so it had better be good."

I went to work to produce perhaps the most difficult type of publication in the magazine field. Now the question is, have I failed or have I succeeded? I asked the publisher this question, and the answer I got was:

"I think you have succeeded reasonably well, but the readers will tell you the story."

So I appeal here directly to you. If I am to be truly successful in my efforts, I must know wherein I may be falling short in my endeavors. You, the readers of **TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE**, are the only people who can tell me.

Your comments, your criticisms, your suggestions will be greatly appreciated. Please be good enough to write your statements on the back of a card and drop it in a mail box, or write a letter if you have a great deal to say. Be sure to give your name and address so that, if possible, your communication may be acknowledged.

Again, thanks a million.

R. T. Maitland Scott, Jr.
Editor



CONTINENTAL NEWS, INC.

*402 Corn Exchange Building
Minneapolis, Minn.*

MYSTIC INDIA SPEAKS

by TALBOT MUNDY



There was a woman. She was more beautiful than any woman the author had ever seen. But it took the mystery of a purple mountain top, a crouching tiger, and the cryptic words of a solitary guru, to teach him real beauty — before a miracle could come to release him from perhaps the greatest trial of his life.

MANY YEARS AGO, in Rajputana, the writer climbed several thousand feet above sea level for a moonlight view of an historic landscape. He was, in those days, an opinionated young Englishman, rather recently from public school, educated in the traditional "white man's burden" theory of empire and in the Church of England attitude toward religion. After months of wandering in India, it was only just beginning to dawn on his not very observant, nor particularly critical, but rather idly curious mind, that virtue is neither racial, national, nor even international, but universal; and that possibly lots of Western theories are wrong.

The effect of that dim perception was humiliating. As it happened, it coincided with a personal dilemma that called for an immediate decision. The result was acute anxiety. There appeared to be a choice of two alternatives, each equally distressing.

A chance-met Indian acquaintance had remarked that when perplexed and baffled he always sought solitude amid the most beautiful surroundings he could find. He had said it was an infallible aid toward reaching wise decisions. He had rather casually mentioned that particular mountain. I don't know to this day whether he knew in advance what I was likely to find near the summit. At any rate, I had decided to try the experiment.

There was a full moon. The trail was easy, but it was a long climb; so it was close on midnight when I neared the summit. On a knoll that commanded the superb view was one wind-bent tree that looked as if it had been painted there by a master artist. Beneath the tree, on a mat, was a native of India wearing a yellow turban; he was accompanied by three younger Indians, who sat a few yards away from him and who appeared to be in a state of trance, as if the marvel of the moonlit view had overwhelmed their senses. I did not know in those days that there is any difference between a trance and concentrated meditation. The older man in the yellow turban, on the mat beneath the tree, seemed, however, to be fully conscious and aware of my approach.

Rather than disturb total strangers, with whom I didn't want to talk in any event, I turned aside in search of another view point, where I could be alone with my own thoughts. It was rather irritating to be overtaken presently by one of the younger men, who invited me to come and be seated beneath the tree. I hesitated, almost declined, then yielded suddenly to curiosity. I am quite sure that curiosity was my only conscious motive, but

At left is a type of Indian who learns quickly the wisdom of the East from gurus such as the one who taught Mundy on the mountain top.



Talbot Mundy, famous novelist, traveler and adventurer.

what *inspired* the curiosity I don't know. I suspect the man under the tree of having used a perfectly legitimate metaphysical means of capturing my attention.

After one glance at me he dismissed his companions. They vanished like soldiers obeying an order, giving the impression that it pleased them to obey. Then, offering me a Kashmir shawl as protection against the cool night breeze, he signed to me to sit beside him. For about ten or fifteen minutes he appeared to gaze at the view.

I studied him. I recall a very definite sensation that, though his gaze was in another direction, he was studying *me*. I felt intensely curious, wondering whether he might be one of those mysterious *gurus* that are so often told about but seldom met. He didn't look like an ascetic or a specially saintly person, but I began to conceive a respect for him that may have had something to do with my not starting the conversation.

He was a healthy-looking, brown-eyed man, clean-shaven and no darker than an Italian; broad-shouldered, deep-chested and apparently muscular. He almost exuded health and cleanliness. His first words were a question: "*Sahib*, has this beauty introduced you to the calm that you came seeking?"

It had not yet, and I said so. His question even brought on a kind of mental panic, as I remembered how

soon I must decide the problem that had made sleep impossible. He asked another question:

"Are you familiar with poetry?"

"No more of it than they made me memorize at school."

"Music?"

"No."

"Painting? Sculpture? Architecture?"

"No."

"But you do seek relief from worry?"

"Yes."

"And inspiration? You came craving an idea?"

"Yes—although I don't know how you knew that."

He chuckled. "That is no secret. I saw the color of your thought from far off. But if we should discuss your trouble, that might lead to making much of it. To flatter trouble is to feed it. Shall we not rather speak of the remedy?"

Leaping at once to a wrong conclusion, I supposed he was probably one of those professional fortune tellers who read their client's thought and predict, as a surely forthcoming event, what the client wishes might happen. Thousands of Indians can do that trick. Without enthusiasm I invited him to say what he pleased. Promptly he surprised me with another question, "What is beauty?"

Receiving no answer, he continued, "You perceive the beauty of this valley beneath?"

"Yes. I came here for that purpose."

"And the beauty of the moonlit mountains, and of the purple sky and the stars?"

"Yes."

"Then what is it? Since you perceive it, tell me what beauty is."

He waited, but I could think of nothing better than a dictionary answer, learned at school: "Beauty is a quality of what we see, or hear, or feel."

He was silent for so long that I supposed he was disgusted with the answer. But after a while I followed the direction of his gaze and saw what he was looking at. Along a ledge of rock to our right, slightly higher than where we sat, a tiger had crept into view, not fifty feet away. The magnificent beast stood in full moonlight, motionless, gazing down into the valley, apparently unconscious of our presence. The man beside me didn't whisper; he murmured, so that his voice was like one of nature's sounds:

"You perceive his beauty? Be aware of it. Look! It is only ugliness that kills. There is no harm in beauty. But does brother *Bagh* perceive the beauty of the view? Not he! He looks for food for his belly. Brother *Bagh* must live thousands of lives before beauty, to him, will mean other than cunning and strength and a full meal."

The tiger caught the sound of his voice, turned suddenly, stared at us, snarled and disappeared.

"Strong!" said the man beside me. "But he is afraid! Are you also a tiger, that you also are afraid?"

I had not been conscious of the slightest fear of the tiger. I said so.

"But you're afraid of beauty! You can't define it. A tiger can't even perceive it. If your definition were right,

there would be no beauty if there was none of us to see, hear, feel it. Is beauty then nothing? Why do you fear nothing?"

"I am not afraid of it."

"Then why do you hide from it behind a definition? Was it not for the same reason that the tiger just now ran away from us?"

"I don't think so. The tiger suspected we might have guns."

"The tiger defined us as dangerous. Was he right?"

"No."

"Conscious of his own ferocity, the tiger saw ferocity in us. He fled from his own ignorant opinion of you and me. And what have you fled from, that brought you climbing hither in the night?"

"Something personal," I said. "I don't care to discuss it." But I felt that was a graceless answer, so I changed the subject, a bit awkwardly:

"I have heard," I ventured, "of people who can control tigers mentally. Did you control that one?"

"Did he harm you or me?" he retorted. Then he chuckled. After a moment he said, "It is true that tigers obey impulse. But they don't discriminate. They obey the impulse, whatever it is. Are you a tiger, that you obey impulse—whatever it is? Do you define impulse also as a quality—perhaps of what you do?"

I replied: "I suppose the quality of what I do depends upon the nature of the impulse."

Then he asked a strange question,

"What are the dimensions of an impulse?"

I was silent. I could think of no answer.

"How would you distinguish," he asked, "between a spiritual, all-wise impulse that awakens healthy energy—and an evil impulse that inevitably harms, and ultimately, somewhere, sometime, brings its offspring home to its beggetter?"

I answered, "No one can distinguish. It's a harsh world, and whatever we do, someone suffers. We rob Peter to pay Paul. We can't help it."

He paused again, while I thought of the alternatives between which I must choose on the following day. They were humiliating, cruel. I dreaded both.

"Shall I tell you what beauty is?" he asked after a while.

"If you please."

"No. It must be as *you* please. Ask, and I will tell you."

"Please do."

"Beauty is a dimension of spirit."

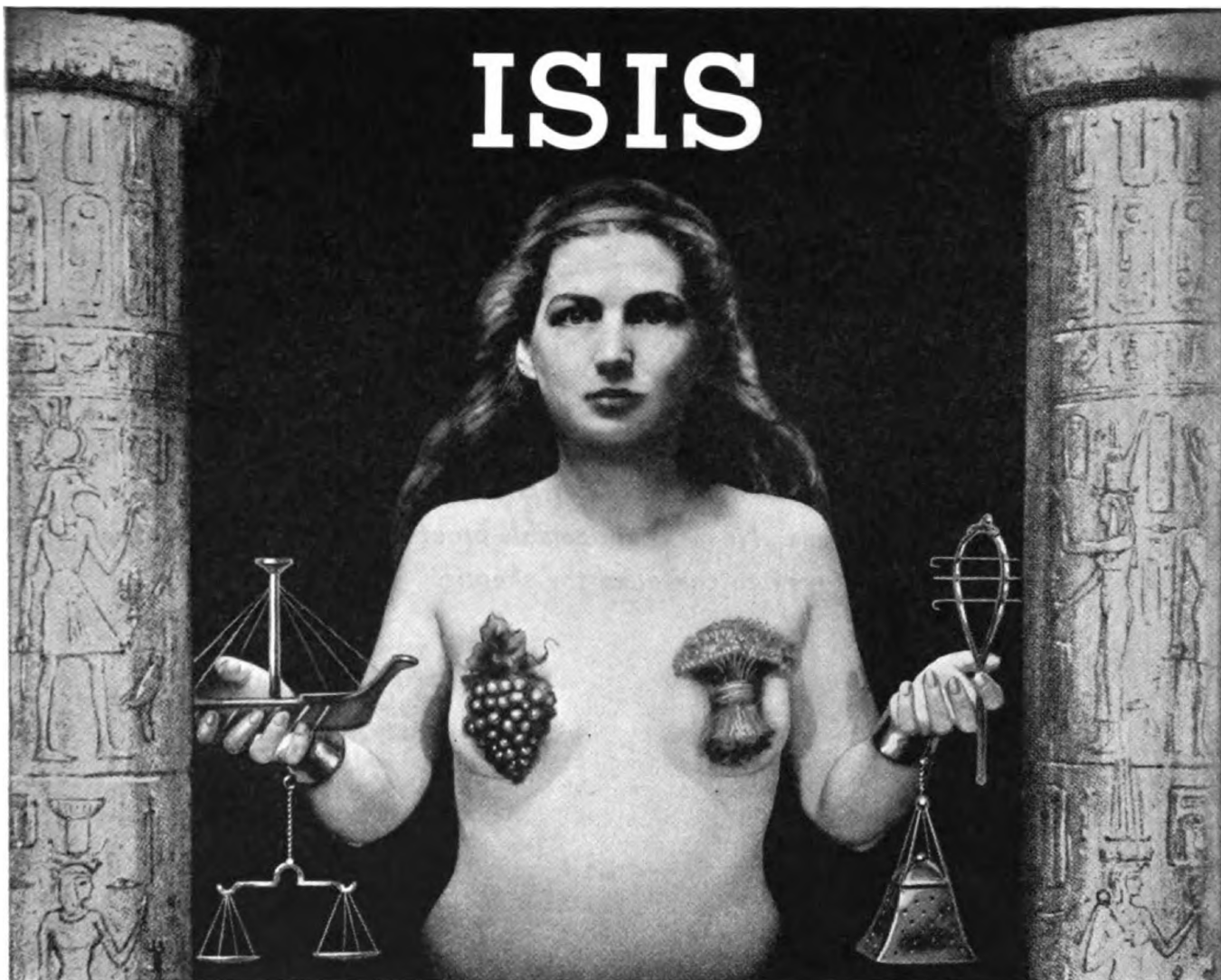
He let that sink in, while I gazed at the moonlit valley, and the mountains, bathed, drenched in beauty. But the mountains were matter, not spirit. Beauty a dimension?

It was several minutes before he spoke again: "Beauty is the first of spirit's infinite dimensions that we learn to recognize. It is not with the eyes, but with the spirit, that we perceive beauty. The eyes see matter, but the soul sees spirit. Trust your soul, and you shall see miracles. The beauty that your soul perceives is a dimension of the life that knows no death."

[Continued on page 63]

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ISIS



By Genevieve Grahame

I SIS, THE GREAT GODDESS of nature, the virgin mother, the sister and wife of Osiris, and the mother of Horus, represents the feminine element in the Egyptian Trinity, Osiris, Isis and Horus. She not only symbolizes nature and matter as we conceive them, but also the hidden side of nature.

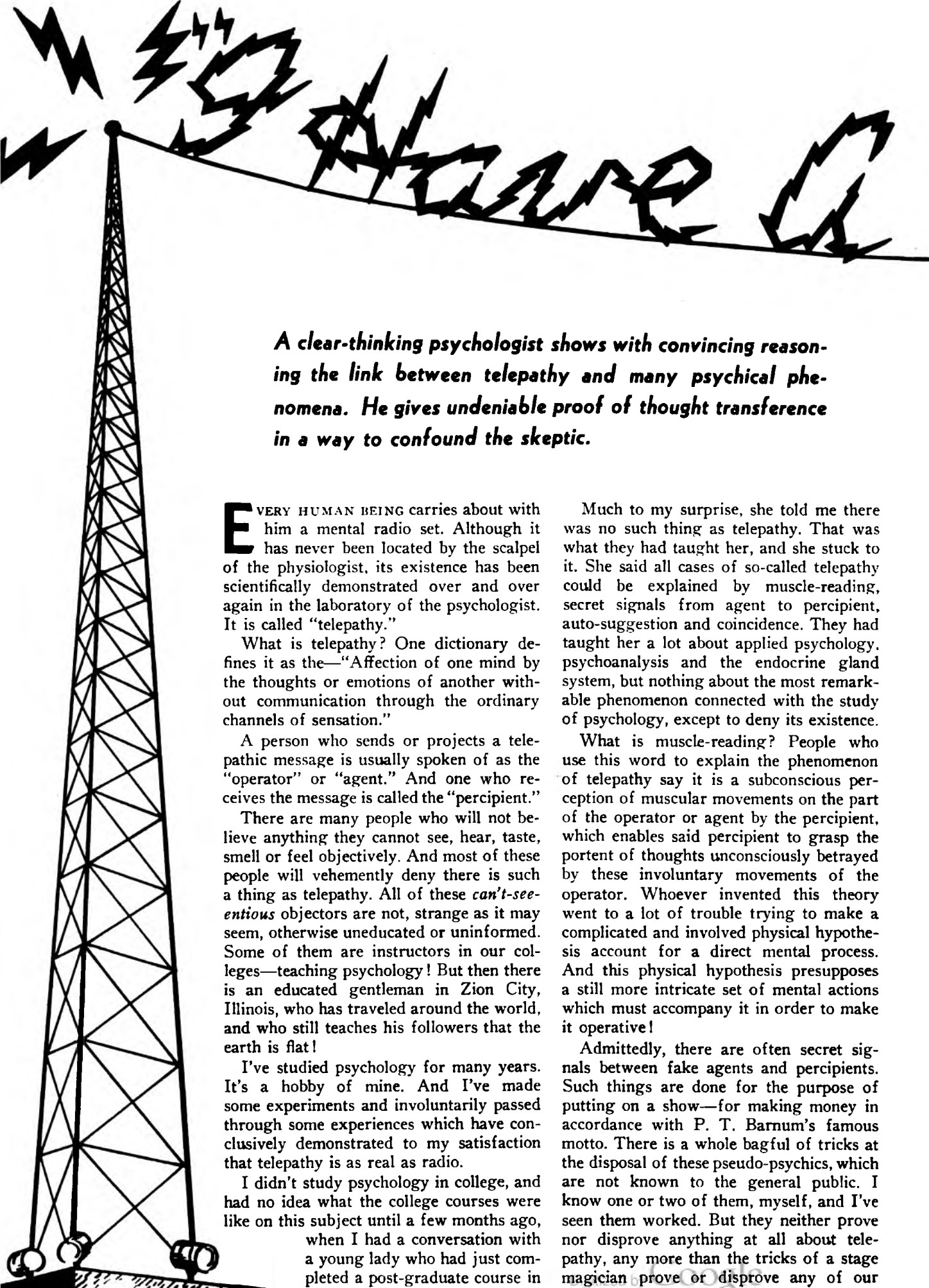
She is the law and the secret wisdom which is veiled from ordinary humanity and only revealed to those who have conquered themselves and so gained power over the forces of nature. To them she reveals her secrets and teaches them how to use the mysterious powers of the universe. She is matter in its eternal aspect. She is justice. She is plenty. She is immortality. She is wisdom, strength and beauty. Like Aphrodite, she rises from the sea and is the protector of sailors, and like Ceres, she is decorated with the fruits of the earth.

Every initiate is her son, for he is reborn through her. In the Egyptian mysteries the neophyte knelt at her feet while the priest spoke these words: "O! Thou, great goddess Isis, give thy spirit to this neophyte, who has surmounted so many dangers and difficulties to present himself as a candidate. May he be victorious over his own nature. Make him obedient to thy laws, so that he may be worthy to be admitted to our august mysteries."

Isis holds the scales in which adjustment is brought about and the destiny of man is weighed, also the sistrum by which the law of cycles is maintained. On her right breast is the grape, symbol of spiritual illumination; on her left breast is wheat, symbol of strength and fertility, analogous to the bread and wine of the mysteries. The censer suspended from her arm is the symbol of the sacred fire, or source of life, by which all alchemy is performed. She stands between two pillars, meaning that she reconciles within herself the polar opposites.

The Egyptian legend of Isis, reaching back into the darkest mists of known antiquity, relates that when Osiris, the sun-god, ruled in Egypt, Tython, his brother, the spirit of evil, plotted to destroy him. Gathering together seventy-two of his followers, Tython caused to be constructed a great chest inlaid with gold and jewels, built to the exact size of the body of Osiris.

The chest was brought in before a banquet attended by all the gods and goddesses, and Tython announced that it was designed as a gift to the god or goddess whose body most closely fitted within its walls. One after another of the heavenly guests lay down in the chest in vain until Osiris himself came in his turn, whereupon it



A clear-thinking psychologist shows with convincing reasoning the link between telepathy and many psychical phenomena. He gives undeniable proof of thought transference in a way to confound the skeptic.

EVERY HUMAN BEING carries about with him a mental radio set. Although it has never been located by the scalpel of the physiologist, its existence has been scientifically demonstrated over and over again in the laboratory of the psychologist. It is called "telepathy."

What is telepathy? One dictionary defines it as the—"Affection of one mind by the thoughts or emotions of another without communication through the ordinary channels of sensation."

A person who sends or projects a telepathic message is usually spoken of as the "operator" or "agent." And one who receives the message is called the "percipient."

There are many people who will not believe anything they cannot see, hear, taste, smell or feel objectively. And most of these people will vehemently deny there is such a thing as telepathy. All of these *can't-see-entious* objectors are not, strange as it may seem, otherwise uneducated or uninformed. Some of them are instructors in our colleges—teaching psychology! But then there is an educated gentleman in Zion City, Illinois, who has traveled around the world, and who still teaches his followers that the earth is flat!

I've studied psychology for many years. It's a hobby of mine. And I've made some experiments and involuntarily passed through some experiences which have conclusively demonstrated to my satisfaction that telepathy is as real as radio.

I didn't study psychology in college, and had no idea what the college courses were like on this subject until a few months ago, when I had a conversation with a young lady who had just completed a post-graduate course in psychology at a large university.

Much to my surprise, she told me there was no such thing as telepathy. That was what they had taught her, and she stuck to it. She said all cases of so-called telepathy could be explained by muscle-reading, secret signals from agent to percipient, auto-suggestion and coincidence. They had taught her a lot about applied psychology, psychoanalysis and the endocrine gland system, but nothing about the most remarkable phenomenon connected with the study of psychology, except to deny its existence.

What is muscle-reading? People who use this word to explain the phenomenon of telepathy say it is a subconscious perception of muscular movements on the part of the operator or agent by the percipient, which enables said percipient to grasp the portent of thoughts unconsciously betrayed by these involuntary movements of the operator. Whoever invented this theory went to a lot of trouble trying to make a complicated and involved physical hypothesis account for a direct mental process. And this physical hypothesis presupposes a still more intricate set of mental actions which must accompany it in order to make it operative!

Admittedly, there are often secret signals between fake agents and percipients. Such things are done for the purpose of putting on a show—for making money in accordance with P. T. Barnum's famous motto. There is a whole bagful of tricks at the disposal of these pseudo-psychics, which are not known to the general public. I know one or two of them, myself, and I've seen them worked. But they neither prove nor disprove anything at all about telepathy, any more than the tricks of a stage magician prove or disprove any of our accepted laws of physics.

Radio Mind

By Otis Adelbert Kline

Prominent Literary Critic

AUTO-SUGGESTION may account for some of the phenomena ascribed to telepathy, but at best, for a very small portion. It might reasonably be expected to account for cases where the percipient had heard that a relative or friend was dangerously ill. Having heard this, the percipient might, by auto-suggestion, induce the thought that the distant person was dead. This might take the form of a dream, or a clairvoyant or clairaudient communication. But it certainly does not explain the thousands of cases where the percipient had no idea that the distant one was ill or in danger.

And coincidence! This overworked word is used by *can't-see-entious* objectors to explain all demonstrations of telepathy which defy explanation by muscle-reading, secret signals, or auto-suggestion. The fiction writers who stretch the long arm of coincidence all out of shape are mere tyros compared to these versatile coincidence contortionists.

There is also the purely religious explanation, or spiritism, to consider. This explanation presupposes disembodied spirits who receive the message from the agent and carry it to the percipient. I have no quarrel with this theory. It may be true. But I don't find it necessary, in my thought processes, to bring a disembodied spirit into the case, any more than I find it necessary to suppose that a disembodied telephone wire connects my radio set with a broadcasting station.

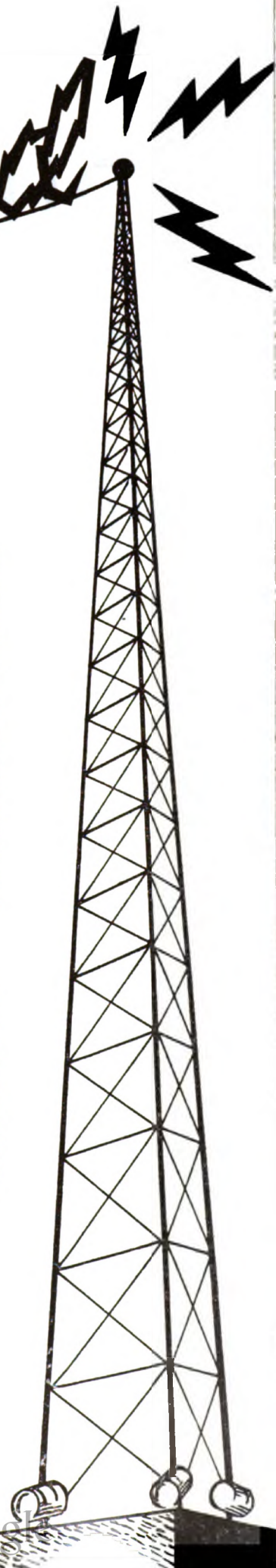
My first experience with telepathy happened when I was about ten years old. My father had a drug store and also a farm. We lived on the farm. During my vacation, and after school, I was employed either on the farm or in the store. I have often milked cows and jerked soda on the same day.

Clerking in our drug store was a girl who was considerably older than I, but whom I liked very much. Her name was Madge Bryant. She was not beautiful physically, but she was beautiful mentally—sweet and noble—kind

[Continued on page 65]



Mr. Kline, beside being an expert in the practice of telepathy, has succeeded in projecting his astral form.



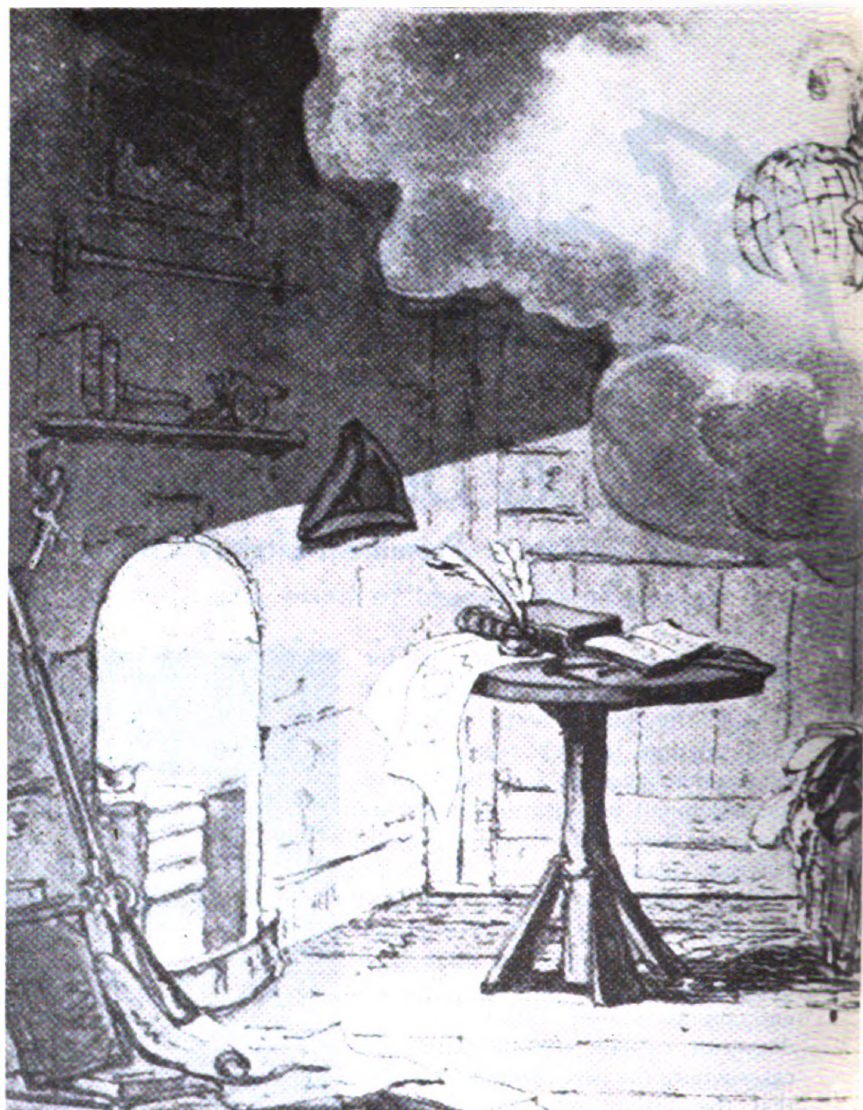
YOUR DREAM WORLD

WE ALL DREAM. There is probably no such thing as dreamless sleep. You may not *remember* your dreams, but that is another fact. You may feel convinced, on waking in the morning, that you had not dreamed at all the night before; but you pass a shop window, and in it you see some object and you suddenly think, "That reminds me of a dream I had last night," showing that you *were* dreaming.

Your dreams are your most personal experiences. You do not share them in the same way we do our living thoughts. At night we enter a dim world of shadow, in which fantasy seemingly runs riot, and we dream equally of the past, the present and the future. That is one peculiarity about dreams. No matter how absurd they are, they rarely seem impossible to us at the time. Everything is taken for granted. And many things are given personalities. Alice in Wonderland found that everything came to life and talked—even the leg of mutton, to which she was formally introduced!

Yet dreams are not nearly so fantastic and absurd as they appear to be. Modern psychology has shown us that the majority of our dreams have motives and reasons behind them, if we could but discover what these are. Dreams are subconscious thoughts. When your wake-a-day mind is asleep, this mind becomes active. Most of our thinking is subconscious. The mind is like a bottle of milk: there is a little cream at the top, and the rest is thinner milk. All you remember of a dream is, so to say, the cream; but in order to understand and interpret properly, you must get down to the milk itself. This is done by means of dream analysis.

Dreams arise in various ways. Some of them are due to sensations coming from outside; external stimuli. For



By Dr. Hereward Carrington
President of The American Psychical Institute

instance, if a door slams, or some sweet-smelling substance is held under your nose, your dream mind will pick this up and weave it into part of the dream romance.

Then, sensations within the body will affect dreams: if your liver is out of order, or you have indigestion, as the result of too much lobster salad, this will affect your dreams also.

But the greatest and most important factor is purely mental: ideas, thoughts and associations which you have stored in your subconscious mind. Memories play a large part in dreams. But it is interesting to note that these have no proper order and sequence in the dream. This may be made up of incidents which happened the day before, ten years ago, just a few minutes before falling asleep, or in your infancy—all woven together regardless of time.

Very few people dream in colors: artists do, occasionally, but with the majority of people their dreams are gray, or smoke-colored. Analyze your own dreams, and you will find this is a fact. This may perhaps have given rise to the old Greek notion of "the land of shades."



Napoleon, dreaming of future glories. Note how clearly the visions of his subconscious mind depict in symbol his rise to empire fame.

THERE ARE SEVEN common dreams we all have: dreams of falling, dreams of flying, dreams of inadequate clothing, dreams of being pursued by some ferocious beast, sensual dreams, and dreams of trying to pack in a hurry, and clothing *won't* go in the trunk and stay there. Doubtless every one of my readers has had one or more of these dreams.

Dreams of flying are, as a rule, pleasant, while dreams of falling are unpleasant. In those dreams in which we are wandering down the street in a nightie—or less—we seldom feel abashed. In our subconscious minds, most of us are natural nudists.

This dream, by the way, is probably caused by the fact that there are insufficient bed covers; the surface of the body becomes chilled, and we associate this with lack of clothing. The nightmarish feeling of being unable to move the feet, on the other hand, is often due to the fact that the bed covers are too heavy and weigh upon the lower limbs, giving rise to the thought that they cannot move. There is an old superstition that, if you ever “hit bottom” in a falling dream, you will, as the saying goes, “wake up dead.” There is no truth in this

You spend one-third of your existence asleep and dreaming. Psychologists place great importance in this part of human life. And Dr. Carrington tells here how to study your dreams.

idea, which is a good one to get out of the mind. There are many cases in which the bottom *has* been hit, and the dreamer woke up none the worse for his experience. In one famous case, the dreamer saw himself dashed to pieces, as the result of a fall from a precipice, and then somehow went over and stuck his body together again, and then entered it and walked off as happy as ever! So one should not fear this dream.

Speaking of unpleasant dreams, the worst of these are nightmares, and many people suffer terribly from them. They usually represent some hidden fear or anxiety, which has been repressed or pushed down into the subconscious. The dreamer will often awaken crying or screaming, his body covered with a cold perspiration, and frightened almost to death. It may take him several minutes to recover from the effects of such a dream. Here is a useful formula

which may help you get rid of such dreams when they occur. It will be found especially helpful if you are a sufferer from habitual nightmares, or if the same unpleasant dreams keep recurring.

Every night, just as you are falling asleep, “suggest” to yourself positively and affirmatively that the instant such a dream commences, you will wake up. This may not work for the first two or three nights, but keep it up and you will find that it will eventually begin to work. When you begin to have a nightmare, you will awaken. The longer you can keep up the suggestion, just as you are falling asleep, and the further you can drive it into the subconscious mind, the more effective it will become.

Keep this up, even after it has begun to “work.” For, after a few more nights, you will find that you will no longer have to wake up in order to dispel your nightmare. The unpleasant dream will pass over into a pleasant dream, and you can go on dreaming without waking up. In other words, you will succeed in controlling your dreams to the extent you have banished such unpleasant experiences. This is a valuable and little-known secret.



HAVE YOU EVER been in love? If your answer is yes—and I hope it is—then let me ask you a second question: When you were in love, did you not communicate moods, feelings, ideas, and even whole trains of thought, without uttering a single word or making a single gesture?

I have asked that question of hundreds of men and women. Eighty per cent of the women answered "Yes!" without the slightest hesitation, and almost half the men gave me the same answer. In periods of great emotional activity, when human beings are face to face with love and death and terror and supreme joy, the barriers that block our senses melt away. We see without our eyes. We hear without our ears. We communicate without our lips.

In an attempt to test this theory, I went to a man who was dealing constantly with young people in love. His job, although you might not think so at first, was a very personal one. He stood behind the engagement-ring counter of a large jewelry store and helped young men select rings that would suit their fiancee's tastes.

"You may not believe it," the engagement-ring salesman told me, "but nine rings out of ten turn out to be wholly satisfactory to the girl for whom they are purchased. Now you may say that this is partly coincidence and partly the young man's knowledge of his best girl's taste. Or you may be a cynic and say that girls are so glad to be engaged that they are pleased with any ring. But I'll tell you an even stranger fact that you can't explain away so easily.

"Often when a boy and girl have been going together for a long time, and are secretly engaged, the girl will come shopping for an engagement ring herself—not because she wants to buy one, you understand, but to help make her dreams more vivid. As many girls as men come up to this counter.

Many phenomena of psychic communication are best proven in cases occurring among men and women whose love for each other is deep and sincere. They make known to each other various feelings, ideas, and even whole trains of thought, without uttering a single word or making a single gesture.

"Two or three times a day a girl will come up, look over our rings and set her heart on one particular diamond in one particular setting. Then she'll carefully describe her lover to me, even give me his name, and tell me that when he comes in I should be sure to sell him this diamond and no other. . . . Of course, I assure her that I'll do that—but what can I really do? With dozens of customers every day, I can't remember all the men who are described to me and which ring goes with which man. So I just let each man pick the ring he thinks his girl will want.

