

OUR JOE

OR

Why We Believe Our Brother Lives !

By
Charles S. Mundell



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JOSEPH HARVEY MUNDELL

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The Author
Charles S. Mundell
Minister of
Grace Congregational Church,
Oakland, Cal.
April 8, 1922

DEDICATION

This Book is Sacred to the Memory of My Brother Joe, Who, on the Seventh day of August, Nineteen and Twenty-One, Was Accidentally Shot and Instantly Killed, But Who We Believe Has Returned To Us, From the Other Side of Death, With Messages of Love and Hope, and With the Assurance That, "There Is No Death, What Seems So Is Trasition."

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Introduction

The author of this book has only recently come to a conviction of the Truth of Spiritualism.

By profession I am a minister, and by denominational affiliation, a Congregationalist.

I was baptized into the Baptist Church when I was twelve years of age. Three years later I had definitely entered the Christian ministry.

For five years I labored as an "evangelist," and was known thru-out the South and West as the "Boy Preacher."

I was ordained by a Baptist Presbytery, Nov. 17, 1912, when I lacked two days of being seventeen.

During those five years in which I "did the work of an evangelist," I was rabidly and belligerently orthodox. My highest aim and aspiration was ultimately to become another "Billy" Sunday!

A volume of my sermons was published in the early part of 1913. I had just closed a series of evangelistic meetings at Colorado Springs, Colo. That the reader may better understand my "soundness of doctrine," as I then held it, permit me to quote a few sentences therefrom:

"Cain was the first Unitarian. He was the first to substitute his own righteousness for the shed blood. A unitarian is not a Christian. Hell is full of these so-called 'liberals'. Spiritualism is of the devil, and so is Christian Science. If you follow these damnable cults, you will surely go to hell!"

I was twenty years old when the crisis came.

For five years I had preached the "Old-fashioned faith." I had held revival after revival, in which I plead with men and women to "escape from the wrath to come."

It was my conviction at that time that the whole world was lost and ruined.

To use an illustration of the noted Dr. I. M. Halde-
man, of New York City: "The world, as such, is beyond
salvation. It is destined to grow worse and worse, until
the end of time. It is like a ship, which has struck a
rock, and is going down. Attempts at 'reforming' the
world are like rushing on board this sinking ship and
painting the floors, and decorating the panels. What's the
use? The only wise thing for us as Christians to do, is
to get out the life-boats, and rescue all we can."

As an ordained minister of the Missionary Baptist
Church in the South, my theology was as crude, and as re-
actionary, as that of Calvin or Spurgeon, or William A.
Sunday.

No evangelist ever preached total depravity, blood-
atonement, or eternal damnation with more passion or
earnestness than I.

I was sincere! I really believed these infamous dog-
mas, and believing them, considered myself Divinely called
to preach them.

My sermon on "*A Message from Hell*," taken from
the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, was a terrible
thing! I shudder, even now, when I think of the infinite
slander which I was innocently guilty of, in preaching that
doctrine.

Should any of those who once heard me preach that
doctrine get hold of this book, permit me to assure you,
I would give my right hand if I could recall those false
and monstrous insults hurled in the name of the God of
Infinite Love and Mercy!

From "*Gospel Shots*," the volume of sermons above
mentioned, page 72, in a sermon entitled, "Mother, Home
and Heaven," I quote the following "pearls" of "Ortho-
doxy:"

"I say, to hell with your damnable old doctrine of
Unitarianism. It is as rotten as hell. I got hold of a
Unitarian tract the other day, entitled, "Salvation by
Character." Great God! MY Bible says, "Saved by
Grace." No, sir! You will never see heaven until you
are saved by the precious blood of Jesus Christ."

The first thing that I want to bring out about Heaven
is, that Heaven is a *Place*. Jesus says, "I go to prepare

a *Place* for you, and if I prepare a *Place* for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." Heaven is not a state, nor a condition, but it is a place!

There are two things that I have never been able to comprehend—*Eternity*, and God's love. Eternity is a long time, my friends; where are you going to spend it? You have got to spend it in heaven or in hell! Oh, eternity, eternity, how long, how long? If God should commission a bird to fly from Mars to the earth, once every thousand years, and carry away one grain at a time, the time would come when the earth would be all carried away—eternity has just begun! Or if the earth were a solid rock, and God should have a worm crawl over it once every million years, the time would be some day, when the entire earth would be worn away—*yet*, eternity has just begun! Imagine spending *that* in the fires of the bottomless pits of hell! We read that these pits are bottomless. Then when the poor lost soul is cast****into the pit****it will go down, and down, forever and forever. Every million miles that you sink, you will be that much farther away from God and hope. Oh, sinner! flee from the wrath to come! "But where shall I fly?" cries the poor, benighted, lost, and damned sinner. "Fly to the bosom of Jesus Christ and be eternally saved!"

Eight years have elapsed since that volume of sermons was published, and I am ashamed to confess now, that the book is literally full of just that kind of dry rot and orthodox nonsense! My fondest hope is that every other volume besides the one I keep as a curio, has perished and that its slanders against God are forgotten!

Thank God, nearly six years ago I broke with the awful nightmare of orthodox theology, and now my greatest delight is in nailing its monstrous lies to the wall of Truth!

I gave up evangelistic work when I was twenty-one, for the reason that I found I had outgrown, and could no longer honestly preach, the thread-bare dogmas of evangelicalism.

The final break came largely as a result of my studies in General Science; particularly when I became convinced of the truth of evolution.

I left Texas and came to California, where I spent three months in the Pacific Unitarian School, at Berkeley. Here I came in contact with Dr. Earl M. Wilbur, and Dr. William S. Morgan, two of the finest characters it has ever been my privilege to know; and altho I was in the school but a short time, I gained a great deal of good from it.

From 1917 to 1920 I was active as a speaker and lecturer.

It was in April, 1920, that I accepted a call to become pastor of the First Congregational Church, at Jennings, Oklahoma. In October of the same year, during the Association Meeting, I was formally received into the fellowship of the Eastern Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers.

From Jennings I went to Oklahoma City, where I was pastor until the tragic death of my dear brother.

Before entering upon the investigations recorded in the following chapters, I had made a considerable study of the literature of the Society of Psychic Research; but my interest at that time was purely speculative and philosophical. I was open to conviction, but very skeptical, with a bias against Spiritualism.

The reader is asked to weigh the evidence herein submitted candidly, fairly, and honestly. Draw your own conclusions, and whether you are convinced or not, it is my sincere hope that you may be furnished with food for thought and further investigation.

Our reason for thus submitting to a critical public these matters of family history, is two-fold;

First, because we are thoroughly convinced ourselves of the reality of communication between the two spheres of existence, and have been, therefore, very grateful for the messages of consolation and assurance which we believe have come through to us from our dear ones on the other side; and especially from the one whose going has been so recent, and which has torn our hearts with such sorrow and grief; and because *we* have been comforted and helped, we trust that others may be comforted and helped;

Second, because we believe *he* has commanded this of us, and because he wants it given out, for what good it *may* do, we cannot shirk our sacred responsibility.

We fully realize that in giving to the world the contents of this volume, we are exposing ourselves to the incredulity, suspicion, and uncharitableness of an unbelieving world; nevertheless, we say with Paul of ancient days, "We cannot be disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

My thanks are due to my mother and my wife for their assistance in the preparation of this work, to my friend the Rev. Robert Whitaker, for his careful reading, his criticisms and suggestions in the revision of the manuscript; and to the friendly mediums whose services have made this investigation possible.

CHARLES S. MUNDELL,

December, 1921

Oakland, California.

Our Joe

CHAPTER I

THE TRAGEDY

"YOUR BROTHER JOE KILLED IN MOUNTAINS WHILE HUNTING. BODY WILL BE SHIPPED HOME TOMORROW. WIRE YOUR PARENTS AT HOME WHETHER YOU CAN COME."

D. B. HUGGINS.

Such was the terrible telegram which greeted me on Thursday, August 18, 1921, about 6 p.m.

I was in Baltimore, Maryland, when I received this shocking news, and was supplying the pulpit of the Second Congregational Church, Canton, with a view to a possible call. I had been there since the previous Saturday, having accepted an invitation from the Board of Trustees of the Church to supply their pulpit for three Sundays during the month of August.

I was minister, at that time, of the Community House Branch of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Oklahoma City.

It was only after an extended correspondence between myself and the Clerk of the Baltimore Church that I finally agreed to make the visit to Baltimore. I was reluctant to leave my Oklahoma City field, having been there but three months; however, the Trustees of the Second Church, Baltimore, had practically refused to take no for an answer, and had written, in answer to a letter of mine declining the call, urging me to come for a "trial period," and expressing the conviction that if I could only see for myself the wonderful opportunities existing in that field, I could then decide whether to accept the call, or to return to Oklahoma City.

This proposition seemed fair enough, so I wrote the Clerk that I would accept their invitation, with the distinct understanding that neither they nor I should be considered under any obligation to the other; that the whole matter should be purely tentative.

On the morning of that never-to-be-forgotten Thursday a letter had come to me from my wife (who had remained in Oklahoma City to take care of our work there), enclosing a letter to us from my mother, who had accompanied my father to a convention of the "Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America" (a Railroad Labor Union, of which my father was a member, and a General Chairman of their Joint Protective Board on the Pacific Coast), at Toronto, Canada.

In her letter to us my mother mentioned the fact that "Joe had gone on his hunting trip, to be gone about two weeks," and that she had taken advantage of his going away to visit Canada, fearing that such an opportunity might never again come her way.

So I knew that my brother had gone on what later proved to be his fatal hunting trip.

The telegram had been sent to me by my father's secretary, and was sent from San Francisco to Oklahoma City.

Mr. Huggins, unfortunately, did not know my Oklahoma City street address. He did not know even the name of the church with which I was connected. The only thing he knew to do was to send me a telegram in care of the First Congregational Church, but he made the mistake of writing "First *Presbyterian* Church," so that considerable time was lost before my wife finally received the news.

Dr. Baird, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, was away on his vacation, and the telegram was delivered to the associate minister, Mr. Hicks. The telegram was addressed to "Charles Mundell," and he didn't know anyone by that name.

The first my wife knew of the matter was when a reporter for the "Daily News" called her up and asked

her if she knew such a telegram had been received by Mr. Hicks.

My wife then telephoned Mr. Hicks, and he referred her to the Western Union. She called up the Western Union, and the telegram was read to her. She then instructed them to forward a duplicate message to me, 704 S. Decker Ave., Baltimore, Md.

I was not staying at 704 S. Decker Ave., but was having my mail sent to that address. Consequently, it was several hours from the time the telegram was written in San Francisco until it finally reached me at 3241 Elliott St., Baltimore, where I was being entertained.

That afternoon I had been downtown, spending several hours in the office of the Clerk of the Church. I had written several letters, and among them letters to my wife and to my mother. Earlier in the day I had sent a post-card to my brother who I supposed, was still in Oakland

About nine o'clock that morning I left the house, 3241 Elliott St., instructing Mrs. Leonard, the kind lady whose home was mine during my stay there, that I was expecting the expressman to deliver my typewriter some time that day, and for her to receive it if it came.

When I returned to the house a little before six o'clock, the first words which greeted me were from Mr. Leonard, and were: "Mr. Mundell, your typewriter came," and then, "Here is a telegram for you, too!"

I was not expecting a telegram, and my first thoughts were that perhaps something had happened to my little boy, Charles, Jr., or to my wife, or to my mother. But I never expected the terrible words which stared at me from that yellow blank: "Your brother Joe killed in mountains while hunting. Body will be shipped home tomorrow. Wire your parents at home whether you can come. (Signed) D. B. Huggins."

Words utterly fail me when I attempt to put on paper the awful effect these words seemed to have upon me. God in heaven only knows how intensely I suffered, and what depth of grief was mine during those heart-breaking moments which followed.

But he did not dissipate. Only at extremely rare intervals did he ever partake of intoxicating liquors.

He did not gamble, nor waste his substance in places of vice and shame.

When I was at home a year and a half before, I had occasion to need some money. Out of the goodness of his generous and loyal heart he loaned his brother \$150.00.

Out of his earnings as an employee of the Southern Pacific he managed to save, in a little over three years' time, *four thousand dollars!*

In February, before his passing in August, he had become the owner of a \$4,000 ten-room house on East Eleventh Street, in Oakland.

Surely this is an unusual achievement for a boy barely past 21!

And the thought that he was taken away from the enjoyment of the fruit of his honest labor has been one of the bitterest for us to endure!

My brother's property represented the fruit of his honest toil! It had been ground out of his sweat and labor! It was covered with no man's blood, for it had been *earned*, and not won at the expense of someone else!

"Your brother Joe killed!" Joe dead! "And this," thought I, in my bitterness, "This is his reward for faithfulness and hard work!"

All night long, that miserable night, I battled with the devils of bitterness, cynicism, infidelity, and rebellion against God! It seemed to me that this, my brother's tragedy, was a monstrous wrong, an infinite injustice!

Why should a benevolent, a just, a good God, *permit* such a terrible thing to happen? If he were Almighty, why, in the name of Right and Justice, did He not *cause* something to intervene which would have prevented such an untimely fate for such a promising young man!

That night I sent the following telegram to my father:

"Can funeral wait till I can make trip from Baltimore to Oakland. If so, will start soon as receive answer. In deepest sorrow, Charles Mundell."

The next morning I received the following reply:

"Our darling met death on August seventh and body recovered only today. Impossible to hold body longer. Would be glad if one or both of you could come for month. (Signed) S. A. Mundell."

This was more terrible news. I was not even to be permitted to see my dear brother's face, or even to attend his funeral!

As yet I had received only the barest particulars. My brother Joe was dead! Had been killed on the 7th and body not recovered until then. What could it mean?

I could only surmise as to how he had been killed. Whether he had been accidentally shot by another hunter, or had shot himself; or whether he had been murdered, or had fallen down a steep precipice, I did not know!

For the next several days I was in an agony of suspense.

From the news stands I purchased copies of the San Francisco Chronicle, and the S. F. Examiner, and there in the "Chronicle" I read:

"Searchers Find No Trace of Missing Boy," followed by an account of how he had left camp the 7th, and had been lost for more than a week. At the time this article was published (Aug. 15) he had not been found, and his fate was unknown.

I determined to run down to Washington, where I knew I could find the Oakland papers on file in the Congressional Library. Accordingly, on the morning of August 23d I caught the electric car for the capital.

During my visit to the Library of Congress, I read the following accounts, as published in the "Oakland Tribune" of Aug. 16 and Aug. 18, respectively:

"In a wild section of the mountains of Mendocino County, ten miles from where young Joe Mundell of 904 Brush Street disappeared on August 8 while hunting, searchers today found traces of the missing lad. Scratches and blood splotches on the rocks there indicated, searchers said, that the young man had staggered or had been carried over the spot. That the Mundell youth had been shot by another deer hunter, who mistook him for a deer, and then, after discovering his act, dragged the body off to a lonely spot and buried it, was the theory advanced by Oscar and Charles Mun-

dell, brothers of the missing man, from Los Angeles, who arrived on the scene today.

"Although three score searchers combed the mountainous regions near Gwin's Camp in Mendocino County all day yesterday and late into the night, no trace was found.

"Mundell's dog, an Airedale pup, which returned to camp on the third day after his master had failed to report back after a hunting expedition, failed yesterday to lead a party to his master. After three days of rest, he started out yesterday at the head of a small party of searchers, who were confident that he would lead them to the body of Mundell. The dog apparently had lost his trail of three nights before, when he crawled back to camp so fatigued and weak from the loss of blood that he could hardly stand and was unable to back-track. He lost his own trail on a divide and made several wide circles apparently in an effort to pick it up, but failed. Old woodsmen believe that his injuries were caused by a panther, or possibly a bear, but put little credence in the theory that a wild animal probably attacked Mundell."

THE SECOND ACCOUNT PUBLISHED AFTER THE FINDING OF THE BODY

"Joe Mundell, Oakland lad, whose body was found in the wilds of Mendocino County late yesterday after he had been missing since August 8, when he failed to return from a hunting trip, did not die of starvation, as first reported from the posse that found the body, but from a bullet which it is believed the lad may have fired into his brain to prevent death from exhaustion and starvation.

"The body was found one and one-half miles from where Mundell was last seen by his companions near Gwin's Camp. It was lying face downward, a bullet hole in the face at the left side of the nose. The back of the lad's head was completely torn away.

A few feet from the body lay Mundell's rifle, containing an empty cartridge. Between the body and the rifle was a log, on which it is believed the lad sat for some time at the end of his battle against the cruel demands of the wilds, a loser. Facing starvation and completely exhausted, it is believed by leaders of the posse that he decided to end his sufferings rather than die by inches.

"Th body was taken into Ukiah, where a coroner's jury found that Mundell died by the discharge of his own rifle. It was held by some that the young hunter might have in some manner discharged his rifle while stepping over the log. The jury held the shooting accidental. The brush around the spot, evidence showed, had been disturbed as though the lad had there on that spot made a desperate effort to gain the upper hand in a battle against starvation.

"It is thought that Mundell probably died on the third day, for it was that night that his dog, an Airedale pup, crawled back into camp, bleeding and fatigued. It is believed by some that the dog remained with his master's body until some wild animal, probably a panther, ventured too close, with the result that the dog endeavored to fight it off and met with cruel punishment. The dog

endeavored to lead a party back to the body of its master, but lost its own trail on a high ridge and gave up.

"More than 100 men have participated in the search, which ended late yesterday when Dave Boyd found the body."

These two "Tribune" articles represent very good examples of newspaper carelessness, exaggeration and sensationalism. The reader will note several mistakes, as well as the obvious fact that the author had allowed his imagination free rein.

The "Charles and Oscar Mundell" referred to in the account of Aug. 16 were uncles, and not brothers. I happened to be Joe's only brother, and I was three thousand miles away at the time of the search. Neither were the Merckels relatives. They were merely friends, of many years' standing.

The little Airedale dog referred to in the Tribune articles did not belong to my brother. She belonged to Mr. Walter Gschwend, another member of the hunting party, but soon took up with Joe and refused to leave his side. In spite of all protesting from her master, the dog persisted in following Joe. My father has since purchased the dog and she is in our home.

The account of the 18th, reporting the finding of the body, was likewise an incorrect and distorted story.

The number that I saw in the reading room of the Congressional Library was an "Extra" and had printed, in bold box-car type, across the whole front page, an absolute and monstrous untruth:

"Lost Hunter, Starving, and Facing Exhaustion, Ends Life, Is Belief."

Now, this was a deliberate falsehood, coined into sensational reading by some cheap cub reporter, and made to serve as a startling headline for the purpose of increasing the paper sales.

What did this ambitious and apparently unscrupulous cub reporter care for the misrepresentation he was spreading broadcast, and sending into thousands of Alameda County homes?

What did he care for the effect it might have upon bereaved and loving hearts? upon the broken-hearted mother?

It made sensational reading! Sensational headlines sell! And that is apparently all that concerns a modern, city newspaper!

What reflects even more upon the fairness and honesty of the "Tribune" is the fact that this misrepresentation was printed across the *front* page, in bold type, *while the subsequent correction was hidden away in an obscure part of the paper*, almost surrounded with Department Store and other advertisements!

Why were not the *facts* given the front page?

Simply because they did not make quite such sensational reading!

Doubtless there are thousands of persons around the Bay who never learned the fact that *Joe did not fire a bullet into his own brain!*

The *facts*, substantially set forth in the following, reproduced from the "Tribune" of August 19, and corroborated by the testimony of twenty-nine men who saw the body, and of the *Coroner's Jury*, read:

MUNDELL'S DEATH DUE TO ACCIDENT, CLAIM SEARCHERS

RIFLE DISCHARGED WHILE LIGHTING CIGARETTE, KILLING HIM, IS OFFICIAL THEORY

That Joe Mundell of 904 Brush Street, Oakland, whose body was found in the Mendocino mountains with a bullet hole in the head, accidentally discharged his own rifle while sitting on a log rolling a cigarette, was the conclusion of the authorities who have been investigating the case at the request of S. A. Mundell, the lad's father, who returned Thursday from Canada with Mrs. Mundell.

Mundell's body was found Wednesday by Dave Boyd of Philo, member of a hunting party of three, after the young man had been missing for ten days.

W. F. Gannon and George Vaselu of Oakland, who were despatched to the scene of the finding of the body immediately after word of its location had been received here, returned to Oakland today with the father. Gannon and Vaselu were the first of a party to arrive at the spot after the body had been found. They were sent from Oakland by Local 735 of the Carmen's Union, of which young Mundell was a member. His father is general chairman of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America.

DETAILS OF FINDING BODY

With the return of Gannon and Vaselu comes the first authentic details of the circumstances surrounding Mundell's death.

The body was located about one and one-half miles from Whipple camp, on the Clow range. In despatches the camp was referred to as Gwin's camp. Whipple camp is about seven miles east of Philo.

The body was found by Boyd after searching parties had combed the mountains for ten days. Boyd's dog came upon it and attracted the attention of his master. Boyd remained with the party while the others, A. E. Guntley and John Brown, went for help.

Circumstances upon which the authorities, as well as Mundell's father and others have based the theory that young Mundell accidentally shot himself and that he was not lost, are these:

ACCIDENTAL DEATH

The body was lying in a thick entanglement on one side of a high log; his rifle, a 30-30 Winchester, containing an empty shell, on the opposite side, showing that Mundell was sitting on the log when he was killed. In his right hand he held a can of tobacco, and in his hip pocket a pack of cigarette papers were partly pulled out, as though he had first secured his tobacco and was in the act of reaching for his cigarette papers when the gun was dropped from between his knees, the hammer striking a limb, which protruded out from the high log.