"Now, here's the astonishing thing: only once in all the years I've stood behind this counter, has a man chosen the wrong ring when his sweetheart had already picked one out. Without any guidance from me, led on only by love and the ways of communicating that lovers have, the prospective bridegrooms have—with only that one exception in many years—chosen the right ring.

"And there's an astonishing thing about that exception, too. The only case where telepathy or clairvoyance, or whatever you might call it, didn't work—was the case of a loveless marriage!"

IN ONE OF THE fantastic novels by H. G. Wells there is an amusing scene which has always stuck in my memory. The hero has somehow wandered from the 20th century into the 25th century as easily as you or I might wander from one room into another. He finds himself in a strange city, and enters by chance a great hall where a crowd of handsome men and beautiful women, gracefully but scantily clad, are listening to a speech.

Our hero also listens—but hears nothing. He looks closely and sees that the orator's lips are not moving. Yet the whole audience seems to be listening as if held in a magic spell. From time to time they all laugh together. Once in a while they all break out into applause. Yet apparently not a word is being spoken.

Gradually, however, as our hero becomes accustomed to the silence, he seems to catch a word or two. The speaker's lips still do not move, but somehow or other silent words seem to float through the huge auditorium, and one or two enter his mind. Pleased with this weird experience, he relaxes and is startled

LOVE DEVELOPS Supernormal Perception

By Wallace Biels

to find that more and more words are "coming through." Soon he is able to hear whole sentences and whole paragraphs. He, too, laughs at the amusing passages and applauds the noble sentiments.

He has learned to read minds! He has learned how to practice telepathy!

An amusing story, you may say. A good yarn. But fiction, pure fiction. But is it fiction? Or is it a true account of what goes on around us everywhere, every day? Are we all telepathists without knowing it?

Let's take a modern scene from real life. Enter a New York theater just as the curtain goes up, just as Mr. Wells' hero enters a twenty-fifth century political meeting. The actors and actresses walk around the stage, speak their lines, indicate their emotions by expressions on their faces and by gestures. Very different from the "silent words" of the twenty-fifth century, you may say. But are you sure?

Most great actors and actresses are themselves not so sure. They will tell you that half their acting is thinking! They will tell you that when they are distracted by outside worries, thinking about some outside troubles, the audience *senses* it. Audiences miss the sincerity which makes great acting. One great matinee idol, since gone to Hollywood, once told me that his audience felt as let down when he neglected to think the right thought at the climax of a play as they did when he neglected to speak the right words or make the right gesture. In short, he was not only acting in front of an audience. He was also communicating telepathically with them! In addition to what he said and what he did, there was direct mental communication between his mind and theirs!

You doubt it? Then call the roll of the great actors and actresses of all time. They are on the whole far from being handsome men and beautiful women. How often have you seen extras in a moving picture who walk once before the camera and then are seen no more, yet extras more beautiful externally, more attractive physically than the greatest stars? Yet the stars have *something*—something that gives them power over their audiences. What is it? It's telepathy.

But you don't have to go to a theater to watch direct communication from one mind to another. Visit the nearest successful business organization and you'll find the same thing.

I have in mind the president of one large Chicago corporation whom everybody credits with an astonishing memory. He remembers, for example, the proper location of every letter, paper and document in his vast organization. His company's enormous files contain literally

hundreds of thousands of records. He can find any one of them at a moment's notice.

This is a valuable gift, for it is this executive's habit to work late at night in his office, long after his half-dozen file clerks and other assistants have gone home. Yet when, alone and late at night, he needs a certain sales report or tax statement, he walks unerringly to the right file and draws it out without fumbling.

Memory? Everyone thinks so. *The executive himself thinks so.* Yet the astonishing thing is that he can find the report he is looking for even though it was filed by someone else, filed in the wrong place, and filed when he was out of town! He can find what he is looking for because he can *see* it—see it through thick walls and through steel filing cabinets. He sees it *clairvoyantly*.

There can be no dispute about the facts. When I told this story to a well-known psychologist, for example, he expressed immediate interest.

[Continued on page 68]



UNSEEN FORCES

AT THE MOMENT of this writing the fate of Europe, and perhaps of the world, hangs in the balance. Hitler has made his bellicose oration at Nuremburg. A great war is close to us and, whether or not it materializes, this moment of time will be historically impressed upon future generations. An obscure and little-educated paper hanger has spoken, and the entire world awaits the results. Admirals and generals marshal their forces, the King of England has been summoned by his advisers. Millions wait to die. And all of this is because a lowly corporal of the German Army has seized world power to jeer at democracy and democratic methods of settling disputes.

Such a situation is manifestly absurd. How can such a man hold the world at his mercy? To the student of mystical science the answer is clear. There must be unknown forces at work, forces which are ultra-human and perhaps even infra-human. These forces may be either good or bad as judged by human standards of right and wrong and, again, they may have no ethical quality whatever. Their great effects are often thought of as due to mass psychology. A host of tiny effects are recognized by some as psychic phenomena. And a great war brings to the surface much psychic phenomena, sometimes even before the war takes place.

It was in Arabia in 1908 that I first heard of the great war of 1914. An almost naked Hindu whined for permission to tell my fortune as I sat on a rickety hotel veranda during a sweltering afternoon. I tossed him half a rupee and leaned back lazily while he droned in broken English. Nothing in his chatter was of interest or significant except that he said I was a military man. I realized that he was, like many professional psychics, earning his money in the easiest way by not really trying to do anything occult. So I offered him more money if he would answer specific questions regarding the future. He agreed, showing more interest.

"Shall I ever see active service?" I asked.

"*Han, sahib,*" he replied. "*Sahib* fight in great war of 1914."

"Shall I be killed?"

"*Nahin, sahib,* not killed! *Sahib* wounded and sent away from the fighting."

All this came true as it was told to me by this uneducated Hindu in 1908. Of course, it may be said that the fortune teller made a lucky guess, and undoubtedly such a suggestion must be taken into consideration. But there



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Tommies going over the top during the World War.

are two reasons for believing that it was not a lucky guess. In the first place, the Hindu correctly answered two other questions regarding the distant future, questions regarding events which could not possibly have been known by any living person. In the second place, I found—two years later—that the war of 1914 was known to numerous natives of India and Ceylon.

It was in 1910 that I sat one evening on the lawn of The Galle Face Hotel at Colombo, Ceylon, with the editor of the *Ceylon Times*. We were discussing the alleged occultism of the East, and the editor was inclined to believe that some of it was genuine. This impressed me since, as a matter-of-fact Englishman, he did not accept stories too easily. He told me that strange currents of thought frequently ran in native circles and, to illustrate it, he said that a particularly strange rumor was then circulating in the bazaars. This rumor was to the effect that a great world war was to take place, or at least to commence, in 1914, and that it would continue for many years.

I was alert instantly. Here was another mention of the future war that had been mentioned to me two years

SLAUGHTER MANKIND

By Major R. T. M. Scott

Author of "Is Roosevelt Psychic?"

A retired British Army officer, who served in the early months of the World War with the Canadians, is convinced that metaphysical mysteries bring about bloody conflict among nations—ever since an ignorant Hindu mystic told him in 1908, the date and details of the World War!

earlier in Arabia. I told him that I had heard of this war two years before I reached India and Ceylon. He frowned, but it was a frown of thoughtfulness rather than surprise.

"But there is more to the present story than you heard in Arabia," he said.

THEN HE TOLD ME that the natives were saying that there was just one chance that the world would be saved from the great destruction of this coming war. That one chance rested upon the shoulders of two men, Theodore Roosevelt of America and King Edward VII of England. These two men, if they could swing their two countries to stand shoulder to shoulder in advance of the war, could prevent that gigantic conflict from ever taking place. Roosevelt was hunting big game in Africa and King Edward was ill in London and the two had arranged a meeting in London. Would the two meet, in time? Would the two most popular English-speaking men come together? That was what the natives were discussing amid the hum of bazaar gossip.

All this seemed fantastic to me as I discussed it with the editor during 1910 in Ceylon, and yet I was impressed by the second definite mention of a great catastrophe that was expected to arrive in 1914. Today it still seems fantastic, but now it seems to prove that unseen forces, forces beyond the ken of man, were at work. How else could such ideas reach the native mind?

Early morning attack by the British, Western Front, 1917.

All the world knows that King Edward died May 7, 1910,

while Theodore Roosevelt was rushing north to keep his appointment. The World War took place, and millions died. England and America did not stand shoulder to shoulder until too late to prevent the mad conflict which raged over the world.

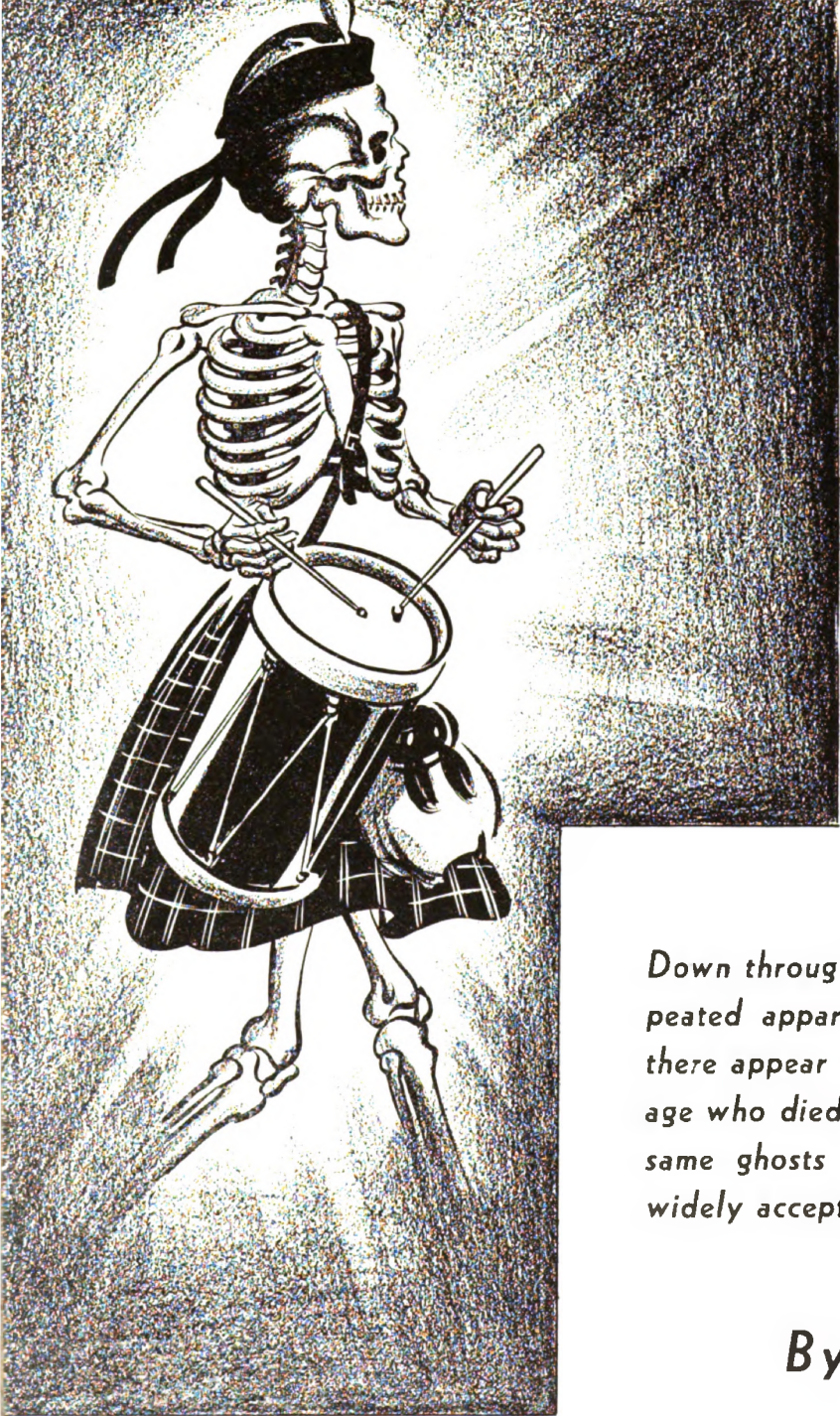
And now, as I type these words, another Roosevelt is in the mind of America; and the Prime Minister of England is in the air, flying to meet Hitler—humbling himself in a great effort for peace that millions may not die. But before Chamberlain took to the air in his desperate effort, something very significant happened. He called the American Ambassador at London and asked him to lift the telephone and inform Roosevelt of the mission he was about to undertake. At this exact moment the world does not know what Chamberlain will say, perhaps is saying, to Hitler. But the secret was told to Roosevelt while hurrying to Washington from the sickbed of his son.

Those who read these words may read them while war rages. They may read them while war is delayed or they may read them while peace seems assured. In the present age there is only one elixir of peace—and unseen forces revealed that secret in India long before the great war of 1914. It is a medicine compounded of America and the British Empire, but the compounding should be done before the war, and not afterwards, as a remedy.

Perhaps the ignorant Hindu who foretold the World War to me—ignorant of mundane matters, but cognizant of unseen forces at work in the universe—was closer to the secret of world peace than some of the most astute heads of Europe.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS





Hauntings That Last for Centuries

Down through the dim ages certain awesome and repeated apparitional dramas persist. Time and again there appear the phantasms of people of a bygone age who died by violence. And so often do these same ghosts materialize that their authenticity is widely accepted.

By Tomaso Cellani

The thunderous drumbeats produced by the phantom of the ancient Drummer Boy of Airlie continue to presage death after death at Cortachy Castle.

MANY STUDENTS of the psychic have attempted to explain the existence of ghosts. There are dozens of theories—all based on sound knowledge—but probably the simplest and most forthright is the vibration theory.

This says, in brief, that no action which once has been performed is ever lost. A pebble dropped into the ocean starts circles of little waves, which though they become ever smaller, never cease but continue until they break on shores thousands of miles away in every direction. Likewise, sounds and spoken words send their vibrations into space, as do scenes and appearances (which are only reflections of light vibrations). Indeed, a machine has

recently been designed to recapture sounds and words *months after they were first produced!*

By analogy we may apply this theory of vibrations to emotions and feelings. Most of these emotive vibrations are lost to us, but the stronger thoughts and feelings may often be recaptured—not by a machine, but by a person who is psychically sensitive. And under certain conditions it is possible to recapture not only the feelings and emotions, but also the actual physical properties that gave rise to them.

Murders and crimes of that seriousness are accompanied by mankind's most powerful emotions. Now the vibration theory holds as follows: a person who is consciously or unconsciously psychic can reproduce these powerful emotions to any degree, depending on his psychic sensitivity. If his sensitivity is low, he may only *hear* the manifestations (rappings, knocking, groans, etc.). If very sensitive, he may be able to recreate the

entire vision. What is the mechanism of this? Usually if we wish a spirit materialized, we attend the séance of a dependable medium. The medium, as we know, induces his or her ectoplasm—that curious, translucent vapor or semi-solid substance—to pour from her eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and from the tips of her fingers. This vapor then forms the physical aspect of the spirit as we see it. But when we see spirits elsewhere, who supplies the ectoplasm? The only answer seems to be in ourselves—and nine times out of ten, we don't know it!

Now how can this be? Here we are at an *impasse* because the matter has only been partially studied. Some writers, however, hold that it is the combination of the place—that is, the haunted house—plus our psychic sensitivity that results in the ectoplasmic phenomenon. But whatever the explanation, ghosts are usually at their best in haunted places. If such a thing as a ghost can be called natural at all, it may be suggested that it is at least more natural in a haunted house than in the chambers of a medium.

THERE ARE FEWER haunted houses by far in America than in Europe. The reason for this is simple: America was largely unsettled during those times when daily life in Europe was extremely violent—times like the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Consequently there are numerous good examples of haunted buildings of all kinds every few miles in Europe. The British Isles are especially favored in this respect, chiefly because of the dozens of old castles still occupied by the descendants of the nobles who originally built them.

In many of the other European countries, revolutions and civil wars have driven the old families out of their castles and chateaux, and frequently the buildings themselves have been burned and demolished by bands of infuriated peasantry. Not in Britain, however. The stability of English, Scottish, and Welsh society indeed provides a magnificent on-the-spot laboratory for the student of ghosts and allied psychic phenomena.

Perhaps the most famous of all British haunted castles is Scotland's renowned Glamis, home of the Earls of Strathmore. It is interesting to notice, in passing, that the present English queen, Elizabeth, was brought up at Glamis and is herself a daughter of an Earl of Strathmore.

Violent occurrences at Glamis reach far back through many centuries. The castle was, for example, the home of Macbeth, and many of the scenes in Shakespeare's tragedy take place in its rooms, halls and corridors. Although the play says that Macbeth murdered Duncan at Cawdor, many authorities believe that Glamis was the actual scene of this bloody crime. Everyone agrees, however—including Shakespeare—that Macbeth himself met his violent end at Glamis.

In recent times Glamis has been haunted by a variety of ghostly manifestations, most of which have been traced to the earlier activities of members of the Lyon and Strathmore families. Sometimes the haunting has been in connection with Glamis' celebrated Mystery Room and sometimes with other parts of this enormous place. At times no ostensible reason can be assigned to the weird things that take place. One such is the eerie experience of a castle guest who happened to be a doctor.

He was only one of a large party being entertained by the Earl of Strathmore. Having returned somewhat early

from an outing, he relaxed in his apartment with a cigar and a good book. Hardly had he seated himself when the door was opened and he saw a man standing in the room. The doctor asked what he wanted.

"Miss S—— is very ill in her room," the man said. "Could you come and see her?"

The doctor took his bag and followed the other to Miss S——'s room. She was reclining in a large chair, seemingly unconscious and breathing heavily. The doctor lost no time and went to work, and within five minutes Miss S—— began to show signs of recovery. At this moment the other man did a horrible thing.

"Look here," he said to the doctor, "you've got *your* way of curing your patients. But I've got mine. Watch!" So saying, he seized a dagger from the table—which the doctor hadn't noticed before—and plunged it into her breast. She screamed and a ghastly groan was heard all around the room, and then, suddenly, *both the lady and her murderer disappeared!* The doctor, naturally, was stupefied with fright.

Ancient Glamis Castle in Scotland. Here in the subterranean depths of the historic structure is depicted a haunting derived from Shakespeare's "Macbeth." The present English queen, Elizabeth, was brought up at Glamis.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Regaining his faculties a little later, the doctor rushed out of the room and down the castle stairs to call for help. As he arrived below, he met the rest of the party returning from their outing. The doctor stopped short, his eyes round with astonishment. For there, among the guests, was Miss S——, chattering gaily and apparently in perfect health! The doctor put his hand to his head. Was he dreaming? He resolved to say nothing of this to anyone for fear that they might think him mad.

But that did not finish it. Some years later the doctor met this same Miss S—— on shipboard. She greeted him cordially and then informed him that she had recently been married. Would he like to meet her husband? The doctor said he would be charmed. They went to Miss S——'s stateroom.

When they entered, the doctor stopped short in horror: her husband was *the same man* who had stabbed Miss S—— in the horrifying apparitional scene. Recovering himself sufficiently to conceal his shock, the doctor shook hands with the husband. They began the usual formal banalities. After a time the doctor summoned enough courage to ask the husband a question.

"Didn't I meet you once," he asked, "at Glamis Castle?"

The husband shook his head. "No," he replied. "I have never been in the British Isles. I am an American, and this is my first trip across the Atlantic."

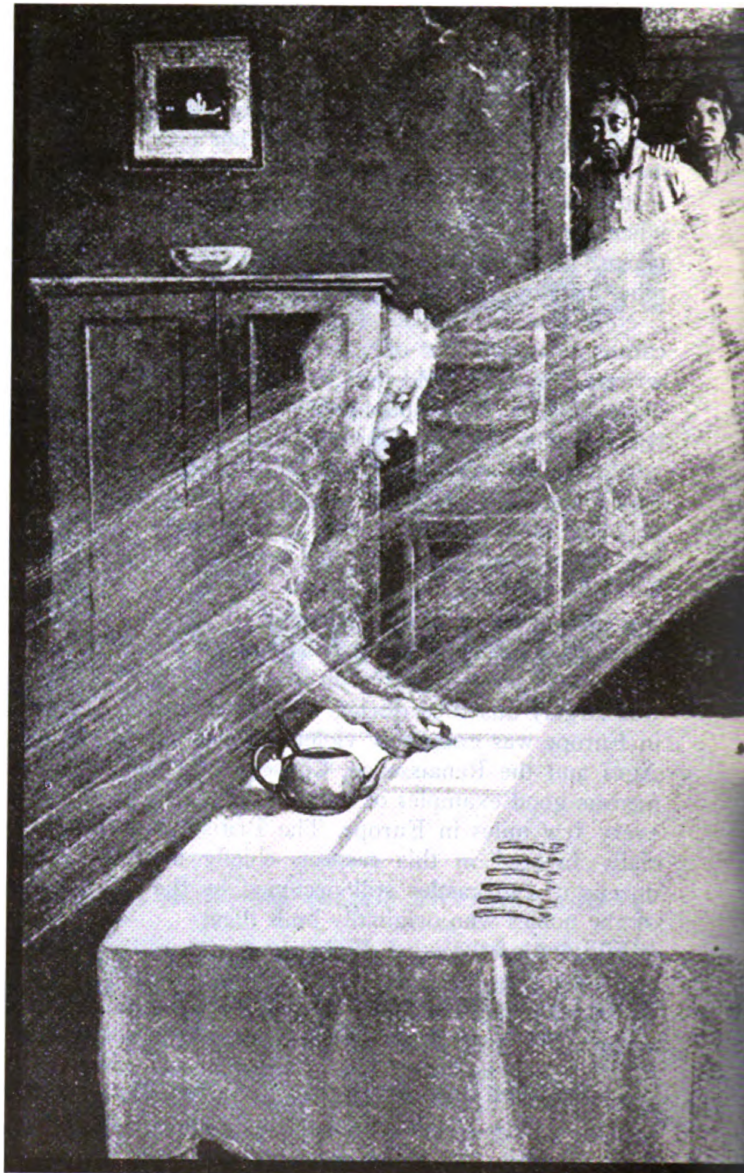
Could it have been that the doctor had seen the husband's *Doppelgänger* (i. e., "spirit double") prophesying in horrible pantomime the future of the married couple? Could it have been a psychic re-enactment of a crime once committed centuries before in another incarnation of the persons involved? Whatever the answer, the doctor was ever afterwards glad to keep a safe number of miles between himself and Glamis Castle.

ALSO SCOTTISH is the tragic ghost of the Drummer Boy of the Airlies. The Airlies are an old Scottish family who have long inhabited Cortachy Castle. The events leading to the haunting of Cortachy began in the Eighteenth Century, when the most violent feud of the time was between the Ogilvys and the Lindsays.

There are many versions of the tale, but all of them center about the feud and about the young, pretty wife of the cantankerous old Earl of Airlie, who was then the head of the Ogilvy clan. It's an old familiar tale of the incompatibility of youth and old age.

In the ranks of his adherents the Earl of Airlie had a handsome drummer who had been favored by a smile from Her Ladyship, the young and blooming countess. Secretly, the youth pursued what presently developed into an exciting amorous adventure. On afternoons when the earl went out hunting, the drummer would watch for his opportunity to slip away and return to the castle. Then he would go to the countess' boudoir, where the two of them enjoyed the blissfulness of young love, fondly believing that the old earl was being successfully deceived.

"Fondly," because Airlie was shrewd, and it would have taken much more than a mere drummer to pull the wool over his sharp little eyes. He said nothing, however, either to his wife or her lover; in fact, he gave no hint in any way that he knew they were deceiving him. The weeks slipped by, and it began to look as if the earl



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Ghost of a deceased appearing in an English home.

actually liked the horns he was wearing. But the old fox was merely biding his time, and looking out for another kind of excuse. He knew well that if he admitted the deception, he would become the laughing-stock of all Scotland—and particularly of the Lindsays. His chance, however, came one summer afternoon.

The drummer boy was riding along the road leading to Cortachy when he was accosted by one of the Lindsays, who handed him a message and told him to place it in the hands of old Airlie. The drummer returned at once to the castle and did as he had been told. The earl opened the message, read it, and flew at once into a furious rage. He commanded his bodyguard to lock the unfortunate drummer in a dungeon; then he strode into the kitchen and burned the Lindsays' message in one of the ovens.

Returning to the hall, he ordered the drummer to be brought before him—and also one of the biggest drums that could be found. He then had the drummer boy trussed up and bound inside the drum in such a way that only his head could be seen. He bade his men follow him, drum, drummer and all. Up the stairs they went,

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flight after flight, until at last they stood on the topmost battlement of old Cortachy. The earl gave a swift, crisp command, and the drum, with its cargo, was flung into the blue Scottish sky, to be dashed to fragments and blood on the rocks below.

Not, however, before the drummer had shouted a dreadful curse upon the earl and all the Airlies. And right then and there things began to happen.

First of all, though they had seen the drum fall and crash into the rocky courtyard, nothing could be found of it or its victim when the party descended immediately afterward. And two men, who had been observed standing *no more than five feet* from where it landed, denied having seen or heard anything!

Somewhat shocked by these developments, the earl sent a woman to fetch the countess. She was nowhere to be found. A few hours later her hat turned up on the bank of a nearby stream, but her body was never found. Nor was she ever seen afterward.

SOMEWHAT LATER the well-known aspects of the curse of the drummer boy became operative, nor have the weird manifestations ceased or in any way altered to this

Apparition appearing in an old English cemetery.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



very day. This is what happens, from time to time, at Cortachy Castle: there is the sound of music as played on fifes, followed by a long, sustained beating of a drum. But nothing is ever seen—at least, no one has yet reported having seen the apparition, though it has frequently been heard—and imaginations have painted many a grisly picture of the murdered drummer. From the standpoint of the Airlies, however, the less it is heard the better! And their reason is one of the best:

Several years ago, the records say, a lady and her maid went to Cortachy for an extended visit. The first few days of the visit were fairly uneventful—the usual social round of a noble Scottish family. But one evening this lady was dressing for dinner when she thought she heard music, military music. She paused for a moment, and then went on with her toilet, telling herself it was someone playing a gramophone in another part of the castle. But it became louder. Then it stopped.

There was a moment of silence, followed immediately by a hideous, eardrum-cracking roll of drumming. It seemed just outside her window. She walked to it and looked out. The courtyard was brightly lighted, and she could plainly see that nobody was there, with or without a drum. Yet it was there, shatteringly loud and, what was worse, getting ever louder and, it seemed to the frightened guest, ever nearer. Presently, though she could see nothing, she knew it had come into her room. She ran into a corner and waited; it advanced nearer. It came closer and closer, and just at the moment when she thought she must die of fright, it stopped.

Trembling, she finished dressing and went down to the dining chamber. But when she asked her host, another Earl of Airlie, what she had heard, he fell silent. She looked around the table. Everyone was looking at her in terror. Lady Airlie suddenly put her handkerchief to her mouth and, rising from the table, asked, in a choking voice, to be excused.

The guest found out later that she had heard the Drummer Boy of Airlie. She also was told that, undoubtedly, there would soon be a death in the earl's family. For the drummer boy never came except to presage a mortal loss to the Airlies. And this time was no exception, for within half a year, the countess was thrown from a horse and killed. A paper, found in her Bible and written by her shortly after the drummer boy's warning, told that she had had a premonition that somebody in the castle was going to hear the drum on that very night. That was why she was so upset and asked to be excused.

ANOTHER FAMOUS ghostly warning—which also employs a drum—is that of St. Quentin Manor, Yorkshire, England. This, though not as well-known as the Airlie drummer, is much older, dating from about the year 1300. It is quite harmless—although, like the other, it prognosticates a death.

Thomas Hewson was the son of an old widow woman who was widely known throughout Yorkshire as a witch. She was said to have clairvoyant powers and to have been, locally, something of an oracle. Tom, her son, was a good-looking, upstanding youth, a first-rate archer who taught the art of straight shooting to the men of the village of Harpham. In the ranks of the Lord St. Quentin, Tom held the position of drummer.

[Continued on page 67]

Eusapia Palladino

PIONEER MEDIUM

ALORRY WAS RUMBLING over an Italian country road one summer afternoon. It carried a lively crew of dark-eyed boys and girls, chattering and pushing one another, as children will do. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and in some spots the road was softened. In one such spot, all at once, the wheel of the lorry sank. The vehicle tipped crazily. There was a chorus of childish screams as the boys and girls picked themselves up, dusting off their clothes. But one child remained on the ground. Blood was streaming from a severe gash in her head. . . .



Such is a reconstruction of the accident that marked the beginning of Eusapia Palladino's celebrated mediumship. How she was treated after the accident does not appear in the record. But she went through life thereafter with a cranial fissure, or opening, out of which a chill breeze was invariably found to blow during her séances. Also, the hair that grew about this fissure was snowy white, a single striking lock amid the rest of her coal-black hair.

Eusapia Palladino is important in the history of spiritualism because she was the first "physical" medium to be scientifically studied by large numbers of eminent scientists. There had been mediums before who had equally marvelous powers—world-famous figures in the spiritualistic world such as W. S. Moses, D. D. Home, and the Fox sisters. None of these, however, had given sittings to so many famed scientists, nor had so many eminent, world-renowned scholars come away convinced of the reality of mediumistic phenomena.

Probably the most famous scientists who studied Palladino were the discoverers of radium, Mme. Marie Curie and her husband. But there were hundreds of others, among them such names as Césaire Lombroso, Sir Oliver Lodge, Schiaparelli, Aksakow, Du Prel, Richet, Flammarion, Bergson, Courtier, D'Arsonval, Morselli, and Ochorowicz. It was Eusapia Palladino's phenomena, in fact, which turned Césaire Lombroso from a scoffing, narrow-minded critic to one of the most notable and enthusiastic students of the psychic.

This remarkable woman was born near Bari, Apulia, on January 21, 1854. Her mother died during the birth, and Eusapia is said to have been brought up at a nearby farm. One writer says that her father was killed by bandits while she was still but a small child.

Her powers, as she herself relates, were discovered quite by accident shortly after she had cut her head (she was only fourteen years old at the time).

A group of her playmates were seated about a table, speaking of mediums and levitations, a topic of considerable popular interest at that time. Someone suggested that they all try to make the table, around which they sat, rise into the air. So they all concentrated, and to their vast surprise, up it went!

Eusapia Palladino, first physical medium to be scientifically studied by large numbers of eminent scientists.

By Jaime Lord

They then set about to discover which one of them had mediumistic power. One after another was tested, but the only one who was able to levitate the table was Eusapia Palladino, who was quite as much amazed as everyone else. Before that she had had no inkling of her capacities.

PALLADINO DID NOT set out at once, however, to establish herself as a medium. Her first ambition, she once said, was to be a laundress in order to make herself independent. Meanwhile she gave private sésances for the entertainment of her friends and—one might imagine, since it was all so novel—for her own as well. But it was not very long before she had embarked on the career that was to carry her fame to every country of Europe and North America.

In her long career she gave hundreds of sittings all over the Occidental world: in Milan, Rome, Naples, St. Petersburg, Paris, New York, Turin, London, and many other cities. It was in Naples, in 1908, that Dr. Hereward Carrington, now one of America's foremost psychic researchers, had his first sittings with Palladino, and it was due to his enthusiasm that she was induced to come to New York, 1909-10, for a series of demonstrations.

The American experiences, however, were a failure, generally speaking, and the largest part of the blame must be laid to the press, which was cynically disposed from first to last. However, such scientific authorities as Lodge, Mme. Curie, Carrington, and Lombroso were

Césare Lombroso, shrewd and canny scientist, who said Palladino could undoubtedly produce genuine supernatural phenomena.



Sir Oliver Lodge, important investigator of metaphysical marvels. He put his stamp of approval on the Palladino mediumship.

convinced that Palladino was undoubtedly capable of producing supernatural phenomena—even if at times she did practice roguish trickery. They affirmed, after exhaustive tests, that when she settled down to business, phenomena would be genuine beyond the slightest shadow of doubt.

The journalists of 1909 came, scornful of Eusapia Palladino and eager to find flaws in her reputation. Having found them—and overlooking her genuine performances—they “exposed” her, as they called it. But the true values of her mediumship were preserved in spite of the press. The largest part of the credit for this achievement of patient record-keeping and scholarly analysis must go to Dr. Carrington, who today, and for all time, must be regarded as the foremost authority on Palladino and, perhaps, physical mediumship generally.

Carrington and his associates had dozens of sittings with Eusapia Palladino. And their main object throughout was to prove that the phenomena were genuine. To accomplish this they spared no pains, and the conditions which they imposed on the medium were scientifically severe.

They exerted every imaginable control. Three and even four men held Eusapia's hands, arms, feet, legs, and knees. At times they even controlled her head. They arranged the room to their own satisfaction, making sure that no confederate could possibly get in. They installed a cabinet for the production of phenomena along the simplest lines, so that there could be no chance of deception. In addition, Carrington had made a thorough study of stage magic, and so he was trained to watch for tell-tale sleight-of-hand illusions.

[Continued on page 64]

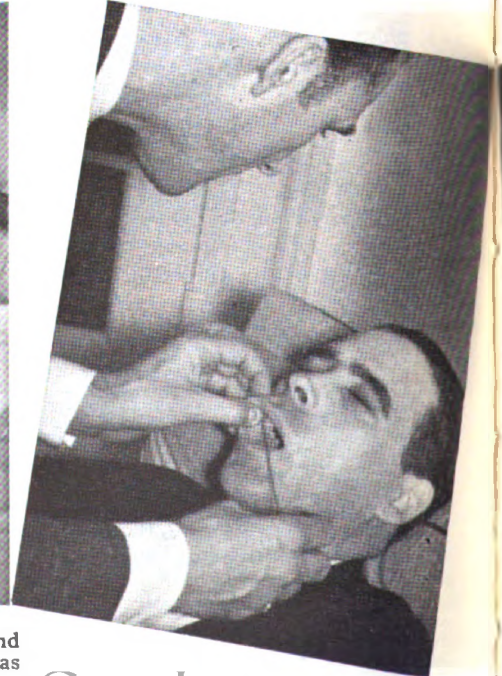


Wonders of Modern Hypnotism

Today, hypnotism, in the hands of the reputable, creates the bridge between the active part of the conscious mind and the wilderness of the unconscious. As such, it is in its field the most practical and effective curative agent known to science. Before we follow Dr. Thomas L. Garrett, well-known hypnotist and consulting psychologist, in some of his fascinating and breath-taking results, let us look briefly at this strange power called hypnotism.

SVENGALI IS DEAD! No longer is the hypnotist the traditional beetle-browed, piercing-eyed mental Hercules of the Gerald du Maurier novel. The modern Trilby need not shrink from the malefic eye. When psychology graduated from the introspective school, hypnosis jumped from the realm of the faddist, hurdled the entertainer's stage and took its rightful place beside the many discoveries of medical science.

Hypnotism is that science which treats with the philosophy of mind acting upon mind. More simply, it is the practice of suggestion, and as such it exists in our daily life. It was hypnotic power—the tremendous mass suggestion exerted by Napoleon—that created the Napoleonic Empire; and it is the same suggestion, differing in intensity and direction, which makes you, when you see your favorite screen star light a cigarette, feel like reaching for one yourself. As some persons are more



Dr. Garrett places a subject in trance and demonstrates hypnotism's effectiveness as an anaesthesia.

A New York hypnotist and consulting psychologist cures the ills of many people by his amazing power of suggestion. A young girl's strange obsession that had baffled physicians for over a year was banished by the hypnotist in a matter of minutes. And the trance he imposes upon hypnotic subjects can obviate pain more effectively than an anaesthesia.

By Maurice Phillips

suggestible than others, so are some better hypnotic subjects than others. Likewise, some men are endowed with more ability to exert suggestions. It can be said with truth that hypnotists are born.

One can learn the methods of hypnotism, can study, from the pioneering of Freud and Jung and Adler and others, the boundless mysteries and vagaries of the unconscious. But the ability to fathom the labyrinth of gray matter, as it were—the ability to fit together the innumerable, intricate pieces of the psychic puzzle—is beyond mere book learning. It is an art—much the same way as of a classroom of art students where one can recapture and recreate the life and vitality of their common model. There have been thousands of artists; but there is one Rembrandt, one Titian, one El Greco. The artist, then, is born. Whether he makes use of, or abuses, his ability, is another matter.

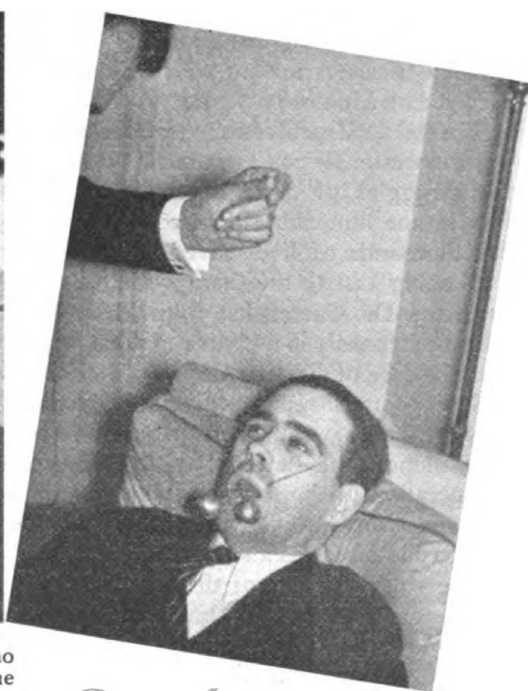
DR. THOMAS L. GARRETT of New York City made use of his ability very early in life. He didn't know what he was doing when, at the age of seven or eight, he realized that he exerted a mental influence on his playmates. It was a great game when he found that he could make them see, or not see, certain things. But it served its purpose. It stimulated interest, gave direction to his mind. As he grew older, the game likewise grew in scope. The young Garrett found he could give his friends headache, or stomach ache—and could take the aches away.

Finally a physician became interested, took Garrett to see a patient. The game then proved to have practical results, increasing thereby Garrett's interest. Hardly aware of the scientific implications of suggestion, of the impact of one mind upon another, the new vistas of experimentation, nevertheless, beckoned.

It was in 1916, when Garrett was a sergeant major on the Mexican border, that a new field was opened to him. Some of the doctors had heard of his experiments with the soldiers, and he was asked to give a performance. Naturally, the doctors displayed a good deal of skepticism and doubt. This prompted Garrett to try something new. From his own regiment he took a bugler, whom he knew to be a good hypnotic subject, and from another regiment he called a private, a total stranger.

With unusually good co-operation from these two subjects—in hypnotism co-operation is indispensable—Garrett was able to transpose their personalities. Let it be understood at once that the word "sleep"—meaning the condition of being under the hypnotist's suggestion—is a misnomer. All that is necessary, besides the co-operation, is that the subject relax and pay strict attention to the operator. Actually, though a lay observer may call the subject "asleep," the subject's being is more active than at other times.

It was suggested to the bugler, then—to get back to the Mexican border incident—that he was the private; that he had his personality, his outlook, his history.



There is no letting of blood, no pain, no disagreeable aftereffects suffered by the subject.

Obversely, it was suggested to the private that his was the personality, the history of the bugler. Under questioning, the private gave the bugler's history as his own. In turn, the bugler claimed as his life's story the history of the private. Each was quite satisfied, the witnesses saw, that he was the other.

At this stage there was a little trouble. Garrett had forgotten to transpose the soldiers back again before awakening them. When the transpositions had been made to complete satisfaction, one fact prodded Garrett's mind: unless he was transferred back, the subject thought he was the other party. If that is possible, reasoned Garrett, there must be an actual transfer of the astral body—the soul, the spirit, the ego, what you will—if it can go from one to another. Therefore, the astral body—we shall call it that for want of a better term—should be able to go to another place.

This was found true in the case of a number of experiments. Everyone is not susceptible to the projection of his astral body; but when one is susceptible, distance is no object. The astral body may be transported several miles, and conversations taking place many miles away may be related with accuracy.

When first finding himself out of his physical body, the subject is fearful. He will ask if he can kiss a loved one, if he can move, if it's all right for him to go to another room. After a while he is more at home, moves around with freedom. Upon returning to his physical body, the subject forgets what he has seen on his astral visit. He can, however, remember some of the things he has seen if he be given the proper suggestion, in much the same way a post-hypnotic suggestion is carried out in simple hypnosis.

FRANCE—where Charcot, you may recall from that loved best-seller of a few years ago, "The Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe, gave his theatrical demonstrations of hypnotism—was the home of Dr. Garrett's scientific approach to psychology and hypnotherapy. At the University of Toulouse he received his Doctor of Philosophy degree in Psychology, and in Paris he practiced for several years. On his return to this country, his work here in hypnotherapy has earned Dr. Garrett praise and testimonials from the medical profession, and from the American Academy of Medicine and Surgery he received an Honorary M. D.

The medical profession, traditionally slow in accepting innovations—you may recall Pasteur's struggle, and the struggles of Semmelweis, which eventually drove him insane but whose discoveries are today responsible for thousands of lives saved annually in childbirth—is awakening fast to the therapeutic uses of hypnotism. In dentistry, Dr. Garrett has found, the relief of a patient's pain by hypnosis is a simple matter. A greater milestone was the case of Eugene Conway, in 1928. Conway had a bad set of tonsils which needed immediate removal. He likewise had a weak heart, which prevented the use of anaesthetics. But he did have confidence. And with the co-operation of the surgeon, who was himself interested in hypnotism, Dr. Garrett hypnotized the patient, and the tonsillotomy was a success.

The sensationalism of this case caused it to be written up all over the world, but Conway was only one of thousands whom Dr. Garrett has treated for mental, nervous or functional disorders.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Mrs. Evelyn Gotay of Alton, Ill., amnesia victim found wandering in St. Louis streets, had her memory restored after she had been placed under a hypnotic spell by Dr. Edward J. Weiss, formerly of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and now of St. Louis. Dr. Weiss, who used the power of suggestion while the patient was under the spell, is shown soothing Mrs. Gotay as she recovered from the trance.

A more interesting case, from the scientific viewpoint, to Dr. Garrett, was a case of obsession. In 1927, Dr. Garrett was in Chicago, lecturing and doing hospital work when he was asked if he could help a presumably hopeless case. The patient was a girl of about twenty who evinced the symptoms of dementia praecox. She was continually wringing her hands, crying, hearing voices that drowned out the voices of people who tried to talk to her. Some eighteen months before, she had suddenly become hysterical, and since then had continued to waste away. Physicians could do nothing for her.

After studying the case history, Dr. Garrett told her parents to keep the girl in bed, and he went to see her one evening at six o'clock. The girl was nervous, restless, fearful—a condition in which it is very difficult to hypnotize a patient. And hypnosis was necessary, for Dr. Garrett had to probe into the girl's unconscious, or subconscious, mind. Trying to get the girl's confidence, likewise proved difficult. Then, so suddenly that Dr. Garrett was himself surprised, he managed to get her "under."

The girl's unconscious began to reveal itself, under prompting and questioning, and from the mumbled words and broken sentences, those standing around the bed realized what had been troubling the girl. There was a body of an old man in her, she said. The old man was trying to get possession of her body, of her faculties; was continually fighting to control her. All the time, in

her body, that great struggle was taking place, with the control of her body at stake.

When this was clear, Dr. Garrett ordered the man to leave the girl's body, to cease struggling with her and to depart, never to return. Immediately the girl went into contortions. The contortions were so violent that the girl's physician interceded with Dr. Garrett to stop. But Dr. Garrett refused. And then, as suddenly as the contortions began, they ended. The girl sank back on her pillow, her head drooped, but her voice was audible as she said:

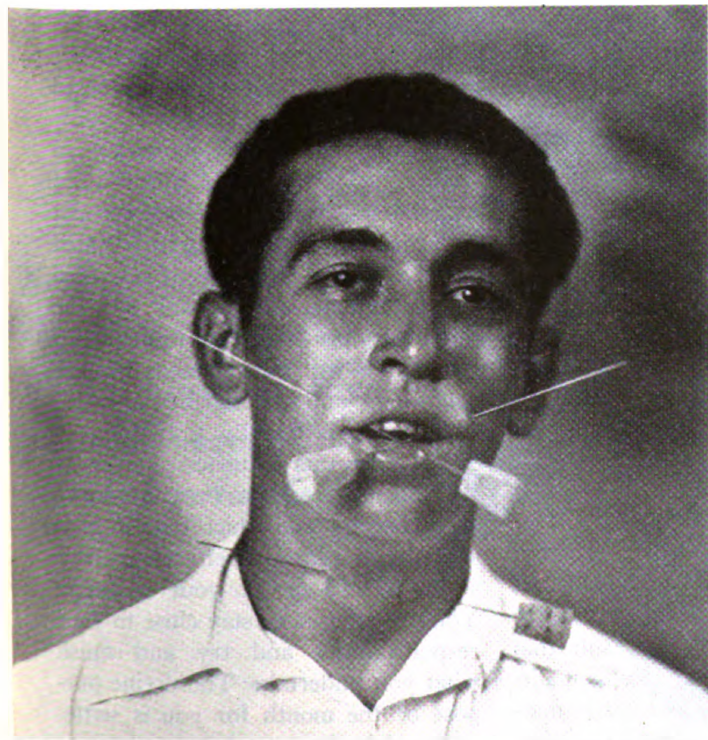
"There he goes, angry, cursing, cursing you."

Then Dr. Garrett told her that no more would the old man fight with her, that he was vanquished and would henceforth leave her alone. He allowed her to sleep, to relax for fifteen minutes. When she awoke, she no longer heard voices, and for the first time in eighteen months she actually smiled.

The girl's parents were naturally overcome with gratitude and they tried to kiss Dr. Garrett's hands. . . . Several years later Dr. Garrett met in New York his friends who had brought him to the girl. They informed him she had remained perfectly normal, that her health came back, and that she was happily married and had two children. . . .

WE HAVE ALREADY related the experiment on the Mexican border in which Dr. Garrett had projected the astral bodies of two soldiers. In Chicago in 1927, during the same series of lectures which brought to him the case of the girl mentioned above, Dr. Garrett demonstrated the projection of an astral body which was the

Another of Dr. Garrett's especially good hypnotic subjects. Note that the man is actually smiling, though gruesome needles pierce his flesh.



direct cause of his solving a bank robbery. At this lecture, Dr. Garrett had as his subject a very susceptible boy whose astral body he projected to several places. Present at this lecture was a woman more skeptical than otherwise, and more antagonistic than skeptical. She wanted the boy's astral body projected to a place she knew—so that she could check on the projection herself. She suggested that he go to her home.

Dr. Garrett put the boy in a hypnotic state and commanded him to go, in his trance, to the woman's home. The woman lived outside Chicago, in the country, and the boy described his trip there much as he would an air flight. He described the house, the incompleting gardens, and the woman interrupted in amazement to admit that the description was substantially correct. Dr. Garrett told the boy to go inside, but the woman said that was unnecessary, because no one was home, that her husband had gone away on a business trip. But the boy entered the house, said that he saw someone in bed. The woman claimed this absurd. But the boy was certain there was a man sleeping in bed. Dr. Garrett asked him to describe the room, which he did in detail, even mentioning canaries in a cage. Then Dr. Garrett said:

"Try to impress the man in bed of your presence. Try to wake him."

The boy then made the canaries sing, and the man woke up and looked at the birds. He lay down again, but after a few moments he sat up and looked at the canaries again. Three times he did this. A few days later Dr. Garrett received an apology from the woman. Her husband had been home that night, and what the boy had seen—even to her husband's sitting up three times to look at the birds—was true.

At this lecture a detective, Mr. Charles Hass, the father of a physician whom Dr. Garrett knew, was very favorably impressed. A few days later, Mr. Hass phoned Dr. Garrett and asked him if he thought he could help him on a case. Dr. Garrett said he would be glad to try, but Hass refused to impart any information—he wanted to see if Dr. Garrett could find out what the case was about.

Garrett then got the subject he used in the experiment described above, and hypnotized him. He proceeded on the theory that, in the astral, time doesn't count. He told the boy to repeat the conversation which Dr. Garrett had had with Mr. Hass. This the boy did. Then Dr. Garrett told the boy to go to Mr. Hass' office and to see what he could discover about the case in question.

The boy saw some papers on a desk, and was told to read aloud. A letter he read disclosed the information that a Chicago bank (not mentioned by name for obvious purposes) was troubled over a six thousand dollar loss. Dr. Garrett then told the boy to go to the bank, at the time of the loss. This the boy did, describing the holdup of a messenger boy of 12, and mentioning the name of the man who engineered the holdup. The name he gave was that of the man who had hired and sent the boy with the money—a vice president of the bank. Dr. Garrett refused to believe this, and the boy subject became annoyed and then stated that the vice president had stolen eleven thousand dollars seven months ago in the same way. Dr. Garrett had notes transcribed by his secretary, and next day went to see the detective. Mr. Hass

[Continued on page 69]

December's Destiny For You

By John J. King

Hidden in the ancient system of numbers and the planetary influence of your birth date are many esoteric secrets which, when carefully heeded, will chart you a more successful passage over the turbulent seas of life. This special feature, exclusively prepared for TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE readers, may afford you the very advice for which you are now seeking.

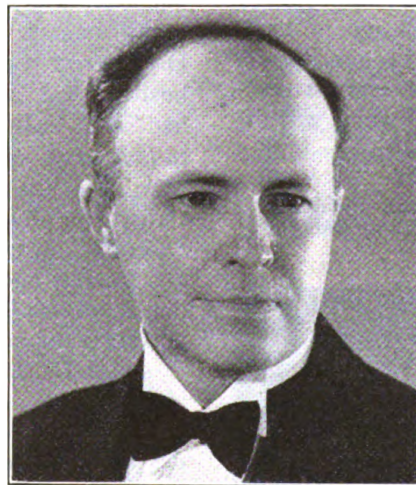
TO OBTAIN your analysis and forecast for the month of December, 1938, you may select the number from the list below by using this simple method. To your month and day of month—reduced to single digits—add the number 3. Suppose you were born February 13. The month of February reduces to a 2, being the second month; the 13 reduces to a 4 by adding the digits 1 and 3. Now you add 2 and 4 and 3, which equals 9 as revealed opposite the number 9 given below. Suppose your birth were December 18. In this case you would find your number and forecast by adding 3 and 9 and 3, which equals 6. Your number would be 6.

The months of the year reduce as follows: January is 1, February is 2, March is 3, April is 4, May is 5, June is 6, July is 7, August is 8, September is 9, October is 1, November is 2, and December is 3.

NUMBER 1

As you enter this month you will observe that conditions are not as inspirational or spectacular as in September or November. The month, however, carries an undercurrent which is very encouraging in directions of creative, individual self-expression. The month is mainly of a practical, physical nature which helps to bring you into settled and responsible conditions. There is an indication that you should not make too many broad plans for travel or try to enjoy the holiday season in recreation or amusement. Try and maintain a simple relation with your family or with rather settled and dependable people. Comparing the

Christmas season of 1937—a period in which you were somewhat surrounded by a lack of responsibility and some degree of uncertainty—you will find this period in sharp contrast. The divine purpose of this month for



John J. King, expert numerologist and international lecturer on metaphysical subjects.

you is work and productive activity in the face of responsible domestic situations. Your mental attitude should be that of service.

NUMBER 2

The new interest and unsettled conditions which created the prospect of change in your environment last month is brought closer to you in the present month, with the result that changes anticipated can now be made. Regarding family and domestic matters, this month adds new life, interest and considerable improvement; but since there is considerable activity in your surroundings, try and keep

an open mind and be on the alert to make a quick change in handling situations. There is an indication that you may not be able to settle down very much mentally. This is a month of action, not only on the physical plane but also on the mental. You may enjoy considerable social activity. The divine purpose of the month for you is new life and change in the face of responsibility. Your mental attitude should be that of unity.

NUMBER 3

This is a wonderful month filled with harmony, indicating a very satisfactory settlement and adjustment of many personal matters. This is an excellent influence in which to settle down in a more stable and contented manner, in more substantial surroundings, and assume obligations in connection with home affairs and business matters. This settlement and adjustment, however, is predicated upon a double element of personal self-expression. This means that the more responsible general influence of the month will be obtained through conditions and arrangements which may prove personally gratifying to you. Under this influence your home and business affairs bear a strong social background which induces considerable inspirational effect—and this seems to add zest to your ambition. You are advised to stay close to your responsibilities and try and finish what you undertake. The divine purpose of the month for you is settlement of business and domestic matters. Your mental attitude should be that of love.

[Continued on page 69]

MIND OVER BODY

ACME NEWSPICTURES

Brought from India by Robert Ripley for his radio program, Kuda Bux walks gaily over a long stretch of fiery coals at Rockefeller Center. This barefoot miracle has stirred up one of the biggest controversies in magical circles.



The young Mohammedan from Kashmir, Kuda Bux, holds up his feet for inspection after negotiating a twenty-foot trench of red-hot coals. Examination of the soles of his feet proved that there were no blisters, and he did not suffer any pain.

Kashmir wonder man claims that his immunity to burns is the accomplishment of the power of perfect faith.

The amazing East Indian fire-walker has his feet examined by a doctor of the Flower Hospital and a nurse in Rockefeller Center. In this way it was established that no trickery could have been used.

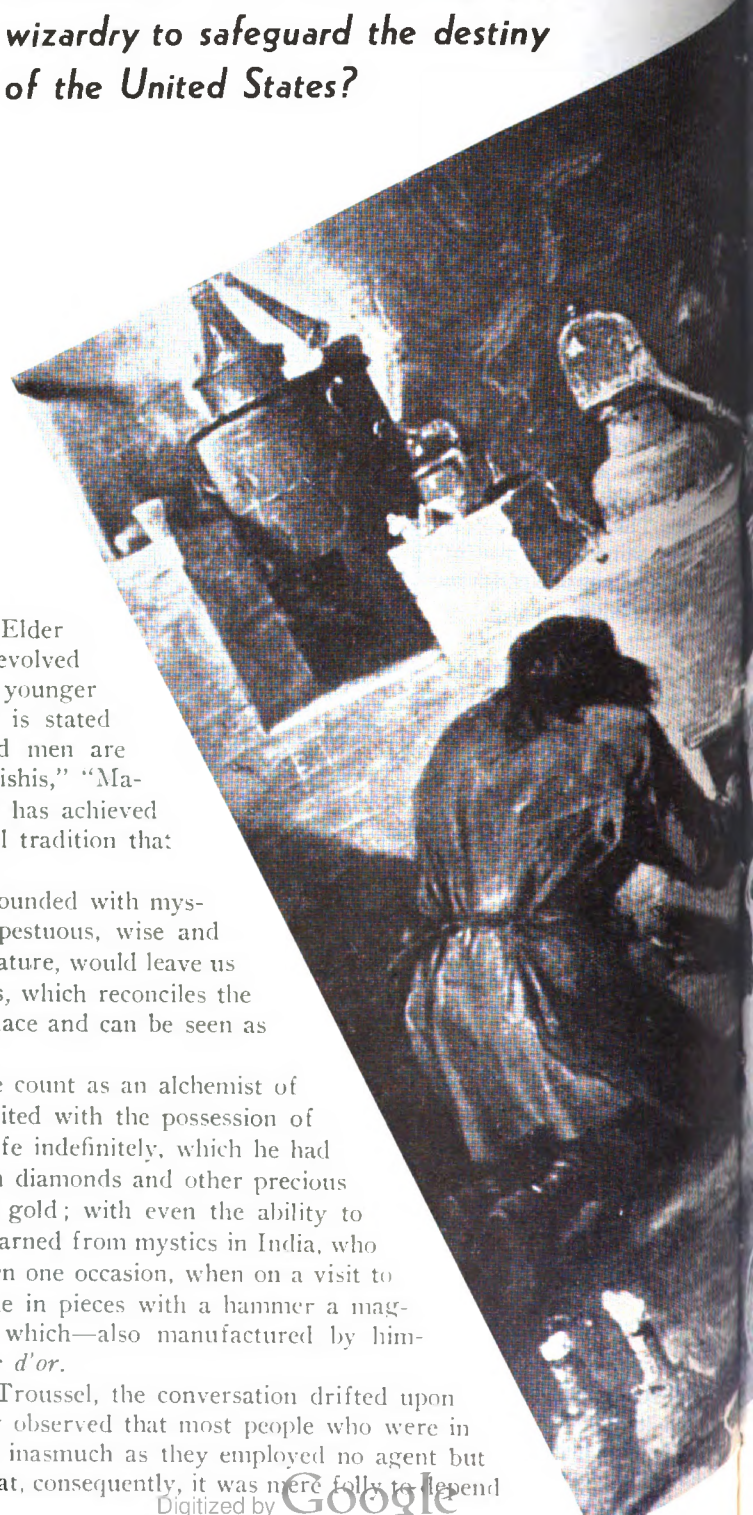


MIRACLE MAN



Comte de St. Germain.

Alchemist, supernatural magician, and enigma of several continents, is St. Germain, occult being of unestimated age, now using his wizardry to safeguard the destiny of the United States?



AMONG THE MOST ANCIENT teachings is that of the Elder Brothers or teachers of mankind. The idea of evolved human beings who watch over and help their younger brethren along the path they themselves have traveled, is stated repeatedly throughout occult literature. These perfected men are spoken of under many names, "Masters," "Adepts," "Rishis," "Mahatmas," but the idea is always the same—the man who has achieved wisdom through experience. It is to this almost universal tradition that we turn for an explanation of the Comte de St. Germain.

This life, so full of contradiction and paradox, surrounded with mystery and drama, bizarre and miraculous, calm and tempestuous, wise and humorous, containing within itself the deepest secrets of nature, would leave us bewildered and incredulous were it not for this hypothesis, which reconciles the seemingly incongruous facts. Viewed thus, all fall into place and can be seen as part of a well-ordered plan.

Contemporary testimony of a high order pictures the count as an alchemist of the first rank and incredible power. He is variously credited with the possession of an elixir capable of maintaining youth and prolonging life indefinitely, which he had himself prepared; with the ability to remove flaws from diamonds and other precious stones; with the power of transmuting baser metals into gold; with even the ability to make actual diamonds, an art which he claimed to have learned from mystics in India, who taught him the artificial crystallization of pure carbon. On one occasion, when on a visit to the French Ambassador at the Hague, St. Germain broke in pieces with a hammer a magnificent diamond of his own making, the counterpart of which—also manufactured by himself—he had just before sold to a jeweler for 5500 *louis d'or*.

One evening at supper at the house of Madame de Troussel, the conversation drifted upon the topic of the Philosopher's Stone, and the count curtly observed that most people who were in pursuit of that famous goal were astonishingly illogical, inasmuch as they employed no agent but fire, forgetting that fire breaks up and decomposes and that, consequently, it was mere folly to depend

Physicists, such as the man (below) working in his laboratory, labored vainly to attain St. Germain's power of turning base metals into gold.

BETTMANN
ARCHIVES



ticular aspect of primordial matter. There is the still more esoteric teaching, which the true philosophers taught, namely, the regeneration of man. The base metals symbolized parts of himself which must be transmuted into the gold of spiritual life.

The true alchemist was he who had transformed his own nature into gold, and so gained power over all the elements of nature. He was then able to perform the physical transmutation of base metals into gold without harm to himself or humanity.

By
Leslie Grant

Author of
"Destiny's Queen of Crimson Doom."

upon it for the building up of a new composition. He dwelt much upon this and finally led the conversation back to more general topics. Alchemy was the mediaeval chemical science, one of whose objects was the transmutation of baser metals into gold. The alchemist believed in one universal substance, of which all things are but variations, so that he who knows and understands can produce at will any par-

We are told by H. P. Blavatsky, author of "The Secret Doctrine," that during the last quarter of every hundred years an attempt is made by the Masters to help on the spiritual progress of humanity. Toward the close of each century you will invariably find that an outpouring or upheaval of spirituality has taken place. Some one or more persons have appeared in the world as their agents, and a greater or less amount of occult knowledge or teaching has been given out. That great teacher remarks, "The Comte de St. Germain was certainly the greatest oriental adept Europe has seen during the last century."

This strange personage of the Eighteenth Century was hated as a charlatan and imposter by his enemies, and revered as a god by his friends. His life as well as his personality were surrounded by mystery. No one knew who he was, where he lived, or whence he came. He appeared, disappeared and reappeared, and always along his path were happenings of a startling occult nature, and legends so extraordinary as to verge on the fantastic.

No one knew his age, and according to many authorities, he had lived several hundred years without ageing in the least. He appeared always to remain in his prime. He himself not only was not touched by time, but he had the power to give others the means to retain their youth. His distinguished recent biographer, Mrs. I. Cooper-Oakley, records that there appeared at the court of Louis XV an extraordinary man who called himself Comte de St. Germain. The old Countess v. Georgy, who, fifty years earlier, had accompanied her husband to Venice, where he had the appointment of ambassador, met St. Germain at Mme. de Pompadour's. For some time she watched the stranger with signs of the greatest surprise. Finally, unable to control her excitement, she approached the count more out of curiosity than in fear.

"Will you have the kindness to tell me," inquired the countess, "whether your father was in Venice about the year 1710?"

"No, madame," replied the count, quite unconcerned. "It is very much longer since I lost my father, but I myself was living in Venice at the end of the last and the beginning of this century. I had the honor to pay you court then, and you were kind enough to admire a few Barcarolles of my composing, which we used to sing together."

"Forgive me, but that is impossible. The Comte de St. Germain I knew in those days was at least forty-five years old, and you, at the outside, are that age at present."

"Madame," replied the Count, smiling, "I am very old."

"But then you must be nearly a hundred years old."

"That is possible," and then he recounted to Mme. v. Georgy a number of little details, which had reference in common to both, and to their sojourn in the Venetian state. He offered, if she still doubted him, to bring back to her memory certain circumstances and remarks.

"No, no," interrupted the old ambassador, "I am already convinced. For all that, you are a most extraordinary man."

MRS. COOPER-OAKLEY quotes a contemporary, Rameau, as saying, "One can, I think, well assert that a portion of his miracles is due to his knowledge of physics and chemistry, in which sciences he is well grounded. At all events it is palpable that his knowledge has laid the seeds for him of sound good health—a life which will, or which has, overstepped the ordinary time allotted to man—and has also endowed him with the means of preventing the ravages of time from affecting the body."

The same Mme. v. Georgy is quoted as saying that during her first stay in Venice she received from the count an elixir which for fully a quarter of a century preserved unaltered the youthful charm she possessed at twenty-five.

This amazing statement was corroborated by Mme. de Pompadour herself from inquiries made by her among contemporaries of the old countess.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley relates a charming incident of the gift to Mme. de Pompadour of the celebrated bonbonniere, worked very beautifully in black enamel, having on its lid an agate. The count requested Mme. de Pompadour to place the bonbonniere near the fire. A few minutes later she went to take it away, when, to the astonishment of those present, the agate had disappeared—and in its place was to be seen a pretty shepherdess in the midst of her flock.

After the bonbonniere had again been placed near the fire the shepherdess disappeared and the agate reappeared!

St. Germain has been uniformly described by writers of the period as being of medium height and elegant manner, his features regular, his complexion brown, his hair black, his face mobile and full of genius. His carriage bore the impress and nobility common only to the great. He dressed simply, but with taste. His only luxury consisted of a large number of diamonds.

Of the history and parentage of this unusual man little is actually known, although legends are many and varied. I quote here the account said to have been given by himself to his friend, Prince Karl of Hesse. "He told me," writes the prince, "that he was the son of Prince Ragoczy

[Continued on page 79]



LOUISE SHERIDAN STUDIOS

Leslie Grant, author of this article, who first studied mysticism in India, is one of America's foremost authorities on the occult.

True Mystic Readers Can Win

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Your Own **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

Every month during the period of this contest, the total of this sum will be divided according to the judges' opinion of merit among the contestants whose experiences are chosen for publication.

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 prizes governed by the January issue of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE Magazine, the entries must be postmarked prior to November 10th.

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

Hollywood's Lady Ghost

She predicted tragedy for Thelma Todd, Bernice Mannix and Alan Crosland—from two years to two weeks before their deaths actually happened!



"A WORLD FAMOUS newspaper publisher will meet with the shadow of Death, struggle with him mightily and then conquer. But this struggle will take so much out of the man that he will relinquish control of his vast estates and devote the rest of the few years of his life to just living."

That is only one of the amazing predictions made by the Reverend Violet Greener. The epitome of mature womanly beauty, she has been a fixture in Hollywood annals for over eighteen years. Great stars, Theda Bara, Barbara La Marr, Wally Reid; master executives, Sam Goldwyn, D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett—all the Hollywood scene has passed before her and come to her for advice.

Lady Ghost of Hollywood is the title the cinema city has given her. They have named her affectionately, for to moviedom she is more than a seer, more than a prophetess—she is a voice from the dark of the future.

On January 1, 1938, when she made the prophetic announcement concerning the famous publisher, news-

Reverend Violet Greener, from whom Hollywood's great constantly seek advice.

paper editors across the country read the story, scoffed and very nearly killed it. A very few months later, the so omnipotent William Randolph Hearst was at Death's door. Editors then hastened to blow the dust off Reverend Greener's prediction. For when the publishing czar finally recovered from his illness, he did exactly as had been foretold. He turned control of his vast estates over to his children and retired to his enormous San Simeon estate in California.

"While I have no wish to appear a Cassandra, a prophetess of evil and foreboding," continued the prophetic Lady Ghost, "yet I foresee an ominous cycle of deaths in the Hollywood firmament.

"A famous actress of the film city is going to carry a child, but that child will die at birth, and the American public will always be completely ignorant of its fate. The bereaved mother, whom I cannot name, will take the advice of her studio employers and adopt a little boy.

. . . . SHE WARNED WILL ROGERS of

By William Frank

Author of "Occultism Guides Many Movie Stars"

"There will be two major Hollywood deaths through accidental causes. A major radio executive will die through violence. Yet on the whole, this will be a happy year for Hollywood and its citizens. They will be happier to work in the pictures to which they are assigned."

VIOLET GREENER receives her psychic ability through the natural inheritance of her past. While her father was a non-psychic English Army officer, stationed in India, her mother was the famous Mary Agabeg, daughter of a long line of Indian seers and prophets. It is from her mystical mother that the Lady Ghost has received this natural-born law, through which a voice speaks to her.

Her lovely white hair and charming manners have made her an important and seldom-to-be-missed figure in the drawing-rooms of Hollywood's great. But all of her work is done at the Agabeg Occult Temple, where she holds private and public consultations.

The temple, named after her mother, is a symphony of white turrets and green grass, nestling at the foot of the Hollywood Hills. Its site was chosen for her, she says, by a visitation in her dreams. Here she feels most keenly the psychic impulses which impel her so sapient observations on the present and future of Hollywoodland.

The Lady Ghost is willing at all times to stake her entire reputation on every prediction. She never, and adherents say that this is no idle boast, misses a contact or an emanation.

In the picture of her she is seen wearing two famous ornaments of the jeweler's art. Nestling close to her is the famous Lucius Beebe \$10,000 gardenia cluster of diamonds and rubies. Undoubtedly the most famous ornamental product of the jeweler's art in recent years, this piece was the pride of New York until an admirer purchased it for Reverend Greener. She wears it constantly, sure in her belief that the spirits will protect her from violence.

The other is the ring seen on her left hand. Worth in excess of \$35,000, this emerald set in solid silver was given to her by Lord Harry Clifton, the British nobleman whom she recently befriended in relation to a Hollywood gambling game. The piece was given to the Englishman as a talisman by his father. He has passed it on to Violet Greener as a lodestone, so that they may never be out of spiritual contact.