It is the theory that Mundell's dog, an Airedale, was chasing a wounded deer at the time, and that Mundell had followed, the dog later returning to the body, where he remained for three days. The dog's nest, or bed, was found within a few inches of the body. Driven by hunger, it is believed the dog later returned to camp for food. When he endeavored to lead a party back to the body he lost his own trail and gave up.

NO DISTRESS SIGNAL

That Mundell did not fire a distress signal was also proved. He had with him eight cartridges the morning he left camp. Two were found in the magazine, an empty one in the chamber and five loaded cartridges in his pocket. He also had \$76 in currency in his shirt pocket.

It required six hours to carry the body out of the woods to the Whipple ranch, so dense was the undergrowth. The party of 30, working in relays, left the scene of the shooting at 10:30 at night and reached the Whipple ranch at 3:30 o'clock the next morning. The coroner's inquest was held immediately afterward.

The funeral will be held tomorrow from a local undertaking parlor.

The reader can perhaps imagine the agony and the suffering which I endured that 23d day of August, after I had read those sensational stories from the "Oakland Tribune." It was not until the next day, when I returned

to the library, and from the Aug. 19 number, read the correct account of the tragedy; that I knew he had not committed suicide, and that he had not experienced all the suffering and agony which would have been involved in being lost for several days, and in slow starvation, exhaustion, and despair!

I quote from a letter written to my wife from the hotel in Washington, dated Tuesday evening, Aug. 23, after I had read the "Tribune" of August 18:

"At the library I read the files of all the California papers, S. F. Chronicle, S. F. Examiner, Oakland Tribune, Sacramento Bee, San Jose Mercury-Herald, Los Angeles Times, and the Fresno Republican, covering the period from the 8th to the 18th—from the time of Joe's disappearance to the finding of the body. The papers were full of it—especially the Oakland and San Francisco papers!

The "Tribune" had out an *Extra* about the finding of the body. Oh, my God! how it made my heart ache.

According to the latest Oakland paper (18th), Joe must have been *lost* in the wilds two days and two nights, and was starving, thirsty, utterly exhausted, and in despair. The paper hinted that, to end his agony and despair, *he may have shot himself!* Oh, if that be true, think what horrors my poor brother must have suffered! Hungry, weary, heart-sick, hopeless—he may have pulled the trigger with his own hand! O, my poor, dear brother! My God! I fear it will drive me mad!

The Coroner's Jury, however, rendered the opinion that the rifle was accidentally discharged, possibly by his falling over a log which was found near the body. He was found lying face downward, with a bullet hole just to the left of his nose, and the whole back of his head torn away!"

My brother had been lost from Sunday morning to the following Saturday, before my parents (who were still attending the Toronto Convention) were notified. My father received the following telegram from Mrs. J. H. Merckel:

"Joe lost in mountains since Sunday. Impossible to find him."

Reader, can you even imagine what my poor mother suffered from the time this wire was received until, several days later, when on the train en route to Oakland, this grief-laden message came:

"Joe's body found. Details later. (Signed) D. B. Huggins."

My own grief in the loss of a dear, true brother was almost swallowed up in anxiety for my poor mother! None knew better than I how dearly she loved her baby, and none knew better than I how passionately he loved his mother in return!

Joe was a "Mother's Boy" in every sense of the word, and he was never ashamed of it! Big, strong, noble fellow that he was, he was not afraid of the taunt, "Tied to Mother's apron strings."

He and his mother were unusually intimate in their relations. To her he always came with all his problems, disappointments, joys, and sorrows. She was to him Comrade and Pal, Mother and Sweetheart.

With the exception of a few months before the removal of my parents to California, when my brother lived with me, he was never away from home.

He loved his home! He never liked to be away from home, even for a night!

He often went out with his mother, escorting her to the "movies," and he always seemed to enjoy her company even more than the company of younger women.

He was pathetically proud of his mother. Proud of her youthful appearance! Happy to introduce her to his friends, and to say, "This is *my* mother."

Reader, do you think any the less of him for that? Is it not a sign of character, and of true nobility, for a young man, strong and vital, to love and honor his mother?

I recall a story I once heard from the lips of that great Baptist preacher, Rev. Geo. W. Truett, of Dallas, Texas.

Dr. Truett once met a fine, clean-cut young man, whose employment placed him in a most unfavorable environment. But in spite of temptations galore, the young man remained loyal and true to the principles of true manhood and morality. Dr. Truett said to him upon one occasion:

"Young man, tell me, what is it that makes it possible for you to live such a clean life, in the midst of so many temptations, and surrounded by so many unfavorable conditions?"

The young man took from his pocket a letter from his mother. It was worn and faded, and almost illegible. Dr. Truett took the letter and read this passage, underscored several times: "My boy, whenever you are tempted to turn from the way, *remember whose boy you are.*"

"Dr. Truett," said this young man, "I always remember this admonition from my mother whenever I am tempted to do wrong, and it supplies me with the grace and courage necessary to resist evil. I say to myself: 'If you do not make good, it will be your *Mother's* son that fails! If you commit sin, it will be your *Mother's* son that commits sin!' And that has been my inspiration and help in my travel along the straight and narrow way."

The above applies with equal force to my dearly beloved brother! Is it any wonder that his mother didn't see how she could go on living without him? Is it any wonder that she wrote in a letter to me:

"God only knows the heartache, the pain, and the suffering that I endure. Oh, my poor, dear boy! If there be a good and all-wise God, why did he let this terrible thing happen to me? Why did he take from me my darling? And he loved his mother so!

"I know poor little Joe must be lonesome 'over there,' without his mother. It seemed that I was always so necessary to him! Oh, if God would only take me, too! I can't bear to think of the long years which may be before me until I can see my precious boy! Oh, God! how can I live without my baby?"

Knowing my mother's nature and disposition as I did, I realized only too well that if something didn't happen to prevent it, she would either lose her reason or grieve herself to death.

I resolved to give up everything, and to return to California, where I could be with my mother. I felt that no one could comfort her as her own son, and the brother of the loved and lost.

Accordingly, I immediately withdrew my candidacy for the pulpit of the Baltimore Church, and, returning to Oklahoma City, closed out my affairs there.

We arrived in Oakland on Tuesday morning, September 13.

God helping me, I never intend to leave my mother again as long as she remains with us.

Dear friend, whoever you are, as you read this book, will you not read it in the same spirit in which it is written? Remember that every page has been dictated by love, and that the subject is one of perennial human interest. It is too sacred for sneers and jeers, or scorn and scoffing. If you cannot believe what follows, you can at least refrain from questioning the honesty and motive of the author.

In the sacred name of your own loved and lost, I ask you this one small favor: Accept or reject my conclusions as you will, please do not take them in vain!

CHAPTER II.

THE JOE WE KNEW

The purpose of this chapter is to introduce "Joe."

I want every reader to *know* and *understand* him!

I hope to do him justice, and no more. All I desire is that I may paint a picture of him *as he was*—as *we* knew him! I want to make the picture *true*—and nothing more!

Above all, I shall guard against idealizing him! He would not have me make him otherwise than perfectly *human*.

Joe was with us for twenty-one years. Does it not seem hard that a young man should be so suddenly cut down, at the mere age of 21?

As brothers, we were not a great deal alike.

We did not bear any striking resemblance to each other. There may have been, and perhaps was, a slight family resemblance, but nothing more. Seen together, we did not look like brothers.

He was taller than I by about three and one-half inches. His hair and eyes were darker than mine, and he was "husky" and broad-shouldered, while I was not.

I have always been a "talker," and a lover of books.

Joe was more quiet. As a rule, he preferred to be "seen and not heard." He did not care for books, and his reading was confined mostly to the papers.

I have always been intensely interested in religion, politics, and philosophical speculation.

Joe was not. True, when he was a child, he made a "profession of conversion," and was baptized into the Baptist Church. However, he was not, strictly speaking, a "religious," or "church-going" boy.

During the four or five years of his life preceding the tragedy, he very seldom attended church. He worked every Sunday, and it is unlikely he would have gone to church if he had been off. He made no hypocritical professions; he did not claim to be more than he was.

To a cousin of ours he once said: "I wouldn't mind being a Christian, or belonging to a Church, if I only knew which one was right; but there are so many different religions a fellow doesn't know what to do. I do not want to be a hypocrite."

This does not imply that he was in any way antagonistic or opposed to the Church. He was not. He was never ashamed of the fact that his brother was a minister. On the contrary, he was glad.

I remember I was out of the ministry for a period of three or four years, and when I became pastor of the Congregational Church at Jennings, Oklahoma, he wrote

me a letter telling me how glad he was that I was back in the ministry, and that he wished me luck.

He honored his father and his mother. He respected them with the reverence and loyalty of a true and faithful son.

He never called his father "the old man," nor his mother "the old woman." He was too much of a man for that!

In every matter involving business judgment, he sought his father's advice. He was sensible enough to take it. Doubtless this contributed in a large measure to his pecuniary success.

And what shall I say more concerning his high and holy love for his mother? It was as wide as the expanse, as deep as the sea, and as high as the heavens!

He was the noble son of a noble mother.

He honored and respected womankind!

We never heard him pass uncomplimentary remarks about *any* woman, no matter what her character. We *have* heard him defend those whom others called "scarlet," and express sympathy for them, instead of censure.

He was modest. He never boasted of his financial achievement; he never advertised it. The fact that he had accumulated four thousand dollars had to be learned from other than his own lips. He was extremely reticent in this respect. He was never inclined to brag about anything.

He was truthful. Many times, when he was a child, he confessed the truth when he knew it would bring punishment. My parents will bear me out in the statement that when Joe was a child he never told a lie to escape the consequences of any disobedience. Asked out and out if he did such and such a thing, he would tell the truth.

He was honest. He was generous.

What shall I say more? The following testimonials and tributes from his friends and fellow-workers are far more eloquent than any further praise which I might write:

FROM HIS UNCLE, OSCAR MUNDELL

(In a letter written from Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 6, 1921)

"Well, Sam, how is Vernie getting along? Believe me, my heart went out to poor Vernie, for nobody knows any more than I what a devoted pal and loyal son Boy Joe was to dear mama. And if all mothers were like her there would be more loyal sons. But tell her to be brave, for she has one more dear son to live for and advise. Give her my heartfelt sympathy.

Your loving brother,
OSCAR."

A tribute from his Brother Charles, written to his parents from Baltimore, Md. (This will indicate what I thought of him.)

(COPY)

(Letterhead of THE COMMUNITY CHURCH of Oklahoma City, South Walker and Maple Streets, Charles S. Mundell, Minister.)

Baltimore, Md., August 20, 1921.

My poor, dear, heart-broken parents:

Like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky came the telegram from Mr. Huggins informing me of the tragic and untimely death of my only—my baby—brother. Since then I have been in a daze of blinding grief—unable to grasp or comprehend the overwhelming significance of the terrible fact. Oh, my God, it is impossible for me to realize that Joe—*Our Joe*—happy, smiling, good-natured Joe, has been ushered into eternity in this sudden, violent way! Can it be that I have no brother now? That I am the only one left? That my own and only brother—childhood playmate—is gone, and that I shall never see him again? Oh, papa! Oh, mama! I was so proud of my brother Joe. I was so proud to show his picture to my friends and to tell them what a strong, manly, thrifty boy he was! But O, my dear father and mother, I know that my suffering can be nothing compared with yours. He was your baby, and he was always at home. I know your poor, dear hearts are broken and bleeding, and I wish I were there to share it with you. It is so hard to be so far away, like this, and not even to be permitted to weep over the casket containing his precious body. Oh, God! how I wish now that I had remained at home.

Joe was a good boy—a fine, healthy, clean, human fellow. He was loyal to his friends and loved ones, and his tender, reverent love for his mother was as beautiful as it was rare. To him the word "Mama" was a symbol of all that is good, and pure, and noble. How often I remember hearing him say, "No woman can ever mean to me what mama has meant." He truly "honored his father and his mother," for never in his life did he ever express to me any word of father or mother that was not a word of honor and respect.

His love for his mother was so great that it was his sword and shield in temptation and the inspiration of that love guided his footsteps past many and many a pitfall. Whenever he was assailed by

temptation, he "remembered whose boy he was," and he saw to it that "mama's boy" did nothing that would grieve or disappoint his mother's heart. To me Joe's passionate and holy love for his mother will always remain my sweetest memory of him.

Being weary of the monotony and grind of daily toil, this young man went forth to breathe the mountain air, on early mornings when the dew still sparkled upon the leaves and grass. He wanted to fill his strong lungs with the sweet, fragrant air of the mountains, and to roam along in God's great out-of-doors looking for game, and to enjoy the sport of kings. He was manly and free, in love with life, with every nerve and sense alive with the joyous thrill of being. His sun of life was yet young in the sky, for he died "ere manhood's morning touches noon and while eager waves were kissing every sail." Without warning, and without desire, he was suddenly caught in the embrace of death, and by spirit hands his eyes were closed in dreamless sleep, and his generous, noble soul was carried over to that other realm of life. But, mother dear, father dear, *our Joe Lives!* Somewhere, on some plane, it will be made up to him what he has been robbed of here. For if he does not live, then there is no reason or justice in the universe. If there is a better world, and my brother isn't in it, *I don't want it either!* No God could afford to lose a soul like Joe's! Therefore, Joe is as real to me now as he ever was, and I know that *Sometime, Somewhere*, we shall meet him again, and that *then* we'll understand!

Papa, Mama, Charlie's and Margie's love are all you've got left now. We must help you bear this irreparable loss. Therefore, dear ones, if you feel that you need us at home, we will give up everything else and come home, to share your sorrow and loss as much as is humanly possible. Our first duty is to our companions in grief—to our bereaved father and mother.

I don't doubt but that I could eventually find a church somewhere in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay. I would like to be at home in this awful time, for *this* tragedy is one that we will never, never get over, or forget.

Only Divine Love and Grace can avail us now.

Your heart-broken son,

CHARLIE.

P. S. Write or wire 3241 Elliott St., Baltimore, Ind., unless you hear from me to the contrary.—C.

In a letter to me, describing the funeral, which was held at the home on Saturday, August 20, my mother wrote:

"We never knew our darling had so many friends. They sent so many floral offerings that his casket and grave were completely hid. We also received many letters and notes of sympathy and condolence from his friends and ours. Under separate cover I am sending you two photographs of the funeral."

**JOE—1920****JOE****By Robert Whitaker**

We knew him as a gentle boy
Intent on doing well,
Who thought hard on his day's employ,
Nor much on heaven and hell.

He was so young, so fresh and fair
He seemed not to belong
To the world's wretchedness and care,
The bitter strife with wrong.

His mother's boy, he dwelt at home,
And home love dwelt in him;
He sought not in far lands to roam,
Nor danced at pleasure's whim.

His was the love of simple ways,
Of kindly, homely joys;
And so he kept him from the maze
Of Folly's glare and noise.

And yet he thrilled to open fields,
And answered to the wild,
As every healthy human yields
Himself as Nature's child.

And so upon the mountain's breast,
Far from the fevered town,
Close to the heart of Nature pressed
He slept, and cuddled down.

Nay, but he waked, as never yet!
And marvelled much to find
That somehow, strangely, he had met
Those who were of his kind.

The loved whom he had never known
Except as household names;
Who welcomed him with loving tone
And unexpected claims.

Long had he thought of them as dead,
Yet now, more quick than he,
They smoothed his hands, and held his head
And smiling, tenderly.

They led him gently to the truth
That he had passed from earth,
And his was now the timeless youth
Of a diviner birth.

A birth, but not forgetfulness,
As with our new born here;
Rather a deeper tenderness
Toward all whom earth made dear.

So deep in him, so very strong,
Beyond the strength of death,
He bore these earlier-born along,
As with a whirl-wind's breath.

OUR JOE

And down the mystic void between
That other world and ours,
They spoke from out of the unseen,
And their united powers

Pushed back our clouds of ignorance
As fog-drifts flee the sun,
And levelled every difference
To prove that love is one.

What though the fog-drifts come again,
And barriers rise anew?
Death never-more can be as when
Their words first trembled through.

So little yet our ears can guess
Of what our hearts would know,
We hardly venture to confess
That we have heard from Joe.

We doubt in spite of every proof
That filters through the veil;
And still we hold fair Faith aloft
When our crude testings fail.

But not in vain our loved ones yon
Break through the mystic screen,
And signal us whence they have gone
Into that vast unseen.

Columbus-like we hardly dare
The flotsam's urge believe;
Though birds are singing in the air,
We doubt, and fear, and grieve.

But morning comes, the land appears,
Our day, our day shall see
The long, long mystery of the years
Dissolved in certainty.

Written in San Francisco, California, Sunday
morning (Christmas) December 25, 1921.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH New York City
Office of the Minister, 61 East 34th Street.

Dear Mr. Mundell:

October 17th, 1921.

Mr. Whitaker has just written me of the tragic death of your brother. I am inexpressibly distressed to hear this news and to realize the affliction that it brings to you and your mother. Words seem to fail completely when they are challenged to meet a situation of this kind, so I am not going to try to offer you consolation, but just ask you to know how deeply grieved I am for you all. I mourn

particularly for your mother, but am glad for her that you are with her.

I suppose that your future is uncertain. Is there no possibility of your getting back to Oklahoma and taking up the work there again in your Community Church? There is no church in the country of which I have cherished higher hopes or which has given me greater encouragement in my work here. Let me hear from you if you have opportunity to write.

With renewed sympathy, I remain

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Mr. Charles Mundell, care Rev. Robert Whitaker,
1025 East 31st Street, Oakland, Calif.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROBLEM OF PAIN AND EVIL

The phenomena of pain and *evil*, in a Universe supposedly governed by the will of a benevolent Deity, constitutes one of the most difficult problems of modern theology.

If God is *good*, and *all-powerful*, why does he permit, in his Universe, such phenomena as cyclones, tornadoes, floods, earthquakes, famines, pestilences, volcanoes, and blizzards? Does he not know that all these things bring destruction, suffering, and death in their wake? That they render his children helpless, homeless, and broken-hearted? That they make widows, orphans, and grief-stricken loved ones?

If He does not *know* these things, then He cannot be God, for a God limited in understanding and knowledge is unthinkable. We could not worship such a God. Our most consoling thought in time of trouble or distress is that God knows best. To be God, in the very nature of the case, God must be Omniscient!

Then if God *knows* these things, and still permits them, we are up against this problem: If God is *able* to prevent these things, and does not, is He *Good*? If he *would*, and *cannot*, he is not Omnipotent. If God is not *All-Powerful*, then Nature is greater than God! In fact, if God is *not* all-powerful, how can we be expected to

reverence Him as God? If He is God, then he *must* be *omnipotent*!

If God is benevolent, and loves us, and can prevent these awful calamities, *why doesn't He?*

Would not human fathers anticipate and prevent such suffering and distress on the part of *their* children, *if they had the power?* Of course they would. And yet, in nature, we see some terrible things!

It is easy enough to thoughtlessly sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and to testify of His goodness in giving us sunshine, and rain, and harvest, and grain!

It is easy enough to write poems about God's goodness in storing the earth with coal, and oil, and iron, and tin, and gold, and silver, and bronze! It is easy enough to grow eloquent about the flowers that bloom, and the birds that sing, and the grass that grows, and the brooks that babble, and the streams that ripple—*but*—what about the lightning that rends, and the hail that beats, and the tornado that sweeps everything in its path, and the earthquake that opens its yawning jaws and swallows a whole city, or the volcano that vomits liquid fire and burning lava upon sleeping towns and villages? What about the angry floods which sweep down upon innocent and trusting populations, sweeping away homes, and wives, and children, and husbands, and fathers, and mothers? What about the great ocean storms which have dealt death and destruction to thousands and thousands of peaceful ships? What about the northern blizzards which isolate and freeze and starve thousands of souls to death?

Why do we have to contend with such pests and destructive agencies as flies, mosquitoes, grasshoppers, worms, disease-germs, etc.?

Can we call a world so full of tragedy, suffering, and death a *good* world? If you were God, would you have filled the Universe with so much pain and strife?

The path of organic evolution is strewn with the bones and bodies of millions of innocent victims in the

fierce struggle for existence. Big fish eat little fish; lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, and other carnivora rend and tear sentient, nervous creatures, and then devour them for food.

Why could not all this have been arranged differently?

Don't you think, if you were going to create a world, you would have created it different?

Oh love, could you and I with him conspire
To change this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits and then
Rebuild it nearer to the heart's desire?

—*Omar Khayam.*

If God created this earth for us, and if he wants us to be secure and happy in it, then why are there so many destructive agencies at work in nature which imperil the welfare and happiness of human beings?

Among the thousands of catastrophies in recent times we need only to recall the San Francisco and Italian earthquakes, the Galveston, Pueblo, and Arkansas floods, the Texas cyclones, and innumerable other tragedies too horrible to describe.

Sometimes it seems that Nature's forces must be blind, and that they operate entirely without any consideration for the welfare of the sentient, suffering creatures of this planet.

Such phenomena as these caused Epicurus, the Grecian philosopher, to exclaim, "There may be gods, but they certainly pay no attention to the affairs of men."