"Carole Lombard and Clark Gable should never marry. Their psychic impulses jibe. Clark should look for a woman more subdued, a woman who will grace his home. Carole should look for a man with more verve and dash, possibly Errol Flynn. They are not," continued Reverend Greener, "married already. But if they are, then it is a mistake.

"For virtually the same reason Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard should not tie themselves to one another permanently. The emanations from these two wonderful people show that they should not belong to one another, but that each should look for his mate in another direction. About Charlie and Paulette, however, we need not worry. I feel certain that this struggle will work out well."

But the Lady Ghost deals not alone in considerations of the future. She also lets her astral mind rest on the present.

These three foremost Hollywood stars are but a few of the cinema luminaries who go to Violet Greener for psychic advice.



Katherine Hepburn



Shirley Temple



Norma Shearer

HIS FATAL DEATH in the SKY! . . .



Reverend Greener's psychical analysis tells her that Carole Lombard (above) and Clark Gable should never marry.

"There will be a happy solution to Jackie Coogan's difficulty." Reverend Violet feels certain that true mother love will conquer all other difficulties and that Mrs. Bernstein will give to The Kid all the money and love that is rightfully his. The onus of the blame in this instance should rest, Reverend Greener indicates, on the disturbing influence exerted on the portents by Jackie's stepfather, Arthur Bernstein.

"Jackie's marriage to the very beautiful Betty Grable will be a very happy one. Though she will not retire from the screen for a while, yet they will soon begin to raise a family that will stand by them in their later years.

"And if anyone is interested in hearing more of Janet Gaynor, who is undoubtedly the epitome of the tomboy vibration, I feel certain that out of this unhappy, unnecessary romance with Tyrone Power will come a greater dramatic awareness that will make her a greater star than ever.

"One of Hollywood's happiest marriages will certainly turn out to be that between the vivacious Alice Faye and her romantic Tony Martin. Alice's temperament will be molded until it fits into Tony's tolerance, and they will be happy. Alice will have two children, one boy and one girl.

"Happily for the future of this family, Alice's dramatic star will be on the wane long before Tony's. This will give him the opportunity of being the bread-winner of the house and give Alice an opportunity to be the mother and housewife she so longs for."

Diverging from the serious for a moment, Reverend Violet explains that it was her advice which led Maxie Rosenbloom to change his name to M. Weldon Rosen-

bloom. As a matter of fact, most of Hollywood calls the ex-pug by his more usual nickname, Slapsie-Maxie. When queried, Slapsie-Maxie explains that he likes his nickname better than his fancier new name, but he would not cross the Lady Ghost in her advice. She feels that he has a future on the screen.

The Lady Ghost, while talking, constantly turns and twists the lodestone sapphire ring on her finger. It helps, she explains, to concentrate. She punctuates her speech with occasional periods of silence. Her psychic mind is receptive to the portents that emanate about her.

"Norma Shearer, who was so deeply hurt by the death of her beloved Irving Thalberg, will marry again within the year. She will not marry a Hollywood actor. She will marry an executive of national importance. This will be her last marriage. Norma Shearer is making her return to the screen in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's version of Marie Antoinette at my specific advice. I see the picture as the vehicle for the greatest success Norma has ever had. This darling mother and splendid actress is the sweetest woman in Hollywood.

"A girl whom I see," continued Reverend Violet, "as being one of the biggest stars in the years to come is Margaret Lindsay. Margaret gives out a brain vibration, she is the very soul of intellectuality. Her beauty and natural acting ability all combine to promise her a future of wonderful brightness. She will marry within the next two years. Not to either the Vanderbilt boy or John Swope, with whom she has been seen recently, but to a new man from the Middle West.

"But Margaret will not permit either romance or her marriage to stay her in the pursuit of her career.

"Strangely enough, I see as the biggest star discovery of the year, a little girl. A baby but five years old, now virtually unknown to the world. Baby Janet Chapman has just been signed to a contract by Warner Brothers Pictures. A year ago only her parents knew her. A year from now, the world will recognize her as being the outstanding child actress of the screen.

"Along that same line, all the portents show that it is time that Shirley Temple, Crown Princess of the Screen, should leave the cameras. Shirley is growing up. She should leave the screen now and the largest waiting audience the world has ever felt will be standing in line for her at the box office when a matured Shirley Temple returns to the screen."

VIOLET GREENER knows children. She has two boys, one adopted, and a married daughter. Her baby grandchild, Richard, is her "heart." Into that baby, she feels, went the part of her that composers and musicians put into their music—her soul. She feels keenly the problems of children and young people. For that reason she advises the young stars, like Eleanor Whitney, Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, Judy Garland, and the other youngsters, to treasure their youth. Not to let it slip from them through their environment.

"Youth is the most precious thing there is. It knows so little it never worries."

The Ghost of Hollywood has echoed some of the world's greatest thinkers in that sentiment. The children of Hollywood might do well to listen.

The tragedies that led to the deaths of Thelma Todd several years ago, the motor accident in which the beautiful Bernice Mannix was killed, the fatal injury

which resulted in Alan Crosland's death—all these were predicted from two years to two weeks before they actually happened.

"Deaths and fatalities are the strongest emanations in the psychic world. For that reason, though I have no love of this phase of spiritual prevision, the psychical contacts are closer with those people for whom the fates have decreed death.

"Ten years ago I predicted the end of the Fatty Arbuckle affair. He was an unhappy man, the completely innocent victim of circumstances over which he had no control. His emanations marked him as the lovable type. Fatty was never meant for violence.

"A month before Will Rogers left on his ill-fated airplane trip, I warned him against the adventure. Gay, happy, carefree, Will laughed at my ominous warnings. But his end had been spoken to me. There was no escaping.

"The Southern California floods of this past season, the death of O. O. McIntyre, the airline disasters that seem to be coming one upon the other; visions of all these came to me through the spirits."

But not always does the Ghost permit her second sight to wander into the darker, unhappy places.

ALL OF AMERICA has had "Gone With the Wind," the already recognized masterpiece of Margaret Mitchell, on the tip of its tongue. Thousands of Hollywood dollars have been won and lost in idle conjecture on the leads who are to bring this book to the screen. David Oliver Selznick, the young producer who owns the screen rights to the story of violence and love in the old South, has been as variable as the wind in announcing his choice of star rôles. Not yet has he been pinned down.

"The selection of George Cukor to direct 'Gone With the Wind' was absolutely correct. Mr. Cukor is a dual man. He is a genius. He will be completely successful if left to do as he pleases. However, if he is meddled with, as Hollywood too often meddles with its variegated talent, he will quit altogether.

"Katherine Hepburn is Scarlett O'Hara. They will be unable to find her emotional counterpart in bringing this beautiful part to life. She is the soul of Scarlett O'Hara.

"Five years ago I suggested to Katherine Hepburn that she play the title rôle in 'Alice Adams,' an RKO picture. Katherine demurred and then, under protest, agreed. That picture has long since been recognized as one of her dramatic and box-office triumphs.

"Though she had not thought of attempting the rôle of Scarlett, she now sees the wisdom of the thought. It has been written.

"Though I have no wish to enter into the nationwide contest in attempting to cast this picture, yet the spirit world has given one other name. Pat X. Cary, virtually an unknown to theater audiences, is the man to play Scarlett's father. He should play this part."

Bill Seiter, now directing Paramount's big technicolor classic, "Men With Wings," was having trouble in Hollywood, until he came to Reverend Greener for advice.

At the same time, Marian Nixon found her dramatic star on the wane. She, too, came to her friend and adviser for help.

To the Reverend Violet the answer had been written for her and for the two troubled souls. The famous star

and the troubled director were introduced, they fell in love and were married soon after. Marian Nixon, as a result of her marriage, retired from the screen a star. Bill Seiter's reputation as a director is unexcelled in Hollywood.

"The year to come will be auspicious for the Foy family. Brvan Foy," the Lady Ghost expands her statement, "will make a greater success as a producer than ever before. He will make one picture at Warner Brothers which will give him the reputation he needs. His brother, Charlie Foy, after vainly attempting to break into the big-time in Hollywood, will get a break in a big picture. While his name will not go up in lights, his future will be assured.

"Al Rogell, the RKO producer, had better make hay while the sun shines. His marriage to Jack Warner's former wife, Irma Warner, will not be successful, and unless he makes an adjustment there, it will affect his whole career. Rogell owes his success to his contacts. He will lose many of those contacts in the year to come."

To the Reverend Violet's receptive mind, the finest picture director in all of Hollywood is John Ford. Known best for his direction of the Academy-Award winner, "The Informer," the Ghost says that, psychically, Ford is the best director living today. His innate keenness and fine intelligence combine to bring together all the good portents to help him in his career. He may even branch into production and will be most successful in his attempts along this line.

"Errol Flynn, than whom there is none less willing to take advice, came to me before accepting the title rôle in the Warner Brothers production of 'The Adventures of Robin Hood.' All the portents were good. Now there can be no doubt of Errol's position in the world of the

[Continued on page 78]

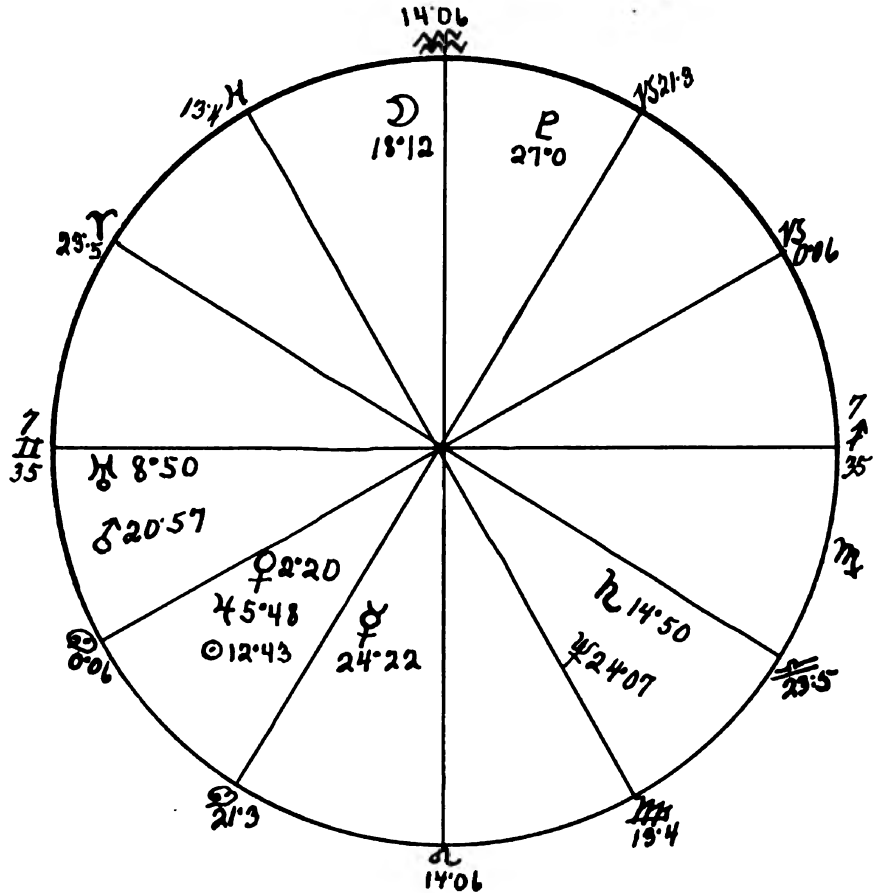
Hollywood's Lady Ghost predicts two children for Alice Faye (below), boy and a girl.



WHAT THE STARS

By Gustave Ekstrom

Never was there a time in the history of the United States when Americans concerned themselves with the peace of the world as they do today. And astrology points a significant finger with prophetic wisdom at the destiny of continents.



Birth chart of the United States. This country's relations with foreign powers will reach a crisis during April and August.

EVERYONE IS ASKING the questions, "Will there be a war in Europe and will the United States be involved?"

When the Armistice was signed, I made planetary deductions. Indications revealed that the war was not completed. Every indication now points to the fact that there is to be a continued war in Europe. August, 1938, was the fore-runner. November, 1938, January, 1939, and April and August, 1939, are very warlike months indeed.

As concerns the United States, our first contact point for war activity is in August and the second contact point is to be in April, 1940. This latter is the most probable time for the United States to become involved.

Our relations with foreign powers will be very important, and amounting to a crisis, during March and April of 1939. A very tense situation in diplomatic circles will occur during the late summer.

Industrial activity will speed up during the early part of the year and the later part. The demand for war materials will increase. Building operations will be active. Navy and army equipment will reach a high speed.

Employment will increase in various sections of the United States. Labor conditions will not be peaceful, however. Riots and strikes will be numerous during the summer of 1939. These will occur in the heavy industrial states. Government profits are to be speeded up as defense measures. Communistic labor leaders are going

to incite workers to strikes and riots. The labor unions will be at war with each other for supremacy.

The next congress will be long remembered. Much in-harmony prevails. Bitter attacks will be made against each other and the President, with the result that very little constructive legislation will be passed.

The liberals and the conservatists are slated to lock horns over the increase of government spending and taxation. The question of loaning money to foreign powers meets with opposition and will be bitterly fought. The President will not be popular with the incoming congress, which will be in session for many months to come.

The questions involving pensions, institutions, the unemployment measure, labor and the arts are to come in for attention. Political scandals will come to light.

In studying the horoscope of President Roosevelt, it is interesting to note that he is expressing his destiny in every respect. From his planetary positions, we find that his is an unusual character and fits in with the unusual cycle of times and changes, which is not controlled or



Dr. Gustave Ekstrom

Dr. Gustave Ekstrom, Northwest director of the American Federation of Scientific Astrologers, who made this forecast of 1939 exclusively for TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE.

governed by man-made laws. So the scheme of change in world affairs carries on whether we like it personally or not. The basic potential of Roosevelt is Aquarian, and its best quality is altruism—its worst quality is argumentation.

The ruler, Uranus, the planet of change and progress, is in his sign of labor and health and has a decided influence upon his temperament and personality. Negatively operating, he could be erratically critical of others. The basic urge (potential) is in the angle of children, new ventures, speculation and labor, comes in for a great deal of attention. We note that the basic urge afflicts the planet of schemes and finances in the sign of finances in the angle of courts and foreign countries, and this indicates that the national debt will continue to increase. This is a detrimental cycle for business and for finances while he is in office.

His mentality ruler is in the house of business and public security. His trend of thought is in the sign of progress in the angle of health, labor and service, intensified by the rays of the planet of action, Mars, which is in the sign of speech in the angle of honor and business. President Roosevelt will do his utmost in the advancement of the above-mentioned departments.

He will be insistent as to reorganization plans, courts, pensions, development of power and conservation. The President will be quite instrumental in relieving foreign strain amongst nations. My opinion is that he will be an important figure in foreign affairs by bringing about

peace moves. He will bring forth many demands upon congress, and my opinion is that he will be fairly successful in most of the issues he wants done. He should guard his health.

As we glance into the future my forecast is as follows:

The President will meet with a great deal of opposition from business and agricultural interests. However, a more compromising attitude will be forthcoming.

Labor is demanding and will have to compromise with the government in some of their demands. Congress will not be in the most agreeable mood, and the President will be quite emphatic in putting forth some of his plans even though he meets with some defeat.

The nation will be over-run with sabotage and espionage activities of other powers. Organized groups of certain opinions become a factor to contend with in politics, industry and labor.

Destruction by the elements such as storms, heat, epidemics, earthquakes takes its toll in 1939. There will be heavy floods in the Mississippi Valley the early part of 1939. Generally, crops will be fair throughout the country. Commodity prices are destined to improve, especially the latter part of the year. The farmer is to become better organized and will make some important demands. The markets for agriculture commodities will be active. Weather will be erratic almost all of the year. Heavy rains will bring floods in various parts of the country. An intense heat wave will sweep the nation during the summer.

The United States will have some earthquakes the latter part of the year, possibly during August.

Many deaths from an epidemic, which always comes forth when war conditions are active, will occur during the summer of 1939.

With respect to the market I see that wheat and barley will have a more stable price; cotton will be steady; steel and rails will be subject to rapid fluctuations. Watch for changes around January 1st, the first week in April, the middle of June and early August.

May and June are subject to storms. Floods will occur the fore part and later part of the summer. Many disastrous fires will occur during the year.

MY DEDUCTIONS regarding Hitler's important character are that he has almost everyone up a tree and will keep everyone there for some time to come.

Indications are that he will be quite successful in the accomplishment of his present plans for his people. Considerable pressure upon England is forthcoming as to the restoration of her colonies, and indications are that England will compromise with Hitler in this respect. Hitler does not necessarily want war if he can arrange it otherwise. He will be fairly successful in his accomplishments of expansion by direct action and economic agreements with Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Jugoslavia, and with his plans for restoration of some of Germany's colonies.

His basic nature, the Sun, is in a rather determined position, supported at birth with much force and energy from the warring planet Mars, and the planet of Saturn. in the dominant sign of Leo, the sign of dominion, in the angle of occupation and honor. As these planets are affiliated with each other at birth, it is reasonable to believe that what brought his rise will also take him down. The planet of disruption and uncertainty, which is the

planet of the unexpected, is hovering over the planet of war in Hitler's chart. This will bring about warlike activities which will continue until the spring of 1939. January and February are especially active months, and Hitler will make numerous demands.

The position of Pluto and of Saturn during the late summer does not look favorable, as they afflict his basic self, the Sun, in O degree of Taurus. My opinion is that he will meet with a great deal of opposition and make some enemies at home and abroad. It will be advisable for him to very cautious and to go slower, as he will meet with disfavor, especially from his own people.

The planet of restraint, limitations, and ill health will pass over his constitutional ruler, the Sun, bringing about some obstacles; and at the same time Pluto, the planet of drastic action, is adverse for him. This is a disturbing factor as to the completion of his plans and ambitions, and his health. This cycle will force Hitler into retirement in the fall of 1939 or the spring of 1940. My opinion is that he will be succeeded by Goering or Goebbels who carry on the plans of Hitler.

Many disturbances will occur at home and in the administration of all Great Britain, beginning the early part of 1939. Difficulties will arise in international affairs. Many disputes and disagreements are indicated.

1939 will be generally prosperous, although some decrease in the volume of trade will take place. Diplomatic relations with some South American republic will occur. A misunderstanding may take place with France, and the probability of a disagreement with Turkey. Relations with the United States will be somewhat strained.

Weather disturbances will cause much damage, particularly during August of 1939. Britain is affected by the economic depression, which will last until the beginning of 1939. Leaders of Britain are turning pro-Fascist. Business conditions will be fairly good. Fascist and Communistic groups will gain considerable influence throughout Britain. Organized groups of crime and racketeering will flourish at intervals during 1939. Political disturbances will occur in Egypt and Palestine. Britain will experience difficulty with India. Foreign political views will be on the increase in the Empire.

Political factions will be at odds in England during the early part of 1939. There will be important administration changes. Strikes and unrest are to result in riots and quarrels. There is some possibility of a more liberal form of government taking place in England that will aid the laboring class. The unemployment rate will be decreased during the latter part of 1939. Foreign propaganda will increase, with the nation leaning more and more towards Fascism.

The health of the nation will be adverse; the death rate will be very high. There is an indication of an

epidemic of an inflammatory nature sweeping the nation in the early spring months. Many accidents will occur. Trade will decrease although some beneficial activities will take place for England. The health of the King will be affected during 1939.

The stock market will have extreme and sudden fluctuations. Armament expenditure is very heavy and will be a burden to the people. The navy will be increased and made more efficient than ever before. Difficulties with a South American republic will arise in the early part of the year.

Disturbances by the weather will cause a great deal of damage along coast.

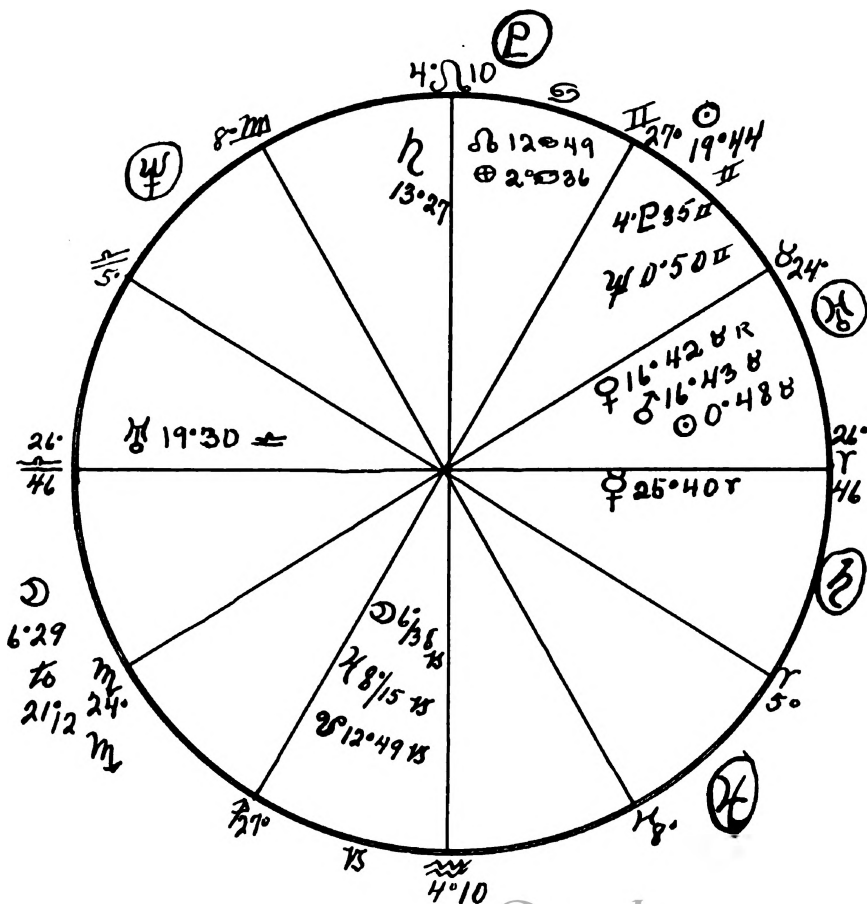
GERMANY will continue to demand colonial claims from England; England will compromise. Internal revolutionary disturbances are going to affect Germany's stability. Much expansion will take place during the coming year. General outlook and economic conditions are not satisfactory for Germany. Considerable unrest is indicated.

Germany will make some surprise moves, however, and may obtain an opening to the Adriatic Sea. If this occurs, violent opposition will be met with from an unexpected source. Relations with Italy are not so favorable.

The people of France are tensional and excitable. The government needs to use all its tact in order to prevent a general wave of mob action. Religious persecutions are destined to take place. Riots, strikes and explosions are numerous. Changes in the government occur, with

[Continued on page 72]

Birth chart of Adolph Hitler. Ekstrom predicts that, after a compromise by Britain, Hitler will regain Germany's lost colonies.



LETTERS *from our Readers*



About Their Own

TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

The following experience letters, selected from thousands submitted to TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE have each been awarded \$10.00 in prize money.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT

IT WAS A DARK, dismal evening of April 2nd. The rain was coming down in torrents, and I could hear the swishing of water against the windowpane of my lonely hall bedroom in Brooklyn, New York. A loud clap of thunder aroused me from four hours of steady reading. Glancing at my faded-blue alarm clock I realized it was almost midnight and time for me to retire.

On this particular night the raindrops lulled me to sleep almost instantly. The dream that ensued was so real that I awoke with a start, expecting to find myself on a large white ship surrounded by beautiful blue waters and a sky of azure dotted with sparkling sunbeams. In my sleep my dear father, who has been dead seven long years, came to my bedside and held my hand.

"You'll enjoy this boat trip," he said, smiling. Then he squeezed my hand tenderly in his and continued, "You've worked hard and deserve this trip. And remember this—never feel lonely, because I am always by your side."

The boat we were on was so white, the water so blue, and the sun was shining so brightly that my father's white hair shimmered like silver in its dazzling light. It was so wonderful being with my beloved father again, having him hold my hand and smile down at me, that I was extremely unhappy when I awoke and found him gone. Then I recalled that he had said that he was always by my side. My heart beat faster and faster. If that were true, then his spirit was with me that very moment! That knowledge gave me an inner courage and a supernatural power to fulfill my ambitions. With him by my side to inspire me, I felt that I could accomplish anything I set out to do.

After my father's death I had earned an eight months' scholarship in dancing with one of New York's best dancing academies. My scholarship, which required five hours of strenuous routine daily, was now almost completed. Then my greatest hope was to locate a place for myself in the theatrical world. When that was accomplished I knew my goal for personal happiness would be attained and, most important of all, I would be able to give financial assistance to my dear widowed mother and my baby brother. Now, with father by my side, I

felt sure that all these precious plans could become a reality. All these thoughts were passing swiftly through my mind as I sat on my little narrow bed, shivering from the cold early-morning air.

When I came out of my reverie it was five o'clock in the morning. The rain had subsided, and a faint ray of sunlight cast its warm glow on the worn rug in my small room. I couldn't go back to sleep; I wanted to rush out on the streets and tell the world about my happy reunion with my father. With my mind still rather dazed I began rapidly to wash and dress. By six o'clock I was on my way to the subway station, and at six forty-five I had reached Greater New York. That morning I walked aimlessly around Times Square for two hours, continually thinking of my father.

One thing in my mind was certain—I had no more doubt of the Supernatural. I knew my father was by my side, and no living mortal could ever change my mind. With a completely new vision of life I directed my steps to Sixth Avenue and the dancing studio. As I climbed those seven flights of stairs I was the happiest individual alive because I knew my father's spirit was with me every step of the way—something, which I must admit, I never thought possible until the night before.

Upon arriving at my destination my teacher greeted me with a smile and said, "You are rather early this morning, my dear. You must have sensed the happy surprise which I have for you." Before I could answer she continued, "How would you like a lovely trip to Havana, Cuba, to dance for eight weeks at the Theater National? You were selected by a producer who was here at the studio last week, and he wants you to be ready to leave on the boat next Friday."

Listening to her was like being in a trance. Suddenly I gasped, "Last night my father told me I was going on a boat." The very next day it was coming true! I was shaken with emotion. The happy surprise, coupled with my dear father's words of the night before, completely stunned me. I tried to speak, but words would not come. Apparently not noticing my unusual behavior, my teacher continued:

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 41.

"You've worked hard and deserve this trip, and I hope it will be a success as well as a pleasure."

There it was again! My father had used almost the exact words. Tears of happiness welled up in my eyes and ran down my face, smudging my cheeks with mascara. Between sobs I managed to explain my experience to a somewhat startled but sober-faced instructor. She nodded her head in understanding.

"I had a similar experience a number of years ago," she said. With those words she walked away, but not before I noticed a tear in her eye—not a tear of sadness, but a tear of mutual understanding. From that day on we became fast friends, and it was a joy to know that there was someone else, who, through spiritual contact, had obtained complete happiness in life.

**Evelyn Ritter,
2201 Reading Road,
Cincinnati, Ohio.**

CRYSTAL GAZING MARVEL

On February 21st, 1937, a man came to me and requested that I try and help him locate a sum of money which consisted of about four thousand dollars. This money had been hidden by his son in the month of December, 1937. This man told his brother that he had hidden this money, but would not tell him where. On the ninth of February, 1937, this man was killed in an auto accident. His folks searched everywhere for the hidden money, but could not find it. So on the stated date his father came to me, hoping that I could help him.

I took my crystal ball, gazed into it for a few moments, and told him that this money was hidden about two feet deep in the ground in a large barn and would be found near the corner of a large cement block. But there were many cement blocks in the barn and he failed to find it, so he returned in a few days and said the money had not been found. I told him I would go to this place the following day and help him locate it. I arrived at one o'clock P. M. and told him that at about three o'clock the money would be found.

Five men started digging, and at a quarter past three o'clock my son dug out the jar containing the money. There was great rejoicing, and I was given a nice sum as a reward for my good work. It was found about six inches from the corner of a cement block, as I had predicted.

Through my crystal I had a vivid vision of the man that was killed, even saw a peculiar scar that was on his left cheek which he had gotten in an auto accident before. I was presented with a photo of this unfortunate young man taken in death in his coffin. I prize this as a remembrance of this particular event.

**Marvea Johnson,
Forest City, Iowa.**

INSPIRING VISITATION

All my life I wanted to possess something that carried a breath of antiquity. So, when Professor Urshel Parker gave me a rare old scarab, I was happy at last. I had it made into a ring and it became my most prized possession.

Not long after, I began having strange, nocturnal experiences. Dreams that were always the same. I was aware of someone trying to steal the scarab. That is the only fragment of memory that remained upon awakening.

I was usually in a heap in the middle of the floor—frantic with fear, and beads of perspiration standing out all over me. My heart would pound and I would gasp for breath. A few months of this and my health failed me. Nervous breakdown, said the doctors, but somehow I felt it all tied with my dreams.

Up until now I had kept it a secret, but my roommate, Ada Pollard, made me talk. She, too, had awakened at precisely the same moment that I did, overcome with something she couldn't explain. The next morning she would look tired and worn—deep circles beneath her eyes. One night the rays of influence were unusually strong. Ada shrieked from her twin bed:

"Nelle—there's something sinister in this room! It's awful!"

Emotion overcame me, then bit by bit I related my story. Ada confessed that for weeks she had been worried about herself. Thought her nerves were cracking. But she openly scoffed at the scarab idea.

"How can an old piece of putty cause bad dreams?" she said.

Somehow I knew. Though sinister, I felt it held an interesting story. Too, I would soon know about it. I hadn't long to wait, for it happened the very next night. Was I asleep? Was I dreaming? I didn't know, but I was aware of being very, very cold. Then suddenly the roof opened, and my body, light and featherlike, passed through. It rose rapidly, as though propelled by an invisible power. Then it plunged into a purplish-blue atmosphere—atmosphere that was alive and vibrant.

Faster and faster I traveled through space—space that was filled with beautiful mountains, green valleys, winding rivers—scenes beyond all human description. I seemed to traverse thousands of miles in seconds.

Then suddenly—descent! I could distinguish buildings. They, too, were blue in background, but composed of heavy iridescent glass which shone with the spectrum colors glistening through it.

"Where am I?" I cried out. Then instantly a name spelled itself before my eyes—E-G-Y-P-T. That faded, and a solitary tomb came into view. It was built like a miniature pyramid. Of solid, snowy-white rock. That, too, quickly vanished, and in its stead a mass of gray blocks, worn and jagged by the ebb of time.

I gazed in wonder at the spectacle before me. I was soon to hear the story of the scarab. The tomb began to

spread apart—a gigantic mouth opened. The whole rock took on the semblance of a face. The eyes formed. The nose. Then a high, arched brow. The full, detailed features of a man appeared. He was a veritable giant. Gradually it reduced to a normal size. He was a handsome man—and his body was strong and powerfully built. He bore the earmarks of a great warrior. He spoke to me in a strange but beautiful language. How easily those words seemed to translate themselves.

"My name is—Epi-hoten."

"But why am I here?" I asked.

"Lady of the new world, *you* have stolen my *life*. I'm going to reclaim it—or demand payment."

"Your life?" I questioned.

He replied: "Perhaps I do not make it clear. I will say it this way. You—control—my—life. In order to continue to live, I—must—live—through—you!"

"If it's the scarab, kind sir, I will gladly give it back to you."

"No—not literally. But I will tell you how you can control it and also release me from a black bondage."

He disappeared then, and I found myself in a musty old tomb. As my consciousness cleared I realized I was staring at a mummy. The replica of the Egyptian. My eyes riveted on the heart region. Gradually the moldy linen coverings dropped away and I could see a cavity where the heart had been. There in plain view was my scarab. Inscribed above it on a breast plate were the words: "*Whosoever shall disturb this shall be forever cursed.*"

Again everything faded. I was transported to a temple. A temple that seemed to have been carved out of solid rock, and it seemed to breathe immortality. I prostrated myself before the altar. Suddenly, looking up, I saw my Knight of the Tomb. Then he told me a strange story of how—when he was going into battle—his sweetheart had given him the scarab, consecrated to immortal life. That it symbolized her undying love. He ended by saying:

"That, child of earth, is why I must come to you for my life. You are my vital reservoir. It is from you that I draw my power to continue to live. But you, too, may have abundant life if you obey my command."

"Yes!" I replied eagerly. "I'll do anything—anything!"

"Then dedicate the scarab to some big cause. Renew that pledge daily, and to the best of your ability—carry it out. When you have done it, my soul will be released. My earth life—completed."

The phantom was gone. I was awake. But I did do as he told me. I dedicated the scarab, and in my will I have asked that even in death the scarab remain on my finger.

Needless to say, my health has returned. Also my roommate has overcome her difficulty. We are both ever grateful for that last visitation!

Nelle Beede,
c/o Helen Ruppert,
1001 Glendon Ave.,
West Los Angeles, Cal.

THE POUNDING GHOST

On a warm September morning in 1938, reports and tips of a distinctly mysterious order began to make their appearances in the news room of the *Dayton Herald*. Persons insisted on calling up a skeptical city editor and

telling him there were "ghosts" in a house located in the suburb of Riverside, near Dayton. More as a joke than anything else, reporters and photographers were dispatched to the home of J. F. Hoover, 5719 Bowers Avenue, Riverside, to locate the so-called ghost. On their arrival, however, it seems the hard-bitten boys saw much more than they had bargained for.

After listening rather disinterestedly to Mrs. Hoover's explanation of how she had noticed a strange pounding vibrating throughout her house for the past few days, the newspaper boys decided to sit down and await developments. In the middle of a conversation, a dull, blood-curdling, spine-tingling thumping began to methodically vibrate through the house. I admit I was the most startled, almost jumping across the room, to the roaring laughter of my fellow reporters. They, too, admitted there was really something to this and began to try and find the source of the noise. The pounding literally shook the entire house from foundation to room, and seemed not to be localized in any one spot. Meeting with no success, even though the eerie noise continued at intermittent intervals, pictures of the house were taken and a rousing story written for the front page of the next day's *Herald* by one of our group, and we were all a pretty sobered bunch of newshounds when we reached the office.

The story naturally brought Dayton *en masse* to the spot, resulting in nearby gas stations advertising to come hear the village ghost, and hucksters and vendors even setting up their stands near the Hoover home to sell their wares to the milling crowd.

"Pounding Pete," as he was jokingly named by Fred Van Pelt, a reporter who was on the story, was very temperamental and did very little pounding for the benefit of the assembled crowd, but as soon as the mass had narrowed down to a few dozen people, in the wee small hours of the morning, he once more began his weird knocking. One of the strange points about the story is he would almost always answer a knock. An echo was impossible, as three dull knocks on the wall usually brought a reply from "Pete," although he never answered in the same number of knocks, thus barring any chance of an echo.

For almost a week this unexplainable pounding continued, almost driving the Hoover family to distraction. Then, as suddenly as he appeared, "Pete" silently stole away and has not been heard from since.

As to explaining him, our entire staff, and every newspaperman imagines he is somewhat of an amateur sleuth, could do nothing with the problem, and we have plenty of technical authority to back us up that Pete was just unexplainable.

Among the first solutions given, was that a bird or squirrel or some small animal or rodent had become trapped in the walls of the house and was making the noise. Now if anyone can show me any animal small enough to get between the walls of a house and yet exert enough power to literally shake the house on its foundations, I'll concede that one. Incidentally, the walls were cut into in a great number of places, and nothing out of the way was seen.

Numerous law-enforcing officers were called to the scene, but none could offer a solution. Montgomery County Sheriff Phil J. Kloos, Deputy Lou Jannings and Constable Ray Boedeker and Marshal Ted Blake all

heard the strange noises, but found it rather hard to arrest a party so elusive as "Pete."

Carl Bausman, supervisor of electric meters and tester for the Dayton Power and Light Company, examined all the wiring and electric system of the Hoover home and said there was nothing in them that could have caused the noises.

Assistant City Building Inspector Howard Yost was summoned to give the house a sound going over, and he, too, reported nothing could be found. Incidentally, J. F. Hoover built the entire house himself, which is a modest semi-bungalow. A reputable plumber was then called to go over all the piping in the house, and he also said that all was in order, but to drain all the pipes of their water and then see if the pounding continued. Under the direction of brother Michael Grandy, professor of Physics at the University of Dayton, over 75,000 gallons of water were drained out of the pipes, but still the pounding continued. There are no gas pipes in the house.

As a last resort, someone suggested that the nearness of the Hoover home to Wright field, an army air base at Dayton, might make it subject to the vibrations of the huge motors as they were run on the testing blocks. Brigadier General A. W. Robbins, commander in charge of the field, soon discredited that, too, as he visited the house when all activity had ceased at Wright field—and still he heard the strange poundings.

So, with building, electric, radio, plumbing and other technicians unable to explain the phenomenon, far be it from me to attempt to offer an explanation. Yet I, too, heard the bone-chilling, morbid pounding, sometimes so loud that it could be heard several houses down the street, literally making the windows rattle and the house shake. Numerous clairvoyants, palm readers, crystal gazers, etc., were also consulted, but each had a different solution, and all too lengthy to discuss.

I'm going to leave "Pounding Pete" to you readers and let you ponder his strange case. As for me—well, I'm willing to agree with the famous phrase, "There is much more between heaven and earth than man ever dreamed of in his philosophy," agreeing because I was there and I heard, and by golly, I was awed, too!

Robert High,
Dayton Herald,
Dayton, Ohio.

TRAGIC DREAM

My grandfather was Joel B. Clark. He spent his entire life on a farm in Ashtabula County, near Ashtabula, Ohio. He was married at an early age to Lucy Graham, and they were the parents of fourteen children.

His oldest son, Horace, at the age of sixteen had a quarrel with his father, and in anger left home. He had been gone about a week, and of course his father and mother were greatly worried because they had received no word from him.

One morning at breakfast, Grandfather said, "Lucy, I had a strange dream last night. I thought we were having breakfast and that a knock came at the back door. I thought it strange that whoever it was should go way around there. I opened the door, and there stood a man in a gray suit. He handed me a telegram, and when I opened it, it said that Horace had been killed by a train."

Hardly had he finished speaking when a rap came at the back door. There stood the man in a gray suit, with the telegram which stated that Horace was killed by a train.

If Horace were living, he would be about eighty years old.

Grace Hoxie Meyer,
303 S. 35th St.,
San Diego, Cal.

A LIVING GHOST

This unexplainable incident happened to me during the winter of 1933. The bedroom which I occupied had the door which led into the attic at the right of my bed. Early one morning I awoke with a strange feeling, as if something were about to happen. I usually am a very sound sleeper, and upon awakening I thought it would soon be time to go to work. I then glanced at the clock, which could be seen plainly because of the radium dial. To my surprise, it was only a few minutes to one A. M.

Lying awake for a few minutes, I burst into a cold sweat. I could not fall asleep. I lay staring into the darkness. Another few minutes passed, and my eyes wandered to the bedroom door.

Like a faint vision, my mother entered, fully dressed, with the same familiar shawl about her head. I noticed she was carrying a basket of clothes. This struck me as peculiar. For why should my mother want to hang clothes in a dark attic at that hour of the morning? I then said:

"Mother, why are you up so early, and why are you going to hang clothes at this hour?"

She gave no reply. It seemed as if she floated past my bed, and when she came to the attic door, the door remained closed. She just disappeared *through* the door!

By then I was very frightened. It must have only been a few seconds, but it seemed an eternity.

When I went in to breakfast that morning, I asked my mother if she had been hanging clothes so early in the morning. She appeared both puzzled and surprised.

"No, I was not," she replied. But I *dreamed* last night that I went into the attic and hung up some clothes!"

The only way I can explain this is that while my mother dreamed of hanging up the clothes, I was awake and saw her in her dream. I know I really was awake, for hadn't I looked at the time?

Fred W. Grages,
1330 Twentieth St.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

NO LONGER A SKEPTIC

The author was an orthodox clergyman, officiating in that capacity on mission field and city churches for almost twenty years. For some years he felt there was something vitally lacking in teachings of the church, relative to personal survival after death.

When called upon to visit the sick, or those at the door of death, he felt quite helpless to proffer anything of a substantial nature to help a dying man through the change which confronted him; there was little he could say or do that would inspire assurance of life after death, or to persuade those who were left behind of the fact that in due time they would be reunited with those who had passed into the etheric state.

[Continued on page 76]

"I AM A PSYCHIC"

By Gregory Markham

The Reverend Evan Shea, master of psychometry and pastor of the Sixteenth Branch of Spiritual Science Mother Church, has for proof of his genuineness the fact that the same people come to him again and again for psychically produced advice. Exclusively for TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, the Reverend Shea will answer the questions and problems of this publication's readers, and the best ten questions and answers will be published in the January issue. See page 69 for his special offer.

C OOLIDGE DID NOT choose to run. President Roosevelt chooses not to run. Thus, in a single categorical statement, does the Reverend Doctor Evan Shea dispose of what promises to loom as the all-important topic of national discussion prior to our Presidential election of 1940. Many of us will no doubt argue about the third term for months and months to come; but for the Reverend Shea, to whom much that the future holds is as clear as the present, the subject is already settled. The Reverend Shea is ready to go on to other things—other problems.

Mostly they are problems. Eternal problems. The kinds that keep coming to the forefront wherever human values, human desires and ambitions obtain. Love, security, health, success. The Big Four, we might call them, so universal are they, so persistently and with such immediacy do they recur through the ages. Their voice is as clarion as that of the other Four, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

* * *

She is an old woman, bent, graying, and the years have sat heavy upon her. Her eyes are tired with searching, and yet they needs must search further; her cheeks are furrowed with worry, and the lines about her mouth droop with care. She is not alone. She is but one out of thirty or forty who have come to this goodly sized room—where I came to see Reverend Shea practice his psychic wonders—and are now seated about on simple, straight-backed chairs; seated quietly, waiting . . . waiting. All are serious, all want help, advice, a word of encouragement. The old woman knows that. But she is not concerned with their troubles, their problems. She has her own.

A few minutes ago, as she came in, she wrote a question upon a slip of paper. She folded the paper and placed it, together with a personal article, upon a table. The others did the same. Now they all sit here, waiting, their eyes on the table. Soon a man comes in, steps to the table. Above him a cone of light reveals him, and the table, clearly to the people. There is no build-up, no

fancy lighting, no theatrical effects. Very simply, the man states what he is there for.

"I am a psychic," states the Reverend Shea. "I do not claim to be omnipotent. I am doing my best to be absolutely correct and clear. If you do not understand me, please speak up. Do not 'yes' me unless you understand me."

From the table he picks up an article. Holding the article in his hand, he speaks on what comes to him as the problem of the article's owner. When he is finished speaking, he unfolds the paper and reads the question, to himself. He holds up the article so the owner can identify himself.

"Does this answer your question?" he asks. Eight times out of ten (he is a modest man) it does. The article is returned to the owner, and he goes on to the next article.

Still the old woman sits waiting. She is impatient, and yet she has learned not to be impatient. She has waited so long, she can wait a little longer. Now he picks up another article. The old woman leans forward expectantly. The man hesitates. He sees the owner of that article walking through sand. To him it is a symbol of waiting, usually with a romantic connotation. But he feels something strange here. The owner of the article is not waiting for a lover. A loved one, yes; but not a lover. It becomes a little clearer now, and he begins to speak. A woman is worried about a loved one—a son. Some months ago he vanished suddenly, and no word has come from him since. The mother does not know where he went, does not know whether he is alive or dead. . . .

The old woman comes to her feet. Her face is pale, her lips tremble. It is of her son this man is speaking—this man who has never seen her, or heard of her, or of her son. Yet he knows. . . . Perhaps, perhaps he will tell her that her son is dead. Perhaps. . . . But the man is still speaking:

"Your son is well, and you will hear from him soon. Your son did not go away because he did not love you.

He wanted to stay. But he had to go. He had to leave town." She knows that, and without knowing why, the old woman suddenly exclaims, "Yes! He fell in love with another man's wife, and her husband found out."

The article is returned to the woman, and she sits down. Her eyes are downcast. She did not want to cry out, but she could not help herself, so moved was she by this man's awareness of her sorrow. "Soon," he had said, "your son will write." The man knew so much that was true, perhaps that would come true, too. But the man had forgotten about her. He had picked up another article. His was not to judge or moralize. There were others here with problems. And perhaps what he had said about her son . . .

A few days later she returned and told Reverend Shea that he had been right. Already she had received a letter informing her that her son was in Maine, and was well.

Always they keep coming, these people with their problems. Sometimes their questions are trivial, but mostly they are as important as life itself. On the whole, they are a highly intelligent class: writers, artists, executives, teachers, businessmen. Financially, they range from the very poor to the wealthy. Diamonds lie on the table beside pencils and fountain pens, as one after the other the Reverend Evan Shea interprets their undisclosed questions, before the article is returned to the owner.

A person's article is to Reverend Shea his "vehicle." Highly sensitive and attuned to the unnamed, unknown forces which the psychic feels, as soon as he picks up an article, a vision flashes across Evan Shea's mind. It comes to him, or, as he puts it, he is "aware" of it, without conscious thought, without concentration. If he were to concentrate, indeed, he would probably be unsuccessful. This vision comes to him in a form which many years of practice and study have taught him to interpret. His is the power of psychometry. For instance, if, when he picked up an article, a flash of light appeared to him, he knows that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the question is one of health. If he sees a mountain, it is a question of one's career. If stairs or a ladder, or any form of ascension, it is a sign of betterment. Then there are shades and nuances which furnish him with the interpretation of the individual problem.

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS of interpreting have served to make more sensitive, more keen, this man's psychometric powers. Webster defines—and Reverend Shea agrees—psychometry as the "Divination of facts concerning an object or its owner through contact with, or proximity to, the object." Not always, however, is it necessary that Shea have an object as the vehicle.

One day he received a call from a woman requesting an appointment. He granted it. Over the phone the woman's voice came:

"Do you want my name?"

He answered, "I'll call you Mrs. B."

The woman was Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, former columnist for the *New York World-Telegram*, and now with the *New York Post*.

As in hypnotherapy, co-operation is desirable in psychometry. It is not, however, absolutely indispensable. One time Reverend Shea, in answer to a woman's question, "Will I find my money?" answered: "You haven't lost it."



The Reverend Doctor Evan Shea. He prevented a mad woman from stabbing her husband in his sleep.

The woman, skeptical in the beginning, became arrogantly scornful. "Do you think I'd be here," she asked, "if I hadn't lost it?"

"But I insist," insisted Shea, "that you haven't lost it. It is in a little square box on a desk."

"But I looked there."

"Look again."

The woman left, eminently dissatisfied. The next day she called Reverend Shea. "I looked again," she told him, "in the square box—though I don't know why I did it—and this time I looked in the envelopes in the box. I found the money in one of the envelopes."

Reverend Shea has had a number of cases similar to this. It would almost seem that women have a habit of losing things—without really losing them.

Reverend Shea, who is an ordained pastor of an established church—the Sixteenth Branch of Spiritual Science Mother Church—occasionally has to impart advice of a ministerial nature. In one case at least, a man's life was at stake. It was at a public meeting. As he picked up one article, a strange feeling came over him. He shuddered. The question came to him, "Shall I do it?" and there was something about it that frightened him. He called an intermission and requested the owner of the article to speak with him in private.

A woman came forward, young, pretty, married. Reverend Shea questioned her further. She replied:

"God tells me to stab my husband in his sleep. . . . Shall I do it?"

Here, obviously, was a very delicate situation, one that had to be handled with much discretion and common sense—and fast thinking.

HANDWRITING A MEANS

By John H. Geller

CAN HANDWRITING convey a psychic message? A client of mine received a letter from her brother. She opened it, took one glance at the handwriting, and exclaimed, "Goodness! There is something wrong with Harold." She then proceeded to read the contents of the letter, which disclosed that her brother Harold had just lost his daughter, a victim of heart trouble.

My client was not a graphologist. Yet, she "knew" instantly, before reading the letter, that there was something wrong. The strange appearance of her brother's handwriting conveyed the alarming message to her. Here was an elemental psychic experience entirely uncommon.

A fairly short time after I had started in the practice of graphology, a rather unusual specimen of handwriting was brought to me for analysis. I analyzed the script for character and personality. Then I suddenly noticed some peculiar characteristics in the letter formations which did not come under the rules of graphology. However, they did convey an interesting picture to me. I told my client, who had brought the handwriting to me, that what I was now going to say had nothing to do with strict graphology and was likely all in my imagination, but that, nevertheless, I would tell her what I saw. I said:

"The person who wrote this note is trying to conceal something. It's preying on her mind." (Parts of her letters were rewritten, with usually a short, perpendicular stroke inserted here and there.) "It's some deformity," I said. "She must be crippled, but trying to hide it."

I was very shocked when my client told me that I was perfectly right; that the note had been written by a girl in the same office where she was working, who had an artificial leg. She was a beautiful girl, I was informed, and took great pains to conceal the fact that she had this physical deformity.

This incident spurred my interest in the less orthodox possibilities of graphology. Since handwriting is really brain-writing, I reasoned, and the mind transfers pictorially its psychic processes upon the paper, why could not those pictures be deciphered and the psychic messages interpreted. A great deal of research and experimentation since then has led me to the conclusion that the subconscious mind does express itself through the medium

of writing, and that the graphologist who attunes himself to it and searches carefully can discover the hidden messages of the subconscious in the script.

It is no different, in a sense, from Freud's dream psychoanalysis, which is also based on symbols transmitted through the subconscious mind.

Recent studies in this field have substantiated a good deal of what my experiences and research have taught me. I should like to take up here some startling cases, which are cited in a treatise on this subject, published not long ago under the title, *Psycho-Graphology, A Study of Rafael Schermann*.

Mr. Schermann, a Viennese graphologist, is seated with some friends around a table in the colorful Café Ritz in Vienna. The door of the café opens, and two men enter. There is something in the face and manner of one of the men that attracts the graphologist's attention. It makes him uneasy. He senses danger.

"This man is going to shoot up the place tonight!" he declares to his party.

Immediately, the proprietor is summoned, who expresses complete surprise at Schermann's warning. "Why, I know the gentleman well," he says, "and I can't believe it." Nevertheless, he asks the graphologist to keep an eye on the suspicious man. "One could never tell—a shooting affray is to be avoided at any price."

Schermann follows the men downstairs into the bar. An hour elapses, and then a lady enters the bar, the wife of the man in question, Mr. Schermann is informed. The proprietor also tells him that the couple was just in the midst of divorce proceedings.

"After all," the proprietor remarks to Schermann, "there may be something in what you said."

The lady was accompanied by another woman and two men. No sooner than the husband sees the newcomers, he rises hurriedly and runs upstairs. Schermann turns quickly to the proprietor and says, "He is going to get the gun. Tell the lady and her friends to beat it at once."

The proprietor approaches the party and asks the lady and her friends to leave quietly, as her husband's excitement might lead to an unpleasant scene. The lady agrees, and the four leave the bar.



John H. Geller, one of the first of his profession to combine psychics with graphology.

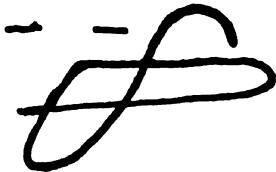
Don't Fail to See Mr. Geller's Unusual Offer to

OF STARTLING PREVISION

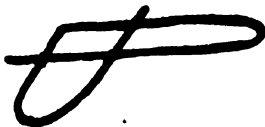
Graphology can be more than a cut-and-dried science when used by such experts as the author and Rafael Schermann of Vienna. Both have successfully used handwriting as a means of concentration to release their occult talents.

A few minutes later the husband returns. He has one hand in his pocket. He searches for his wife and friends—but they are gone. With an expression of disappointment, he resumes his seat.

Then Mr. Schermann asks the proprietor to inform the man that he, as a graphologist, would like to look at his signature. "You will see," he says, "that in the signature of this man the shape of a revolver will be visible."



The man, who suspected nothing, signed his name in pencil on a slip of paper and sent it over to Schermann's table. To the amazement of the proprietor and everyone in the party, there was the revolver, just as the graphologist had predicted it, in the signature of this man. Mr. Schermann turned the writing upside down and the picture was plainly to be seen in the initial letter.



The startled proprietor, amazed at the graphologist's insight, inquired of Schermann, "How did you know it? What made you suspicious of him?"

"The only explanation I can offer," was Schermann's reply, "is that when I saw the husband's face, as he entered the café, I reconstructed in my mind his handwriting, and I saw in it a gun."

This was a case of reconstruction, where the psychographologist visualized the handwriting of the subject beforehand. Here he depended a good deal on his insight or psychic powers. Another, more typical case is the story of two girls who came to Mr. Schermann to be analyzed. Here the diagnosis is made entirely from the handwriting.

Mr. Schermann makes each girl write down a line. He examines the scripts, then orders one to go into the adjoining room. To the other he says:

"Your friend cherishes a crazy attachment for you. You must be careful. You had better get rid of her. She is going to do something desperate. She wants to die, but not alone. I believe she wants you to die with her. I see

by her handwriting that she is going to kill you one of these days. It seems to me that she will invite you to come to some excursion or other, possibly to a lake or river. When you reach the water's edge she will suddenly push you into the water and will jump after you."

With these words Schermann imitates the gesture of the other girl as she would grab her friend by the back of her head and give her a push. The prospective victim jumps to her feet, half choked with tears and excitement, exclaiming:

"It is not going to happen. It *has happened*. Last night my friend asked me to go up with her to her apartment on the fourth floor. She said she wanted to show me a very beautiful star. Unsuspecting, I went with her. She led me to the window, and as she was pointing out the star with one hand, she grabbed, with the other, the back of my head, just as you did, and gave me a push. If I had not seized the sill with both hands, I should have fallen out of the window to my death."

This is how Schermann arrived at his diagnosis: he explains that he saw in the mad girl's handwriting the gesture of grabbing and pushing. He also saw a precipice—or it may have been water. These elements formed themselves into a picture.

It is interesting to note that although the psychographologist "sees" the event, he cannot, however, fix it exactly in time, as far as past and future are concerned.

I have cited these cases, from the study of Rafael Schermann, to indicate what limitless possibilities there exist in this still—if I may be allowed to mix metaphors—uncharter field. As Professor Fischer, the Prague psychiatrist who experimented with Schermann for years, puts it, it suggests the necessity of "a radical revision of what has been thought possible in the field of psychic phenomena."

It is becoming a more and more accepted fact that methods of divination, such as graphology, palmistry, tea-leaf reading, phrenology, et cetera, are a means of concentration that can be used to sensitize psychical power in the reader.

I have often seen this take place when a good fortune teller was giving a reading with playing cards, in just this form—when she was halfway through her reading, she became so intent upon what she was saying to the person for whom she was doing the reading that she forgot her cards entirely and let them lie, unnoticed, upon the table! And these were the best fortunes she ever told.

ALL TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE Readers on Page 75

This is not a fiction tale. It is the story, told in his own words, of a man who believes he has had an experience almost too astounding to divulge—of how . . .

HE LOVED A PSYCHIC DOUBLE

I WAS LIVING in the Latin Quarter, the famous artists' section of Paris. My studio was at the end of a long hall, on the third floor of an old building occupied almost entirely by artists and their models. In order to reach my room I had to pass several doors, all opening into the hall. Most of the fellows were friendly enough, and the result was that we were all more or less a happy family.

One evening I entered my studio, and no sooner had I done so than I was aware of a *Presence* there—a woman, whose very form and features I could somehow almost sense, so clear was the impression. She seemed to be seated on the couch, and as I entered, she rose from her place and walked across the room, to seat herself in a chair on the opposite side of the studio.

I spoke to this phantom form several times, but of course received no answer. Actually I could see nothing, but the impression of her presence was very vivid; so much so in fact that I felt almost abashed when, later on, I undressed and retired to bed.

The next morning, on returning, the same thing occurred. I felt her there just as strongly as before. This time it was earlier, and I proceeded to get out my canvas and work upon a picture.

As I did so, I felt the *Presence* come across the room and stand by my elbow, as though regarding the painting critically. Several times I stopped and turned around, fully expecting to see someone actually there. But each time only empty space greeted my eyes.

I felt that the *Form* was mentally criticizing my work, sometimes with approval, sometimes with disapproval. Two or three times I changed it slightly, as though to meet the wishes of my silent companion. Each time, I must confess, her criticism was just, and the picture improved by the suggestion thus silently imparted to me.

This had kept up for several nights, and my "ghost" had become the laughing-stock of my fellow students. They ragged me about it unmercifully, but I clung to my belief. In fact, so companionable had my ghost become that I no longer desired to go out with my artist companions, but felt contented to stay at home and work—with my invisible friend for sole company.

Things had gone on like this for perhaps two weeks. Every evening I was met by my phantom critic. I felt a warm glow of feeling surge over me whenever I crossed my threshold. I became used to her presence and looked forward to her silent greeting on my return.

My whole life, my very soul, was now definitely under the influence of this beautiful and mysterious entity. At times, though she continued to be invisible to my conscious sight, the realness of her presence became almost



A Weird Story of Paris

By

Malcolm Frazer



unbearably tantalizing. Then, at other times, I would become peacefully resigned to the simple happiness and contentment that the mere fact of her intangible nearness brought me.

Then one night I quarreled with her! I did not agree with her criticism of a picture I was working upon, and obstinately maintained my own views. In anger, I finally threw down the brush and palette, exclaiming:

"Very well, then, if you know so much about it, paint the picture yourself!"

I felt her sorrowfully cross the room and glide out of a door at the opposite end. I felt a sense almost of relief for the time being, and went out on a gay and late party with my fellow students.

THE NEXT EVENING I returned—to find the room empty. She was not there! A feeling of loneliness and desolation overcame me. I called her; there was no response, no answer. I moped and brooded and finally went to bed—but not to sleep. I never closed my eyes all night. I felt forsaken and bereft.

I could now actually *feel* her absence. It was just as though somebody I had known for years—whom I had seen, felt, loved all my life—had left me without saying a single word. I became more and more disconsolate and depressed.

The next day she was not there either, nor the next. I felt more and more desolate—angry at her, furious at myself. I would see none of my friends, but shut myself off from them, refusing even to speak to them.

Then, the third night, on entering my studio, there she was! I felt a thrill of joy and ecstasy sweep through me. I rushed forward, both arms outstretched to embrace her, exclaiming, "Darling!"

But my embrace was met with a surprising rebuff, one that shocked me back into icy reality.

"I beg your pardon," said a very flesh-and-blood young lady, rather haughtily. "I heard you wanted a model, so I have come to see you about it; I don't think we have ever met before."

I stood in the center of the room, dumbfounded. This was the very *Presence* I had felt before . . . I could not be mistaken. It was she . . . she . . .

"I should have come before," my visitor continued, "but I have not been well these past few days; I have had curious spells of unconsciousness every evening—for no earthly reason that I could see. But I feel quite myself today. Is it true that you want a model? Do you think I would do?"

I stammered out my apologies and explanations as best I could. Yes; indeed I *did* require a model, and she would do perfectly! . . . Once having found her, I felt I could never again let her go!

And so, to make a long story short, that young lady is now my wife, for I married her the following spring. But neither of us could ever figure out what happened on those occasions when I felt her presence in my studio so vividly during the evenings preceding her visit. I only know that these visitations coincided with her strange illness . . . and that I love her very deeply.

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TURN TO PAGE 41 FOR EASY CONTEST RULES

Y O G A



TWO THOUSAND YEARS ago in India, a mystic named Patanjali revealed the first secrets of the way of life which we now know as "yoga."

"Show me how to be successful—in worldly affairs—in business—in personal matters." That has always been the most insistent human plea. Yoga meets this demand with the assurance that success may be attained through self-mastery and self-control. The *psyche*, soul, or elemental guiding force within us contains powers and capabilities which remain dormant throughout the lives of most of us. To reach our desired ends, it is necessary for us to find some means of tapping this inner consciousness. Students of yoga believe that they have found the key. Certainly the results that follow the practice of the yoga discipline speak for themselves.

Serenity of mind, stability of bodily and mental well-being, the storage of reserve powers to meet future emotional needs, the extension of psychic understanding—these are all aims of the yogic teachers.

Since it is known that there is a physiological basis for emotions, and that mental development is linked to control of the body and the elimination of undesirable habits, it will be seen that the yoga physical exercises have an almost universal application. They are of value to any sincere mystic, and to anyone who desires to improve himself through the sharpening of mental and physical capacities.

It is necessary to approach the exercises in the proper frame of mind. If you wish to learn, you must first *want to learn*, then *believe that you can learn*. A negative atti-

tude, a mood of skepticism from the start, will act as insurmountable obstacles to progress.

The best time to apply the yoga *asanas*, or exercises, is in the early morning before breakfast and at night during the hours of dusk before dinner. At least two hours should have elapsed since eating, and the diet followed should be a simple one. Faithful students of yoga abstain from eating meat, highly spiced foods of all kinds, and the use of such stimulants as coffee, alcohol and tobacco.

It is desirable to prepare a special exercise room as bare as possible of furniture and distracting objects. A private place will permit you to wear a minimum of clothes—bathing trunks are excellent for the purpose—and thus facilitate bodily movements. A comfortable mat on which to sit is essential. Some students make the mistake of thinking that there is some virtue in needless discomfort. This is not so, and is contrary to the spirit of yoga. There is one other important point to keep in mind. Unlike the gymnastics of the Western world, the *asanas* do not consist of rapid movements. They are contemplative postures, each position being held for from five minutes to half an hour or more.

In the first meditative position the subject sits with back erect, head high and eyes closed. The legs are crossed and the hands are held palms out, thumb and forefinger touching. At first it may be difficult for you to twist your feet into the position shown in the picture heading this article, due to the inflexibility of the hips.

[Continued on page 75]

*The Eastern way
to good health and
psychic concentration.*

By Sarman Verenka Ghid

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His Occult Power Won the World War

[Continued from page 9]

quarter—the press. The world naturally thought it unbelievable that he made no attempt to turn his reputation into money. Men could not understand Lawrence's uncompromising purity of spirit. They could not see that he was torturing himself because his country had betrayed him by making him betray the desert. So they made use of him as best they could, sending their reporters to pester him, painting false and sensational pictures of his achievements in their newspapers and magazines. He gave more than one journalist a black eye in his attempts to escape the fierce beam of the limelight.

His existence, he now felt, had been entirely purposeless. He had been given great and marvelous mystic gifts and had been instructed by learned sages beneath the Oriental heavens. He had put them into thrilling practice and had seemingly fulfilled his destiny victoriously—until the old men, who in their diplomatic greed so typified the Mundane Spirit, stepped in and, with the scratch of a pen on the scroll of the Versailles Treaty, undid from start to finish the great work of Sir Robert Lawrence's penitent reincarnation.

From this time forward he was like a fish on dry land. His story from now on is one of twistings and turnings of the agonized spirit caught in the vast emptinesses of the materialistic workaday world.

In 1922 he enlisted in the Royal Air Force as a mechanic, under the name of Ross. Had he been back again in medieval days, he would have entered a monastery; he felt that obscure burial in the rank and file amounted, in our day and age, to the same thing. He was not successful in this, however; an officer happened to recognize him and sold the secret of his true identity to an editor for \$150. The chase was on once more, and Lawrence left the R. A. F. He then enlisted in the Tank Division, this time succeeding better. After serving a term, he was permitted to re-enter the air service, which he did, this time under the name of T. E. Shaw, which name he had legalized in 1927.

The years passed, but though the world without became more inclined to leave him in peace, his mind was still the noisy tyrant that never gave him a moment's rest. And as time went on, he longed more and more (according to Col. Ralph H. Isham, of Boswell Papers fame) to go back and lose himself in the desert.

His supposed death in 1935 called forth an astonishing number of articles about him. And the curious thing about all of these is the fact that no two men saw the same thing when they looked at Lawrence of Arabia. Still, beneath all of these varied viewpoints and attitudes, there runs a common theme—that his mind was most unusual, that his powers derived chiefly from his astounding degree of mental and neural control, and that his perceptions were frequently on the extra-sensory plane. It was almost as if half the time he lived elsewhere, in another land and in another century; as if he allowed his mind to seek through the past until it found that other England and that other Arabia, when the

brave soldiers rode with King Richard the Lion-Heart over mountains and through green valleys, coming ever and ever nearer to Palestine and its Holy City.

If Lawrence was careful, in his youth, to keep the secret of his destiny hidden from the scornful outside world, men later on gradually came to see in ever increasing numbers that Lawrence was by no means an ordinary human being. Many of the better known writers discussed his ways, and some of them even related incidents that had revealed to them, as individuals, Lawrence's occult capacities. A few such may be profitably reviewed at this point.

LOWELL THOMAS thus describes his first impression of the English Shariif: "He walked rapidly, with his hands folded, his blue eyes oblivious of his surroundings, and he seemed wrapped in some inner contemplation." (We have already discussed his powers in the realm of bewitchment, as related by Thomas.)

Viscount Halifax, the Foreign Minister in Mr. Chamberlain's cabinet, once said that Lawrence had "mesmeric power."

One of the most powerful of the Arabian chieftains is said to have exclaimed: "He is more than merely human!"

A professor at Cambridge University said that Lawrence had a "wilful and daemonic energy." The same observer considered Lawrence a decidedly out-of-the-way sort of person, who leaned toward strangeness in his likes and strangeness in his behavior.

The great Shariif Abdullah, brother to the Emir Faysul, is said to have been amazed at the prescience of the Prince of Mecca. "Can it be that he is Allah, thus to know everything?"

His mind had sharp, penetrating edges and could insinuate itself at his will into another's mentality. One of his greatest admirers once remarked that it was useless to try to deceive him, and that nobody except stupid persons ever tried it.

Sir Herbert Baker, in whose offices Lawrence wrote his celebrated Arabian book, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," said that the man "radiated some magnetic influence."

Lionel Curtis remarked on Lawrence's mind, describing how it maintained perfect control over his body.

But the most thorough analysis comes from the pen of the celebrated artist, Eric Kennington, himself a well-known British psychic. Kennington considered Lawrence's influence purely spiritual. There were several momentous occasions when Lawrence read Kennington's mind, and so strong were these mental forces that Lawrence was once able to cure Kennington's wife (Celadine) of a serious illness. "He could have been a faith healer if he wished," Kennington said.

Kennington, indeed, is the only one of Lawrence's many friends who had any real technical interest in Lawrence's mentality. He was even able, from time to time, to surprise Lawrence when in a psychic

condition and conduct wordless mental duels with the unhappy Prince of Mecca. Ordinarily this was done within the four walls of a room, with Lawrence standing at the mantel and Kennington reclining on a sofa. But in one case this mutual thought transference was accomplished over a distance of many miles. Kennington was in Arabia at the time making sketches for the illustration of Lawrence's book, and when he returned, he brought back with him the portraits of precisely those Arabs who were to be featured in "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," even though Lawrence at no time had told him which chieftains to sketch and which not to! Kennington studied Lawrence thoroughly and, at one time, stated that Lawrence had been chosen "to submit to the third temptation of the exceeding high mountain." Kennington grieved that Lawrence felt that he failed in this, but was inclined to accept facts philosophically.

Colonel Ralph H. Isham (previously mentioned) was amazed, as were so many others, at Lawrence's mental control. He compared this control to a switch and said that Lawrence could at will become a great driving force and, a moment later, a passive, impersonal "soldier on review."

At a distance of more than three thousand miles, the celebrated American literary critic, Henry Seidel Canby, said, "The reflective reader must see that Lawrence is one of those psychic cases which give the best argument to the psychological interpreters of history."

Another American, Lincoln Kirstein, says that after the war, Lawrence's chief work was that of "investigating his universe in his solitude."