These destructive forces of nature have destroyed millions and millions of lives during the long, suffering ages of the life-process upon the planet earth. They have inflicted terrible, and almost universal pain and misery.

It is easy enough to sing, "Be not dismayed, what e'er betide, God will take care of you," and, "All you may need He will provide," but what about the all-too-familiar fact that during famines, drouths, and pestilence, hundreds of thousands of human beings die, in the most agonizing and cruel way, of hunger, thirst, and disease?

Think of the unparalleled suffering now going on in

Russia, China, and the Near East, from hunger, disease, and over-work!

Then, in addition to all this natural tragedy, think of God's creating a race of human beings so capable of inflicting pain and misery upon each other, as the human race has done!

Think of all the hundreds and thousands of cruel wars which man has waged since his emergence from the estate of savagery.

Think of the agony, and the pain, and the suffering, caused by human beings, and then say that man is good!

The above are some of the arguments advanced by the philosophical pessimist, to prove that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and that there is no evidence anywhere in nature for the idea of an Omnipotent, Omniscient, or Omnipresent God! There is no evidence anywhere of intelligence, benevolence, or design! All nature seems a tragic accident—at least so far as the evolution of life is concerned.

Our fathers used to account for the fact of sin and evil by blaming everything except good upon a personal devil. They said, "God is good! The devil is bad! All good and perfect gifts come from God! All pain, and evil, and sin, and suffering, are caused by the devil! But some day God will kill the devil, and then there will be no more pain and evil throughout the whole Universe."

This explanation of our fathers can no longer satisfy us.

The very idea of a *personal* devil, to the modern mind, is grotesque and impossible. For, if there be, indeed, such a gentleman as the devil, our problem is no nearer solution, for, who created the devil? If he was never created, then he is not a devil—he is a god!

If he *was* created, God must have been the author of his existence! If God didn't *know*, when He created this devil, that he was going to turn out to be a devil, then God is *not* all-wise! He doesn't know *everything*! And, as we said before, if He does not know everything, how can He be God? Can we conceive of a *God* limited in knowledge and understanding?

If God *did* know, when he created this devil, that he was going to turn out a devil, and still created him, is not God indirectly responsible for all the evil, pain, and sin, which is caused by the devil?

, If the devil be a fallen angel, and an outlaw, as some think, then why does a *good* God permit him to be at large?

What would *we* think of a Police Force which permitted a bad and dangerous criminal to roam at large, when that force *could* put a stop to his depredations, and wont? Would we consider such a force a *good* force?

Then if God is all-powerful—more powerful than the devil—why does He not arrest this arch-criminal, and either kill him, or confine him to some corner of the Universe where he can do no more harm?

If we are God's children, and God can protect us from the evil and the suffering caused by this devil, *why doesn't he?*

Someone may reply, "But all this suffering and pain in the world is the result of *sin*—of the sin of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden! Had it not been for the disobedience of our first parents there would never have been any death, pain, or evil!"

In the first place, let me say that the Garden of Eden story can no longer, by any possibility, be regarded as an historical incident. Man has lived upon the earth at least a hundred thousand years, and perhaps a half a million. Sicknes, pain, and death were known among men and animals thousands of years before the tale of the Garden of Eden was ever invented.

Furthermore, even granting that man's sin was responsible for pain and death among human beings, why should the same evil befall the innocent animals? They suffer and die, the same as do human beings.

From the standpoint of justice, does it seem right or just that God should punish the whole human race, involving billions of human souls, for the petty offense of our first parents? Wouldn't it have been better to have wiped Adam and Eve off the slate altogether, and to have commenced all over again?

After all, the so-called original sin consisted of an extremely trivial offense! To punish billions of human beings for such a petty transgression seems nothing short of monstrous. Can we call a God *good* who would exact such a penalty?

Why should the innocent posterity of Adam suffer for his sin? Do you think it is just to punish children for the crimes of their parents? No *human* court of law would make such a ruling! Is God less just than man?

Didn't God place temptation right before the innocent man and woman? Was not the tree of the knowledge of good and evil set right in the midst of the trees of the garden? So situated that they could see it from every angle?

It is human nature to delve into the mysterious. You tell a child not to get into the jam, and leave the jam where he can easily get hold of it, and he wouldn't be human if he didn't get into the jam! When God mysteriously forbade their eating of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, without any explanation as to the why and wherefore, he made it next to impossible for them to resist the compulsion of their own curiosity.

Furthermore, the "fall" of Adam and Eve cannot account for the apparent viciousness of the forces of nature, as manifested in terrific storms, cyclones, tornadoes, earthquakes, volcanoes, and floods, for the simple reason that these phenomena are not confined to the earth alone. Tremendous explosions are observable upon the surface of the sun. The moon has been reduced to utter ruin and desolation by the force of frequent volcanic eruptions of amazing magnitude, and by the rain of meteoric stones upon its unprotected surface.

Snow storms, blizzards, cyclones, and floods doubtless occur upon the planet Mars.

Many of the other planets suffer violent internal explosions, volcanoes, and earthquakes.

Can it be possible that the whole Universe was rendered terrible because Adam and Eve ate of a forbidden fruit?

Even worse than any of the tragedies we have mentioned above is the prophecy of science that *some day* our blazing sun will burn out, and will cease to radiate heat and light for the support of the myriads of forms of life upon this and other possible worlds! Then darkness will envelop the vastness of our solar system, and our labors, sufferings, and sacrifices will all come to naught. Scientists tell us that this catastrophe will not occur for two or three million years—but that it is nevertheless, *inevitable*!

What are we to say in answer to these arguments of the school of philosophic pessimism? Do they prove that, in the light of the facts of nature, it is impossible to believe in the existence of a benevolent Deity, and that all existence is, therefore, a curse and a tragedy? Shall we agree with him that we are but the jokes of blind, unreasoning natural forces, or is there a satisfying solution of this tremendous problem of pain and evil? If the pessimist be right, then life is indeed not worth the living, and it would be better if some wandering comet should suddenly strike the planet earth, and plunge everything of consciousness and intelligence into the forgetfulness of utter oblivion!

Is there no alternative conclusion to this despairing pessimism? Is there no intelligence, goodness, or hope in the Universe?

In presenting the following I do not claim to have solved all the perplexing and baffling questions involved in this tremendous problem. Were I able to solve without difficulty this eternal enigma, I would be possessed of greater intelligence than anyone else who has ever lived.

This problem of pain and evil was the same problem which Job wrestled with, thousands of years ago. The greatest thinkers of all the ages have tried to penetrate the veil of mystery which covers the face of this "riddle of the sphinx." Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, Epictetus, Epicurus, Augustine, Marcus Aurelius, Kant, Hegel, Spencer, Martineau, and hosts of other brilliant philosophers have attacked this problem—and all they have been able to offer have been *suggestions*, out of which we might

individually build our own solution of the problem of pain and evil.

However, it is possible I may be able to offer some argument *why* we should not despair, and perhaps I may be able even to help you in laying hold of a satisfying faith which will carry you through the maze of these soul-stirring questions.

In the first place, I shall assume that we all *want* to believe in God! Atheism is an unattractive and disappointing philosophy! It serves to stifle hope, and to create despair.

Nevertheless, it is not a question of what we would *prefer* to believe—it is a question of *what is true!*

We would all rather believe that life persists after death, and that we shall meet our loved ones again. But the question is, *is it true?*

It is the aim of philosophy to find out the *Truth* of everything, regardless of the effect which fact may have upon the hopes and desires of human beings! And for *my* part, I want to know the *Truth*, whether it may be pleasant or unpleasant. I agree with Robert G. Ingersoll when he says in his last poem, written shortly before his death:

We have no falsehoods to defend,
We want the *Facts!*
Our force, our thought, we do not spend,
In vain attacks.
And we will never meanly try
To save some fair, and pleasing, lie!

The simple *Truth* is what we ask—
Not the *Ideal!*
We've set ourselves the noble task,
To find the *Real!*
If *all there is*, is *naught but dross*—
We want to know, and bear our loss!

We will not *willingly* be fooled
By fables nursed;
Our hearts, by earnest thought are schooled,
To bear the worst!
And we can stand *erect and dare*—
All things—all facts—that REALLY ARE!

In the very beginning of our attempt to throw light upon this problem, let us frankly admit that *this is not a perfect Universe!* What we shall endeavor to prove is *that it is the Best Possible Universe, everything taken into consideration, and viewed from the summit of ultimate ends!*

Of course, since *evolution* has won the right to be regarded as an established fact of modern science, our arguments will proceed frankly from the evolutionary point of view.

The Universe is *governed by law!* From the most stupendous world out in space, to the infinitesimal germ of life, *Law* reigns! All phenomena occur in obedience to inexorable, inviolable, *Natural Law!*

Whatever phenomena may occur in *apparent* violation of natural law, must be explained on the hypothesis of some unknown, or undiscovered, law.

The question is, which would be better for us, in the long run, *to live in an orderly, smoothly-running Universe, governed by law, or in a Universe subject to the arbitrary whim of a fickle God?* If God were always "butting in" and interfering with the orderly processes of nature, the universe would no longer be a cosmos governed by *Universal Law*, but the *plaything* of an irresponsible deity! There can be no place for *Miracle* in a *Law-governed Universe*, for *every effect must* be the result of an antecedent cause, and there can be no *effect without a cause*, and no *cause without an effect!* Hence, every fact fits into every other fact in the universe, and that is how we can know that it is a fact! Only a falsehood needs the support of a miracle, for a miracle would mean the suspension of a *natural law*, and the suspension of a *single law of nature* would mean the *upsetting* of the whole order of the *Universe!* It would mean chaos, confusion, and illimitable disorder!

Before we can decide whether this is a *good* world, or a *bad* world, we must take into consideration the workings of natural law, *as a whole*. We must have the *right* perspective, and this perspective must be *the perspective*

of Ultimate Ends, and not of Immediate Incidents! The end justifies the means, provided, first, that there be Infinite Wisdom back of the means, and second, that the end is sufficiently Wholesome and Good. "Wisdom is justified of her children."

Now the justification of *Evolution*, and of the *Evolutionary Process, or Method* is *this*: that through millions of years, and through countless variations, and through untold suffering, pain, and tragedy on the part of millions of these variations of life, *Evolution* was at work evolving *Human Personality*. All the experiences, all the agony, and all the tragedy were necessary for the complete development of *Human Consciousness*.

We are the creatures, not only of present environment, but of environments reaching back millions of years. Into our innermost souls has been poured all the infinite experiences of the race.

Embryology shows how every single individual passes through all the physical variations in its own evolution which the race has passed through in the uncounted millenniums of the past. We all begin as a single cell, and we pass through the stages of fish, reptile, mammal—and all the stages which the race has passed through. Thus embryology gives us a sort of recapitulation argument for evolution.

Man is the summit and crown of the evolutionary process. In him physical evolution reaches its culmination, and the course of evolution changes from the *physical* to the mental and spiritual.

Can we deny that *Man*, with his wonderful *Mind*, and his capacity for achievement, justifies the process which nature has used to evolve him?

Man is as yet unfinished and incomplete, but he is *wonderful*, nevertheless.

The fundamental difference between Man and the other animals is this: no other animal, save man, has the capacity to rise above, and to modify, his environment. Not by strength, but by *Thought*, has man become the master of the brute creation. He has turned waste places

into vineyards, deserts into Edens; he has bridged chasms, changed the course of rivers, constructed huge canals, giant skyscrapers, erected mammoth factories, and invented telescopes through which to read the stars. He has produced music, poetry, art, drama, and religion.

As declared above, with man the course of evolution changes from the physical to the psychical, and from the material to the spiritual. God is now engaged in the business of evolving *Souls*! His ultimate end, so far as we can glimpse it from the workings of evolution, is the evolution of *Character*. And it is in this light that we can arrive at a satisfying solution of the tremendous problem of pain and evil.

In a Universe wholly free from pain and evil, can you conceive of the development of such noble virtues as *Pity, Sympathy, Compassion, Generosity, Benevolence, Kindness, Courage, Charity, Self-Control, or Altruism*?

Can you conceive of a race which has never known pain, and sorrow, and grief, and death? Could such a race ever produce music, art, literature, drama, or religion? All these noble arts are but the expression of *Life*, as it suffers, sorrows, rejoices, hopes, sings, sobs, and *prays*. It is through pain and suffering that the highest types of character are evolved.

It is here that we arrive at our strongest argument in favor of the hope of eternal life. It is evident that God has a glorious destiny for us, *sometime, somewhere*. He is working toward some sure, and definite, end.

If *Character* be the flower and fruit of the evolutionary process, and if all the millions of years of suffering and pain were borne for this purpose, is it reasonable to believe that all this work is to perish and come to naught, in the grave?

The idea of *Immortality* is essential to the *Reasonableness* and *Justice* of the Universe. Without it, the whole creation becomes a cruel joke and a mockery, and instead of the logical result of *Law*, and of *Order*, we get confusion, chaos, folly, and despair.

STILL GOD IS GOOD

I know not where His currents glide
 Into the noiseless, tideless main;
 I know His Love and Wisdom guide,
 His Truth and Goodness still remain,
 Asleep, awake—on land or sea—on mountain top or plain—
 Angelic love, God's Providence, His Watchcare still remain;
 And God is good.

His fires may burn my treasured home,
 His lightnings blast my garnered store;
 And I be left o'er earth to roam—
 No friendly hand—no welcome door—
 Still sings my soul this glad refrain
 Though homeless, friendless, sick, forlorn,
 Though all my days be passed in pain,
 And cherished hopes are from me torn;
 Still God is good.

Though His Death Angel steals away
 The friends I love and who love me,
 And leaves all nature sombre gray—
 Though life becomes a tragedy—
 Still know I yet that truth Supreme—
 That back of all earth's loss and pain—
 My soul sings on its constant theme—
 "The Pillar and the Cloud" 'remain;
 And God is good.

I see the truth writ large in life
 That all earth's ills are for a day;
 They cast their shadows, bring their strife,
 Then gradually they pass away;
 But Good is like the shining sun,
 Though hidden by a passing shade,
 Soon is the Course of Evil run,
 And soon is Compensation made;
 And God is good.

—B. F. Austin.

(Written on the train, returning from Milwaukee, summoned home
 by telegram announcing the death of his daughter.)

CHAPTER IV.

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

It is easy enough to be complacent and to say, "Death ends all," when life is full of vitality, beauty, and strength; when the family circle is unbroken; and when death seems far, far away.

It is not so easy when one is brought face to face with the stern reality of death; when the grim reaper has come into the home and snatched away one that is very near and dear!

From that hour when the naked savage knelt by the side of a loved one, and with hands raised to heaven cried, "Is this the end?" until the present time, when contemplating the awful reality of death, the mind of man has instinctively asked: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

There are some honest and sincere people who are convinced that this life is the only life there is, and that when this life is over, it marks the end of an individual existence.

Far be it from me to denounce or condemn these men and women!

There is no doubt that they love their mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, sweethearts, and friends, just as dearly, and as sincerely, as we love ours! They miss and mourn for their dead, as we miss and mourn for ours! They are simply driven, by the logic of their reasoning from certain premises, to the conclusion that there is nothing in Nature or Science to warrant the belief in a future life.

There is the atheist who honestly does not believe in the existence of God. To him there is no evidence of anything superior to matter, force, and motion. He rejects the hypothesis of "design," and contends that he sees no such thing in the Universe.

To the materialist, Life is no more than a chemical reaction: it represents a certain combination and interaction of molecules, and nothing more.

Ernest Haeckel, Apostle of Modern Materialism, expressed the viewpoint thus: "All phenomena, from the most material to the most spiritual, can be accounted for in terms of matter and motion."

"Thought is a product of the brain, and there can be no thought without a brain," insists the materialist. "Life is not an entity; it is merely the *effect* of certain material causes. It is like the flame of the candle; when the candle is extinguished the light ceases to exist. So with the soul. When the light of life is extinguished in the body, the mind, or ego, or spirit, ceases to be. It is just as reasonable to talk about the digestive process going on without a stomach, as to talk about the continuance of consciousness without a brain!

"The eye is the organ of sight; the nose is the organ of smell; and the ear is the organ of hearing. So also is *brain* the organ of thought!"

It may be said in this connection that Science is never dogmatic.

It is unscientific to be dogmatic about anything. All that Science is willing to affirm is: "The preponderance of evidence seems to prove such and such a proposition to be true."

In spite of this fact, most materialists are extremely dogmatic! As much so, sometimes, as our orthodox friends in their religion.

But, besides the out-and-out materialist, or atheist, there is the earnest, sincere, and honest agnostic.

The Agnostic does not *deny* the existence of God! He does not deny the existence of an immortal spirit, nor the possibility of a life after death.

To use the words of the greatest agnostic of recent times, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, the agnostic states:

"There *may be* in this universe an All-wise, All-good Being, under whose protection the Universe exists; and whose every thought is a glittering star, but *I know nothing about him!* Not the slightest!"

Concerning the question of a life after death, Ingersoll expressed himself as follows:

"I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that we do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door—the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings—the Rise or the Set of a Sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to everyone.

The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as Love kisses the lips of Death. It is the rainbow Hope shining upon the tears of grief.

If we are immortal, it is a fact in Nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief."

In a letter written to a Mr. Geer, Ingersoll expresses himself as follows:

117 East Twenty-first Street,
Gramercy Park, Apr. 24, '99.

My dear Mr. Geer:

What you said to Dr. Foote is beautiful, and for all I know it may be true. Still, I have no evidence that human beings are immortal. Neither have I any evidence that there is any Wise and Beneficent power back of all creation. In fact, I have no evidence of creation.

I believe that all matter and all force have existed from, and will exist, to eternity. There is to me no evidence of the existence of any power superior to Nature. In my opinion, the supernatural does not exist. Still, we can wish in spite of, or against, evidence, and we can *hope* without it.

Yours always,
R. G. INGERSOLL.

In the last poem written before his death, Ingersoll said:

We do not pray, or weep, or wail;
We have no dread,
No fear to pass beyond the veil
That hides the dead.
And yet we question, dream, and guess,
But knowledge we do not possess.

We ask, yet nothing seems to know;
 We cry in vain.
 There is no "master of the show"
 Who will explain,
 Or from the future tear the mask;
 And yet we dream, and still we ask:

Is there beyond the silent night
 An endless day?
 Is death a door that leads to light?
 We cannot say.
 The tongueless secret locked in fate
 We do not know—We hope and wait.

The above expresses the sentiment of thousands and thousands of earnest souls. They would *like* to believe that death *does not* end all; that there is a future, and that the loved and lost will be regained in another world, and upon another plane. Yet, they are too honest to profess a belief in something they have no evidence of.

Says Edward Clodd, the famous English Rationalist and Author, in his book, "The Question: If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?" "Nothing would make me happier than to believe that I shall some day meet the dear mother I have loved and lost. But the evidence available does not seem, to me, to warrant any such hope."

From Robert J. Thompson's book, "Proofs of Life After Death," I reproduce a letter from Dr. Hericourt:

"Like everybody, and in particular like those who have lost dear ones, I would feel happy could I find arguments in favor of the survival of human personality.

"Alas! I have found none that are capable of overcoming scientific criticism. When the lamp goes out, where goes the flame? To all appearances this flame had a real existence, but was nothing but a series of vibrations constantly renewed and dissipated constantly.

"Thus it is with our soul and its personality; it is a flame of physiological conditions, resulting from vibrations no sooner produced than dissipated, and which has no more real existence than the flame of a lamp.

"What is immortal is the matter composing the lamp, the matter composing our body, for matter is part of the great whole which is indestructible. Matter, however, does not interest us; what does, is light, our personality; and this very thing is nothing; for from each successive generation of souls nothing more remains than what is left of the lights of the last fete."

I also quote, in part, a letter from Prof. A. Brunot, published in the same book:

"I must tell you in all frankness that, brought face to face with death through a cruel loss, the cruelest, I think, that one can have, that of an adored young wife, I have never found even the shadow of a reason that would lead me to believe I would find her again, preserving in any manner or form her personality."

In the year 1917, if I remember rightly, a debate was held in the city of Chicago between the famous criminal lawyer, Clarence A. Darrow, and Professor Foster, of the University of Chicago, on the question: "Is Life Worth Living?"

Professor Foster said "Yes." Clarence Darrow said "No."

One of Mr. Darrow's arguments impressed me very strongly. It was this:

"If there is no life after this—and there is no evidence that there *is*—it seems to me conclusive that life is *not* worth living. Would you want to live your life over again? I would not."

My conclusion is that Mr. Darrow is right. If *this* life is *all* there is; if the grave is the end of each and all; and if there is nothing in the Universe save matter and motion, *then* life certainly is *not* worth the living, and the most logical, sensible, and rational thing a man can do *is to commit suicide!*

This life, at best, is full of suffering, trouble, and sorrow.

Some of my materialistic-socialist friends tell me that life is hardly worth living under the present system, but

that when Socialism becomes world-wide and complete, life will *then* be worth living!

It is a common fallacy to assume that economic independence brings happiness; that an abundance of the material things of life precludes the possibility of misery and discontent.

Can any change of economic conditions, any transformation of society, any "Co-operative Commonwealth," give us back our Joe?

Can any proletarian or other "revolution" assuage our grief, or drown our sorrow for his loss, if it be true, indeed, that death ends all, and we shall never see him again?

Even with the coming of Utopia, death will still snatch from the living those who love and are loved!

Hearts will still break, and heads will still be bowed in sorrow, no matter how perfect the economic and material conditions may become!