ACCORDING to everyone who knew him, there was never a quieter, more studious, or kinder man. Like all eccentrics, he had many peculiar traits, not in themselves necessarily important or even very spectacular, but nevertheless of a sort to set him apart from run-of-the-mill mankind. For example, he smoked but twice a year, on Christmas and Easter. On Christmas he invariably fasted. Early in his youth he manifested an interest in the morbid and kept a picture of a man half eaten by worms at his bedside.

His chief characteristic was—and presumably still is—a powerful, overwhelming yearning for solitude. His English friends frequently noticed how he liked to stay out all night, wandering by himself through the deserted countryside. At dawn he would return to his bed and sleep during the day, when the rest of the world is busy with its own devices. This desire for loneliness was also manifested in his peculiar sensitivity to touch; he could not bear the idea of anyone placing a hand on him. If this happened, a queer look of intense horror would come into his eyes, and that would ordinarily be more than sufficient warning to the other person. Perhaps connected to the circumstance of his sensitive loneliness is the fact that Lawrence never was married.

As far as the world is concerned, Lawrence of Arabia is dead—and so the use that has been made here of the past tense is perhaps not altogether wrong. There is certainly every reason why he would want the world to think him dead.

But it is equally certain that he had nothing to do with Haile Selassie and Italy's conquest of Ethiopia. That notion sounds very suspiciously like French or British propaganda. But he would care

nothing about what the press had to say about his disappearance. All he wanted was privacy for the rebirth of his esoteric self. And the world today has but one place to offer where privacy is pure—neither civilized nor savage—with only sand and sky by day and the stars' bright message after sunset. That place is the original home of mystery and wisdom, the desert.

There, where Moses' Rock stands be-

neath the hot Arabian sun, where the heirs of Babylonian science practice their art in the tent of the nomad Bedouin, where the seed of man's efforts, in whatever direction, had its first growth and today retains, among the ever-shifting dunes, the first and original essence. There, if anywhere, is most likely to be found the secret of the strange reincarnation of a medieval Crusader, the uncrowned King of Islam, and Prince of Mecca: Lawrence of Arabia.

Mystic India Speaks

[Continued from page 16]

"But we die," I remarked. "The age of miracles is dead, if there ever was such an age. I have seen plenty of so-called miracles, performed by so-called holy men—*yogis* and people like that. Most of them were plain fakes. The rest were of no practical use whatever."

"Were they beautiful?" he retorted.

"No. They seemed to me stupid. Some of them were revolting. Why should one want to stick knives in himself? Or to be able to sit staring at the sun? Or to be buried alive for fourteen days? Or to walk on fire?"

"One should not wish to do those things," he answered. "But is it our business what other men do? What do *you* do?"

I laughed. I can almost hear the echo of my own laugh, thirty-five years later.

"Do?" I said. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. I am no exception. I get into trouble."

"Is there any beauty in your trouble?" he asked.

There was a woman. She was more beautiful than any other woman I had ever seen. But I didn't speak of her. I said:

"It seems to interest you, so I'll tell you this much—mine is a damned grim predicament. There's no beauty in that. If I can't find a practical solution before tomorrow—"

He interrupted. It was the only time he did interrupt, looking straight at me, speaking not loud but with spastic vehemence, as if he warned me of danger:

"Practical? *Sahib*, the only practical solutions are mystical ones, since they bring newness. The impractical ones are the brain-bred phantasies that feed desire. Is it mystically wise, or beautiful, to lend one's strength to fear by determining how cruel fear shall be? Did we do that to the tiger? Nay! We perceived his beauty. And what happened?"

"Are you telling me," I asked him, "that a mystic can solve any problem?"

He looked at me again. "I am telling you this: the key to mysticism, and to all the limitless perfection of the higher law, is Beauty. As it penetrates our consciousness, it heals, and harms no one. Meditate on Beauty, and your own soul—your higher consciousness—will lead you, gradually, into—"

"Must one go into a trance?" I interrupted. "Has one got to be like those *yogis* who sit cross-legged, and breathe once a minute, and go for days without food and drink? You don't look to me like a man who does that kind of thing."

"Are those things beautiful?" he answered. "*Sahib*, meditate on beauty. It unfolds, little by little, and one by one, the true dimensions of Reality. Then the unreal and the cruel fade like darkness before sunlight. Magic, remember, is nothing but spiritual law applied to material needs."

I remarked, "I have heard of black magic. Is that spiritual?"

"Yes," he answered. "But is it beautiful to build on cruelty, hatred, scorn—and to use lies as weapons? It is learned, too soon, by those who use gray magic, which looks less ugly."

"What is gray magic?"

"It is the use of beautiful words as a glittering means to cruel and selfish ends."

"But how can anyone help being selfish?"

"Is beauty selfish?" he retorted. "*Sahib*, I am telling you what ten thousand years of selfish self-affliction, and austerity, and learning of long words, could never teach."

"Is mysticism incompatible with normal activities?" I asked. "Love—business—fun—amusement?"

He laughed. "Try it! A true mystic is a man of action. He thinks, and then does. He does well, because he wills rightly.

Sahib, stay here a while and let Beauty make us a miracle. I need one also."

SIDE BY SIDE we sat until the stars paled in the sky. At intervals he spoke. I listened. For the most part we were silent. The passionate beauty that drenched those mountains seemed to enter into me, until I felt—I actually knew for moments at a time—that Beauty is a dimension of Reality. We can't create Beauty—it is. We can let it enter into us—become one with it, part of it. And it changes the very substance of consciousness. But no miracle happened—not yet.

When daylight came, we said good-by to each other, and I left him, to face my dilemma, which had to be met that morning. The descent of the mountain was a sort of *via dolorosa*. Instead of having found a solution, I felt more than ever baffled and unable to choose between two grim alternatives. But I tried to cling to the night's experience. Though dread was almost physically sickening, I did at least remember the *guru's* words; and though I could not, by any effort of will, recall the night's mystical wonder, it had been *real*. I knew that, at any rate. But the morning's contrast filled me with a kind of gray nostalgia as I approached the drab *dak* bungalow, for a bath and a meal before facing the day's unsolved problem.

I was met at the door by a man who was not supposed to meet me until noon. He was an Indian lawyer. I told him curtly that I would call on him and discuss the wretched business at the proper time in his office. He smiled. He produced an envelope. He said:

"*But, sahib, I bring good news. Beauty, if you will forgive my humor, has decided that the Beast is after all a victim of his own too chivalrous emotion. These, sir, are your letters. There will be no lawsuit. Will you kindly give me a receipt?*"

In the Next Issue —

**TRUE
MYSTIC
SCIENCE**

Out in December

Joan of Arc—France's Psychic Savior

By PAUL CHADWICK

A Thrilling Account of the Mystic Maid of Orleans, Whose Occult Powers Are Revered by the French People After Five Hundred Years

Eusapia Palladino—Pioneer Medium

[Continued from page 31]

The "cabinet" was not a cabinet at all, strictly speaking. It was merely a wire, strung across a corner of the room, with two curtains hanging from it. Eusapia Palladino sat perhaps one or two feet from it at a séance table, and the committee sat across from her and on both sides of her, controlling her every movement. They sometimes went even so far as to tie her with rope, hand and foot.

And, to perfect the scientific observations, they were assisted by expert medical men, who made frequent clinical notations on the medium before, during, and after the sittings.

Her phenomena, as Carrington tells us, were almost entirely physical and hardly ever mental. That is, she rarely gave exhibitions of clairvoyancy and similar forms of psychic mind-work. She specialized in the moving of distant objects without contacting them, the production of mysterious raps, knocks, etc., the playing (also without physical contact) of musical instruments, bells, etc., the levitation of tables, chairs and human beings, the materialization of ghostly hands, fingers, heads and bodies, and the production of psychic lights of various shapes, sizes and degrees of luminosity.

TELEKINETIC ACTION was her most common, and one of her most baffling, power. To cause a chair or table on the *other* side of the room to move, to tip, to rise, was easily the simplest part of a Palladino exhibition. From simple telekinetic display of this kind, she proceeded to equally baffling complexities, often ending with the formation—both in and out of the cabinet—of spirit hands, which went around the room doing various things such as ringing bells, playing on guitars and touching the spectators. In one case a formation took the appearance of a dead cousin of one of the onlookers. It came beside the astounded man, called him by name, wept bitterly and then gradually vanished.

Sometimes these materializations could be grasped, but they were usually averse to handling. They felt no different from ordinary hands, and although they never pulled or tried to draw away, they always managed to escape by melting away or evaporating (i. e., by dematerializing). Now and then they exhibited a somewhat prankish sense of humor, as once when a disembodied hand untied the ropes which secured Palladino's feet to the rungs of her chair.

Carrington and his associates quickly tied the medium as before and resumed their places. The hand immediately appeared again, and this time not only untied her, but untangled the rope from the chair and threw it with some force at one of the spectators!

Eusapia Palladino's séances lent themselves admirably to scientific study—a fact that frequently was mentioned by psychic scholars of the day. For one matter, she did not insist on darkness. The sittings ordinarily began in the usual light of the

room. As the séance proceeded, the medium favored an increasing amount of red light. But even at the conclusion, it was never so dark that the faces of all present were not clearly distinguishable.

Palladino herself was most co-operative, as a rule. It was her way, even when in a trance, to announce a manifestation just before it took place. Her manifestations, as we have seen, were of a well-known, fairly familiar pattern: rappings, knocks, simple levitations, etc., proceeding to the complexities of spiritistic materialization. But what was the effect on Eusapia Palladino? On this the records are singularly detailed.

Eusapia Palladino usually lost weight during the séance, sometimes as much as five pounds. When going into the trance, her breathing became very slow and measured, while her pulse, on the contrary, stepped up considerably—from 88 to 120. Soon she would be seized with tremors, especially in her hands. Both hands and feet would become alternately rigid and limp. At the same time she would freely perspire and give way to deep sighs and enormous yawns.

As the trance became deeper, she would moan softly to herself. Her movements now seemed more and more to be dictated by an intelligence not her own. And in her case we happen to know its name.

Which brings us to the curious spiritistic entity known as "John King."

JOHN KING was one of several reported entities technically called spirit controls, spirits or intelligences that speak and act through mediums. In the case of Eusapia Palladino, it is thought that, although she was capable of simple levitations and telekinetic phenomena, her really complex and spectacular exhibitions were actually per-

formed by her spirit control, John King. Who was he, really?

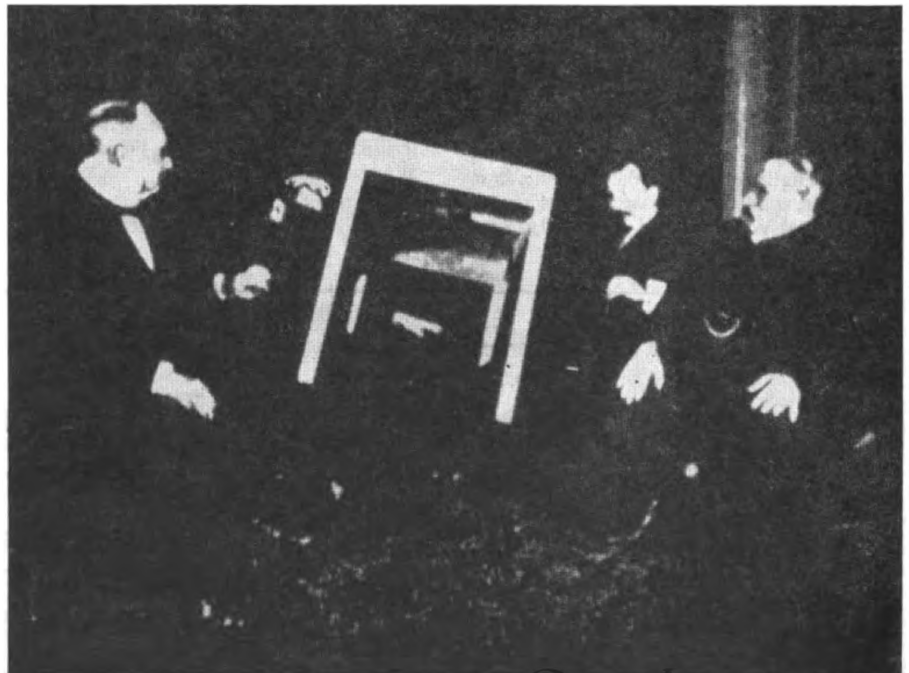
Some claim that he was the brother of "Katie King," the famous spirit that Miss Cook, an earlier medium, materialized for Sir William Crookes. Others say, and not without authority, that he was Eusapia Palladino's own father in another incarnation. In the depth of her trances, she would call upon "John" to help her, sometimes referring to him as "my father."

Oftentimes she would speak as two distinct persons, and in two distinct voices, carrying on extended conversations with John King, who seems thus to have made use of Palladino's vocal chords for this purpose. Katie, the sister, appeared occasionally at the séances, and John was always present at the more successful sittings, sometimes in a materialized or semi-material form, though he generally appeared to be within the body of the entranced medium, speaking through her and causing the manifestations.

When Eusapia Palladino was a child, her first séances, she said, helped her to relieve herself of depressed states of mind. But it was observed, in her later years, that she paid heavily for the exaltation of her trances. She would become limp, physically exhausted, emotionally shattered. Or she would suffer from violent spells of exaggerated weeping, would stare savagely around the séance chamber like a wounded animal, clutching wildly at people and any objects within reach.

She was not especially prepossessing in appearance. Though not ugly, she could not have been called attractive by any stretch of the fancy. She was somewhat under medium height and inclined toward stoutness. Intellectually she was nothing, and had it not been for her amazing psychic powers, she would have had nothing

Table levitation at Palladino séance.



to recommend her to the interest of intelligent and educated people. She was illiterate, not being able either to read or write—and this, says one observer, kept her from becoming too conceited, since Eusapia Palladino thus never read the million or so words that were printed about her.

She was, however, a vain creature, and all her life she tried hard to conceal her lower-class Neapolitanism with a veneer of upper-class manners. She was what the great American scholar, the late O. W. Firkins, would have called "an elegant fishwife." She insisted on being treated like a lady, even by nobility and royalty, who at first attempted to keep her in what they considered her place in the social scale. But whatever she was or wasn't, Eusapia Palladino was not a *poseur*. She didn't have that kind of mentality; she couldn't get away with it.

PALLADINO sometimes discussed her power with sitters, like Carrington, in whom she had confidence. She said that she made objects at a distance move merely by will-

ing so. Sometimes it was easy, sometimes difficult, sometimes almost impossible. When it was easy, she described her will as being "solid."

She could also transfer her telekinetic power. Once she put her hand on Mr. Carrington's shoulder and told him to will a stool to rise. He did so, and it arose. When she took her hand away, however, it fell to the floor with a crash.

On the other hand, she sometimes *borrowed* force. During the séance, when Eusapia Palladino's phenomena were approaching their climax, the medium would cry out for more power. Reaching out her hand, she would place her fingers on someone's head. That person would then feel his energy being sapped, as it were, while Palladino appeared to be refreshed.

Sometimes a luminosity appeared about her fingers, and as the light in the room became dimmer, this luminosity formed a ghostly outline of her hand. This outline could be reproduced photographically.

Many have tried to find explanations for these supernormal effects. It was Mr. Car-

rington's chief purpose, however, not to explain them, but to prove them genuine. Thus he attended séance after séance, held under the most rigorously scientific conditions, and his conclusion was, as it still is, that the phenomena of Eusapia Palladino were genuine.

She died in 1918, but the record of her mediumship is remarkably, even uniquely, complete. Much of her story has been printed, mostly in the form of psychic society proceedings and transactions. But there is yet much that still is unpublished and is in the possession of Mr. Carrington.

As to explanations of the manifestations—and all explanations are still largely in the realm of theory—we shall probably have to wait until scientific research, now seeking the answer, is ready to speak. But it is certain that sooner or later we shall understand, clear as a bell on a crisp morning, these facts which now look to us so much like magic, which seem so strange, so impossible even, though we know that they are real.

"I Have a Radio Mind"

[Continued from page 19]

to everyone. Her rare personality had attracted me. I thought a great deal of her.

One afternoon I was working in the field when there suddenly came over me a feeling of undefinable sadness. I had normally a cheerful, happy-go-lucky nature, but during that entire afternoon I suffered from a fit of morbid depression which I could not shake off.

When Dad came home from the store that evening, he said:

"Madge Bryant is dead."

ACCORDING to a certain philosophy there are but three things in the universe: mind, force and matter. Mind controls force, and force moves matter. In deciding on a course of home study, I considered the statement of this philosophy, and came to the conclusion that I would study the mind first, because it seemed to me to be the most important of the three. I accordingly read everything I could lay my hands on relative to the subject of psychology.

I became interested in psychic phenomena, and particularly the phenomenon of telepathy.

There were three schools: those who denied the existence of telepathy, those who held that it was a purely mental process, and those who believed it was the work of disembodied spirits. Thus, three different types of mentality, observing the same phenomenon, had arrived at three different conclusions regarding it.

If an astronomer tells me that a certain star has a dark companion, or that Mars has two moons and Venus none, I take his word for it. I have no way of either proving or disproving his statement without the aid of instruments I could neither afford to purchase, nor operate.

But when I learned that three sets of observers had formed three different and radically opposed opinions about the same phenomenon, and it was something which could be investigated without costly and

complicated instruments, I decided to do a bit of investigating myself. As it was necessary to have both an agent and a percipient, I persuaded my wife to assist me.

Our first experiment was with card-reading—something which most scoffers ascribe to muscle-reading or secret signals. But we had no audience to deceive, no money to be gained by trickery. We were after the *facts*.

With her back to me and a bandage over her eyes, my wife sat relaxed in a chair in my study. I asked her to try to go half asleep and yet remain awake, and when she reached that stage to tell me if she seemed to see or hear anything unusual. I said "see or hear" because some percipients were said to believe they saw telepathic messages, while others believed they heard them. They are spoken of, respectively, as clairvoyant and clairaudient messages.

My wife succeeded in attaining the semi-subjective condition on the borderland of sleep which is said to be the best for the purpose of receiving or transmitting mental messages. Seated a few feet behind her, I had drawn the ace of spades from a pack of cards, and was staring at it fixedly, attempting to send her the picture of what I saw by purely mental force.

She began to see a number of things, and described them faithfully; but none of them, so far as I could tell, bore any relation to the picture I was trying to convey to her.

At this point, I did something which will bring a wild chortle of glee from the "muscle-reader" addicts. But I'm describing this experiment exactly as it was conducted, and anyone is privileged to think what he likes about it. I laid the cards down and stroked my wife's forehead with my hands. I did this with a purpose which I shall explain later. Then I returned to my seat, took up the ace of spades and

began staring at it once more. Presently my wife, seated there with her back to me and her eyes blindfolded, said:

"I see a number of black arrows coming down a hill. They are fusing together, making one big arrow. No, it's not an arrow; it's the ace of spades."

It all came so suddenly that I was dumbfounded.

I drew another card from the deck. It was the four of clubs.

Presently she said: "I see a four-leaf clover. I see four four-leaf clovers. I see the four of clubs."

I drew another card—the deuce of diamonds.

She said: "I see two red candle flames, one above the other. They are diamond-shaped. They are diamonds. I see the deuce of diamonds."

The next card I drew was the ace of hearts.

Presently she said: "I see a heart," then, "I see a trey of hearts."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Positive."

"Describe it."

"There is a little heart in the upper left corner, a big heart in the center, and a little one in the lower right corner."

Which was a quite accurate description of the card I held in my hand—the ace of hearts.

And now for that explanation. I had stroked her head with my hands because I had read that when it is difficult to establish rapport with a percipient, physical contact sometimes removes this difficulty—and also, because the gentle massaging of the forehead helps to induce the semi-subjective condition which is said to be most favorable for the experiment.

But, although the physical contact came after I drew the ace of spades, and therefore while I still had this card in mind, it came *before* I drew any of the other cards, which were taken out of the pack at random. So, in three cases out of four, if

the muscle-reading theory be true, she must have read something in my muscles that wasn't there.

I submit that at least the last three instances come under the definition: "Affection of one mind by another without communication through ordinary channels of sensation."

WE CONDUCTED a number of experiments after that. There were evenings when she could see nothing at all that was related to the pictures I tried to convey to her. And there were other evenings when she could see, through my eyes, one card after another as I drew them from the deck.

I tried being the percipient myself, but it wouldn't work. My broadcasting was good, but my reception was terrible. So, as a broadcaster, I have a radio mind.

Sometime later, I had two friends, Earl Watson and Jim Hogarth, out for dinner. I told them about our experiments. They scoffed. I asked them if they would care to try the thing themselves, and they said they would.

We blindfolded Watson and placed him in a chair with his back to us. When he seemed in the proper receptive mood, I drew a card from the pack. Hogarth, standing behind my chair, assisted me in the process of broadcasting—staring at the card and endeavoring to convey the picture to Watson. I had thought he wouldn't be able to name it on account of the adverse suggestion of Hogarth, as well as his own adverse auto-suggestion.

Presently, much to the surprise of everybody, he named it.

He miscalled several other cards, but he also named several, after that. Coincidence? I don't think so.

Hogarth tried, but couldn't see or hear a thing. However, both were convinced of the reality of mental radio.

My brother, Allen, who lives in another city, came to visit us. I told him about our experiments. My wife succeeded in demonstrating that she could read cards through my eyes. And Allen wanted to try to do the same thing.

I didn't think he could do it—thought he was too much like me—the positive type. Much to my surprise, he did it.

My wife and I were staring at the ace of spades, while he sat with his back to us, blindfolded.

"I see a little pine tree," he said.

"Describe it," I told him.

He described, and with his finger traced in the air, a pine tree shaped like the ace of spades. We were looking at that ace with the point up, and his description fitted it perfectly.

He then described some more cards, but imperfectly. Sometimes he would only describe one side of a figure, as if a half had been cut away. And he described the clothing worn by the figure on the jack of hearts, but couldn't see the face or name the card.

I decided to try something else beside cards. Accordingly I took a piece of white paper, and with a soft pencil, made a black figure "8" on it.

Allen said he saw a crescent moon. Then he said he saw two crescent moons, one

above the other, with the cusps joined. He was seeing one side of my figure "8."

I made a "4." After some hesitation, he named it. Then I decided to try something more complicated. I wrote "12."

Again he amazed me. He began to do some tricks in arithmetic—not consciously, of course. He named a two and a six in conjunction. Twice six are twelve. He named a three and a four in conjunction. Three fours are twelve. He named three numbers which, added together, make twelve. He named two numbers, and I found that by subtracting the lesser from the greater, the remainder was twelve. But he never did name the twelve.

BEFORE HE WENT to France in the World War, my brother spent considerable time in various American Army camps. He used to write to Dad and Mother at least twice a week. But one day he was sent to a camp in New Jersey. One letter came from him there. Then, for two weeks, there was nothing. Dad and Mother were badly worried. They could hardly sleep or eat, as the days dragged on with no word from their boy.

But one evening, about two weeks after the last letter had arrived, they both felt better. They didn't know why. They went to bed early. But before they retired, Mother said:

"Allen is all right."

"Yes," Dad replied. "Allen is all right."

Something inexplicable, some intangible thought wave that had the effect of a comforting message, had suddenly come to both of them. They went to bed, and slept better than for many days.

At midnight the front door bell rang. Dad answered. It was a messenger boy with a telegram—from Allen. Two weeks before, the army doctors had shot him full of several different varieties of serum. It had laid him up in the hospital for that period, and he couldn't write. But, allowing for the difference between Eastern Standard Time and Central Standard Time, they computed that the telegram was dispatched almost at the same instant that my mother had said, "Allen is all right." The telepathic message beat the telegram by a considerable margin.

After I had demonstrated to my own satisfaction that there was such a thing as telepathy, I decided I would try to duplicate the phenomenon known as "astral projection." In the book, "Phantasms of the Living," by Gurney, Myers and Podmore, there were mentioned among other things, authenticated cases of astral projection which had been recorded by the British Society for Psychical Research. In these cases, certain individuals had succeeded in projecting for considerable distances, realistic phantasms of themselves, some of which were seen by one person, and some by several persons.

One day, as I was about to leave for Milwaukee to attend a convention, I resolved to attempt the same thing. Before leaving, I told my wife I would try to project my image to her that night as she slept. I had intended to will this projection just before going to sleep.

But when I got to Milwaukee and met a lot of old friends, I forgot all about astral projection. There was a big con-

vention dinner-dance at the hotel, with a number of vaudeville entertainers. We retained our tables all evening.

About ten-thirty, although I am seldom conscious of my hands, I became very much so. It seemed that they had suddenly acquired a volition of their own, quite independent of my will or direction. And instead of being clumsy, they appeared to move with remarkable ease and grace. This puzzled me, but I did not connect it with my previous resolve of the same day. I turned in quite late, very sleepy, and did not remember to make the attempt I had planned. However, when I returned home the next day, my wife related the following experience to me:

"I went to bed early. About ten-thirty, I was just falling asleep when I saw a hand reach down toward me, above the baby's bed." (The baby's bed was against her own.) "I recognized your hand, and was not afraid. I reached up to take hold of it, but it disappeared. I saw nothing after that, and soon fell asleep, but I am positive I was awake and not dreaming when I reached up to grasp your hand."

Some time after this, my daughter Elinor wanted to try card-reading. She was able to read a card now and then, but although not as proficient as her mother, she had it all over her father. My reception continued bad until my wife and I were stopping at a hotel in Youngstown, Ohio—we lived in Chicago—and I woke one morning with an intensely vivid recollection of a dream.

There was nothing startling about the dream itself. It was simply this: I was standing in the vestibule of a church. My daughter Elinor, accompanied by another girl of her size and apparent age, whom I did not recognize, came toward me. Both wore *gray* suits, although my daughter had no gray suit. Elinor touched my arm to attract my attention. Then she said, "Look in tomorrow's paper."

I woke up, and told my wife about the dream. Despite its commonplace nature it left such a vivid impression that I took a piece of hotel stationery and made a note of it. This was the morning of February 28, 1929.

Living in Rogers Park, a residence section of Chicago, was a brilliant young attorney, Louis A. Dexter. We had been chums in boyhood and pals in our youth. He was named after my father. Louis was my friend and my attorney.

On Saturday, March 2, my wife telephoned to her mother, who had charge of our home in Chicago. She informed her that Louis *had died suddenly, on Wednesday, February 27!*

On that day, my daughter Elinor was with her grandparents, my father and mother, in Rogers Park. Louis Dexter lived only a few blocks away, and Elinor had heard of his death shortly after it occurred.

No muscle-reading or secret signals there. No chance for auto-suggestion. Coincidence? It would break that badly stretched arm of conjecture. Disembodied spirits? I didn't see or hear any, unless the girl with Elinor happened to be one.

In my opinion, it was that delicate, hidden mechanism, which all men have, but which few use and many deny—the mental radio.

Your Dream World

[Continued from page 21]

Dreams are very interesting, and the more you think about them, the more you can remember of them. In order to remember your dreams, you should have a pencil and notebook handy, by the side of your bed. Immediately upon waking, every morning, pick up the notebook and enter in it any bit of the dream you can remember. This may be the tail end of the dream—no matter. As you are writing this down, the incident just before will come to mind, and so on backwards. Or you may have a particularly vivid dream and remember practically the whole of it. Keep a sort of dream diary in this way, and you will soon find that this is just as fascinating reading as any diary of your waking life—perhaps more so.

There are undoubtedly such things as supernormal dreams: that is, dreams in which telepathy or clairvoyance operate, or in which the future is in some way foreseen. Do not be misled by this. The majority of our dreams are *not* of this character, though they may appear to be. They can be explained perfectly rationally. But occasionally a dream may convey information to the dreamer which he does not know, and only verifies the next day. The various societies for psychical research have collected many hundreds of such cases, and many of them are very striking. Let me give one by way of illustration.

A MAJOR IN THE British army dreamed one night that a friend came to him, stood by his bedside and pointed to a gaping wound in his chest from which the blood was streaming. The dream friend informed the major that he had received this in storming a hill-fort in Afghanistan, and that he had died the day before. Naturally, the dreamer had no means of knowing this, but he learned the next day that his friend had indeed been killed in a frontier skirmish, and that he had been injured in just the manner he had seen.

And this brings us to a very interesting question: With what do you see, when you are asleep and dreaming? Certainly not with your physical eyes: for they are closed, in your sleeping body on the bed. You seem to see with a sort of inner, mental vision. And who are these dream people you meet, and with whom you converse, during your sleeping hours? That is a question which has given rise to much discussion and learned controversy.

Some people, just as they are falling asleep, see little specks of light dancing before the eyes, or tiny, brightly illumined faces, which come nearer and nearer, and then vanish. They are afraid that this indicates some mental or physical illness. Such, however, is not the case. Many perfectly sane and normal people have such

illusions, and have them more or less all their lives. They are well known, and indicate nothing abnormal. So that there is no cause to be afraid of them.

All that I have said above refers to your ordinary dreams, which you have at night. But there are also such things as daydreams, which are imaginings—Air Castles in Spain, and what not. These also represent the fantasy formations of the dream mind: the subconscious. Up to a certain point, imagination is very useful; in fact, it has been said that two characteristics which distinguish us most from the animals are a sense of humor and imagination. At the same time, if the imagination is not kept within bounds, it is very harmful. The mind should be *used*, and not allowed to run riot. It is like a horse: valuable if kept under control, but liable to cause all sorts of trouble if allowed too free a rein. So, if you are inclined to daydream too much, you must learn to check this habit, as it is liable to disorganize your mind.

But your night dreams remain a fascinating mystery, and if you will take a little trouble, you will find their study of intense interest. After all, you spend a third of your life asleep and dreaming. Isn't this third of life worth a little study and interest? Psychologists now believe that it is, and so will you if you begin to study your dream world.

Hauntings That Last for Centuries

[Continued from page 29]

This lord was an archery enthusiast, as were many nobles during Edward II's reign, and he held an archery contest each year in Harpham. Usually, of course, Tom Hewson won the prize. But one year an unfortunate accident happened. The lord, becoming highly impatient at the stupidity of a graceless, clumsy lout, rushed forward to reprimand him personally, and in doing so, tripped Hewson, who was standing nearby, into a deep well.

Frantically they tried to rescue their star archer, but to no avail. When they finally brought him up, he had been drowned. His mother was mad with grief and cast herself again and again upon his body. Then she arose and suddenly turned upon the lord.

"You have killed my lad," she said quietly. "Your Lordship didn't mean to do it, but nevertheless he came by his death at your hand. Therefore, whenever a St. Quentin is about to die, there shall be the sound of drumming in the bottom of the well wherein my Thomas was drowned."

With that she went away from Harpham and was never more heard from. And her curse has been in force ever since. Whenever a St. Quentin is about to die—whether after a long illness or suddenly, as by accident or on the field of battle—a haunting sound of drumming issues from the ancient well at Harpham. This is perhaps the mildest form of ghostly curse.

For heart-chilling horror, however, the

student of things psychic must go south, to Wales. There he will learn at first hand of the Gwrach-Y-Ribhyn.

Like the drumming ghosts of England and Scotland, this manifestation usually precedes a death, violent or otherwise. There is this difference: whereas the drumming ghost is only heard, the Gwrach-Y-Ribhyn is seen as well as heard, and the sight is one to turn hair white in the space of a minute!

Imagine a crooked, one-toothed hag, with floppy, tarry wings, filthy hair, claws instead of fingers, and coal-red eyes. Fancy the clacking shrieks that such a creature makes. That is the Welsh Gwrach-Y-Ribhyn!

In one Welsh family, whose ancestor had apparently been guilty of some heinous crime, there was a double haunting. The character of this was peculiarly horrible. When a death was impending, there would come a casual knocking at the door. When the door was opened, a friendly-looking young man would be seen, smiling at whomever answered. He would inquire as to the whereabouts of one of the family and would vanish into thin air before he received his answer. How horrible for the family, for they thus knew which of their number was doomed.

Then came an indescribably dreadful period of suspense. Their eyes would burn in their heads from utter weariness, for they durst not sleep. All they could do

would be to wait . . . wait . . . wait. And they knew what they were waiting for, too—nothing less than the fearful Gwrach-Y-Ribhyn. It was sure to be seen by one of them, but where or when they never knew beforehand. That was what made this period of waiting so ghastly. And when it did arrive, its coming was doubly horrible; for it meant that death was upon the doomed member.

ON ONE OCCASION, while waiting for the dread visitation, the youngest daughter of the family complained of a chilly sensation. Her mother, seeking to aid the child—for she had been doomed by the smiling man—ran to the attic for a warm woolen shawl. Opening the chest, she stood transfixed. There, amid her shawls and linens, lay the Gwrach-Y-Ribhyn, grinning and clacking at her! The poor woman fell into a deep swoon. When she revived a few moments later, the apparition had gone. She seized later the shawl and hurried downstairs with beating heart. Her daughter was dead. During her mother's absence she had been seized by a fit of violent convulsions and expired.

Also Welsh is another uncommon variation of the haunting theme—haunted bridges. Like haunted houses, bridges, too, have frequently been the locale of serious emotional crimes. In such cases there may be regular or irregular, frequent or infrequent, visitations. But there is none more

spectacular, probably, than the Headless Lady. Nobody understands this apparition. It belongs to no family (as far as is known); it merely appears and disappears. It is showy but harmless and, apparently, without tangible significance.

This is what happens. At a small wooden bridge crossing a dry stream bed in Pembroke-shire, there is occasionally heard on midsummer nights the distant sound of horses' hooves. If one hides himself suitably among the bushes at the roadside, this is what he will see: four torch bearers without heads riding headless horses. This is at once followed by a coach-and-six, the six horses being headless. The two footmen are headless, as are, also, the three torch bearers who ride headless horses and bring up the rear.