The fact that thousands of suicides occur among the rich is proof sufficient that the material is not all that goes to make life worth while!

Give me a mansion to live in; a library, large and beautiful; a bank account running into the seven figures; a limousine—all that goes with wealth and affluence—and I would give it all up for *one* proof positive that I shall see my dear brother again!

Is there a mother or father, a brother or sister, who reads these pages, who would not rather have back a dear one gone than all the wealth of the Rockefellers?

If materialism be fact, then, for me, life certainly is *not* worth the living!

The so-called joys and pleasures of life are but fleeting and superficial at best. There is nothing permanently satisfactory in any of it.

The ardent devotee of pleasure soon becomes tired and bored with it all. He loses his appetite, and the zest for living. He spends all his time in a fruitless endeavor to get away from himself—to avoid being bored—to find some new diversion!

Solomon tried it all. After a life spent in one mad whirl of pleasure, he sums it all up with the cynical word: "It is all vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit."

The hungry heart of the world cannot be satisfied with the husks of "worldly-pleasure" upon which the "swine of materialism" feed!

God alone can satisfy the hungry heart! And it is *God*, under whatever name, that really brings solace and comfort to the heart in time of bereavement, trouble, affliction, sorrow, and despair!

To quote the language of that noble soul, Eugene V. Debs, in a statement of faith published long before his incarceration; which faith has doubtless been his strength and fortress during the bitter months of the past two and a half years, and which echoes the words of the Psalmist:

"The Lord is my refuge and strength, a present help in time of trouble."

"The God of the Universe is not a cruel, savage, vengeful deity, filled with malice and breathing out his malediction upon his hapless creatures, but a God of boundless Love, whose Almighty Heart throbs in the breast of every created being, and whose infinite soul radiates in the hope and yearning and aspiration of the race.

It was Voltaire who said that if there were no God, it would be necessary to invent one.

Victor Hugo wrote: "Leibnitz praying is something grand; Voltaire, worshipping, is something beautiful. *Deo Erexit Voltaire.*"

But these great souls * * * worshipped * * * a God of Truth and Love, the God whose power thrills in our veins when we grapple with the forces of evil and do battle for the cause of Righteousness; the God whose passion for justice surges in our souls, sustains us in every dark and trying hour, and bears us in triumph to the prison-gate or the gallows-tree in the pursuit of our ideals and in the service of humanity.

"The soul which loves and which suffers is in the sublime state." To love and to suffer is to enter the gate-

way of God and is the blessed heritage of all great souls. "Upon the tenderest heart the deepest shadows fall."

It is the God of Love who sustains the souls that suffer that other souls may know that Love is God.

A cannon ball travels at the rate of two thousand miles a minute; a ray of light two hundred thousand miles a second. "That," says Victor Hugo, in one of his wonderful epigrams, "is the difference between Napoleon Bonaparte and Jesus Christ."

There are times when even the strongest among us feel weak in the presence of the overwhelming odds that confront us and threaten our cause with disaster; when all our plans are seemingly shattered and all our years of struggles vain and fruitless. It is then that the heart grows faint and the spirit sinks within us if left to our own naked selves and to our own paltry resources; but if in the starless night of trial we can realize our kinship to the God of Love and Truth and Righteousness, and feel his omnipotent power pulsing in our veins, the vitalizing current of life and hope and energy renewed from the infinite reservoir speedily restores our strength, revives our hope, renews our faith and courage, and turns ignominious defeat into glorious victory.

Who has not, in some crisis of his life, felt himself heartened by an unheard voice, sustained by an unseen power, and pressed onward by unfelt hands?

The God I worship is the God who strengthens my strength in the war for the weak; the God who taught me how to love and serve and suffer; the God of Infinite Love, who never damned a mortal soul, but gave to every living creature his divine pledge of eternal love and salvation."*

*Reprinted from the Melting Pot.

And to quote a beautiful verse from my dear friend, Robert Whitaker:

O Love Divine, our hearts entwine,
In Thee we live, and move, and are forever;
Tho wide our quest, we find no rest,
Until we rest in Thee.

The Idea of God is instinctive, and Universal. Man is a religious animal. He is *incurably* religious. It is a phenomenon common to all races, colors, and conditions of men.

No matter where you go, what race of people you may study, or what country, land, or clime you may visit, you will find man *worshipping* something! He worships because it is his nature to worship. He cannot help it!

I once heard this illustration, used in connection with the above argument:

It is a very common thing to see little girls dress up in their mothers' clothes; to see them fondle and caress their dolls, or pets, and to pretend they are *mothers*. Why? Simply because it is feminine nature *to mother something!*

So, also, it is *human nature* to worship *something!*

I have noticed the fact, all my life, that *he who says, "I don't believe in God,"* invariably *deifies something else!*

Not even the so-called atheist can get away from the essential fact of his own nature! He says (theoretically) he does not believe in any God, but he *makes a god out of something else!*

He may call his God "Humanity," and himself a "Humanitarian," and to the service of Man he may devote his life! To the cause of humanity—to the cause of *Liberty, Justice, and Righteousness*, he may render a service throbbing with moral and spiritual idealism.

He is worshipping God under a different name—but *he worships—he serves an ideal!* Why? In response to the *urge* of his own inner self!

Or it may be that he worships at the shrine of "*Socialism, "The Social Revolution, "Industrial Democracy, "Science, "Truth, or "Country.*" Nevertheless, he *worships something*, because it is his *nature* to do so, and he can no more help it than he can help breathing, or stop the beating of his heart!

“THERE IS NO UNBELIEF

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
“Be patient heart, light cometh by and by,”
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow—
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep;
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says, “Tomorrow,” “the unknown,”
“The Future,” trusts that power alone,
He dares disown.

There is no unbelief;
The heart that looks on when the eye-lids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by faith the lips deny—
“God knoweth why.”

In the Hindu Scriptures there is a passage attributed to Brahma, which reads: “I am the same to all mankind. They who honestly serve other gods, involuntarily worship me. I am He who partaketh of all worship, and I am the reward of all worshippers.”

It matters not what a man may call his God: the fact is that he *has one!* Names, after all, signify but little; they are only *signs* for *ideas*. So, it is a mere play on words to substitute “Universal Essence,” “Infinite

Spirit," "All-pervading Cause," etc., for the brief word, "God."

Jesus said: "God is *Spirit*, and they who worship Him must worship Him *in Spirit and in Truth*."

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet, a crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian, and caves where the cave men dwell,
Then a sense of law and beauty, and a face turned from the clod—
Some call it evolution, and others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon, the infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields, and the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland the charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it autumn, and others call it God.

Like tides on the crescent sea-beach, when the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean, whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it longing, and others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, a mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock, and Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless, the straight, hard pathway
trod—
Some call it consecration, and others call it God!

—Professor William Carruth.

The Idea of God is instinctive and Universal—and so, also, is the belief in a future life!

There is a *something* in man which says: "I am immortal! I shall never die! The grave will not swallow up the last of *me*!"

When loved ones are put away there is a *something* which says: "He is not dead! He has only passed on! I shall see him again!"

Why has Nature planted this hope within, if it is all a lie?

Is there any other sense, or instinct, in human life, which is not in response to an actual fact?

Why have we eyes—the organ of sight? Because *there is something to see!*

Why have we ears—the *sense of hearing*? Because *there is something to hear!*

Why have we a sense of taste? Because there is something to taste! Everything does not taste alike!

Why have we the sense of touch? Because there is something to touch!

Why do we love? Because there is something to love!

Whence our esthetic sense? Because there is beauty!

So—why is it instinctive to *worship*? Because there is *God*!

Why is it instinctive to *hope* for a life beyond the grave? Because there is one!

One of the most pathetic stories in all literature is the story of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll at his brother's grave!

Since the passing of my own dear brother, Ingersoll's funeral oration at his brother's grave has exercised a great fascination for me. It is very beautiful, and very natural. I can understand *now* the grief which must have been his in that hour.

Among the other beautiful things, he said:

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word——"

Then it is said the great agnostic, overcome with grief, bowed his head upon the casket and wept in uncontrollable grief, and it was some time before he could continue. Then, as the flower of faith sprang up in his heart, he continued: "*But in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.* He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, muttered with his latest breath, 'I am better now.' Let us hope, dear friends, in spite of dogmas and fears, grief and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead."

It is a singular thing that, twenty years later, these words, "I am better now," were the last words of the great agnostic himself.

Let us echo his own golden words and say, "Let us hope he is better now."

"Were there not a cosmic concord,
What would life's deep meaning be?
All the Universe is order,
Grandly moving as we see.

Could all this unending cosmos
Move in order deeply grand,
And there not be peace for pilgrims,
Rest Divine on every hand?

Under ocean's tossing billows
Is a calm, all waves below;
And beneath all mental raving,
Is a peace we all may know.

Depth that reacheth the Eternal,
Deeper far than thought or mind,
Is this concord, vast supernal,
Is this peace we all may find.

We are one in mystic import,
Sweet beyond all strains of earth;
Manifest we now in earthland,
Yet are we of spirit birth;

Part of that great Cosmic Concord,
Grandeur great beyond all thought!
Yet by depth of stringent suffering
Was our faith's sweet incense bought.

Harmony ecstatic enter,
Let each act be sweet divine,
In the love of our great leader
Lo, we see heaven's splendors shine."

(These verses were published anonymously in a weekly metaphysical magazine. I would gladly give credit if I knew who wrote them.—C. S. M.)

CHAPTER V.

IMMORTALITY IN THE LIGHT OF EVOLUTION

It is not the purpose of this chapter either to defend or oppose the theory of evolution, but to treat the problem of immortality from the standpoint of organic evolution.

Personally, I am as convinced of the *general* princi-

ples of evolution as I am of the law of gravitation, and it is my opinion that we gain nothing by ignoring the fact that, in scientific circles, the evolutionary hypothesis is taken for granted.

The materialist looks upon the facts of evolution as a vindication of his thesis that man is mortal.

Says he: "All beings have evolved, including man.

"Man has come up from the lower animals. He is an animal. He is a first cousin of the anthropoid ape. The ape, in turn, is evolved from a still lower form, and so on down to the beginning of life upon the planet earth. Therefore, if man is immortal, so must be the animals!

"Evolution has established a universal kinship.

"Where does the mortal leave off, and the immortal begin?

"Physically, man is no different, in kind, from the orders of life beneath him.

"In order to live (at least in the body), the animals must have air, and food, and water. So must man.

"If the animal can live without a soul, so can man.

"If the animal must have a brain with which to think, so must man.

"If the animal perishes at death, so must man."

Below is reproduced an article from "The Progressive Thinker," a Spiritualist weekly, published in Chicago:

From the *Progressive Thinker*, of Oct. 29, 1921.

ZOO HEAD SAYS IF MAN HAS SOUL, SO HAS ANIMAL

BY W. B. SEABROOK

"If the lowest members of the human race have immortal souls, then the higher animals also have immortal souls."

This statement was made to Universal Service by Dr. William Temple Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Gardens, explorer on several continents, author of numerous books and America's leading authority on animal life.

Commenting on the declaration of the great French scientist, Camille Flammarion, that he would shortly give the world scientific proof of the existence of animals in the spirit world, Dr. Hornaday said:

"My mind is wide open. But I would want to see the evidence and I should insist on it being scientific and complete.

"I think few churchmen will disagree with me on the proposition or object to my assertion that belief in future life even for human beings is now based on faith rather than on scientific proof.

"From a purely rationalistic standpoint, leaving religion and revelation aside, I see no reason why it is not just as likely that Mr. Flammarion's dog should be immortal as that Mr. Flammarion himself should. If the human being exists after death there is no scientific reason why other animal life should be excluded.

"Basically the human emotions are the same as those of the higher animals. Man has simply elaborated and refined them.

"And the difference between animal intelligence and human intelligence is a difference in degree rather than in kind.

"That animals have the power to reason from cause to effect has been proven under my own observation.

"One of the most interesting cases I can attest is that of an orang-outang in this zoo that discovered the principle of the lever.

"This beast decided that it wanted to tear down the running bars of its cage. It was not powerful enough to do so by an application of direct physical strength.

"After studying the situation and experimenting, it ripped down the bar of its trapeze and, using the bar as a lever, managed to tear down the running bars.

"Furthermore, finding its own strength insufficient at one point it called another orang-outang to help it.

"This case was of sufficient importance to be written up in the scientific magazines at the time. The orang-outang discovered for itself the principle of the lever just as truly as Archimedes discovered the principle of the screw.

"This orang-outang and other animals I have observed showed more intelligence than some men have. I would point out that the majority of psychologists in studying animal psychology have access only to tame or domestic animals—the dog, the horse, the cat.

"But wild animals, generally speaking, are more intelligent than tame animals. This is natural because they are on their own resources to provide for themselves food and shelter and to preserve their lives.

"From long observation I am convinced that some of the higher wild animals have intelligence superior to that of the lowest form of human intelligence, and therefore I am willing to lay down my original proposition with little fear of scientific contradiction, that higher animals are just as likely to have souls as are lower members of the human race."

The first book I ever read on evolution, and the one which convinced me that the facts all point to evolution, was J. Howard Moore's splendid little book, "The Universal Kinship." In the preface of the book he states the thesis of his work:

"The Universal Kinship means the kinship of all the inhabitants of the planet Earth. Whether they came into existence among the waters or among desert sands, in a hole in the earth, in the hollow of a tree, or in a palace; whether they build nests or empires; whether they swim, fly, crawl, or ambulate; and whether they realize it or not, they are all related, physically, mentally, and morally. But since man is the most gifted and influential of animals, and since his relationship with other animals is more important and more reluctantly recognized than any other, the chief purpose of these pages is to prove and interpret the kinship of the human species with the other species of animals."

On page 4 of the same book, the author continues: "Man is an *animal*. However averse to accepting it we may be on account of favorite traditions, man is an animal in the most literal and materialistic meaning of the word. * * * In important respects he is the most highly evolved of animals; but in origin, disposition, and form he is no more 'divine' than the dog who laps his sores, the terrapin who waddles over the earth in a carapace, or the fastidious worm who dines on the dust of his feet. Man is not the pedestalled individual pictured by his imagination—a being glittering with prerogatives, and towering apart from and above all other beings. He is a pain-shunning, pleasure-seeking, death-dreading organism, differing in particulars, but not in kind, from the pain-shunning, pleasure-seeking, death-dreading organisms below and around him. Man is neither a rock, a vegetable, nor a deity. He belongs to the same class of existence, and has been brought into existence by the same evolutionary processes, as the horse, the toad that hops in his garden, the firefly that lights its twilight torch, and the bivalve that reluctantly feeds him.

"Man's body is composed fundamentally of the same materials as the bodies of all other animals. The bodies of all animals are composed of clay. They are formed out of the same elements as those that murmur in the waters, gallop in the winds, and constitute the substance of the

insensate rocks and soils. More than two-thirds of the weight of the human body is made up of Oxygen alone, a gas which forms one-fifth of the weight of the air, more than eight-ninths of that of the sea, and forty-seven per cent. of the superficial solids of the earth.

“Man’s body is composed of cells. So are the bodies of all other animals. And the cells in the body of a human being are not essentially different in composition or structure from the cells in the body of the sponge. All cells are composed primarily of protoplasm, a compound of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen. Like all other animals, man is incapable of producing a particle of the essential substance of which the body is made. No animal can produce protoplasm. This is the power of the plant, and the plant only. All that any animal can do is to burn the compounds formed in the sun-lit laboratories of the vegetable world. The human skeleton, like the skeletons of nearly all other animals, is composed chiefly of lime—lime being, in the sea, where life spent so many of its earlier centuries, the most available material for parts whose purpose it is to furnish shape and durability to the organism.

“Man grows from an egg. So do all creatures of clay. Every animal commences at the same place—in a single, lowly, almost homogeneous cell. A dog, a frog, a philosopher, and a worm cannot for a long time after their embryonic commencement be distinguished from each other. Like the oyster, the ox, the insect, and the fish, like all that live, move, and breathe, man is mortal. He increases in size and complexity through an allotted period of time; then, like all his kindred, wilts back into the indistinguishable flux from which he came.

“Man inhales oxygen and exhales carbon dioxide. So does every animal that breathes, whether it breathe by lungs, gills, skin, or ectosarc, and whether it breathe the sunless ooze of the sea floor, or the ethereal blue of the sky. Animals inhale oxygen because they eat carbon and hydrogen. The energy of all animals is produced mainly by the union of oxygen with the elements of carbon and

hydrogen in the tissues of animal bodies, the plentiful and ardent oxygen being the most available supporter of the combustion of these two elements.

"Man is, then, an animal, more highly evolved than the most of his fellow-beings, but positively of the same clay, and of the same fundamental make-up, with the same eagerness to exceed and the same destiny, as his less pompous kindred who float and frolic and pass away in the seas and atmospheres, and creep over the land-patches of a common clod."

On page 107 the same author continues: "Man is not a fallen god, but a promoted reptile. The beings around him are not conveniences, but cousins. Instead of stretching away to the stars, man's pedigree slinks down into the sea."

And on page 161 Mr. Moore declares: "I am not one of those who regard the evidence for the post-mortem existence of the human soul as being either abundant or conclusive. But of one thing I am positive, and that is, that there are the same grounds precisely for believing in the immortality of the bird and the quadruped as there are for the belief in human immortality. And it is delightful to find great thinkers like Haeckel, great biologists and philosophers, holding the same opinion."

Ernst Haeckel, in his monumental work, *Riddle of the Universe*, published in 1899, page 201, says:

"If the human soul were to live for all eternity we should have to grant the same privilege to the * * * higher animals, at least to those of the nearest related mammals (apes, dogs, etc.). For man is not distinguished from them by a *special* kind of soul, or by any peculiar and exclusive psychic function, but *only* by a higher degree of psychic activity, a superior stage of development. In particular, consciousness—the function of the association of ideas, thought, and reason—has reached a higher level in many men (by no means in all) than in most of the animals. Yet this difference is far from being so great as is popularly supposed, and it is much slighter in every respect than the corresponding difference between

the higher and lower animal souls, or even the difference between the highest and the lowest stages of the human soul itself. If we ascribe 'personal immortality' to man, we are bound to grant it also to the higher animals."

In his book, "The Spark in the Clod," page 120, Rev. J. T. Sunderland sums up the matter thus:

"Another objection to the doctrine of immortality, which is often made, is the claim that no line can be drawn between man and the animals below him, so that if man is immortal they also must be. They and he came into being by the same path of Evolution—many of them have bodies close akin to his; some even show moral qualities, as fidelity, a sense of duty, an ability to distinguish between Right and Wrong. Must we not believe, therefore, that they and he will have the same fate? If he lives again, will not they? If they perish, must not he?

"In reply, the first thought that suggests itself is the inquiry: Why may it not be possible that at least all the nobler and more intelligent of the lower animals may live again? It would seem easier to believe this than to believe that *man* is to perish. Indeed, for myself, I think it would be easier to believe that *all* animals are immortal, than that man is not."

In his excellent book, "Is Death the End," Rev. John Haynes Holmes, in a footnote at the bottom of page 120, writes:

"It may be well to note that not all persons have found the thought of the immortality of animals—certain ones, at least!—inconceivable, or even unpleasant. Witness the statement of John Galsworthy in reference to dogs! 'If we have spirits, they have. If we know after our departure who we are, they do. No one, I think, who really longs for the truth, can ever glibly say which it will be for dog and man—persistence or extinction of consciousness.'"

What shall we say in reply to this contention?

Does it prove that man is not immortal? I do not think so.

Among the great evolutionary thinkers who believe in immortality, there are three theories concerning the relation of the Immortal Spirit to the evolutionary process:

First, that the soul itself was evolved; the theory of the "inward flowering of the soul";

Second, that with the dawn of *human* consciousness, or self-consciousness, man was given a ready-made, immortal spirit, and that since this acquisition, he has been set apart, and is in a class by himself—different from all other creatures;

Third, that *all* creatures are immortal—that *all life* is eternal in character, and that, therefore, there is no such thing as *death* anywhere (in the commonly accepted sense of the word), but that every death, whether for non-human or human, represents merely a transition from one state of existence to another.

In elucidation of the first theory, that of "the inward flowering of the soul," I quote from my friend Dr. Holmes' book, "Is Death the End?" Chapter 4, pages 125, 126 and 127:

"* * * There is the doctrine set forth by Joseph Le Conte, for many years professor of geology and natural history at the University of California, in his famous book on 'Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought' (pages 313-30):

" 'I believe that the spirit of man was developed out of the *anima* or conscious principle of animals, and this, again, was developed out of the lower forms of life-force, and this in its turn out of the chemical and physical forces of Nature; and that at a certain stage in this gradual development, viz., with man, it acquired the property of immortality precisely as it now, in the individual history of each man at a certain stage, acquired the capacity of abstract thought.'

"In elucidation of this view, Le Conte traces the evolution of organic life through its various stages, and shows how each step of advancement is marked by the appearance of new powers and properties, never apparent and

wholly unimaginable before. 'There was a time in the history of the earth,' he reminds us, 'when only physical forces existed.' At a certain stage in the process of development, however, 'chemical affinity came into being'—a new form of force never seen before, having new and peculiar phenomena, 'though doubtless derived from the preceding.' Ages passed away, and then suddenly, when conditions were favorable, life appeared—a new and higher form of force, producing a still more peculiar group of phenomena, but still derived from the preceding.'