There is a haze of greenish-white light surrounding the coach, and within it is a gorgeously costumed woman, headless like the others. But from her neck two fountains of blood spurt out, rising in two

gushing streams and pouring out of the windows on either side. But apparently this blood dematerializes before it touches the ground, for when you run to the spot with electric torches after the procession has passed, you will find nothing there. It is very important, when viewing this apparition, to be on the left bank of the stream bed, looking east along the road. Otherwise you will miss the whole show, for it seems that none of them—riders, horses, lady, or coach—actually reaches the right bank. By that time they have vanished. Indeed, a person on the right bank has neither heard nor seen anything!

This amazing manifestation is but one of many that remain to be scientifically investigated.

IT HAS BEEN the object, in the above paragraphs, to describe a few of the more curious British apparitions. Doubtless the reader can draw upon his personal experience—or from those of his friends—

for similar, and even better, illustrations.

But even if the list be protracted *ad infinitum*, it can only serve to pile proof on proof that not all ectoplasmic forms are produced in the chambers of a medium. Indeed, it may well be that a ghost in its normal habitat (i. e., a haunted house) is in some regards superior to a ghost produced under comparatively artificial conditions.

But the important thing, all psychic scholars will agree, is to recognize this fact: that if you see a ghost, that is definite, uncontrovertible *proof* that you are psychic. Once that lesson has been learned, it will be easy to turn a deaf ear to the noise of the scoffers. Remember that a ghost can only be seen if someone has furnished the ectoplasm of which it is made; and that, therefore, if you are the only one present in a haunted room, and you see a ghost, you are the only one who could possibly have produced the ectoplasmic flow.

Love Develops Supernormal Perception

[Continued from page 23]

"Do you think we could bring him to our laboratory to test his clairvoyant powers under scientific circumstances?" the psychologist asked.

"No," I replied, and I told him why. "This man's gift, like similar gifts in every field, is limited to the work in which his heart and soul is wrapped up. At home, in the country, when traveling, or when dealing with his family and friends, he has no more clairvoyant powers than you or I. Only in his office, where his life-energy is centered, can he display any supernormal powers. To expect him to exhibit those powers outside their natural scene is like expecting a man to read a newspaper in a dark room.

SUCCESSFUL FIGURES in public life—great actors and actresses, important business men, political orators with the power to sway great masses, professional gamblers, and scores of others are simply able to take this power which we all possess and harness it to their life work. This, whether they are aware of it or not, is their secret.

I mentioned professional gamblers. Let me give you a case in my own experience. Some years ago I was vacationing in Florida, lying in the sun on a windswept beach. I wore only bathing trunks, and gradually became aware of the fact that I wanted a cigarette.

About one hundred feet away from me an attractive woman was also stretched out soaking up the sun, and surrounded with all the fashionable accompaniments of sun-bathing—a beach tent, a folded-up sun umbrella and a kit bag. She had apparently been paying no attention to me, nor I to her, so that I was utterly astonished when she arose, walked over to where I was lying, smiled, and said, "Would you mind if I offered you a cigarette? You're destroying my peace of mind."

I jumped up flabbergasted, and filled with dismay. Was I going insane? Was

my craving for a cigarette so intense that I was screaming it out at the top of my voice, or making wild gestures, or in some other way annoying a woman a quarter of a city block away?

She laughed at my discomfort. "Don't worry," she said. "You weren't consciously annoying me. It was just your subconscious discomfort which was disturbing. I'm very sensitive to subconscious wants. *That's my business.*"

I lit the cigarette she offered me, and insisted that she explain her strange remark. "It's all very simple," she said. "I'm a night-club floor manager—a sort of glorified head waiter assigned to see that the service is flawless. My establishment caters to the richest and most fault-finding group of Florida vacationers, people who are accustomed to having their wants fulfilled even before they themselves know what they want. That's my job—and I've trained myself to be pretty good at it."

If I had not already had such an astonishing example of her psychic powers, I would have laughed the whole thing off. But it was clear that she was able to determine my craving for a cigarette at a distance of a hundred feet and without any verbal clues. I resolved to investigate.

After some urging she told me the name of her night club, and the following evening I took a small party there. The service was excellent. I soon learned, however, why she hesitated to reveal the name of the club, for its chief feature was obviously gambling, which was conducted on the second floor.

After our dinner we went upstairs to watch the games. Needless to say, I had neither the time nor the inclination to join the play, so I devoted myself to keeping track of wins and losses. In half an hour I was convinced that something was crooked at the card-matching table. The game was a simple one. The dealer, a professional gambler, drew a card, and then

the guest drew one. The object was to guess what the sum of the two cards was, and the closest guess won. The odds were clearly even; on the average the professional gambler should win half the time and the amateur should win half the time. Yet as a matter of fact the professional was winning at least three times out of five, and even three times out of four.

I drew the obvious conclusion that the cards are marked or that there was a reflecting mirror or secret signal system of some sort. Later, when my acquaintance of the bathing beach had finished her duties in the dining room and had come upstairs, I told her my conclusion.

"Absolutely not," she assured me. "The game is honest except for the professional gambler's ability to read cards or minds or both. I've played that game against him time after time. I know the cards aren't fixed. I know the game is straight. Billy there doesn't have to cheat; he can win without cheating."

"But if what you say is correct," I asked her, "why can't you beat him at his own game? You too have the same kind of powers."

She looked at me sadly, as if almost pitying my stupidity. "I'm a night-club manager, not a gambler," she told me. "I can no more harness my powers to gambling than Billy can know in advance the wants of my guests downstairs. That's not the way it works."

* * * * *

I am confident that if any of the people whose psychic powers I have described were led into a scientific laboratory, they would fail to produce the effects they produce so easily in their chosen work. Why? Because the psychic conditions are not right. Because they would not be trying. Because they could not devote spirit, heart, and mind to the task—subconscious mind as well as conscious.

Wonders of Modern Hypnotism

[Continued from page 35]

admitted that the details of the case were correct, but disclaimed knowledge of an eleven thousand dollar loss. Dr. Garrett then went to the president of the bank, who was impressed by Dr. Garrett's knowledge of the eleven thousand dollar loss, which the bank had never revealed. The president decided to confront the vice president. The latter denied everything, but after he saw that Dr. Garrett had all the information—the amount of money involved, the times and methods of the thefts—he saw it was no use, and made a clean breast. For business purposes, the president did not bring charges against the criminal.

Here follows the text of a letter from the Hass Detective Agency of Chicago—a photostat of which was checked by TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE—proving Dr. Garrett's supernormal feat of hypnology:

"Dear Dr. Garrett:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I take this opportunity to thank you for the information you placed in my hands regarding the identity of the one responsible for the shortage of \$17,000 which was lost by my client (an Italian bank of Chicago).

"It was most startling and astounding

the results you obtained, and by the means of hypnosis which certainly gives us something to think about, as a new means of detecting criminals.

"This information, Dr. Garrett, was the means of saving the bank what might have been a greater loss in the future, and I assure you the directors join me in again thanking you for your splendid work.

"Wishing you every success in your work, and believe me I shall be most anxious to employ your method in the future whenever possible."

Sleuthing is, of course, only a by-product of Dr. Garrett's work. His real interest is in curing by hypnotherapy disorders, mental and physical, which his investigations and experimentation have shown him can be cured by hypnosis. More and more the realm of the Unconscious, the hidden being of man, is coming to light, and with new knowledge and new light it is impossible to limit the boundaries of what ailments man's new knowledge of the Inner Man allow hypnotherapy to cure. Like the limitless distances of the universe which the newer telescopes allow man to envision, so does the new knowledge of the Unconscious reveal limitless possibilities for future benefits.

December's Destiny for You

[Continued from page 36]

NUMBER 4

Under this influence there is indicated a social and expressive note. This comes into relation with your practical and physical life, indicating that you should plan to take things more quietly, following the intense activity of November. You should leave the next more important efforts until after the holiday season is past. During this time try and rest as much as possible. Attend to what has to be done. Hold your ambition in check and don't start anything new. At this time you should enjoy a restful holiday season in relation with your family associations. If you are in any way delayed in financial or business matters, you are cautioned not to force issues, but to try and give people and conditions time. Exercise patience at this time and do not allow yourself to be disturbed at seeming delays. The divine purpose of the month for you is deeper subjective development, coupled with rest in responsible, harmonious surroundings. Your mental attitude should be that of peace.

NUMBER 5

As you enter this month you will be conscious of a very harmonious period in relation to your environment, your home and your feelings. In matters relating to your physical freedom and your opportunity to do many of the things you want to do, you are destined to prove successful. There is a decided decrease of the nervous and restless quality which seemed to have pervaded your mind and spirit for

the past year. This is an excellent month for dealing with financial matters. Good for organizing your associations and responsibilities. Put forward your best judgment and exercise your best business ability, as there is indicated an opportunity to make a successful move in commercial and financial affairs. Any contracts signed and business arrangements made at this time indicate good success for the future. It is also possible at this period to bring to a successful culmination some practical and business arrangements of the earlier months of the year. The divine purpose of the month is material freedom in the face of responsible association. Your mental attitude should be that of service.

NUMBER 6

The conditions of this month constitute a fitting termination for this year of responsible adjustment. There is a strong undertone of favorable and encouraging self-expression. You may experience this amidst comfortable situations and with agreeable companionship. This is an excellent month for a short trip and for the purpose of recreation and pleasure generally. There is no indication that you will be too strongly held in family surroundings, as the environment is more of a social than a responsible domestic kind. You may plan to be broad and impersonal in your thoughts and reactions. Avoid being too serious and, instead, bring to the front a kindly feeling of fellowship which will help to enhance your success upon the force of your personality

UNUSUAL OCCULT ADVISER

Is there a problem troubling you to which you cannot obtain a satisfactory answer by ordinary, mundane means? Are you seeking sincere, practiced spiritual help? Do you need advice in developing your own psychic powers?

The Reverend Doctor Evan Shea, pastor of the Sixteenth Branch of the Spiritual Science Mother Church, will answer the questions and problems of this publication's readers. And the best ten questions and answers will be published in the next issue of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE. If you do not wish your name, or only your initials, to be used, your confidence will be respected.

All you have to do is send a letter to the Reverend Shea, who is also a master of psychometry, in your own handwriting, care of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE Magazine. Be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in coin, to cover cost, and a return, stamped envelope. Coupon below, properly filled out, must accompany your letter.

Rev. Dr. Evan Shea,
TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE,
402 Corn Exchange Building,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I enclose twenty-five cents in coin and a stamped, addressed return envelope with my letter. Please advise me on the problem concerning which I have written you.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

and with a larger number of people. The divine purpose of the month for you is complete expression in social directions. Your mental attitude should be that of love.

NUMBER 7

This month induces a rather harmonious vibration, much clearer of emotional possibilities and disturbing, restless influences than was November. There is indication of personal progress in connection with any professional work in which you might be engaged. This will result in helping to build up your courage, make you positive and help you take the initiative. Focus your mind and spend little time in thinking about the past few months. Now is the time to use your energy in making up your mind concerning just what you want to do and in finding ways to place in operation new conditions for future realization. Do your own thinking and do not allow other peoples' views to more than help you to arrive at your own decisions. This is a most excellent period for a fresh start in family and living conditions, and any decisive steps taken now along business or domestic lines should terminate rather favorably in the future. The divine pur-

pose of the month for you is creation in responsible conditions and the beginning of harmonious adjustment. Your mental attitude should be that of unity and peace.

NUMBER 8

The undertone of this month is strong and encouraging—but in a general sense it has a more negative quality, which indicates your having to be very patient with detail. You are likely to be somewhat involved in your associations, especially those of family. Last Christmas there was present a certain note of isolation which may have placed you in new and individual positions. This quality will be notably absent this year, and under the circumstances, you are advised to be a helpful and inspiring influence upon other people and not to think of your own desires and wishes too much. The more elevating possibilities of the month lie in the domain of inspiration. Try and elevate conditions, and above all, rise above possible discouragement. Gather useful knowledge from the more dependable associations in which you may find yourself. The divine purpose of the month for you is revelation and association in directions of

home and dependable associations. Your mental attitude should be that of unity and peace.

NUMBER 9

You will observe that this is a highly expressive and social month, a period in which you can have a pleasant and enjoyable time in the company of very reliable and substantial people. There are but few complications, and you will feel pleasant reactions both mentally and physically. If you find yourself amid family or home conditions, it would be advisable to spend the vacation in close relation with them—provided, at the same time, you are permitted to exercise your social opportunities and not be forced to do physical work. Your personality, talents and abilities will, under this influence, receive recognition and some encouragement which will help to make this month progressive in practical or business directions. However, this vibration is not commercial or financial in its quality, but social and artistic. The divine purpose of the month for you is self-expression in comfortable conditions and in directions of adjustment. Your mental attitude should be that of tolerance.

Miracle Man

[Continued from page 40]

of Transylvania . . . and was placed, when quite young, under the care of the last Duc de Medeci. . . . I cannot in truth guarantee his birth, but that he was tremendously protected by the Duc de Medeci, I have learnt from another source."

If then, as appears likely, St. Germain was the younger son of Prince Franz-Leopold Ragoczy, it is interesting to note that historical records disclose that the prince was married in the year 1694.

St. Germain's connection with important personages and events is undoubted.

He was the friend of kings and princes, of the famous Anton Mesmer, and, tradition has it, of our own Dr. Benjamin Franklin. He was a Mason of high standing and a Rosicrucian. He was the mysterious and unknown friend who, again and again, warned Marie Antoinette of her approaching doom.

He was the overlord of many mysterious and occult brotherhoods, where he was worshiped as a superior being, and where everyone believed in his sudden appearances and disappearances, as do so many at this very time in which I write.

Franz Gräffer records a dramatic meeting between his brother and St. Germain late in the Eighteenth Century. Summoned by a mysterious message to the Vienna laboratory of the great Leibnitz, then long since deceased, the young man is petrified to find seated there the princely mystic reading from a folio of Paracelsus. Instantly he knew that this apparition could be no other than the man of wonders, St. Germain.

"It was," reports Gräffer, "as if a bright splendour enveloped his whole form, dignity and sovereignty declared themselves."

The young man and his companion, Baron Linden, sought hastily to set out

refreshments before the count, who smiled and said, "Is there any soul on this earth who has ever seen me eat or drink?"

The "Wonderman," as he was then called, writing simultaneously with both hands on two sheets of paper, set down the message which was the purpose of his visit. He arose, placed both sheets on one another, held them against the window-pane, where they appeared as if there were only one writing to be seen—so exactly was one the facsimile of the other. The witnesses were struck dumb.

St. Germain made a movement with his hand as if in a signal of departure, and said, "I am leaving. Tomorrow night I am off; I am much needed in Constantinople; then in England, there to prepare two inventions which you will have in the next century—trains and steamboats. . . . Towards the end of this century I shall disappear out of Europe, and betake myself to the region of the Himalayas. I will rest; I must rest. Exactly in eighty-five years will people again set eyes on me. Farewell."

In the same moment there fell a sudden heavy shower, accompanied by a peal of thunder. St. Germain had disappeared.

IT IS OF peculiar interest to us in this country to learn that in the Vienna of that long past day, St. Germain—man of unestimated age—was frequently referred to as "the American gentleman." But still more interesting is the tradition that links his name so closely to the birth of our republic.

In his monumental and greatest work, *An Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, Qabbalistic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy*, which bears as its frontispiece a startling portrait of the Comte de St. Germain, Manly P. Hall sets

forth all that may be known of this most occult episode of our early history.

Says this master of prodigious learning, "It cannot be doubted that the secret societies of Europe conspired to establish upon the American continent a new nation, 'conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' Two incidents in the early history of the United States evidence the influence of that silent body which has so long guided the destinies of peoples and religions. By them nations are created as vehicles for the promulgation of ideals, and while nations are true to these ideals, they survive; when they vary from them, they vanish like the Atlantis of old, which had ceased to 'know the gods.'"

Mr. Hall revives the singular tradition surrounding the designing of the Colonial flag of 1775, involving a mysterious man concerning whom no information seems to be available other than that he was on familiar terms with both General George Washington and Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

Quoting from Robert Allen Campbell's monograph *Our Flag*, Hall says, "Little seems to have been known concerning this old gentleman; and in the materials from which this account is compiled his name is not even once mentioned, for he is uniformly spoken of or referred to as 'the Professor.' He was evidently far beyond his three score and ten years; and he often referred to historical events of more than a century previous just as if he had been a living witness of their occurrence; still he was erect, vigorous and active—hale, hearty, and clear-minded—as strong and energetic every way as in the prime of his life. He was tall, of fine figure, perfectly easy, and very dignified in his manners; being at once courteous, gracious and commanding.

"He was, for those times and considering the customs of the Colonists, very peculiar in his method of living; for he ate no flesh, fowl or fish; he never used for food any 'green thing,' any roots or anything unripe; he drank no liquor, wine or ale, but confined his diet to cereals and their products, fruits that were ripened on the stem in the sun, nuts, mild tea and the sweets of honey, sugar or molasses.

"He was well educated, highly cultivated, of extensive as well as varied information, and very studious. He spent considerable of his time in the patient and persistent conning of a number of very rare old books and ancient manuscripts which he seemed to be deciphering, translating or rewriting.

"These books and manuscripts, together with his own writings, he never showed to anyone; and he did not even mention them in his conversations with the family, except in the most casual way; and he always locked them up carefully in a large, old-fashioned, cubically shaped, iron-bound, heavy, oaken chest, whenever he left his room, even for his meals. He took long and frequent walks alone, sat on the brows of the neighbouring hills, or mused in the midst of the green and flower-gemmed meadows. He was fairly liberal—but in no way lavish—in spending his money, with which he was well supplied. He was a quiet, though a very genial and very interesting, member of the family; and he was seemingly at home upon any and every topic coming up in conversation. He was, in short, one whom everyone would notice and respect, whom few would feel well acquainted with, and whom no one would presume to question concerning himself—as to whence he came, why he tarried, or whither he journeyed."

FOLLOWING upon this curious excerpt, our distinguished historian of the occult relates that, by something more than a mere coincidence, the committee appointed by the Colonial Congress to design a flag accepted an invitation to be guests, while in Cambridge, of the same family with which the "Professor" was staying. It was here that General Washington joined them for the purpose of deciding upon a fitting emblem. By the signs which passed between them, it was evident that both General Washington and Doctor Franklin recognized the Professor, and by unanimous approval he was invited to become an active member of the committee.

During the proceedings which followed, the Professor was treated with the most profound respect, and all of his suggestions were immediately acted upon. He submitted a pattern which he considered symbolically appropriate for the new flag. This was unhesitatingly accepted by the other six members of the committee, who voted that the arrangement suggested by the Professor be forthwith adopted. After the episode of the flag, the Professor quietly vanished. Nothing further is known concerning him.

Still more startling is the mysterious event of July 4, 1776, which Mr. Hall so dramatically divulges—out of what scores of others we have no means of knowing. Simply, and without rhetoric embellish-

ment, he relates this thrilling variation on our best-known historical theme:

"In the old State House in Philadelphia a group of men were gathered for the momentous task of severing the last tie between the old country and the new. It was a grave moment, and not a few of those present feared that their lives would be the forfeit for their audacity. In the midst of the debate a fierce voice rang out. The debaters stopped and turned to look upon the stranger. Who was this man who had suddenly appeared in their midst and transfixed them with his oratory? They had never seen him before; none knew when he had entered. But his tall form and pale face filled them with awe. His voice ringing with a holy zeal, the stranger stirred them to their very souls. His closing words rang through the building: '*God has given America to be free!*'"

"As the stranger sank into a chair exhausted, a wild enthusiasm burst forth. Name after name was placed upon the parchment: the Declaration of Independence was signed. But where was the man who had precipitated the accomplishment of this immortal task—who had lifted for a moment the veil from the eyes of the assemblage and revealed to them a part, at least, of the great purpose for which the new nation was conceived? He had disappeared, nor was he ever seen again or his identity established.

"This episode parallels others of a similar kind recorded by ancient historians attendant upon the founding of every new nation. Are they coincidences, or do they demonstrate that the divine wisdom of the ancient mysteries still is present in the world, serving mankind as it did of old?"

In view of a foregoing brief and obscure reference to St. Germain's own writings, it is interesting to note how few material things survive in proof of the actuality of this strange being—a sonnet of dignity and strength, an occult manuscript of the deepest and most obscure nature, intelligible to very few among the living, and the portrait engraved on copper from the d'Urfé collection.

AUTHENTIC HISTORICAL records which would ordinarily be deemed conclusive, indicate that St. Germain died on February 27, 1784, and was buried in Eckernförde in Slesvig.

It would seem that members of that fraternity whose purpose is the service of humanity do not always die when they are said to do so. They live by a law not yet known or understood by us. Almost always their recorded death is a blind or device to enable them to escape the notice of the public and thus better continue the work upon which they are concentrated.

H. P. Blavatsky wrote, "Is it not absurd to suppose that if he (St. Germain) really died at the time and place mentioned, he would have been laid in the ground without the pomp and ceremony, the official supervision, the police registration which attend the funerals of men of his rank and notoriety? Where are these data? He passed out of public sight more than a century ago, yet no memoirs contain them. A man who so lived in the full blaze of publicity could not have vanished, if he

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really died then and there and left no trace behind. Moreover, to this negative we have the alleged positive proof that he was living several years after 1784. He is said to have had a most important private conference with the Empress of Russia in 1785 or 1786, and to have appeared to the Princesse de Lamballe when she stood before the tribunal a few minutes before she was struck down with a billet, and a butcher boy cut off her head; and to Jeanne du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV, as she waited on her scaffold at Paris the stroke of the guillotine in the days of the Terror of 1793."

Says Manly Hall on this topic, "Great uncertainty and vagueness surround his latter days, for no confidence can be reposed in the announcement of the death of one illuminate by another; for, as is well known, all means to secure the end were in their code justifiable, and it may have been to the interest of the society that St. Germain should have been thought dead."

THE WRITER of this article was herself told by a Mason that at a meeting of a Lodge composed of earnest and studious Masons, there appeared suddenly in their midst a dark and distinguished stranger who addressed them on the real meaning and purpose of Masonry. So fascinated were they by the charm and erudition of the stranger that they listened spellbound and did not question who he was or whence he came. But, when he ceased and they wished to thank him and question him, he had disappeared. Several among them who were familiar with the portrait of St. Germain, were convinced that it was he—and to this day believe that they have seen and heard the great adept.

It will perhaps surprise the reader to learn that fully half a million of his fellow citizens devoutly believe that the famous count now lives on the cloudy heights of Mt. Shasta and has under his especial protection and care the lively destinies of these United States.

In conclusion, the writer can find no words with which to sum up so spectacu-

lar a career comparable to those of Manly Hall, as they appear in the preface of the cryptic *Trinosophia*:

"The true purpose for which St. Germain labored must remain obscure until the dawn of a new era. Homer refers to the golden chain by which the gods conspired to bind the earth, to the pinnacle of Olympus. In each age there appear some few persons whose words and actions demonstrate clearly that they are of an order different from the rest of society. Humanity is guided over critical periods in the development of civilization by mysterious forces such as were personified in the eccentric Comte de St. Germain. Until we recognize the reality of the occult forces at work in every-day life, we cannot grasp the significance of either the man or his work. To the wise, St. Germain is no wonder—to those who are limited by belief in the inevitability of the commonplace, he is indeed a magician, defying the laws of nature and violating the smugness of the pseudo-learned."

What the Stars Predict for 1939

[Continued from page 49]

eventual dictatorship as the outcome. The deaths of important characters will come to pass during the coming year.

A misunderstanding is to occur with England. Diplomatic agreements will be made with Germany and Italy.

This is a critical period for France. Conditions and finances will show improvement during the latter part of 1939.

Much internal strife will occur in Italy. The people are restless and dissatisfied. The Rome-Berlin Axis is going to be strained to the limit. Labor unrest will grow. The economic situation is rather depressing.

Italy's complications are to increase. Some conflict may arise with the Yugoslav country. The health of the King is very much affected. Any successor to the King will give considerable opposition to Mussolini's ideas and plans. The death of a very prominent person is indicated.

A secret pact is going to be made with Japan. Italy's eyes are on Egypt.

Difficult economic and political cycles will operate in the latter half of 1939 for Italy.

Volcanic disruptions occur and will bring damage and loss.

Conditions in Ethiopia will remain unsettled, and many outbreaks with guerilla warfare will occur during the coming year.

Very favorable cycles are in operation for Turkey. Expansion and peace are indicated. Advancement is made in improving and unifying the railway and air transportation facilities. This country has powerful armaments and is alert to conditions existing among other nations.

Trade treaties are going to be made with Russia and Egypt. Much improvement will be accomplished in mercantile shipping. Property owners in Turkey are to have considerable difficulty with the government. Turkey will become allied

with Italy. Seismic disturbances, with minor disputes, will occur early in the year. Weather disturbances will cause a great deal of loss.

Troublesome conditions will crop out for Greece. The King will develop personal and national difficulties. There will be considerable underground activity created by foreign agents. Foreign trade is to be depressing. General conditions are not favorable.

Changes will occur in the government of India. Uprisings and riots will take place. The Indian government will rebel against England. Disastrous floods and much damage to crops are going to occur. The financial conditions will be difficult during April and May.

The outlook for Africa is not good. There will be intensification of German propaganda, for Germany seeks some holdings there. Africa will be considerably involved with foreign nations. Much quarreling and dissension is to take place. An important person will pass on.

Revolutionary tendencies will again be in the limelight in South America. Floods and fires will cause a great deal of damage and loss. Sudden revolutionary outbreaks may occur in Rio de Janeiro. Confiscation of property will continue. Many difficulties and many changes in the government take place. Communism is on the increase and establishes a firm hold.

CANADA will experience a much better period with prosperity and trade increase. Relations with the United States are going to be beneficial to both nations. The government will be stronger and much more active. Finances will be much better. Manufacturing of ammunition will increase. An accident will take place near the region of Port Arthur and Fort William. Much secret plotting and sabotage will be brought to light. Trans-Atlantic

flights are destined to increase and make progress. Better crops and agricultural conditions will come to pass.

Good conditions will still exist for Australia. Decrease of revenue from gold mines will occur, however. Crops are up to average and trade increases. Railway and air transportation will improve and make much progress. Some irritation and an unsettled state of conditions will exist in regard to another power; this may be of an industrial nature. Improvement will be made in agricultural conditions. A drouth is indicated. The death rate will be quite high.

Earthquake shocks will occur early in 1939, probably in January, in Japan. Destruction caused by tornadoes will happen in September. A financial crisis is to take place in April and May. Earthquake tremors will be again felt in October. Serious diplomatic disturbances are to arise the last half of 1939. Whatever gains this nation obtains will be lost, for the tide will turn in favor of China during the last half of the year.

Japan's emperor will be under adverse cycles and should guard his health. The year will be a critical one for him. Some surprise moves will be made. Communistic propaganda is sure to increase. Economic and financial conditions will be poor. There is danger of a revolution occurring. Armament expenditures will cause an increasing amount of limitation for the people.

Earthquake shocks will be felt in early January, 1939, in China. Many floods will occur during the latter part of 1939. The people are becoming more and more united leading to a unified China. Contagious diseases will increase during the last half of the year. China will be an important nation in time and will be a world force for peace.

ISIS

[Continued from page 17]

appeared that his divine form fitted into the chest perfectly. Thereupon Tython and his fellow conspirators, without warning, suddenly closed and fastened down the lid of the great chest which had so unexpectedly become a tomb. The box and its sacred contents, hermetically sealed within by molten lead, was cast into the River Nile, on whose broad bosom it floated toward the sea. Isis, who had not accompanied her husband to the fatal banquet, being warned of his murder, arrayed herself in mourning garments and set out in quest of his body.

WORD WAS brought to her that the chest had floated to the shore at Byblos, where it had lodged by a tree which had miraculously protected it by growing completely around it. The king of Byblos, hearing of this wonder, had ordered the tree to be cut down and shaped into a pillar of his palace, where at last Isis found it. No sooner, however, had the goddess recovered the body of Osiris than it was again stolen by Tython, and by him cut into fourteen pieces which were scattered to the ends of the earth. Despairingly Isis searched far and wide, finally recovering thirteen of the fragments of the body of the god, the fourteenth having been swallowed by a fish.

Manly Hall states that the Druids of Britain and Gaul had a deep knowledge concerning the mysteries of Isis, and worshiped her under the symbol of the moon. In his brilliant essay on this subject, he says:

"The figure of Isis is sometimes used to represent the occult and magical arts, such as necromancy, invocation, sorcery and thaumaturgy. . . . The priests of Isis became adepts in the use of the unseen forces of nature. They understood hypnosis, mesmerism and similar practices long before the modern world dreamed of their existence."

Eloquently he concludes his scholarly thesis—"To the modern seeker she is the epitome of the Great Unknown and only those who unveil her will be able to solve the mysteries of life, death, generation and regeneration."

The Roman philosopher, Apuleius, attributes to the goddess herself the following lyrical statement of her attributes:

"Behold, moved by thy prayers, I am present with thee; I, who am Nature, the parent of things, the queen of all the elements, the primordial progeny of ages, the supreme of divinities, the sovereign of the spirits of the dead, the first of the celestials, and the uniform resemblance of gods and goddesses; I, who rule by my nod the luminous summits of the heavens, the salubrious breezes of the sea, and the deplorable silences of the realms beneath, and whose divinity the whole orb of the earth venerates under a manifold form, by different rites and a variety of appellations . . . and the Egyptians skilled in ancient learning, worshiping me by ceremonies perfectly appropriate, call me by my true name, Queen Isis."

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BELIEVE IN ME

Who is this me? An atom of power divine
Directing self toward good or ill,
Vibrant with life, like wine,
Its ferment in a self-directing will.

Bound fast to earth by ties are we,
By fetters wider—longer than eternity,
Why gibe and fret at bounds we cannot see—
Go forward always and believe in me.

Believe in me with all thy heart and soul,
For this is faith and truth that makes us free,
That makes the atom as the world a whole
The root of happiness, believe in me.

Believe in me, the me that thinks and wills,
The me, the life, the power free
That in the springtime through all nature thrills
And in the autumn calls the earth to rest, believe in me.

Chase not the phantom of a fabled god,
Dwelling in lands beyond an azure sea,
Follow no atheist creed "I am a clod"
Feel power, stand firm, I am, believe in me.

But let no false conceit deceive thy heart,
Thy life is but the life of beast and tree,
I'm not the whole, I'm but a finite part,
God needs each part to make the whole, believe in me.

The parts are all contained within the whole,
The soul of all the universe is one with thee,
The "All in All" contains each finite soul
The source of love—of understanding, O believe in me.

This me enthroned within the temple of thy mind,
It sends the senses roaring far alee,
Returning they bring fruit of their own kind,
Kinship with God and Nature, one, believe in me.

Dwell not upon the failures of a misty past,
But search the future far as eye can see,
Search out the meaning of all consciousness,
Conquer all nature in thyself, believe in me.

Then what care I for meanings deeply hid
Between the uncut leaves I cannot see,
Courage the shining child of faith will lift the lid,
Of searcher for the ray of truth, believe in me.

—Arthur LeSueur.

Yoga

[Continued from page 61]

Later it will come more easily, muscular strain will vanish, and you will experience a deep feeling of peace and relaxation.

After this posture is learned, go on to the lotus posture. In this the knees are brought closer together so that each up-turned foot rests on the opposite thigh. The head is inclined slightly forward (the spine being held strictly erect); the hands are folded, palm upon palm, over the abdomen.

Here let us pause for a moment while we consider some of the yogic breathing exercises. These are called *pranayamas*, or breath controls. Since most of them prove difficult for the beginner, we shall start with some of the simpler *pranayamas*.

Breath control is divided into three parts: inhaling, holding or suspending the breath, and exhaling. Breathing should be done as evenly as possible.

Seated in one of the several meditative postures, the air is completely expelled from the lungs through the nostrils. Then the lungs are filled to their maximum capacity, taking care that the process is a smooth, unbroken one. You must not breathe in spurts, nor with the stomach. The muscles of the latter should be held rigid during the exercise.

After the lungs are filled with air, the head should be bent down sharply, the chin falling against the top of the collar bone. Keep this position during the suspension of breathing. Then, after an interval, the head may be returned to the original position and the breath exhaled slowly and completely.

A word as to the rhythm of breath control. The follower of yoga breathes according to a definite time pattern. If five seconds are devoted to filling the lungs, then the breath is held for twice that length of time, or ten seconds, and gradually expelled in three times that period, or fifteen seconds. This time interval should always be observed in proportion to your development. Until a rhythm is established, it may be necessary for you to count mentally as you breathe. But there are no hard and fast rules prescribing the length of time. This can be adjusted to individual requirements, but after practice the periods should be prolonged until the breathing becomes smooth, flowing, and delicately controlled.

How many times should one go through this routine at a single sitting? If the directions are followed carefully, with no air allowed to escape in unregulated spasmodic breathing between rounds, the student may find that five or six rounds will be sufficient to avoid fatigue. Later this can be increased to as many as fifty or a hundred rounds. But breathing exercises should always be preceded by a short period in one of the meditative postures, and should be accompanied by mental repose.

When the breathing exercises are completed for the day, you will find that they have released stores of mental energy which may now be utilized in a concentration exercise. With the eyes closed, the meditative posture is continued, and the

attention is focused on some real or imagined object. A part of the body, such as the toe, or a familiar object, such as a pencil, may be chosen. The purpose of concentration is to expel all irrelevant thoughts from the mind. These offer obstacles to attaining a union with the inner consciousness. By using the toe or the pencil, it is possible to arrest the flow of the conscious and subconscious thoughts which constantly race through the mind. What is desired is a kind of cessation of mental motion, and an extinction of worldly consciousness. You must not permit yourself to think anything about the size, shape, or color of the object concentrated on. Nor should you allow your thoughts to wander into any side paths through associations called up by the object. The pencil, or toe, should be a point of departure to complete inner withdrawal.

Care should be taken to avoid feelings of drowsiness while you are in the contemplative state, and do not look on the exercise as learned until it is possible to concentrate without strain or the use of the will. This should come when you lose the awareness of the act of concentration, when you no longer have to think to yourself, "Now I am concentrating."