" 'Ages upon ages again passed away, during which this life-force took on higher and higher forms, . . . until finally, when the time was fully ripe and conditions were exceptionally favorable, spirit, self-conscious, self-determining, rational, and moral, appeared—a new and still higher form of force, but still, as I am persuaded, derived from the preceding.'

"Thus has life gone on developing from stage to stage, each decisive onward step distinguished by the sudden appearance of new properties and powers, all of them derivative to be sure, but no one of them foreseen or even foreseeable. This whole process, says Professor Le Conte, interpreted in ultimate terms, is nothing but the gradual evolution 'of spirit in the womb of Nature.'

" 'The universal Divine energy, unindivuated, but only yet very imperfectly, is what we call the life-force of plants. The same energy, more fully indivuated, but not completely, we call the *Anima* of animals. The *Anima*, or animal soul, as time went on, was indivuated more and more, until it resembled and foreshadowed the spirit of man. Finally, still the same energy, completely indivuated as a separate entity and therefore self-conscious, capable of separate existence and therefore immortal, we call the spirit of man.'

"In man, in other words, the Omnipresent Divine energy, after unnumbered centuries of what may be called embryonic development, *at last came to birth*, and the new and distinctive property or power which it assumed, at this marvelous instant of final realization, was immor-

talities. 'As the organic embryo by birth reaches independent material or temporal life,' says Le Conte, 'even so, spirit embryo by birth attains independent spiritual or eternal life.' "

Says John Fiske:

"I can see no insuperable difficulty in the notion that, at some period in the evolution of humanity, this the divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material forms and endure forever." (See *The Destiny of Man*, page 117.)

The second theory, that "with the dawn of *Human*, or *Self-Consciousness*, man was given a ready-made, immortal spirit—a thing brand new, and foreign, to evolution—and a thing which is possessed by *man* alone—and which is *not* possessed by any other animal," was the theory held by Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection, and who became convinced of the reality of Spiritualism, and by many other evolutionists and spiritualists.

Says Dr. John Haynes Holmes, in contrasting the view of Wallace with that of Le Conte: "Wallace * * * is * * * emphatic in his opinion that the immortal spirit is a 'new thing added at once, out of hand, to what was already existing before.' It is somewhat difficult to get hold of his exact idea in all its ramifications, but the basic conception seems to be that of 'a world of spirit, to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.' "

In defense of his position, Wallace emphasizes the qualities of self-consciousness, moral idealism, spirituality, etc., which differentiate man from the lower animals. He argues that:

"These faculties either do not exist at all or exist in a very rudimentary condition in savages, but appear almost suddenly and in perfect development in the higher races. These same faculties are further distinguished by their sporadic character, being well developed only in a very small proportion of the community; and by the enormous amount of variation in their development. * * * Each of these characteristics is totally inconsistent with

any action of the law of natural selection in the production of the faculties referred to; and the facts taken in their entirety, compel us to recognize some origin for them wholly distinct from that which has served to account for the animal characteristics of man."

Dr. Wallace finds this origin in what he calls "the unseen universe of Spirit."

Dr. Holmes comments upon this as follows: "Man, on this hypothesis, is a twofold creature. Superimposed upon his animal nature is a spiritual nature, which represents what Wallace calls 'an influx of some portion of the Spirit of the Deity.' By virtue of this 'influx,' man became a living soul. On the basis of this 'influx' are to be explained all the attributes and powers of man which differentiate him from the brute."

It will be seen that this second theory exempts the spirit of man from the operation of the law of evolution, and makes of the "spiritualized animal" a new and a distinct creation, so that, however much man may have in common with the other animals in the material way, he has absolutely nothing in common with them in a spiritual way.

Personally, I am less inclined to accept this "explanation" than I am of either of the other two.

It does not seem to me that Wallace has made his case at all plausible. He does not pretend to tell us *when* this Spirit descended into the animal, and the animal ceased to be mortal, and became immortal. Surely, on these grounds, it seems that *some* animals are more worthy of such an incarnation than *some* men!

Says Edward Carpenter:

"I saw, deep in the eyes of the animals, the human soul look out upon me.

"I saw where it was born down deep under feathers and fur, or condemned for awhile to roam four-footed among the brambles. I caught the clinging, mute glance of the prisoner, and swore that I would be faithful.

"Thee, my brother and sister, I see and mistake not. Do not be afraid. Dwelling thus and thus for awhile, ful-

filling thy appointed time—thou too shalt come to thyself at last.

“Thy half-warm horns and long tongue lapping round my wrist do not conceal thy humanity any more than the learned talk of the pedant conceals his—for all thou art dumb, we have words and plenty between us.”

The third theory, and the one which most appeals to me, is that “All *life is continuous—immortal—indestructible*; that it is *one of the primal elements of the Universe*; that, as we believe in *the indestructability of matter, and the conservation of energy*, we must believe in *the continuity of life*! Not one single spark of life can be *destroyed*, any more than a single atom of matter can be destroyed!

The clearest and most illuminating exposition of this third theory which I have ever seen is to be found in Sir Oliver Lodge’s lecture on “The Continuity of Life,” or in Part Three: Life and Death section of his remarkable book, *Raymond*, chapters 1 to 10.

In the “Continuity of Life,” a lecture delivered before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on the occasion of his election to the presidency of that society, in 1913, Sir Oliver argues that Life is the directing energy which works in and through matter, and that Life is independent of, and superior to, matter.

It might be well here to remind the reader that Sir Oliver Lodge is one of the greatest of British scientists, and that he became a Spiritualist only after years of rigid, scientific investigation of psychic phenomena.

It is in the part of *Raymond* referred to, however, that the clearest exposition is made of the “third theory” to which we have called attention.

In Chapter 1, on “The Meaning of Life,” Sir Oliver says, among other things:

“By the term ‘life’ I wish to signify the vivifying principle which animates matter.

“That the behavior of animated matter differs from what is often called dead matter is familiar, and is illus-

trated by the description sometimes given of an uncanny piece of mechanism—that ‘it behaves as if it were alive.’

“We must admit that the term ‘dead matter’ is often misapplied. It is used sometimes to denote merely the constituents of the general inorganic world. But it is inconvenient to speak of utterly inanimate things, like stones, as ‘dead,’ when no idea of life was ever associated with them, and when ‘inorganic’ is all that is meant. The term ‘dead’ applied to a piece of matter signifies the absence of a vivifying principle, no doubt, but it is most properly applied to a collocation of organic matter which has been animated.

“Again, when animation has ceased, the thing we properly call dead is not the complete organism, but that material portion which is left behind; we do not or should not intend to make any assertion concerning the vivifying principle which has left it—beyond the bare fact of its departure. We know too little about that principle to be able to make safe general assertions. The life that is transmitted by an acorn or other seed fruit is always beyond our ken. We can but study its effects, and note its presence or absence by results.

“Life must be considered *SUI GENERIS*; it is not a form of energy, nor can it be expressed in terms of something else. Electricity is in the same predicament; it too cannot be explained in terms of something else. This is true of ALL fundamental forms of being. Magnetism may be called a concomitant of moving electricity; ordinary matter can perhaps be resolved into electric charges: but an electric charge can certainly not be expressed in terms of either matter or energy. No more can life. To show that the living principle in a seed is not one of the forms of energy, it is sufficient to remember that that seed can give rise to innumerable descendents, through countless generations, without limit. There is nothing like a constant quantity of something to be shared, as there is in all examples of energy; there is no conservation about it: the seed embodies a stimulating and organizing principle which appears to well from a limitless source.

"But although life is not energy, any more than it is matter, yet it *directs* energy, and thereby controls arrangements of matter."

Therefore, insists Sir Oliver, *Life* is an entity *per se*; it exists in itself, and it exerts influence over matter. He continues:

"Through the agency of life specific structures are composed which otherwise would not exist, from a sea-shell to a cathedral, from a blade of grass to an oak; and specific distributions of energy are caused from the luminosity of a firefly to an electric arc, from the song of a cricket to an oratorio.

"Life makes use of any automatic activities, or transferences and declensions of energy, which are either potentially or actually occurring. In especial it makes use of the torrent of ether tremors which reach the earth from the sun. Every plant is doing it constantly. Admittedly life exerts no force, it does no work, but it makes effective the energy available for an organism which it controls and vivifies; it determines in what direction and when work shall be done. It is plain matter of fact that it does this, whether we understand the method or not—and thus indirectly life interacts with and influences the material world."

He goes on to say, "Energy controlled by life is not random energy: the kind of self-composition or personal structure built by it depends on the kind of life-unit which is operating, not on the pabulum which is supplied. Food which is assimilable at all takes a shape determined by the nature of the operative organism, and indeed by the portion of the organism actually reached by it. Unconscious constructive ability is as active in each cell of the body as in a honeycomb; only in a beehive we can see the operators at work. The construction of an eye or an ear is still more astonishing. In the inorganic world such structures would be meaningless, for there would be nothing to respond to their stimulus; they can only serve elementary mind and consciousness. The brain and nerve

system is an instrument of transmutation or translation from the physical to the mental, and vice versa."

Again speaking of the *organizing* and *directing* function of the life-principle, he says, in his chapter on "Death and Decay":

"The visible shape of the body is no accident, it corresponds to a reality, for it was caused by the indwelling vivifying essence; and affection entwines itself inevitably round not only the true personality of the departed, but round its material vehicle also—the sign and symbol of so much beauty, so much love."

In the following chapters Lodge goes on to discuss "Continued Existence," "Interaction of Mind and Matter, Mind and Brain, and Life and Consciousness."

Let me say in this connection, Reader, if you have not read "Raymond," by Sir Oliver Lodge, by all means do so. It represents a wonderful piece of work, and no one interested in the question of a life after death can afford to fail in reading it.

According to the theory of continuity, "Life" and "Spirit" are one; therefore, the animals, and even plants, as well as man, must have a something which is indestructable and eternal.

In the chapter on "Life and Consciousness," Sir Oliver, after discussing the points of view which I have indicated in theories one and two, goes on to say:

"I would venture to extend the range of the term 'soul' down to a very large denominator—to cases in which the magnitude of the fraction becomes excessively minute—and tentatively admit to the possibility of survival, though not individual survival, *every form of life*. As to Individuality and Personality—they can only survive where they already exist; where they really exist they persist; but bare survival, as an alternative to improbable extinction, may be widespread.

"Matter forms an instrument, a means of manifestation, but it need not be the only one possible. We have utilized matter to build up this beautiful bodily mechanism, but when that is done with, *the constructive ability*

remains; and it can be expected to exercise its organizing powers in other than material environment. If this hypothesis be true at all (and admittedly I am now making hypothesis) *it must be true of all forms of life*; for what the process of evolution has accomplished here may be accomplished elsewhere, under conditions at present unknown. So I venture to surmise that the surroundings of non-material existence will be far more homely and habitual than people in general have been accustomed to think likely.

"And how do I know that the visible material body of *anything* is all the body, or *all the existence*, it possesses? Why should not *things* exist also, or have etherial counterparts in an etherial world? Perhaps *everything* has already an etherial counterpart, of which our senses tell us the material aspect only. I do not know. Such an idea may be quoted as an absurdity; but if the evidence drives me in that direction, in that direction I will go, without undue resistance. There have been those who do not wait to be driven, but who lead; and the inspired guidance of Plotinus in that direction may secure more attention, and attract more disciples, when the way is illuminated by discoverable facts.

"Meanwhile facts await discovery.

"My reference * * * to teachings of Plotinus about the kind of things to be met with in the other world, or the etherial world, or whatever it may be called, is due to information from Professor J. H. Muirhead, that roughly speaking, Plotinus teaches that things *there* are on the same plan as things *here*: each thing *here* having its counterpart or corresponding existence *there*, though glorified and fuller of reality. Not to misrepresent this doctrine, but to illustrate it as far as can be by a short passage, Professor Muirhead has given me the following translation from the *Enneads*:

" 'But again let us speak thus: for since we hold that *this* universe is framed after the pattern of *that*, every living thing must needs first be *there*; and since Its Being is perfect, all must be *there*. Heaven then must *there* be

a living thing nor void of what are here called stars; indeed such things belong to heaven. Clearly, too, the earth which is *there* is not an empty void, but is much more full of life, wherein are *all creatures that are here called land animals and plants that are rooted in life*. And sea is *there*, and all water in ebb and flow and in abiding life, and all creatures that are in the water. And air is a part of the *all* that is *there*, and creatures of the air in accordance with the nature and laws of air. For in the *living* how should living things fail? How then can *any* living thing fail to be *there*, seeing that as each of the great parts of Nature is, so needs must be the living things that therein are? As then heaven is, and *there* exists, so are and exist all the creatures that inhabit it; nor can these fail to be, else would those (on earth) not be.' Enn. VI., vii.

"I expect it would be misleading to suppose that the terms used by Plotinus really signify any difference of locality. It may be nearer the truth to suppose that when freed from our restricting and only matter-revealing senses we become aware of much that was and is "Here" all the time, interfused with the existence which we know—forming part indeed of the one and only complete existence, of which our present normal knowledge is limited to a single aspect. We might think and speak of many interpenetrating universes, and yet recognize that ultimately they must be all *one*. It is not likely that the *present* differs from what we now call the *future* except in our mode of perceiving it."

According to this conception, the spirit-world is *not* "far, far away," or "far beyond the skies," or "in the skies," but it is *here, there, everywhere!* Fundamentally, it is more of a *state or condition* than a *place!*

It is just as true, that even on the earth-plane, we create our own moral, intellectual, and spiritual worlds. It is also true, that even on the earth-plane people live in "different worlds."

Some live in an atmosphere of refinement, culture, beauty, and spirituality, while others live in an atmos-

phere of coarseness, vulgarity, ugliness, and materialism.

Some live in a world of music; others in a world of poetry; others in a world of literature; others in a world of "tango and jazz"; others in a world of philosophy; and so on *ad infinitum*.

On the earth-plane there are many kingdoms of life: the vegetable kingdom, the life of the sea, the life of the jungles, the life of the plains, of the valleys, and hills. Each kingdom lives largely unto itself.

So it may be in the spirit-world.

So, then, whether we prefer any one of these theories to the other, evolution does not present any insuperable difficulty in the way of the belief in a future life.

If we accept the testimony purporting to come from inhabitants of the Spirit-world, *some* animals, at least, *do* survive the change called death.

In *Raymond*, page 203, during a sitting of Sir Oliver Lodge with the famous Mrs. Leonard, the child-control, *Feda*, speaking concerning Raymond:

"He has brought that doggie again, nice doggie. A doggie that goes like this, and twists about (*Feda* indicating a wriggle). He has got a nice tail, not a little stumpy tail, nice tail with nice hair on it. He sits up like that sometimes, and comes down again, and puts his tongue out of his mouth. He's got a cat, too, plenty of animals, he says. He hasn't seen any lions and tigers, but he sees horses, cats, dogs, and birds. He says you know this doggie; he has nice hair, a little wavy, which sticks up all over him, and has twists at the end. Now he's jumping around. He hasn't got a very pointed face, but it isn't like a little pug dog either; it's rather a long shape. And he has nice ears with flaps, not standing up; nice long hairs on them, too. A darkish color he looks, darkish, as near as *Feda* can see him."

O. J. L.: "Does he call him by any name?"

Feda: "He says, 'Not him.' (*Sotto voce*.—What you mean, not him'?) It is a 'him'; you don't call him 'it.' No, he won't explain. No, he didn't give a name. It can jump."

Sir Oliver states that the above was quite an accurate description of a she-dog called "Curly," which had died some years ago. A photograph of the dog is reproduced on page 278.

During some of the table-sittings in our home we have received affirmative answers to our questions if there were any animals in the spirit-world. Both Grandma H. M. P. and Joe specifically mentioned an old horse we once owned, which went by the name of "Spot," a faithful old creature.

In the literature of the Society for Psychical Research, and in the books and pamphlets of Modern Spiritualism, one will run across numerous spirit-communications to the effect that there *are* animals who have survived death, and that these animals have been seen.

In conclusion, the abstract question of immortality in the light of evolution is of minor consequence, *if it be a fact that the spirits of the dead can, and do, communicate with the living!*

Whenever any new fact or truth is discovered, we are compelled to adjust our former views accordingly. Hence, *if it can be proved* that a single, bona fide message has ever come from disembodied spirits, that one proof would outweigh all the philosophical and speculative arguments in the world. The question then is, *Is spirit communication a fact? Can it be proved?* If so, everything else is incidental!

I cannot close this chapter without pointing out the affirmative aspects of Evolution in relation to the problem of immortality.

Personally, *Evolution* itself is to me the *strongest* argument, outside of actual observation and experience, in favor of the hypothesis of immortality. To quote from the great discoverer, Darwin himself:

"With respect to immortality nothing shows me how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is as the consideration of the view now held by most physicists, namely, that the sun with all the planets will in time grow too cold for life. . . . Believing as I do that man in the dis-

tant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow process."—Charles Darwin in *Life and Letters*, vol. i., p. 282.

In other words, if man is to perish at death, evolution has been a purposeless, senseless process, for ultimately all her works will sink into the oblivion of nothingness!

Says John Fiske, in *The Destiny of Man*, page 114:

"Is it all ephemeral, is it all a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades? Are we to regard the Creator's (or Nature's if preferred) work as like that of a child, who builds houses out of blocks, just for the pleasure of knocking them down?"

In that excellent work already quoted, "Is Death the End," by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, pages 130-139, this argument is elucidated as follows:

"Not yet, however, have we touched upon that phase of the evolutionary conception which constitutes the real contribution of the new science of our time to the hope of immortality. We shall only begin to understand the significance of this contribution when we see that in this, as in every other problem of man's being, the issue is at once shifted by the doctrine of evolution from the idea of man as a separate individual to that of man as a part of the entire cosmic order. Not man in himself, but man in his relation to the all-embracing world of life, now becomes the almost exclusive point-of-view from which the problem of eternity presents itself. At the heart of the whole matter is the universe, and not merely an individual, or group of individuals, within this universe. If immortality is ever to be established at all, it must henceforth be upon the basis not of the peculiar powers and purposes resident within the human soul as a separate spiritual entity, but of the whole significance of that stupendous evolutionary process, of which the development of the soul is but a single incident. Not the argument

from man, but the argument from the cosmos, must be now the deciding factor!

“Looked at from this point-of-view, man takes on at once an altogether remarkable significance as an organic being. Here in this universe, evolution tells us, a great energy and spirit—self-existent, eternal, infinite, conscious, intelligent, purposeful—has been living through unnumbered aeons of time, and manifesting itself in ever higher and nobler forms of created life. These manifestations have always been controlled by the unvarying law of development—movement, that is, from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex, ‘from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous,’ to quote the familiar generalization of Herbert Spencer. Manifesting itself first as a mere particle of protoplasm, in unicellular form, it has grown and expanded, has moved step by step, ever upward and onward, from the inorganic to the organic, from the vegetable to the animal, from the invertebrate to the vertebrate, from the fish and bird to the mammal and primate, until, at last, after millions of centuries of time, man has appeared—and with him the process has apparently stopped! No higher type of life has been evolved, nor is there any indication that such a type will ever appear. Progress still continues, of course, but it is no longer physical, but mental and spiritual, and, as such, is within man, and not beyond him.”

Says John Fiske, in *The Destiny of Man*, pages 31-32:

“On earth there will never be a higher creature than man . . . for man is still the goal toward which nature tended from the beginning. . . . He who has mastered the Darwinian theory sees that in the deadly struggle for existence, which has raged through countless aeons of time, the whole creation has been groaning and travailing together in order to bring forth the last consummate specimen of God’s handiwork—the human soul.”

And George Eliot puts the same great conclusion into poetic phrase, when she says:

I, too, rest in faith
 That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
 Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
 Is pressing—seen in puny blossom now,
 But in the world's great morrow to expand
 With broadest petals and with deepest glow.

Now if this exaltation of man means anything at all, it means that a steady purpose has been rising through all the innumerable changing forms of life, and that man is the fulfillment of this purpose. It means that man is the end of all things, the goal toward which nature has been tending from the beginning, the "one far-off divine event, toward which the whole creation" has ever moved. It means that all which has preceded him has been but the preparation for his coming—that all the aeons of creative time have been fashioning the globe only that it might become his fitting habitation—that all plants and trees have flourished, all fishes swum the sea, all birds coursed through the air, all animals struggled and fought for supremacy in life's battle, only that man might be the perfect creature, physical, mental, spiritual, that we see him at the present moment. "So far from degrading humanity," says John Fiske, "the doctrine of evolution enlarges tenfold the significance of human life and places it upon an even loftier eminence" than even priests and prophets have imagined. It makes man "the heir of all the ages," the inheritor of all the strength and power and beauty of the entire cosmic process. It ennobles him as the quintessence of all the life of all the world, the embodiment of everything that has gone before, the fulfillment and revelation of the universe. It gives him a kinship with all things that be, and thus endows him with a universal ancestry. Lowell boasts that he can count the trees "among his far progenitors"; Shelley addresses the skylark, Bryant the water-fowl, and Burns the field-mouse, as kindred spirits; Wordsworth feels in nature

. . . . a presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused.
 Therefore . . . am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods
 And mountains.

And now we find, according to evolution, that these fantastic visions of the poets are sober truth. The whole universe, with its myriad forms of life, has joined together for the making of the human soul—we are what we are, in thought and emotion, in ideal and aspiration, in the mind that thinks and the heart that feels and the soul that dreams its dreams and sees its visions, because we have grown, little by little, step by step, part by part, in and through and out of all that has gone before. "No poet's fancy," says Mr. J. T. Sunderland in *The Spark in the Clod*, "ever dreamed such exaltation for man as science in our day, in the light of evolution, is declaring to be verified fact."