It may take time to accomplish this, but whether or not you follow along the yoga path your time will not have been wasted. You will reap benefits in the form of sharpened mental faculties and self-mastery.

Lina Lauter

[Continued from page 12]

Many notable persons have told of experiencing premonitions similar to that of Miss Lauter: Abraham Lincoln, Mark Twain, Shelley, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and many others. To attempt to explain such remarkable psychical occurrences on the theory of telepathy, coincidence, or spirit intervention, is utterly futile. And, while mathematically inclined researchers hypothesize on the fourth dimension, the co-existence of past, present and future, the infinite regress of time, one thing is certain—tomorrow has not yet been lived in this material world of ours.

In cases like that of Lina Lauter—where coming events cast their shadows before them, in such a manner that it appears the vision was intended—it is obvious that some strata of mind which is hidden from us (cryptic), yet has the qualities of consciousness (crypto-conscious), does have the power to observe future events and flash them across the "aware" center of the personality. And it is that same crypto-consciousness which is the controlling factor behind astral projection, a strata of mind quite distinct from what we conceive of as subconscious and superconscious, but in close communication with them. Some thinkers contend that this which we call crypto-conscious is in reality a disembodied spirit! But we shall never be able to fully explain cases of projection and premonition, like those of Miss Lauter, until we can first explain the mystery of the human mind.

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Letters From Our Readers

[Continued from page 53]

These facts were brought very forcibly to his mind when one of his two daughters, Ruby, a girl thirteen years of age, became ill with abdominal tuberculosis. The best medical aid was secured, yet this dreaded disease held its sway.

After months of treatment, there was no improvement. The germs of disease continued on a rampage.

One evening when Ruby was reclining on her cot, she sat upright and said to her mother, "Don't cry, mother dear, Jesus is with me." Then she sank on her pillow; her bright, courageous spirit had passed to the realm where sickness and death are unknown.

Shortly after the passing of his daughter, this preacher resigned from the denomination in which he had spent the greater part of his early manhood. He afterwards engaged in a line of business which required that he go east, where he located in a small manufacturing town, and for twelve years attended no church.

One evening, his wife was invited to attend a direct-voice séance. She returned home quite late, overjoyed and elated, feeling as though she were walking on fleecy clouds. She told her husband she had talked with deceased relatives and some she did not know he had.

I was invited to attend a séance, which was to be held the following Monday evening. Reluctantly I decided to attend, being quite skeptical of the whole affair. Arriving at the house where the séance was to be held, we found fifty men and women crowded into two small rooms. I observed two conical-shaped trumpets on the floor. As long as the light remained on I scanned the room for wires or any other paraphernalia which might be used to deceive. Finally, all lights were extinguished, and the room became as dark as the black hole of Calcutta.

There were two mediums present, one a clairvoyant; the other took deep trance. The clairvoyant described the spirits as they approached, while through the organism of the other they spoke. Some of the spirits talked in German, Swedish and other languages, all of whom were recognized by someone present.

It seemed to me that a thousand entities were standing round some etheric telephone, jostling each other as they tried to get the next chance to telephone. Presently, one entity, purporting to be a brother of mine, talked to me. In spite of the fact that for years I had been preaching about spirits and the spirit world, I simply did not know how to talk to these manifesting entities; so my wife talked to them, and I listened to what they had to say.

However, there was one spirit entity with whom I did talk; it was my daughter Ruby, who had passed into another realm some twelve years previously. I was convinced it was she, because she related incidents known only to her and me. My reaction to this unusual experience was one of extreme joy, for now I knew and had tangible proof that Ruby lived in another state of being.

Other experiences encountered through the years since that eventful evening have tended to confirm, beyond a shadow of doubt, the conviction brought to me by spirits that night.

Attending a full form materialization séance one evening, I was very much surprised and elated when I witnessed a slender form emerge from the cabinet, clothed in robes of pure white. Presently I heard a voice call "Papa." Moving toward the form, I perceived it resembled the figure and facial contour of Ruby. She extended her arms above her head and said, "Papa, I am not dead, I am an angel now." She sure looked like one. Almost instantly, upon being recognized, her form vanished.

On one other occasion, Ruby manifested in lifelike form, asked me to walk down the room with her. This I did, walking slightly ahead of her, she at the time placing her hand on my arm, for, as she said, she wanted the people to get a good look at her.

Again, while present at a séance for this type of phenomenon, Ruby appeared, robed in flowing white raiment, with a shining coronet upon her head, a twinkling star shining on her forehead. She was slender, with the family type of face. The medium in this case was a large woman weighing almost three hundred pounds, and six feet tall, so this manifesting entity could not possibly be she. However, as was her custom, Ruby called, "Papa," and then proceeded to walk some fifteen or more feet across the room to a table, sit on a nearby chair, reach over to a vase of flowers on the table and pick out a white carnation, walk over to where I was standing with outstretched hands and there deposit the flower. Then, bending over, she kissed my hand and in an instant, to my vision, she was no more.

In addition to the foregoing experiences, many more might be related, all of which substantiated the fact Ruby still lives. I have heard her voice scores of times by means of the independent voice; with her I am always "Papa." So Papa has now joined that innumerable host who are convinced they have had phenomenal experiences with so-called "Ghosts."

**Rev. Rupert Swinnerton,
4146 Sheridan Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.**

WEIRD WARNING

I had not wanted to work that night, but had quieted my foreboding objections because of my former employer's distressed condition. His regular linotype operator, being ill, had accomplished little that morning and had gone home for the day at noon. Mr. Lord, the manager, had spent the afternoon vainly seeking an operator. As a last resort, he had appealed to me.

Since my marriage I had in several emergencies taken the machine for him, but always by daylight and with plenty of company. Now an unaccountable dread

had possessed me at the disquieting thought of the long, awful night to be passed in the company of black shadows in that large room—unaccountable, because, when a regular operator, I had frequently worked for months all alone at night.

Perhaps some of my fear may be attributed to the fact that I disliked to leave my husband alone at home. He is a strongly social man, very dependent on company for his peace of mind. He had said he would go out if he found it too dull. Yet I was possessed with an unexplainable, unreasoning terror.

The late twilight showed no rays of setting sun, for it had been a bleak, dark day, misty and gloomy. The windows were made opaque sheets by the gray fog without. The moving parts of the machine threw fantastic shadows on walls and floor. Everything else was still and silent.

After a time something in the copy puzzled me. I laid it aside to ask Mr. Lord about, when he should come, later in the evening. No matter how late it was, before he went to bed he always came in when anyone was working at night.

I hoped he would come over and speak to me when he entered, but he didn't. His arm appeared silently beside me and his hand placed a sheet of copy on my copy box beyond that pile on which I was working. Not a sound apprised me of his presence. I turned my head to ask about the doubtful copy—and addressed empty air!

Stiff with terror, I sat immovable in incredulous wonder. I think every process of my healthy body stopped for at least an instant. Then, as sensation slowly returned, I felt curious little chills run down my spine, a strange prickling circle my scalp, while my nerveless hands dropped, useless, from the keyboard.

I turned clear around, thinking my visitor must have moved away quickly. He was not behind me. Convinced that I was absolutely alone, I sat a moment, trembling and terrified.

Then, seeing the copy brought by the ghostly hand, I picked it up with shaking fingers. It was a simple newspaper announcement of the death that night of my husband, just a bit of copy for me to set for the paper. I stared fascinated at it.

Springing to the telephone, I called my home—but received no answer. I called the police station, and the chief's hearty voice booming its way to my ear calmed me for a moment and almost convinced me this was all a queer dream. But my right hand still clutched that fatal paper.

I did not mention the paper to him, but I begged him to go to my home and try to find my husband. Then I sank limp to the floor.

How long I lay there I do not know. The ringing of the telephone brought me to my feet in new fright. Realizing what it was, I seized the receiver in breathless apprehension. I gasped a faint hello. The welcome sound of the chief's voice, graver now (or did I imagine it?), was telling me something quietly, seriously.

My husband was all right, he assured me at once. He had found him on the floor beside his car in the garage, overcome by carbon monoxide gas! Having responded readily to treatment, he was then sleeping peacefully in his own bed.

My husband says I dreamed the warning.

The police chief said, "We are surrounded constantly by things we cannot understand. On the police force we get used to unearthly happenings, explainable by nothing we feeble humans have yet discovered. However you got your warning, it was very fortunate that you heeded it promptly."

F. T. Crafts,
44 Pine St.,
Manchester, Mass.

THE PHANTOM HAND

When I was a child my life was spent in surroundings filled with mystery and superstition. Even the wind brought on its wings the wailing of spirits and lamenting of lost souls.

I believed that the spirit of my departed mother hovered near, watching and protecting me from harm. This was a great solace to me in my sorrow over her loss. However, my environment changed, and I was carried farther and farther away from these early apprehensions.

At any rate, things happened in my childhood that never can be forgotten and which surely were engineered by unseen hands. My mother died away from home, and our wall clock stopped exactly at the hour that we were later notified by the hospital authorities that she had departed this life. It was an eight-day clock and far from run down.

This incident is parallel with the case of the sexton of one of the ancient old-world churches who had set the hour-glass for the sermon and had found his accustomed place in the sacristy of the church when suddenly the sands stopped pouring through. Later, the people found the sexton dead in the sacristy, his final summons having come during the preaching hour. The hour-glass with its sacred sands still stands in the old church in memory of the sexton and in awe of the unseen hand that had touched it simultaneously with his fate.

As the shadows lengthen and time passes on, I have more time for retrospection, and memory carries me back decades in vivid recollection of something of a mystic

nature that happened to me and which I shall now relate.

I was at the time living with a family in one of the large Mid-Western cities. The house was one of those old-fashioned mansions with many rooms, corridors and halls. At the end of the reception hall there was an indicator on the wall having corresponding numbers to the rooms upstairs. This incident has to do with room No. 5. The bell from this room did not ring, having long been out of order, but it was whispered that certain persons had heard it ring, although no visible person was near to ring it. Little credence was put in these whisperings except as to the effect it had upon the corps of servants from time to time passing on the intelligence that the house was haunted. I had not been there long before I was warned to that effect, and in this connection I was told that a terrible tragedy had been enacted here long ago.

It seemed that the house had belonged to Dr. ——— at one time, and that one day he had been found dead in Room 5 by his servants. He had taken his own life with a revolver. Although this was interesting, it did not occur to me to take the matter seriously, and time passed on as usual without any further reference to the phenomenon.

It happened that I was left alone home with the young son of the house one night while the family was out. He was sleeping in Room 5, which was at the end of the passage upstairs. I stayed in the hall below, preferring to be downstairs, where I certainly could hear the child if he awoke, and at the same time be at the front door if anyone called.

The candelabra shed a soft light in the hall and along the stairs. As the night wore on, the atmosphere became more and more tense, almost stifling, and I could do nothing but listen. Presently I heard a sharp ring from the indicator and rushed to the end of the hall and looked up, and saw it indicated No. 5!

I was in a daze from surprise and fright. I walked slowly up the stairs, which were so deeply carpeted that I could only hear the loud beating of my own heart. But I had to go as the child was in that room. I walked along to the door, on the other side of which the child lay sleeping. Everything was as usual. The child slept peacefully on, and all was quiet and still. I looked about me and through the open window at the street lights below, shimmering through the leafwork, and as I drank in the fragrance of the warm summer night, I became more calm and prepared to leave the room, thinking

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that I must have imagined it all, when I again heard a short, sharp ring, the sound coming this time from the hall below.

A current of air wafted the curtain in the soft summer breeze—then a frozen stillness as though I stood in some awful presence. I turned to leave the room once more, and gazed towards the door, when my eyes caught sight of a slim, long, specterlike hand withdrawing its index finger from the bell button at the right-hand side of the door—then ethereally and slowly fading away.

I do not know how long I remained there looking at the bell, but that was all. It seemed like a vaporous dream afterwards, nothing more. Could that hand have belonged to the unfortunate doctor whose life so tragically ended here? It looked as though, when clothed in flesh, it could have been just such a hand.

My sojourn in this place was short, but I have often wondered if some wandering spirit could have had a message to deliver before it could find peace.

Ida S. Rigg,
Winnett, Mont.

ARROW OF DOOM

I married in 1925, and my marriage was more nearly perfectly happy than it is generally conceded a marriage can be for a number of years. In this happiness there were nevertheless a few clouds, and one of these which I, at least, found literally heavily wearying was a thing to which my husband and I came to refer as the Dream. There were even times when my husband, by way of trying to cure me and laugh me out of it, referred to it as my "Wish Dream"—in the parlance of psychology. No mental attitude prevented or altered or in any way affected the Dream.

Looking back, I feel that we owed something to the Dream. I said that we were almost impossibly happy. I know that both of us had an intense appreciation of our moments together, many though they then were. We valued time as it passed, as though it had been a precious jewel; even while we were full of plans for the future, we clung to each day as it came. And that, of course, is unusual.

During our three and a half years together, I dreamed what I am about to set down perhaps some twelve times a year at irregular intervals. Except for one thing, no detail ever varied.

We walked, in the Dream, beside a silvery, gurgling stream that wound through a magnificent forest. The air was warm and yet invigorating, and the path was smooth and soft beneath our feet. There was a soul-satisfying enchantment of all our senses in the shifting lights and shadows and the scent of the warm air; the feeling of primeval freedom mingled with the suggestion of a great cathedral which is part of a forest, the song of birds and the ripple of the silver brook.

We came then to a clearing. The grass grew short and velvety. Tiny, exquisite flowers, which we had not seen before, sprang up like stars. A golden light flooded the air. I know an incomparable sense of

joy that reached a pinnacle—and then, in an instant, the scene darkened. I sensed the swift passing of something silent, unseen, deadly, of which I can think of only as an invisible arrow.

And he no longer walked beside me. He lay dead at my feet—slain instantly by something which I did not see, but which I knew had pierced his heart.

I would wake, sobbing and crying desperately, and my husband, perfectly strong and well, would reassure me. It would be over—until next time.

When we had been married two and one-half years, a beautiful little daughter was born to us, and after that the dream developed the only variation it ever had from the very beginning: when we reached the point in our pathway where the dream flowers sprang up, one had the face of a child—and the face was hers.

At the end of another year, my husband dropped dead of heart failure. I had never suspected that there was anything wrong with his heart, and to the day of his death he was the picture of health. I learned afterward that his condition had developed and he had known of it immediately after the birth of our child. He had never been able to tell me.

Sometimes I picture him, during that last year, consoling me when I waked crying from the dream in which he had died stricken through the heart, alone in the small hours of the night with my terror and his own knowledge of the fatal ailment he had developed, which was angina pectoris. Since the dream began long before he himself knew, it was prophetic and clairvoyant, rather than telepathic, although there have been many telepathic dreams between us.

There have been other dreams since his death. But this one, having been fulfilled, never came again.

I have just space to add one detail, which to me is what spiritualists term "evidential." Three months after my husband's death I visited a medium who has told me many remarkable things. This woman said at once that my husband had just passed over. She added questioningly:

"He died of a shot through the heart—or a heart wound?" And later, she explained that such was the symbolism for any violently sudden death by heart failure.

At the risk of heaping anticlimax upon anticlimax, I want to close this with a statement of my own. During my husband's lifetime, the dream I have described brought recurrently tears and suffering in the dark hours between midnight and dawn. But when it is day, none of us lingers with last night's dreams; they only color our waking hours—and over our waking hours, my dream, I think, shed mostly light.

And what I have set down here is incomplete. It links itself with a long chain of other incidents, each almost unbelievable taken separately, but, taken together, proof of the continuity both of life and of love.

Everil Worrell Murphy,
1615 N. Gelebe Road,
Arlington, Va.

Hollywood's Lady Ghost

[Continued from page 45]

magic flicker. His portrayal was magnificent. Errol is the dashing, romantic type who is perfectly right in not soliciting advice. He should sweep through the world like a young tornado, carrying all before him, making his own decisions. No woman would be able to resist him. Yet, his marriage with Lili Damita is not happy. There will be an adjustment here."

The Ghost's conversation veers as she receives new impulses. From Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, the thought impulses bring to her the fact that the new clipper ships to the Orient will not be completely successful for some time to come. China will surprise the entire Western world by coming back into her own. China will be able to subjugate Japan should she wish, but will desist.

REVEREND VIOLET says that David Windsor and his bride are in the air. David will return to England a hero soon. Though he will never again be King, yet he will grasp a position of highest responsibility and the English people will clamor for his return. The marriage of David and his Wally was splendid. There was love in every emanation from that marriage. It will always be successful.

"If Sonja Henie," the Ghost returned to Hollywood, "wants to continue as a major fixture in the Hollywood world, she had better attempt some picture beyond her present series. She may make two more ice-skating pictures and then a picture that will give her an opportunity to demonstrate her dramatic talents. Sonja is no great dramatic star, but she is sweet, clever and thoughtful. One of the nicest girls in Hollywood, she deserves success. There will be no romance in her life in the year to come.

"Marlene Dietrich," the Ghost unconsciously delivers a piece of witticism that ranks among the classics, "is on her last legs. Those beautiful pins will no longer be able to attract for her the magnificent salaries she has been demanding.

"Gary Cooper will continue in his ascendancy. Clark Gable is waning. He needs a new romance. Fred Astaire will return to the stage. Joan Crawford, whose life with Franchot Tone is of the happiest, will have to change her screen type or she, too, will be passé.

"The foreign invasion, which threatened Hollywood so strongly, is on the wane. In the year to come, importations will flock over here in lesser droves. Producers will be more cautious in their choice."

The Ghost of Hollywood was recently thrown into the national limelight through the rôle she played in the Squire Harry Clifton-Lew Brice gambling embroglio. Reverend Violet vibrated on a player in the game who was using the alias of George Lewis. She discovered that Lewis had ten other names and that the famous \$150,000 poker hand was won by cheating. A judge's decision upheld her prediction.

"I Am a Psychic"

[Continued from page 55]

Reverend Shea said:

"Did God tell you when to stab him?"
"No."

"What you should do," he told her, "is to wait for my message. I'll tell you when."

He took her name and address, and found out where her husband worked. The next day he visited the unfortunate husband. He told him the story, but the husband found it difficult to believe. However, he consented to follow Shea's advice; he went to see his family doctor and told him the complete story. Three days later he phoned Shea.

"My wife went completely mad," he said.

He had, however, been forewarned, and with the advice his family doctor had given him, he had been able to protect himself.

In addition to saving others' lives, the Reverend Doctor Shea has also saved his own. He was a lad then of sixteen or seventeen, adventurous, and, deciding to see the world, he signed on a ship. His personal guide, whom he calls "Hannah," informed him in no uncertain terms, "Get off." But once one signs on a ship, sickness is the only legal reason for not shipping. And the young Shea laughed off Hannah's advice.

The ship sailed out of New York. It stopped at Sandy Hook for a while, and Hannah's warnings, which had not ceased, became stronger, more insistent.

"Get off!" she persisted. "Get off!"

Young Shea gave in. He had to get sick, and quickly. He swallowed a huge plug of chewing tobacco, and in practically no time he turned different colors and was removed in an ambulance. The ship sailed without him. Off the Virginia Capes, the ship foundered. A few were saved; the majority of the crew were never picked up.

This did not stop Shea from traveling, however. He has visited, working his way along, every big country in the world. For eight years he traveled, seeing every continent, studying various schools of psychic thought—lamas of Tibet, yogi, fakirs of India.

I once asked Reverend Shea, "What about fakers? There must be plenty of fakers among the psychics?"

"Of course," he replied. "Sometimes you call a plumber. If he does a bad job, you know he's a faker, and you don't call him again when your pipes go wrong. That's my proof. They keep coming back to me."

And they do. Not only at 1947 Broadway, New York City, but also in Boston, where he has meetings every first and third Sunday in the month in the Ruby Room of the Hotel Westminster.

Reverend Shea has also appeared before the New York Edison Company and a few times in synagogues. He has demonstrated in every English-speaking country. Shea does not go into trance. He is always conscious. To put it more precisely, he is "impersonally conscious, aware."

Confucius on a Phonograph Record!

THE MICROPHONE is a stranger to the séance room. It has always been believed that the technicians and electrical equipment needed to make permanent records of psychic phenomena would set up jarring vibrations which would interfere with their successful production. But a set of precious phonograph records now in the possession of H. Dennis Bradley proves that this is not necessarily so.

The scene was Lord Charles Hope's flat in London. Preparations had been carefully made. In co-operation with the telephone company, special direct wires were installed which led to the sensitive recording machines which stood in readiness at the studios of the Columbia Gramophone Company. There were three sitters, in addition to George Valiantine, the American voice medium. As the room was darkened and the circle formed, electricians waited outside the door to give the signal for the record to start.

There was a short pause. Then soft voices, perfectly distinct, began to speak. There were eight of them in all—three in English, one in an Indian dialect, one in Hindustani, one in Italian, and two in Chinese. For nearly an hour these strange messengers from the unknown spoke into the microphone as the recording machines ground away. The mechanism caught and reproduced every syllable uttered.

When the sitting was completed and the records were played over, the results were studied with excited interest. Never before had frail, supnormal messages from the other world been made substantial enough to imprison on wax. The experiment was hailed as a great success. It proved indisputably the actual physical reality of the voices, and disproved the theory often advanced that they existed only in the hypnotized minds of the sitters. *You can't hypnotize a phonograph.* The records, properly certified by all concerned, settle lingering doubts on that score.

Interesting as were the messages in Italian and Hindustani, languages unknown to the sitters or the medium, the greatest importance was attached to the spirit voice that spoke in what was later proved to be archaic Chinese, known only to a few scholars. It identified itself as K'ung-fu-T'zu, the great Chinese philosopher whom we know as Confucius. When the records were played for Dr. Neville Whyment, lecturer on Chinese at Oxford, Oriental editor of a great encyclopedia, and author of scholarly works on ancient China, he pronounced them genuine.

DR. WHYMENT speaks over thirty languages, and is thoroughly familiar with the ancient Chinese tongue. Until his contact with the spirit voice, he had always been skeptical about such matters. But he stated that it was his conviction that whether or not the spirit of Confucius actually spoke, "there were only six Chinese scholars whose knowledge and command of the language would have been sufficient to impress him with any idea of genuineness; none of these six was in the country at the time."

In subsequent sittings with George Valiantine, unfortunately not recorded, Dr. Whyment had the opportunity of conversing with Confucius in archaic Chinese, and imposed a remarkable test. Among the works of the philosopher is a passage which he believed to be incorrectly written. He decided to ask for information as to the correct interpretation of this passage, the meaning of which he supposed had been distorted in the course of editing by subsequent writers. Dr. Whyment therefore asked Confucius the following leading question:

"There is among your writings a passage wrongly written; should it not read thus?" At this point I (it is Dr. Whyment speaking) began to quote as far as I knew, that is to say, to about the end of the first

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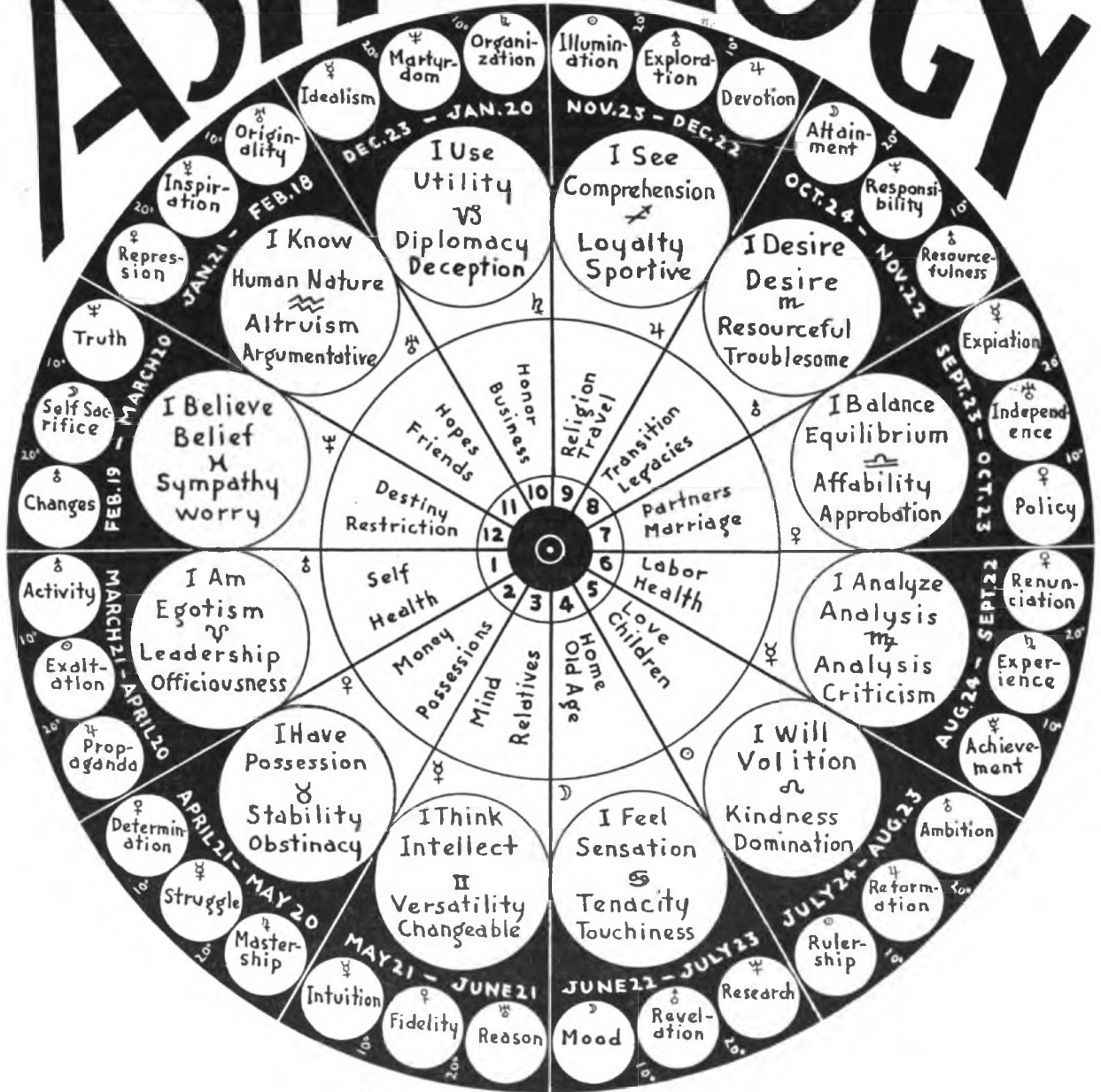
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line. At once the words were taken out of my mouth, and the whole passage was recited in Chinese exactly as it is recorded in the standard works of reference. After a pause of about fifteen seconds, the passage was again repeated, this time with certain alterations which gave it a new meaning. 'Thus read,' said the voice, 'does not the meaning become plain?'

Dr. Whyment states that there are very few Oriental scholars who had even questioned the existence of such an error, and

only one had made an attempt at supplying a correction. The work of this man had been distributed to half a dozen scholars for their opinion. According to Whyment, it is inconceivable that a medium such as Valiantine, of limited education, and knowing no language except English, could fraudulently accomplish what would seem to be a superhuman feat.

Dennis Bradley's book is an excellent contribution to the mounting file of expert and unbiased psychic investigation.

Words You Ought to Know

APPORTS, *clairaudience*, *telekinesis*—these and other strange words are beginning to appear in newspaper stories and magazine articles describing the rapid strides being made toward an understanding of the occult world. They have long been familiar to the advanced student, but the beginner and the general reader may find themselves puzzled by some of them.

TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE feels that a brief note of explanation will prove helpful to those who wish to keep posted on new developments, and believes that the cause of psychical research will be advanced if the meanings of certain terms are made clear to all.

Psychometry is a form of psychic understanding through which it is possible to call up memories or traits of a person by handling some article which once belonged to that person. Or to provide a description of a vanished thing or place by touching some surviving part of it. Thus a necktie might furnish a clue to the personality of a man who died years before, or a brick might suggest the details of a building long since demolished.

Clairvoyance is often confused with *clairaudience*. If you remember that the first means literally "clear seeing," and the second "clear hearing," you should have no difficulty. People who are *clairvoyant* are able to see things which are not ordinarily within reach of the eye—a scene or object in a different city, for example. *Clairaudients* purport to hear things which could not possibly be heard under normal circumstances—perhaps a conversation that is taking place a thousand miles away.

A number of words are used to describe happenings at a *séance*, French for "sitting," or meeting devoted to communication with the spirit world. The people who have gathered to take part are called *sitters*. If an object or person is lifted or raised by some apparently *supernormal* force—that is, a force which is not human or ordinarily explainable—it is called a *levitation*. This is one of the ways by which spirits are said to reveal themselves.

Materialization takes place when a spirit appears in the shape or form of a human being. The visible part of the spirit—sometimes just a hand or leg, called a *pseudopod*, and sometimes the whole body—is made up of *ectoplasm*. This substance appears to come from the medium or person through whom the spirit speaks. It is a white, clammy, sensitive material, cold and wet to the touch, and its exact nature is still unknown.

Automatism is a word frequently associated with reports of *séances*. It means the performance of an action by a person who is not consciously aware of what he is doing. It may take the form of *automatic writing*, a term for the messages and communications produced by the medium in a trancelike state, or it may emerge as *automatic painting*, composing, etc. Sometimes people who possess no artistic, literary, or musical ability whatsoever, paint automatic pictures of great beauty, write learned essays, or compose difficult musical passages which, in their normal state, they can not understand or explain. In such a case it is believed that a spirit artist is guiding the pen.

Raps are often heard during the course of a *séance*. These, as the name indicates, are tappings or knockings on some article of furniture, perhaps a table, in the *séance* room. Often it is impossible to get the spirit to answer questions through a code of signals—one rap meaning "yes," and two raps, "no."

Apports are objects—such as a book, an ash tray, or a dish—that are dropped or carried into the circle of sitters as proof that supernormal powers are present.

Telekinesis refers to the displacement or removal of some nearby object by means of a spirit force materialized by the medium.

Psychic is a word derived from the Greek, "Psyche," often represented as a young girl with the wings of a butterfly, personifying the soul. Psychics pertain to all occult or supernatural phenomena, and all the powers of spiritism are psychic as they are brought about through the soul. The term, psychic, when used by medical men without reference to spiritism or the soul, means mental, as distinguished from the physical and physiological.

Mystic means powers hidden to human observation and having unknown meanings. To be a mystic is to have spiritual illumination or to rely upon meditation to gain knowledge obscure to man, and to communicate with spirits of the dead.

Spiritism is research on the belief of the possibility of human survival after death and communication with spirits of the deceased, without any religious influence on the part of the researchers, who work purely by such methods as reasoning, experiment and investigation.

Spiritualism is a cult formed, partly religious, on the belief in human survival after death and communication with the spirits of the dead. There are at present in the United States many churches of spiritualism, sometimes of an emotional nature.

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SPECIAL NOTICE!

The editors and publisher of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE are eager to receive manuscripts written by believers in spiritualism and psychic science from all over the country.

However, since hundreds of manuscripts submitted for consideration are continually pouring into the editorial offices, no responsibility can be taken for unsolicited scripts; but every precaution shall be taken to safeguard manuscripts accompanied by return postage and self-addressed return envelopes.

Teleplasm is substance taking form at a distance. It is sometimes called psychic energy and will, under proper conditions, materialize sufficiently to become quite visible, even taking the form of a person. Often it appears to be rods and different implements used by the spirits to move objects of furniture about a room and to produce different forms of physical phenomena.

Discarnate means disembodied, the spirit out of the body and severed from connection with it.

Crystal gazing—the medium gazes into a crystal globe and meditates. She or he is able to see there the supernatural and things beyond the usual human scope. The medium, however, does not actually, physically see the pictures which appear. The crystal is merely used as a means of concentration in order to free the subconscious mind and become sensitized so that spirits may impress the mind itself, or so that the subconscious alone may work wonders. With perhaps a few exceptions, the belief that physical pictures actually cloud the crystal is pure fallacy.

Poltergeist is usually a violent kind of telekinesis, happening around young people in a neurotic condition, as hysteria. This is usually before the age of puberty.

The stranger kinds of these phenomena are often in violent cases the hurling, with no visible hurler or cause, of objects such as eggs, flour, kitchen utensils, breakables and various foods. Sometimes every kind of receptacle in a house will be found in the morning to be filled with water. Sugar will be mixed with salt. Eggs and flour and any kind of extraneous fluids will be mixed together, always without the possibility of the young person or any person having done it.

Possession is often a method by which mediums get messages through from a spirit. During the trance the medium's own personality disappears for a time, while there seems to be a complete substitution of personality, writing or speech, being given by the dead spirit through the entranced organisms of the medium's body.

Metallaesthesia is apparent when a person hypnotized or hysterical actually tells the difference between different metals by psychic sensations when blindfolded and not aware of the weights of the metals or any of their properties.

Control means a departed spirit taking possession of the medium. The medium generally has several controls, but usually there is a favorite one. The types of controls are often such as an Indian chief, Egyptian priest, dead relatives and famous characters. But more often just anybody is a control. This term is also applied to a person who controls or holds a medium's hands to make sure that there is no fraud.

Psychic breezes are cold breezes felt on the hands and different parts of the bodies of the sitters at times during the séance. Often only one or a few persons will feel the intermittent breezes. These draughts of cold air will occur even when the room is air-tight. Generally this happens when some spirit is trying to materialize or when psychic forces are strong. Often the temperature of the room will drop considerably.

Psychic cobwebs are felt on the faces of persons in the séance room. Often only one of several sitters will feel them. These cobwebs are not generally visible or tangible, but they have all the effects of reality upon the sitters who continually wipe their faces with their hands in futile efforts to clear away the threads which persist in tickling. This is a sign that psychic forces are about. Some students of spiritism attribute the phenomenon to ectoplasm.

Telepathy—sometimes ignorantly called "mental" telepathy—is the communication of one mind with another at a distance—thought transference.

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