From the first, faint glimmerings of life, then, all things have been working toward this one mighty goal—the production of man, with his art and poetry and music, his cities and kingdoms, his civilizations and religions. And now arises instantly the fateful question, inevitable in the circumstances—what does all this mean? Has all this been done for nothing? Is all this ceaseless toil of the ages to no permanent end? Has all this "groaning and travailing" of the whole creation for millions upon millions of centuries past brought forth nothing but this transient creature man, who lives his few brief days upon the earth and then vanishes forever, like Prospero's "unsubstantial pageant," leaving "not a rack behind"? The material body of man is, as we know, cast aside and returns unto the dust from which it came. Astronomers tell us that that dreadful day is sure to come when the earth shall at last be swallowed up by the sun, the solar system be shattered to ruin, the heavens themselves vanish "like a flaming scroll," and all the material universe again be merged into the original fire-mist from which it first evolved. And now, in the face of this stupendous cataclysm, there comes the question, does this utter dissolution of gross matter involve also the dissolution of the intellectual, emotional, and spiritual nature of man? Does man's soul, in other words—this soul which is the supreme goal towards which all the creative energy has

been ever moving—perish even as the dust of the earth? Has all this work of untold centuries, of millions upon millions of years of time, been done for nothing? Has chaos been reduced to order, this order fashioned into the “matchless architecture of the heavens and the earth,” this structure clothed upon with life, this life unfolded into the wonder of flower and tree, the beauty of fish and bird, the miracle of man with his erect posture, his speaking tongue, his dreaming mind, his loving heart, his aspiring soul—that this last great miracle may continue only through life’s little span and then cease forevermore?

Such a conclusion as this, in the light of human reason, is impossible. It is mere madness to conceive of such a useless ending of the world—such a vain and empty outcome of the cosmic process. Just to assert that the universe has been laboring for a million years to no permanent end is to confess to lunacy. What, for instance, would we think of a painter who should spend a lifetime upon some great canvas—toiling through weary days and sleepless nights upon a masterpiece of creative workmanship—only to display it for a single day to an admiring world and then to slash it into bits? What would we think of a musician who should devote his years to the composition of a great opera, that sounded the deepest depths and smote the loftiest heights of inspired song—only to produce it for a single night and then destroy it forever? What would we think of an inspired poet, who should labor from youth to old age upon some great epic, which ran the whole gamut of human passion and scaled the farthest peaks of human idealism—only to read his noble lines to the listening ears of men for one little day, and then to give his manuscript to the flames? And what, in the same way, would we think of God, if he has toiled all these aeons and at the last has produced that “consummate specimen of his handiwork, the human soul,” only to destroy it after one fleeting moment of existence? Even to imagine such a thing of God and of his world is impossible. The cosmic process through all these ages must have been working to some permanent end, and must

have been seeking some abiding achievement—and what can this be but a soul that shall never die? Evolution leads straight to immortality, or it leads nowhere. Evolution leads to the eternal life as the next step in the unfolding process, else there is no such unfolding process. The human soul is immortal, else God is mad and evolution itself a baseless dream.

“The more thoroughly we comprehend the process of evolution (says John Fiske, as the final result of his survey of the whole evolutionary process), the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. It goes far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion. (See *The Destiny of Man*, pages 115, 116.)”

To the evolutionist, therefore, the denial of immortality is “an intolerable thought.” There must, in the very nature of the case, be a future life for the human soul, in order to justify the universal order, if nothing more. For if evolution has taught us anything it has certainly taught us that the laws which govern the universe are reasonable; that the evolutionary process is guided by a rational idea and controlled by a moral purpose; that the creative energy, through all the ages past, has been moving toward the attainment of something definite and something also permanent. And that “something” is surely nothing other than that which is the flower and fruit of all unfolding life—the aspiring soul of man. When the earth has again been reduced to liquid fire, when the heavens have again “rolled together like a flaming scroll,” and all the labor of the ages has ended in the fire-mist of chaos, when darkness has again enveloped an unformed world and silence is again brooding upon the empty spaces of the deep—all shall not be lost, all this age-long process shall not have been in vain. There shall still remain the soul of man as the evidence of what God has done; there shall still survive the wreckage of space and time the human spirit, as the supreme and indestructible product of God’s creative handiwork. If the universe

is rational—and evolution proves to us that it is—the soul of man must be immortal, and must endure even when the sun is cold, the stars extinguished, and the earth dissolved to nothing. It cannot be otherwise within the bounds of human reason; else is the world a delusion, the evolutionary process “a vanity of vanities,” and God himself an unproductive and hence unintelligent workman. It is this which Dr. Fiske means when he gives us, as his *credo*, “I believe in the immortality of the soul as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God’s work!”

THERE IS NO DEATH

“There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven’s jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o’er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the trees of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is Life—there are no dead.”

CHAPTER VI.

INVESTIGATIONS IN PSYCHIC RESEARCH

Report of our first table sitting, in our own home, 904 Brush St., Oakland, California, Saturday evening, September 17, 1921.

We had been discussing the question of life after death, immortality, materialism, Spiritualism, and Psychic Research. We talked of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, of "*Raymond*," by Sir Oliver Lodge, of Dr. Hyslop, Frederick W. H. Myers, Lombroso, Alfred Russell Wallace, and the other distinguished scientific exponents of the belief in Spirit Return. I remarked to my mother, "Would you like to try some experiments in table tipping?"

My wife and I had tried out these experiments before, but mostly in a spirit of sheer curiosity, and largely in fun. We had witnessed only one phenomenon: one night in Oklahoma City, while I was minister of the Community House Branch of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, we were having a meeting of the Sunday School teachers at the parsonage. After the meeting we tried some "Mind Reading Stunts," and then four of us sat around the kitchen table and waited for the "spirits."

Much to our surprise, and to the real fright of two of those around the table, we had been sitting there about twenty minutes when the table tilted off the floor fully six inches, and did this three times. We were not able to get anything in the way of a message, or even of questions and answers, but we did see a table lifted off the floor without any muscular or other human energy whatever.

My mother assured me that she would like to try for a sitting, so we gathered our chairs around the little stand-table, dimming the light, and placing our hands very lightly on the table, and waited for results.

There were three of us in the sitting: myself, my wife, and my mother. In the report of the sittings the initials of the sitters will be used: e.g., C. S. M. for

Charles S. Mundell, M. L. M. for Margaret Louise Mundell, and V. M. M. for Verna May Mundell.

Our hands barely touched the table, for the three of us being members of the same family, and all of us sharing a common loss and grief, we were profoundly interested in receiving *actual* results. Under such circumstances the reader will agree that it is preposterous to suppose that any one of the three of us would deliberately practice trickery or deception upon the rest of us. Not one of the three desired other than to know whether or not it was *possible* for the Spirits of the Dead to communicate with the living through the mechanism of the table.

The seance was opened with prayer—earnest, reverent, humble prayer. This was for the purpose of creating the right conditions; to eliminate all elements of sheer curiosity, fear, and irreverence; and to prevent deception by the impersonation of evil spirits.

It has been claimed by some Divines that all such phenomena is the work of evil spirits—devils—and that it all comes from Satan, and for the purpose of deceiving and damning immortal souls.

I cannot believe that God would permit such deception after earnest, reverent prayer, in which there was eager, broken-hearted petition for protection and enlightenment. Like attracts like, and it is inconceivable to me that earnest souls, bowed in prayer, could attract evil or malicious influences.

From the very depths of our sorrow-burdened hearts we prayed that, if possible, some message might come to us from the other side of the veil.

We sat thus for about a half hour with no response whatever. We were beginning to think we were going to be disappointed. Pushing back my chair, I said, "Well, maybe there is no one of us possessing sufficient mediumistic power to enable the spirits to get through."

My mother urged that we continue our sitting longer. Said she: "I have read in books where sitters remained quiet for hours, waiting for manifestations. Let us continue a while longer."

It was hardly fifteen minutes after this that we all became conscious of the fact that the table was quivering and vibrating like something alive. We were all keyed up to a pitch of excitement and expectancy. Then, with apparent difficulty, the little table was visibly lifted off two of its legs, perhaps two or three inches from the floor.

This was done several times.

Question by C. S. M. "Is there some Spirit present who will give us a message from the Spirit-side of life? If so, let it be agreed that three tilts of the table shall constitute 'Yes,' and one tilt shall constitute the sign for 'No.' "

The table slowly tilted three times.

C. S. M.: "Will you tilt the table towards the one you wish to act as Medium in this sitting tonight?"

The table tilted toward C. S. M. The same question was asked in several different ways, with the table tilting in my direction each time.

C. S. M.: "All right, dear one, I will agree to act as the Medium, although I didn't know I had any such powers. Now will you tell us who you are?"

Answer: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Will you tilt table at each letter of the alphabet which spells your name, as I slowly call over the letters?"

Answer: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H"—table slowly, and with seeming difficulty tilted at the letter H.

"A"—table again tilted.

"A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R"—table tilted, a little more slowly, at "R."

The name of my dear Grandmother my mother's mother, was *Harriet*. This dear soul had passed from earth-life over two years before, after being lame for two years, as a result of a fall. When the table had tilted at the letters "H-A-R" we all thought, "It's going to spell 'Harriet,'" so I interrupted with:

"Is this Grandma?"

Answer: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Well, mother dear, we're so glad you came tonight!"

H. M. P. (Harriet Moss Painter) Answer: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Are you happy, Grandma?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Mother dear, is our precious Joe with you now?"

H. M. P.: Ans. "Yes."

V. M. M.: "How is he, mother? Is he happy, too?"

H. M. P.: "Yes." Emphatically.

V. M. M.: "Thank God!"

C. S. M.: "Have you been with brother all the time since he came over to your world?"

H. M. P.: "Yes." Tilted vigorously, as though she were gaining strength and momentum.

V. M. M.: "Mother dear, can Joe come to us through the table?"

Table tilted about two inches off the floor, remained poised for several seconds, raised higher, quivered and vibrated as though pausing or hesitating before answering, then slowly descended, once, which we understood to mean "No."

V. M. M.: "I wonder why?" (Comment)

M. L. M.: "Perhaps it's because he hasn't been over there long enough, or hasn't developed sufficient strength!"

Without any further question or comment from us, the table tilted three times, as though the Spirit had heard my wife's half-question, half-comment, and would answer it "Yes, that's correct!"

C. S. M.: "Will Joe ever be able to come to us through the table?"

H. M. P.: (Slowly, as with apparent hesitancy) "Y-es!"

V. M. M.: "You will help Joe to learn how to manipulate the table, won't you, mother?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Grandma, did you know, before Joe's

accident, that he was going to be killed? That is, did you have any fore-knowledge of it?"

H. M. P.: "No."

C. S. M.: (Surprised) "You mean you didn't know anything about it until it happened?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Then you don't know *everything* when you reach the Spirit-world?"

H. M. P.: (Decidedly) "*No!*"

V. M. M.: "Mother dear, was our precious Joe surprised, and bewildered, when he saw you, and realized that he was in the Spirit-world?"

H. M. P.: (Slowly, as though sadly) "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Who was the first one to reach Joe, when he found himself in the Spirit-world. Was it you?"

H. M. P.: (Emphatically) "*Yes!*"

V. M. M.: "Of course she was, bless her heart!"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Are you getting tired, Grandma?"

H. M. P.: (Vigorously) "*No!*"

V. M. M.: "You want us to go on asking questions, mother?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "All right, mother dear! Are you glad to come to us in this way tonight?"

H. M. P.: "(Table tilted three times, the two legs striking the floor each time) "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Have you wanted to come to us before?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Have you ever come through to any of us before?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Was it through Mrs. Mertz, in Oklahoma City, when she told Charles she saw Grandmother standing beside him, that time we attended her meeting in the Terminal Building?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Is that the only time?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Grandma, where is the Spirit-world? Is it very far away? (from us)."

H. M. P.: "No."

C. S. M.: "Is it all around us, and and about us, everywhere?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Is it a better plane, or world, than this, mother?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Grandma, when Joe was here with us in the earth-life, he was very fond of music—especially the player-piano. Have you any music in the Spirit-world?"

H. M. P.: (Emphatically) "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Ma, ask Joe if he is sorry he had to go so young, when his life seemed to promise so much of pleasure and enjoyment?"

H. M. P.: "No."

C. S. M.: "You mean Joe is *not* sorry?"

H. M. P.: "No."

V. M. M.: "Mother dear, I want to ask you a question about the accident. Did Joe have any trouble, or any misunderstanding, with any of the members of the hunting party, at any time during the trip?"

H. M. P.: "No."

C. S. M.: "All was perfectly friendly, was it, Grandma?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Grandma, the papers (newspapers) wrote up a lot of stuff about Joe's being lost for several days, and being hungry, and utterly exhausted, before the tragedy, and that he might have ended his own life. Was there any truth whatever in that?"

H. M. P.: (Very loudly and emphatically) "No!"

C. S. M.: "It was purely an accident, and no one else had anything to do with his death?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Does Joe know where his papa is now?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Is he in Los Angeles?"

H. M. P.: "No."

M. L. M.: "Maybe he is on the train, coming home."

H. M. P.: "Yes."

My father had been called to Los Angeles in connection with his work as General Chairman of the Joint Protective Board of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen, to adjust some grievances. He arrived in Oakland the next morning, thus proving that the intelligence operating the table was correct in saying he was on the train.

V. M. M.: "Are there any other Spirits with you now, mother?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Is our little boy, Willie, who died when he was a baby, there with you?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "And is our little girl Annie with you?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

My sister Annie was the first child born to my parents. She was two years older than I, or would have been had she lived. She lived to be three months old. I never had the pleasure of seeing my sister, as she died before I was born.

Between Annie and me there was a little boy prematurely born, whose pre-natal development had reached the fifth month.

V. M. M.: "And is Grandpa Mundell there with you, also?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

At the time of this sitting Grandmother Mundell was in very feeble health; in fact, having reached the age of 83, and having been the mother of thirteen children, eleven of whom are still living, and one of whom (George) reached the age of 18 years, she was slowly, painlessly, dying of old age.

Question by V. M. M.: "Does Grandpa Mundell know the condition his wife is in now?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Does he know exactly when she will pass into Spirit-life?"

H. M. P.: "No."

C. S. M.: "You mean to say Grandpa Mundell does not know when his companion will join him?"

H. M. P.: "No." (Probably, "No, he does not know.")

C. S. M.: "Does he think it will not be long?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "That is, he thinks she will soon join him in the Spirit-world?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Mother, have you seen Pa's father, Sam Painter, in the Spirit-world?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

May I say by way of explanation that my Great-Grandfather had disappeared from a ship, under very mysterious circumstances. Neither his wife, nor any of his survivors ever knew exactly what became of him; whether he was murdered and thrown overboard by enemies, or accidentally fell overboard, or what. All that was definitely known was as follows:

(Here is the story as told by my Grandfather, *J. S. Painter*)

"My father and two of mother's brothers, John and Joe Harry, were working on a freight boat, which plied the Ohio river.

"At the time of my father's disappearance they were bound for Louisville, Ky. My father had had some disagreement, or trouble with an Irish deckhand. He had ordered this Irishman to perform some duty. The man was drinking, and refused. There would have been a fight, but the others would not permit it. My father was very angry. Everytime he got angry, it made him sick. So after the row was over, he went and laid down on the deck of the boat, and probably went to sleep. When he was needed his brothers-in-law asked the Irishman, 'Where is Sam?'

"The Irishman replied: 'He is lying down asleep. I'll go and wake him up.'

"The man departed, but did not return with my father. After awhile my two uncles went to look for him, but all they found was his hat.

"They suspected the Irishman of having thrown, or pushed him overboard, but they had no proof. At any rate, the Irishman disappeared after that, and was never heard of since. The river was dragged for my father's body, but it was never recovered. We never knew whether he accidentally fell overboard, or whether this Irishman pushed him over, or whether he committed suicide, or what."

V. M. M.: "Mother, do you know, and can you tell us, how Grandfather Painter met his death?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Was he murdered?"

H. M. P.: "No."

V. M. M.: "Did he jump overboard?"

H. M. P.: "No."

C. S. M.: "Was it an accident?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Did he *fall* overboard, and drown?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Have you seen Grandma Stoneking?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

My Great-Grandmother, wife of Great-Grandpa Painter, married again, over a year later, a man by name of Elijah Stoneking. It was therefore my Grandfather's mother to whom H. M. P. referred.

V. M. M.: "And Mother dear, is your own little boy Charley with you now?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "And your brother Frank, is he with you."

H. M. P.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Have you seen my father, Herman Brunke?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

My wife's father was killed by falling from a high building in the city of Chicago. He was a bricklayer,

and was thought to have stepped backwards off the edge of the building under construction. He was killed when Margaret was only about four years old.

M. L. M.: "Is my father there with you now?"

H. M. P.: "No."

This answer was a complete surprise to us all. It was the only instance where she answered that the spirit named was *not* there. Therefore, it does not seem reasonable to imagine that the table-tipping could have been occasioned by our own unconscious psychic powers.

Furthermore, the tipping itself was by no means uniform. Sometimes the answers were very emphatic; sometimes they were slow and deliberate; sometimes they seemed doubtful, or uncertain. Thru-out the whole of the sitting the table behaved just like a living creature. Sometimes the table remained suspended on two legs as tho waiting for us to repeat, or to make clearer, what it was we wished to say. It betrayed emotion, humor, hesitancy, impatience, and all those characteristic things which might be expected under the circumstances.

M. L. M.: "Is my father on the same plane of spirit-life that you are?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Is Grandpa Mundell's son George there with you all?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "And is his little girl with him too?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

After this question the table seemed unable to tilt, tho it made a number of attempts.

M. L. M.: "Maybe she is tired?"

Table answered by three tilts, but slowly, and with difficulty.

V. M. M.: "Mother, dear, do you want to say good-night?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

After this "goodnights" were said all round, and the table responded with *two* raps, as tho to say, Good Night.

CHAPTER VII

Report of sitting with Rev. Mrs. Emma Nanning, at 543 35th St., Oakland, California, Monday, Sept. 19, 1921, at 11 o'clock.

By Charles S. Mundell

On the morning of September 19, 1921, I telephoned to Mrs. Emma Nanning, Spiritualist Medium, and pastor of the Spiritual Church of Truth and Light, Oakland, simply stating that I would be glad to have a sitting with her that morning. She named eleven o'clock as the hour, and at the appointed time I was there.

When I was ushered into the room where the sitting was to be held I gave the medium no name, other than the fact that I was a Congregational Minister making an investigation of Spiritualism and Psychic Phenomena. After being seated on the opposite side of a small table the seance began:

Mrs. Nanning: "When you came into this room I saw a spirit come with you—the spirit of—of—(someone very near to you—yes, he says, he is very near to you)" And then, with no encouragement from me she continued: "You have a brother who has just recently passed into the Spirit-world? Yes, he says he is your brother—your brother—*J-o-e*. You have a brother Joe, just recently passed out?"

C. S. M.: "Yes." No more.

Mrs. Nanning: "This brother must have passed out very quickly—y-es, he shows me it was an accident. He says, "Tell mama I didn't do it; it was an accident" (presumably referring to a newspaper account in the Oakland Tribune which suggested that "Lost Hunter, Starving, Exhausted, Thought to Have Ended Life). "I will convince Mother I didn't do it—" (abruptly)

Mrs. Nanning: "Who is George? He says something about George. Do you know anything about a George?"

I did not know who George was.

She continued: "Joe says George is here. Oh, yes, Uncle George. Have you an Uncle George?"

I had heard my father speak of a brother of his who was dead, but I did not know his name, nor did I know when that brother had passed out, or how old he was at the time of his passing.

I answered: "No, I do not know Uncle George, but I will ask at home and find out."

She continued: "Who is Edward? Joe says something about Edward also. He (Edward) does not seem to be in the Spirit life."

I afterwards learned that my brother had a very dear friend with whom he worked at the railroad yards, whose name was Edward, and who was familiarly called, "Eddie." I did not know it at the time, but I afterward learned from my parents that this friend had once been in our home, as my brother's guest.

I assured the Medium that I hadn't the slightest idea who Edward was, and she continued:

"Joe shows me mountains—hills—or something like that—and a high log—ye-s—a high log. He sits down on the log." Sotto voice: "Why does he sit down on a log—this way—yes, this way (indicating the way one would sit down on a log). Oh! Oh!" Mrs. Nanning shuddered as with extreme horror: "Wasn't your brother killed accidentally?"

C. S. M.: "Yes."

Mrs. Nanning: "He was hunting—must have been hunting—he shows me gun—y-es! He says something about a gun. Do you know what he means?"

C. S. M.: "Yes, he was hunting, and had a gun."

Mrs. N.: "Joe says, 'It is true we live again. We do not die!' He says, 'he is glad you came today.' He says 'he will convince mama.'"

"I see also an old lady hobbling on crutches—yes, she was lame before she passed out—do you recognize her?"

I answered that I thought so; that I had a Grandmother in Spirit life—

Mrs. N. (Interrupting me) "Yes, yes! Your grandmother! Not your father's mother—your *mother's*

mother! Joe says, 'Grandma was the first to reach me when I got here!' Yes. Yes.

"There also comes an old man with a beard—gray beard—like this (indicating with her hands a short beard, covering face) and—he rubs his head this way (medium rubbed head) says, 'bald head! You will know me by that.'"



Grandfather Mundell
Described by Mrs. Nanning.

C. S. M.: "Yes, I recognize him. It is my Grandfather."

Mrs. N.: "Yes, yes! He says, 'Grandpa! I'm Grandpa.' What's this? He is showing me something—looks like a medal—medal—like this (drawing in air with finger) also blue uniform (excitedly) A soldier! Yes! Yes! That's it. Wasn't he a soldier?"

This was true. My paternal grandfather was a volunteer of Company C, 32nd Iowa Infantry, and fought in the

Civil War. Whether he ever received a medal of any kind I do not know. Otherwise, it was *very* accurate.

Some one may say that all this is very wonderful, but that it does not necessarily prove that Mrs. Nanning was under "Spirit-Control", or that the remarkably accurate information really came from the discarnate Spirit of my brother, Joe; that the medium *may have* received it from me *telepathically*; in other words, that she *may have read my mind*.

However, there was one detail connected with the reading which could hardly be explained by telepathy, and which I consider very evidential.

She said: "About a mile and a half or two miles from where your brother's body was found there is a cabin—yes, a little cabin, a little house. He saw this cabin and intended going to it to find his way out; he was lost for just a little while."

Now I was familiar with all the facts *except* the matter of the *cabin*, a mile and a half or two miles from where the body was found. I had never heard a word mentioned about any cabin, nor was anything published in any of the papers about a cabin, so far as I have been able to ascertain.

My Uncle Oscar, who was among those who found the body, had gone to Los Angeles, and was working there. When I went down to L. A., to attend the funeral of my paternal Grandmother, I asked my Uncle: "Oscar, do you know if there was any cabin or house anywhere near the place you found Joe's body?" His answer was, "Yes, there *was* a little cabin, about a mile and a half or two miles from there, but I don't think Joe ever saw, or knew anything about, the house."

Obviously, the Medium *could not* have read from my mind the detail of the cabin, for *it wasn't in my mind*. I knew nothing of it. Had never heard it mentioned. When it was told to me I made a mental note of what she said, and determined to use the point as a test, and if it proved to be true or untrue, to consider the entire sitting more or less in the light of what I should find out to be true.

CHAPTER VIII

Report of anonymous sitting with Mrs. Nanning, Medium, at her home, 543 35th street, Oakland, California, Saturday, Sept. 24, 1921, commencing 1:45 p. m.

When I related to my mother the particulars of my sitting with Mrs. Nanning, she was deeply impressed, and she expressed her desire then to have a sitting with the medium at some future time.

That afternoon we received a telegram from my Uncle Oscar, father's brother, from Los Angeles, informing us that my father's mother was at the point of death, and not expected to live thru the day. I called up my father on the phone (he was in his San Francisco office) and read the telegram to him. Then I caught a street car to Alameda, to break the news to another of father's brothers, Charles L. Mundell. The three of us drove down to Los Angeles that night. I forgot to give my mother the name and address of the Medium before leaving for Los Angeles, so she decided to wait until I should return before seeking a sitting. Upon my return the following Friday night, I gave her Mrs. Nanning's name and address, and the next day she and my wife, Margaret L. Mundell, went for a sitting. Before starting my wife telephoned Mrs. Nanning, asking if she would be at liberty to give a "reading" if they came right over. The answer was in the affirmative. No name was given over the phone, or when they arrived at the house. My mother was particularly anxious that Mrs. Nanning *should not* know who they were, or of any connection with me. She wished to see if she and my wife would receive anything like the same message that was given to me. Mrs. Nanning *positively* had never seen either my mother or my wife, and when she invited them into her "seance" room she asked them no questions whatever, nor even requested their names. The report of the sitting follows, just as taken down by my wife, (who took notes) supplemented by explanatory remarks, just as I received it from their lips:

Mrs. Nanning: (to mother) I get an over anxious influence. You are over anxious. Don't be. It confuses. Just relax. Be passive. All right, Spirit go back. Spirit of man comes. I want to explain something. Tries to speak thru to you. Your mother stands in back of you. She says, 'I have brought *Joe* to you! They are over-anxious—want to get thru so bad—eager to give you message. You sit at table—on table—no, at table—made table—table rock—this way—" (evidently referring to the fact that we had had a table sitting in our own home a few nights before that, at which time my mother's mother came. Mrs. Nanning illustrated by tilting the small table before her).

She continued: "Harriet says—Who is Harriet?"

Mrs. V. M. Mundell: "That's my mother."

Mrs. N.: "Yes! Harriet says, 'Keep on investigating. Will come again thru table. Give more messages. It is all true—it will be this—we only change.'"

She hesitated, seemingly confused: "I see tracks—train tracks—he shows me tracks (Joe evidently speaking) Did he run on road?"

V. M. M.: "No, he did not run on the road.'

Joe did not run on the road, but he did work around tracks at the West Oakland Passenger Yards.



Joe at work in the West Oakland
Passenger Yards.

Mrs. N.: "He says, 'Father—does father run on road?'"

V. M. M.: "Well, he travels a great deal, working for his Union, the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen. I suppose Joe may mean that!"

Mrs. N.: "Yes, yes! He says that's it. Joe says, 'That's my mother.' (Mrs. Nanning pointed finger at my mother) Joe says, 'Mother, you ought to be extremely happy that I come to you. God has given, and God has taken. Perhaps it seems strange, but it is so. I've stepped away from the right road sometimes—you know what I mean.'" Medium indicated by signs as tho she had a pain in the stomach, then asked: "Did Joe drink?"

V. M. M.: "He didn't to say drink, that is, he didn't drink often. Sometimes he would take a drink."

My brother did not touch liquor often, altho he had a natural craving for alcoholic drinks. Whenever he did, it always made him very sick. That is probably why the medium experienced the sensation of nausea.

Mrs. Nanning: "Joe says, 'Mama, I was with you this morning. I didn't want you to feel so bad about me. Don't think it was a fatal trip. I would have gone anyway—yes—I went quickly—perfectly satisfied I went quick—I couldn't have been saved (meaning probably, he was instantly killed, and that nothing could have been done for him if he had been found sooner) I am born again, and extremely happy. You are wiping out my Spiritual life by your tears.'"

Mrs. N.: "He tries to tell me he sat down somewhere—it fell—(sotto voce: What fell? Do not know *what* fell."

"A woman wants to come to you (pointing to my wife) Her name is Elizabeth!"

The name of my paternal Grandmother, who passed away that week, was Elizabeth. My wife had never met her, but that is no reason why she should not desire to come to her.

After saying this Mrs. Nanning abruptly asked: "What happened in the month of August? Someone passed out. Joe says 'It was me.' Wait! He wants to do something. I can't see plainly just yet. He holds something up, like he had something in his hand."

Mrs. N. continued: "He takes a piece of paper—all white—a piece of paper—no letters on it—he takes it in his hand like this, (Mrs. Nanning here tore off a little piece of newspaper, and held it in her fingers as one would do preparatory to making a cigarette) He rolls it up (Mrs. N. rolls piece of paper, turns one end down; wets the edges, going thru all the motions of rolling a cigarette) like this, and sticks to mouth, (Mrs. N. puts rolled paper in mouth). Then he gets shot! Oh!" Mrs. Nanning shuddered as tho cold chills were passing over her, and then sat back limply in her chair.)

Mrs. N.: "Ah, I see what it is now. This (holding up rolled paper) was cigarette. What fell was his gun. And then he got shot. (Here it seemed that Joe took the conversation) "It is all true—I got lost for awhile—I did want to go further along to that house. I wanted to rest. I wasn't permitted to reach the cabin. I had to sit there. My time had come. I don't want you to grieve. I see, hear, and know all things. I go to my Father that you may have light. We do live beyond the grave. Mother, I know what it cost you. A mother's love grows stronger day by day. We ought to be very grateful for the way—that way is God's way."

Mrs. Nanning: "I see many sitting around table."

Joe: "You keep sitting around table, and all raps will be recognized. I had to come."

Mrs. Nanning said: "I have brought Spirits back, when no one else could bring them back."

Question by Margaret L. Mundell: "Ask Joe if he remembers Margie."

Mrs. N. "Joe says, 'Margie wants something, but don't give it to her.' Joe says, 'Forget and Forgive.' I see a photograph. Don't put it away. (Evidently referring to the large photograph of Joe which we kept on the top of the piano, and which his mother took down and kissed every night.)

"Joe says, 'I am glad they found me, for you never would have been satisfied if they hadn't.'

"A man comes with a beard.

"Who is George?"

(Mrs. Nanning then picked up the rolled paper, representing a cigarette, and said,) "Joe says, 'I don't want them anymore—too material.'"

Mrs. Nanning to my wife, M. L. M.: "You can do inspirational writing. Sit down anytime, and your hand will write thru you."

After saying this to my wife Mrs. Nanning returned to my mother with, "Joe is telling me something about a letter—a letter—a brown suit—" (Mrs. Nanning: "Has Joe got a brown suit—dark brown suit?")

V. M. M.: "Yes, Joe had a brown suit, but he didn't have it on him when he was killed."

Joe's brown suit was carefully packed away in his trunk after his death, and the mention of it by the Medium constitutes, to my mind, a remarkable piece of evidence that it was really Joe speaking thru her.

Mrs. Nanning also said: "Joe says there was a sealed letter, ready to be sent, or received by him." Here she became confused and a part of what she said was not correct.

Mrs. N.: "Joe says, 'I must have help. You are too over anxious.' There is such an over anxious atmosphere. It makes it hard to communicate. If you knew how satisfied he was (meaning Joe) you wouldn't have him come back. (Joe speaking) 'Mama, here's your chance to elevate me. We are only lent to one another. I didn't always do right, but I did my best. I feel so much better when you don't cry.'

"Frank comes now. (Evidently my mother's Uncle Frank, her mother's brother, who passed into Spirit-life thru an accident, when a child)

(Mrs. Nanning to my mother) "A wonderful influence comes with you, but you are so over-anxious."

Question by V. M. M.: "Joe, weren't you sorry to leave this life so young?"

Joe: "No, I'm not disappointed. I would have gone when sixteen. (We do not know exactly what Joe meant by this statement) You will find everything so different, better and beautiful here. Don't sigh for me."

Mrs. Nanning: "I see someone who is Eddie or Edward. Do you know who it is?"

V. M. M.: "I do not. That is, I know of no one in the family by that name; but Joe had a chum, a boy friend by name of Eddie."

Mrs. Nanning: "No, there is no family connection. That's right. Joe says, it is no family relative, but we don't forget our friends over here, either. Joe wants to touch his mother's cheeks. I will see if it can be done, but it will take all my strength."

After trying, and apparently failing in this, Joe said, "When you are of more faith, I will come to you in my own strength."

Mrs. N.: "I see something in a box. Keep it. It's a little brown box. (To mother: Has he shaving material in it?)"

V. M. M.: "No, I do not recognize it."

Question by V. M. M.: "Ask Joe what I have in my purse of his, that he would recognize."

Joe: (thru Mrs. N.) "Mama you expect too much for the first time."

Mrs. Nanning: "Joe says, he felt himself getting cold; he said in his thoughts, 'God bless you, my dear ones. Thanks that I am permitted to come to you. Promise me you won't grieve. It is best for all concerned. You believe in the Gospel, Christ and the Bible.'"

Mrs. N. "Uncle passed out with beard; Uncle in an indirect way. Seems more like *your* uncle than his (nodding to my mother) he says, 'We're over-stepping our time. Brace up. Your love is unlike all others. God bless you and keep you I pray.'"

It may be well to add to the above that the remarkable feature of it all was that the medium was able to give anything at all. The sitting was frequently interrupted by the ringing of the door bell—others coming for sittings. But withal and with a very few incorrect details, it was a reading remarkable for its wealth of accurate detail.

It will be noted that the information given to my mother and my wife corresponds in all essentials to that given to me.

CHAPTER IX

Report of messages received in public service, Odd Fellows' Hall, Oakland, California, Sunday Evening, September 25, 1921.

Following up the most satisfactory private sittings with Rev. Mrs. Emma Nanning, my father, my wife and I decided to attend one of the public services under the auspices of Mrs. Nanning's Church, the Spiritual Church

of Truth and Light, which held forth in the Odd Fellows Temple every Sunday Evening.

On the Sunday evening of Sept. 25, we made our way thither. My mother did not accompany us for fear she might suffer a disappointment similar to that of the Sunday night previous.

After the preliminary service of song and prayer, the congregation was divided into three circles, and informed that the meeting would be an "old-fashioned circle."

There were three mediums present, and each of them was given a circle for a half hour; then the mediums were changed about, until each circle had the advantage of witnessing the work of each of the mediums.

The mediums present were: Mrs. Emma Nanning, Mrs. Zimmerman, and Mrs. Salmon. Mrs. Zimmerman was the first medium to take charge of the circle to which we were attached.

The Medium first came to my wife, but altho she gave her a "message," there was nothing in it which she could recognize.

To me she said: "There comes someone who passed out quickly—like a flash! That's all I can get! Perhaps you can sense who it is?"

C. S. M.: "Yes, I *think* I know who it is."

I did not give her any information whatever, and the very fact that she did not say anything further concerning the manner in which that one passed out quickly, like a flash, nor did she seem to know anything more, seems to me to preclude the supposition that Mrs. Nanning *may* have communicated the facts to Mrs. Z., concerning our sittings with Mrs. N.

She continued: "I feel like I want to have you alone—private—feel could get much more about something than I can get now. You ought to sit alone in dark with tablet—get writing—from—from—brother—yes, from *your* brother. You'll be surprised. Would you also recognize spirit which passed out in infancy?"

C. S. M.: "I know so many who have passed out in infancy. I do not know which one comes to me now."

Mrs. Z.: "I can't seem to get who it is."

To my father she said:

"Would you recognize two men who worked on engine? Hands dirty—worked on train—killed in wreck—*young man and man with whiskers?*"

S. A. M.: "No, I can't say that I do, just now. You say they were killed on an engine?"

Mrs. Z.: "Yes."

At the moment neither my father or I could recall any one we had ever known who had been killed in such a wreck, but a few minutes later I said to my father (in a whisper) "Didn't you ever know anyone at Dalhart who got killed in a train wreck? Two men?"

"Oh, yes, I do now! I'll bet she meant Rex Matthews and Bob Ford."

The two men in question *were* killed in a train wreck. The former was a *young* man, and the latter wore a mustache. The Medium's description turned out to fit the particular situation with remarkable accuracy. My father and I cannot help but feel that this particular message has real evidential value.

At 9:15 the mediums exchanged circles, and after giving a few messages to others, Mrs. Nanning came over to us.

Mrs. Nanning: (to me) "I get the name of Harry—Harry?—Harr-i-e-t—*yes*, that's it—Harriet! Do you know Harriet? She comes to you?"

C. S. M.: "Yes, I recognize Harriet. I think it must be my Grandmother."

Mrs. N.: "Y-es! Well, Harriet says, 'Go in room and relax. I will write thru you!'"

Then to my father:

Mrs. N.: "Old man comes to you. Has beard. Must be your father."

S. A. M.: "Yes, I guess it is father. What does he say?"

Mrs. Nanning: "He wants to tell you something that will make you know it's him. He does this way—this way—(sotto voce) why does he do this way?"

The Medium here scraped the heel of her shoe on the floor, like one pulling off shoe.

Mrs. N.: "He is showing me how he used to pull off his shoes! He shows me a piece of wood. It is forked at one end. He says he used it to pull off his boots. A-a-a—a what?"

S. A. M.: "A bootjack?"

Mrs. N. (laughing, and laughing in a way similar to the way my Grandfather used to laugh) "Yes, yes! He says that's right! Tell him that. He will remember that, and know it's me!"

It seems to me that the above should be considered very evidential. My father says he had not thought of that bootjack for thirty years, but that he well remembers how his father used to pull off his boots that way, and sometime, when the bootjack could not be found my father had to get hold of the boots and pull them off.

Mrs. Nanning: "Elizabeth come to you. (to my father) She says, 'I'm *your* mother, not her mother (evidently meaning she was my father's mother, and not his mother-inlaw. My Grandmother probably said this because of the fact that Grandma Painter had already come thru the table, and thru Mrs. Nanning, and she was anxious that we know *which* 'Mother' was meant"



Joe with his mother and "Grandma Mundell"
at 904 Brush Street.

Mrs. N.: "Elizabeth says, everything here is so much different than I expected. I wasn't looking for this. It is all so strange. You must help me, my son. I can't understand it all—yet! I am groping for light. I am glad I am permitted to come to you. I will come again.'"

This does not seem at all strange, in view of the fact that my paternal Grandmother was a faithful member of an orthodox church, and had lived all her life in the belief that, when death came to the Christian, the soul would be ushered immediately into a heaven of "Golden Streets and Pearly Gates, and Jasper Walls." To find the Spirit-world no more than a continuation of *this*, except that it is pitched on a higher plane, and is of a more ethereal nature, must indeed have seemed strange to her, and it must have taken her some time to get her bearings.

S. A. M.: "Ask mother if George is with her?"

Mrs. Nanning (speaking as tho it were Grandmother Mundell talking): "Yes, we are all together." (Mrs. N. slowly: "I hear so many names; Elizabeth, Harriet, Joe, George and Edward.")

Mrs. N.: "Joe comes to 'papa!' Joe says, 'Where is mama? Why isn't mama here? I-I—want to get to mama. Tell mama I want her to investigate. Why didn't mama come?'"

"Joe comes and kneels down by you and says, 'I used to do things sometimes I am sorry for—you'll forgive?'"

S. A. M.: "You never did papa any wrong, son. I have nothing to forgive."

As a matter of absolute frankness and fairness to the spirit of fair investigation I want to say here that none of the family have been able to think of any reason why Joe should kneel to his father in a plea for forgiveness for *anything*.

Mrs. Nanning: "Joe thinks someone is going on trip. (to C. S. M.) Must be you. He stands by you. He says, 'Be careful.' He seems afraid."

Joe must have meant this message for his father instead of for me. I did not have in mind any trip then, nor have I had at this writing. On the other hand, his father, being an official of the Carmen's Union, travels almost constantly.

C. S. M.: "Ask Joe if he knows Margie's father?"

Mrs. N.: "Over anxious. Wait a minute."

The medium then staggered as tho drunk. The question was never finished.

This ended the message of the first public service.

It may be remarked that Mrs. Nanning did not add very much to what she had told us of Joe in private sittings. Her message from my Grandmother would seem important as evidential matter.

My father's mother had passed away *in Los Angeles*, the Monday night previous, and had been laid to rest beside her husband, Harvey Mundell, on Thursday. How could Mrs. Nanning have learned of my Grandmother's

death, except thru the spirit of the deceased?

And how could she know that her name was Elizabeth?

And why should she describe my grandmother's reaction to her spiritual environment in the way she did, knowing nothing about her, if her message did not, in reality, proceed from the other side of death? All that she said was very probable.

CHAPTER X

Report of table sitting at home, September 26, 1921, Monday evening.

Those present: S. A. Mundell, Verna Mae Mundell, Charles S. Mundell, Margaret L. Mundell and J. S. Painter.

On the evening following the good messages we had received at the Public Meeting, at the "Spiritual Church of Truth and Light" we had our second table-sitting at home. My father was present at this sitting for his first time.

Four of us were sitting at the table: S. A. M., V. M. M., C. S. M. and M. L. M.

This time we had been sitting for hardly more than ten minutes when the table manifested signs of being shaken by some kind of power.

C. S. M.: "Are there any spirits present?"

Silence.

C. S. M.: "Are any of our loved ones here who wish to communicate with us?"

Silence.

S. A. M.: "Is this Mother Mundell?"

Table: "No."

V. M. M.: "Call over the letters of the alphabet and let them spell out who it is."

C. S. M.: (Alphabet repeated) "A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J,"—table tilted at J.

"A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O,"—table again tilted at O.

Feeling sure it must be Joe who had come to us I called out the letter 'E,' and the table tilted in assent.

V. M. M.: "Joe, darling, is this *really* you, and have you come to comfort us?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "Do you love mama tonight, son?"

Joe: (emphatically and loud) "*yes!*"

S. A. M.: "Do you love papa, too?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "And do you love Charlie and Margie?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "Is Uncle George with you tonight?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "And is Mother Mundell with you tonight?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Is my dear mother, Grandma Painter, with you, dear?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "Son, did you come to us last night thru Mrs. Nanning?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "And did you say you missed mama?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Joe, dear, would you like for us to call Grandpa in to witness this?"

Joe: "Yes."

(Note by C. S. M. My Grandfather Painter, my mother's father, and husband of Harriet M. Painter, had, of course been duly informed of our table and medium sittings. In spite of the fact that we were all of the family and that he could not conceive that any of us would deliberately practice fraud upon the others, he was extremely skeptical. In fact, he hardly knew what to make of it, and in his own mind probably wondered if our deep sorrow had not affected our minds a little. However, he expressed his wish to witness the phenomenon of table-tilting for himself. Accordingly, after Joe had indicated his desire to have his Grandfather present at the sitting my father went upstairs to Grandpa's room, and asked him to come down to the Seance. Papa gave him his own

chair, and he himself stood near by where he could carefully observe the actions of all four sitters.

On account of my Grandfather's obvious skepticism and suspicion, my father kept a close eye on us to see that no legs were touching the table; that our feet were far back from the table; and that our hands were kept very lightly upon the table.

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, are you aware that Grandpa has taken Dad's place at the table?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Joe, darling, are you glad to see Grandpa?"

Joe: "Yes."

J. S. P.: "Joe, is my little boy Charley with you now?"

Joe: "Yes."

J. S. P.: "Is your mother's little sister, Lily, there too?"

Joe: "Yes."

J. S. P.: "Joe, is Harriet lame now?"

Joe: "No."

C. S. M.: "Grandma is well and strong now, isn't she, Joe?"

Joe: "*yes!*" (Emphatically.)

J. S. P.: "Well, this is enough to convince me that there is something to it." With which remark he yielded the place to my father, who again took his place as one of the sitters.

S. A. M.: "Joe, can Grandma Mundell come to us thru this table?"

Joe: "No."

C. S. M.: "She hasn't been over long enough, and hasn't sufficient strength, has she, Joe?"

Joe: "No."

S. A. M.: "Joe, is Grandpa Mundell there?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "Joe, boy, did Grandpa Mundell come to us last night thru Mrs. Nanning, and did he refer to that 'bootjack' to prove it was really him?"

Joe: "Yes." Here the table behaved as tho very much amused.

Following this the control seemed to grow weaker, and when we asked Joe if he was tired, and wished to go he answered: "Yes."

After Joe had relinquished control my father suggested that we wait a few minutes, and possibly some other spirit would come.

In about five minutes the table indicated spirit presence. I called over the alphabet and table spelled:

"A-N-N-" here papa interrupted with, "It must be Annie."

Table: "Yes," very weakly.

V. M. M.: "Annie darling, we're so glad to have you come."

Annie: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Annie, my sweet little sister, I never saw you, for you left this life before I was born, but I have always cherished the thought of you, and have wished you might have lived to be with me during my childhood days."

Annie: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Don't you think our Joe is a fine, noble boy, and aren't you proud of him, over there?"

Annie: "Yes." (Considerably stronger, and more emphatic. During this first communication with Annie the operations were never very strong).

V. M. M.: "Annie dear, is little brother Willie with you and Joe, now?"

Annie: "Yes."

This was all from Annie.

CHAPTER XI

Report of table sitting at home, Tuesday evening, Sept. 27, 1921, 904 Brush street, Oakland, California.

Sitters: S. A. Mundell, Verna Mae Mundell, Charles S. Mundell and Margaret L. Mundell.

On the Sunday evening previous to this table-sitting, when my father, my wife and I were returning from the

service at Odd Fellows Temple, where Mrs. Zimmerman and Mrs. Nanning had given us such excellent messages, my wife was complaining because her father never came to her. She couldn't understand why, if Spirit-return were a fact, her own father did not come to her with a message of love.

"It seems funny to me," she exclaimed, "why my father never comes to me. I've been to Spiritualist meetings in Oklahoma City and here, and have been present at table seances, but my father has never come."

It is true that while we were living in Oklahoma City a medium by the name of Mrs. Mary Mertz, had given *me* a message purporting to come from Margaret's father, but my wife was not present at this meeting. The message could not be considered very evidential because of the fact that I had, previous to the calling of the meeting to order, unfortunately let fall a remark which Mrs. Mertz heard, concerning my wife's step-father. However, when I asked Mrs. Mertz to ask her guide the question if he (the guide) could tell me how my wife's father met his death, the answer was:

"It was very quick—he was killed—an accident."

I thought this was very good, and told my wife. But of course, she very naturally could not be satisfied with a message coming 'second-hand,' and was very anxious that her father might come to *her* directly.

When we gathered around the little table on this Tuesday evening, hardly five minutes had passed when the table indicated Spirit presence.

S. A. M.: "Is this our dear boy, Joe?"

Silence.

V. M. M.: "Joe, darling, is it you that wants to come?"

No response.

C. S. M.: "Is this sister Annie?"

Silence.

S. A. M.: "Is it our little boy, Willie?"

Silence.

V. M. M.: "Is this my dear mother?"

No response.

Several other names were called, including Grandpa Mundell, Grandma Mundell, but the table made no response. Then:

M. L. M.: "Is this *my* father, Herman Brunke?"

Table slowly, and rather jerkily tilted three times!

C. S. M.: "So this is Margie's father? Well, we are glad to welcome you. Did you hear Margaret fussing last night because you never came to her?"

H. B.: (Herman Brunke) "Yes."

M. L. M.: "You didn't blame me, did you papa, for fussing?"

H. B.: "Yes!" (Emphatic).

We all laughed and indulged in some "teasing" at Margaret's expense.

S. A. M.: "You don't think people should ever do such things, do you?"

H. B.: "No."

M. L. M.: "Papa, do you know where my mother is?"

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Is she in the Spirit-world?"

H. B.: "No."

M. L. M.: "Is she all right, papa?"

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Vater, ist deine mutter dar?"

Note by C. S. M. My wife's father was of German blood, and German born. To the best of her remembrance, he spoke very little English. The mother (Margaret's mother) was also German; hence, in the home the father and mother conversed in the German language.)

H. B.: "Yes."

Several other questions were asked in German, and answers received accordingly.

M. L. M.: "Papa, do you know Charles? (Meaning me.)

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Do you think he is a good husband for me?"

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Papa, you know I was only about three years old when you left us. I remember very little about you, but I do remember one thing *very* distinctly. Do you remember the evening you were reading your German newspaper and you asked me to get your house-slippers for you? I was busy playing with my dolls and didn't want to be disturbed, so I merely looked around a little and returned to my dolls, saying I couldn't find them. You hit me on the head with the folded newspaper, not to hurt, but lightly, to scare me a little. Do you remember that?"

H. B.: (As tho amused) "Yes."

M. L. M.: "You didn't hurt me any, tho, did you, papa? You were only playing?"

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Papa, have you met Joe?"

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "And have you met Charlie's Grandmother, Harriet, and Grandmother Mundell, and Grandpa Mundell, and Willie, and Annie, and the others?"

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "And have you seen your own son, my brother, Ollie, was drowned when he was about 17 or 18?"

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Are you getting tired, vater?"

H. B.: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Guten nacht, vater!"

Table responded twice.

We all considered this sitting particularly good. Needless, to say my wife was elated, and somewhat ashamed of her impatience of the Sunday evening before.

CHAPTER XII

Report of messages received in public meeting, at the home of Mrs. Marie F. S. Wallace, San Francisco Medium, 1219 Fillmore St., September 28, 1921.

Of all the public meetings I have ever attended under Spiritualist auspices, the messages given by Mrs. Marie

F. S. Wallace, at her home in San Francisco, on Monday evening, Sept. 28, 1921, were the most generally accurate and satisfactory.

Besides my mother, my wife, and myself, there were perhaps twenty others present, and practically every message given proved to be the exact truth. Practically every one, with three or four exceptions, were there for the first time. We talked to several persons at the close of the meeting, and verified the startlingly true messages they had received.

For instance, she came to one man, unknown to us (who afterwards informed us he had never seen Mrs. Wallace before, nor had he ever attended any of her seances), and said:

Mrs. W.: "The Spirit of an elderly gentleman comes to you. He is so tall (indicating by gesture), has white hair, and a long white beard." (She went on to describe the features, complexion, shape of nose and mouth, hands, etc.)

The stranger (in manifest surprise): "Yes, there is no doubt in my mind who that is! Does he tell you who he is?"

Mrs. W.: "He shows me that he is your father!"

Stranger (with obvious emotion, too strong to conceal): "Yes, that's right."

Mrs. W.: "He says he used to have a gold-headed cane, so-so" (Mrs. Wallace described a cane).

S.: "Yes, I remember."

Mrs. W.: "He is laughing! He says he used to get angry at you sometimes, and that he would shake the cane at you!"

S. (laughing): "By George, that's right! He did!"

Mrs. W.: "He says he also used to chase you with that cane sometimes, but never could catch you!"

S. (laughing heartily now): "I'll say he did! No, I could run faster than he could, so he never caught me."

The medium then related to the stranger (who, by the way, was *not* a Spiritualist) many incidents of his past

life which he personally assured us were absolutely true, and that no one present knew but himself.

After giving several messages around (all recognized by those to whom they were given), she came to my wife.

Mrs. W.: "I want to come to you, dear. A father comes to you. You have a father in Spirit-life?"

M. L. M.: "Yes."

Mrs. W.: "Well, dear, your father comes to you with a message of love. He wants you to be sure it is your father, so he says, 'Do you remember the time I slapped you over the head with a newspaper?' He says that's all you remember about him!"

My wife was really so surprised she seemed unable to reply. To our positive knowledge *Mrs. Wallace had never seen us before*. Finally my wife said: "Yes, I remember that."

Mrs. W.: "Your father shows me that he was killed by an accident—shows me a high building. 'Fell from that,' he says. His foot struck something sharp—seems like spike was run through foot, or something like that. (Note: My wife does not know whether this detail is correct or not. She never heard of any injury to her father's foot when he fell from the Chicago skyscraper.)

Mrs. W.: "Your father says he heard you complaining the other night, that you never could get anything through from him. That's why he came tonight. He says, I got Charlie for you."

M. L. M.: "Ask him if he knows where mama is?"

Mrs. W.: "He says you will hear from your mother some day." (Note by C. S. M.: Considering that Mrs. Wallace had never seen my wife before, the above was either a most remarkable instance of telepathy or "mind reading," or it was what it purported to me: i. e., a message from the *Spirit* of my wife's father! We believe it was the latter.)

Mrs. Wallace came next to my mother.

Mrs. W. (picking up the ring my mother had placed on the table, and without opening her eyes): "The person who owns this ring is *very* anxious for spiritual mani-

festations. But you don't want to be deceived. You are an honest and sincere seeker for truth.

"As I come more closely into your vibration I hear a spirit calling, 'Mama.' *He* (notice she said 'he') says, 'Mama, I wasn't hungry.' (Evidently referring to the *Tribune* article, which advanced the idea that he might have been starving, and that he ended his life.) 'I wasn't lost—I was lost for a *little while*—I was trying to reach that house (evidently the little cabin mentioned by Mrs. Nanning. An excellent example of cross-correspondence).

" 'I just sat down to rest. I was tired. I was leaning on gun.' He says something about a gun leaning. *Joe says*. 'It all happened so quickly—like a flash.' Joe says, 'I still live.' He says something about black, 'Don't like for mama to wear black.' 'Please don't grieve for me. I am all right! When you grieve it makes it harder for me to get close to you—it makes aura so dense—(like a cloud). He says, 'Willie is here, too—and Annie!' Joe says, 'I made Charlie come home.' (That is, Joe must have impressed me to leave Oklahoma City and return to my parents' home in Oakland. I only know that the desire to return home was irresistible.)

'Joe also says, 'If Charlie hadn't come home, mama would have been here, too, by this time.'

C. S. M.: "Ask Joe if it was really him that wrote his name through my hand the other night?"

(Note by C. S. M.: A night or two before this I had gone into the parlor, and sitting down at the library table, had waited, in the hope that I might get automatic writing. Very soon I became sleepy, and as I felt a drowsiness creeping over me, I wrote, "Is there any spirit who will write through my hand?" A few minutes later my wife came in to call me to supper, and when I looked at the paper the word 'Joe' had been spelled, in letters very unlike my normal handwriting. I was extremely skeptical about attributing the writing to anything else than my own sub-conscious mind. Hence the question.)

Mrs. W.: "Yes, Joe says it was really him that signed his name through your hand. He says, 'Keep it up and you will receive more.' "

Here Mrs. Wallace paused several seconds, as though in profound thought, and added:

"Your brother and you did not resemble each other very much?"

C. S. M.: "Not a great deal. Why?"

Mrs. W.: "Because I can see that he is taller, and much stronger, than yourself. Also, his hair and eyes are darker than yours."

Correct. We thought this very good.

Mrs. W.: "Joe says, 'Tell mama I can now go where I please, and I don't have to pay any car-fare.' I don't know what he means by that, but that's what he says: 'Tell mama I can now go where I want to, and I don't have to pay any fare!'"

My mother felt that this statement was particularly good, for the reason that, shortly before Joe went on his fatal hunting trip, he and a friend of his, a fellow-worker at the West Oakland passenger yards, had both put in applications for transportation passes covering a proposed trip.

Strangely enough, although both boys had made application at about the same time, and in spite of the fact that my brother had been working for the company longer than his friend, the friend received his pass for *all the way*, while my brother received his for only a part of the way, with special rates covering the balance of the journey.

My mother recalls that Joe was quite hurt at the time, at what he felt to be an unjust discrimination.

He said, "I've been working for the company longer than C— has. If he is entitled to a pass all the way, I don't see why I should have to *pay fare* for a part of the way."

The matter was discussed quite thoroughly at the time, making a deep impression upon his mother. Nat-

urally, she also felt resentment at what she considered an unjust discrimination against her son.

Does it not seem reasonable that Joe should refer to the matter, as a test, in order that it might convince his mother it was really Joe who was speaking?

If this expression, "I can go where I please, and I don't have to pay any car fare," does not constitute a remarkable test, it seems to me that it would be impossible to devise *any* statement that could be taken as a test.

How could he have made the reference stronger, if he had tried?

Mrs. Wallace certainly could not have known about this little matter of intimate family history. She did not even know what Joe meant by the expression!

Mrs. Wallace: "Elizabeth also comes to you (To C. S. M.). She says, 'I'm Grandmother M-M-a-u-n-d-a-l-l—no, that isn't right—M-o-u-n-l-e-l-l—something like that—*M-a-u-n-d-a-l-l*—that's what is sounds like to me. Do you know what that name is?"

The giving of a surname is not a very common thing in such meetings, and when it is given, *to strangers*, it seems to me that it ought to carry some weight.

Christian names, called out and recognized, cannot, of course, be considered as important as the giving of a surname—especially when that surname happens to be a rather unusual and uncommon name!

That is to say, there are many Joes, Charlies, Johns, Williams, Marys, Marthas, etc., and sometimes when the medium asks, for instance, "Who recognizes the name of Helen?" several persons may claim the name as belonging to some one of their loved and lost.

But the name Mundell is not a very common name. Neither are we a very famous family. We are *not* sufficiently well known in Greater San Francisco that our name can be spelled out by every medium in the city.

The above seems especially significant in view of the fact that all of Grandmother Mundell's grandchildren and great-grandchildren distinguished her from other grandmothers by calling her "Grandma Mundell."

(Supplementary note by C. S. M.: The reader will observe that Mrs. Nanning had said the gun "fell" (see report of sitting with Mrs. Nanning, Sept. 24), while Mrs. Wallace implied that Joe was "leaning" on the gun when he was shot. This apparent discrepancy was cleared up at a subsequent table sitting in our home (See table sitting of Oct. 12).

CHAPTER XIII

Report of messages received from Mrs. Emma Nanning, public meeting, Church of Truth and Light, Odd Fellows' Temple, Oakland, California, Oct. 2, 1921, Sunday evening.

Those of us who attended: V. M. M., S. A. M., C. S. M., and M. L. M.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 2, we all attended the open meeting at Odd Fellows' Temple, under the auspices of "The Spiritual Church of Truth and Light," Mrs. Emma Nanning, pastor.

As a rule, there are two or more mediums who work in every Spiritualist meeting, but on this occasion Mrs. Nanning happened to be the only psychic present; hence, she gave all the messages.

To my father, and mother, and myself she gave messages of love and comfort from Joe, from "Harriet," from George (Father's brother), and from Grandpa and Grandma Mundell. They were characteristic and helpful, but in as much as they contained no new material, or anything of what we call "evidential value," I omit them, recording here the message given to my wife, M. L. M., because it should be considered of exceptional importance.

A few nights previous, when we were returning home on the Ferry from Mrs. Wallace's meeting, my wife had remarked: "Mrs. Wallace's message to me was wonderful, and her description of the accidental death of my father very accurate, but I wish my father would come to me and give me his name, and perhaps also a message in German. That would sound more natural than a mes-

sage in English, for the reason that he spoke German at home."

After giving messages to mother, father, and me, the medium turned to M. L. M.

Mrs. N.: "A spirit comes to you from the other side of life. He says it is—(Mrs. N. sotto voice: He says he wants to spell it) He says it is 'V-a-t-e-r' (German word for 'Father'). He wants to spell his *name* in German: (Here he spelled Herman). Herman—my wife's father's first name indeed!

Following the spelling of the name the medium gave my wife a message in German. Since I do not understand or speak German (except a precious little), I was not able to take down the message. My wife assures me it was exceptionally good.

Now the question is: How did Mrs. Nanning learn that my wife was of German blood? She *certainly* does not look to be! Almost everyone who ventures a guess thinks she is either *French* or *Spanish*. She simply *does not* look Teutonic! But of much greater importance is the question: How did she hit upon "Herman" as her father's name? Was it merely a fortunate guess? True, Herman is not an uncommon name for a German, but neither is Fritz, or Frederick, or Rudolph, or a great many other names!

The reader may account for the fact by the hypothesis of "guessing," but when I consider it in the light of her past messages to us, both in private and from the platform, I cannot help but seriously doubt the truth of the suggestion that she merely made a fortunate "guess."

CHAPTER XIV

Report of a private sitting of S. A. Mundell with Mrs. Marie F. S. Wallace, of San Francisco, 1219 Fillmore, Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 4, 1921.

My father was very much impressed with our report of the messages given us in open meeting by Mrs. Wallace, in San Francisco. It was decided that he would go to Mrs. Wallace quite anonymously for a private sitting.

Mother was particularly anxious that every precaution should be taken to keep my father's identity a secret from Mrs. Wallace. So when he entered Mrs. W.'s parlor he was careful not to betray his identity. He did not give his name, nor did the medium ask for it. Neither did he telephone for an appointment, preferring to "take a chance" on finding the medium at liberty.

At about a quarter to three the reading began. I, of course, was not present, so I am merely reporting what my father related to me.

She gave him first what she called a "material" reading, or a sketch of his life. With the exception of a few minor mistakes, my father described the sketch as quite accurate, and in many respects surprising.

She gave him a rather detailed account of his past life, adventures, experiences, etc. Then coming to the present she said:

Mrs. W.: "You are the leader of some organization—an official, of some sort." (True, my father's official position was that of General Chairman of the Joint Protective Board, Brotherhood Railway Carmen of America.)

Mrs. W. continued: "You seem to have something to do with railroads. The membership of your organization have great faith in you. This has not always been true. You have had a struggle, but you have triumphed." (All this, of course, was quite true. However, all the time she was giving this my father was impatient for her to come to the "Spiritual." He (as was true of all of us) was very little interested in the material question at all. What we desired was communication from beyond.)

After a time she informed my father that there were *five* children in the family.

S. A. M.: "No, only four."

Mrs. W.: "But I see *five*. Four are in the spirit-world; one is at home."

S. A. M.: "Well, I don't know how there could be *five* when only *four* children were born to us!"

Mrs. W.: "Well, there was a little girl?"

S. A. M.: "Yes."

Mrs. W.: "Wasn't there a little boy prematurely born? Only a few months in pre-natal development, but still sufficiently developed to show life?"

S. A. M. (in considerable surprise): "Why, yes, that is true! We never thought of that little one as being a spirit in the spirit-world!"

(Note by C. S. M.: See Table Sitting of Oct. 20. Also page 150.)

Between my sister Annie and myself there was a miscarriage—a little boy some five months in development. Following this experience my mother was ill for a long time; in fact, she came very near dying! More than once her passing was considered only a matter of hours.

It seems to me that this insistence by the medium upon the number *five*, over the objections of my father that there were positively only four, constitutes a matter of some evidential value. Certainly she did not read it from my father's mind, for he was thinking of no such thing, and was very much taken back when the medium mentioned it.

Mrs. W.: "Then there was a little boy—*Willie*—who passed out when he was about—well, between a year and a half and two years old."

S. A. M.: "That is true."

Mrs. Wallace: "And then *Joe* came. Is that not true?"

S. A. M.: "Yes, that is true!"

Then Mrs. Wallace went on to describe how my dear brother came to his untimely death, saying that although his earthly life was cut short, he had a great work to do in the Spirit-world.

Mrs. W.: "Joe has brought all this about (meaning our investigation of Spiritualism and psychic phenomena). It has been Joe who has made it possible for other of your loved ones to come through to you, from the other side of life. Joe was a good boy—a noble, manly, affectionate boy. You were very proud of him."

S. A. M.: "Yes, we were!"

Mrs. W.: "Joe keeps saying something about 'Charlie, Charlie.' Do you know who 'Charlie' is? He isn't in the Spirit-world."

S. A. M.: "Charlie is our other son, Joe's brother."

Mrs. W.: "Yes, Joe says something about 'preacher! preacher!' Is Charlie a preacher?"

S. A. M.: "Yes, that is what he means!"

Mrs. W.: "Elizabeth also comes to you. Do you know who 'Elizabeth' is?"

S. A. M.: "It must be my mother!"

Mrs. W.: "Well, she says, 'Tell Sam Father is with me!' Who is Sam? She shows me *you* are Sam! Is your name Sam?"

S. A. M.: "Yes, that's my name!"

(Note: How did Mrs. Wallace know, never having seen my father, that his name was Sam?)

Mrs. W.: "I don't know whether she means *her* father, or *your* father. (Sotto voice: I think she means *your* father.) Yes, that is what she means."

S. A. M.: "Can you get my father's first name?"

Mrs. W.: "I will try. I never like to ask the names, for I'm afraid my own mind will step in and I'll do a lot of guessing. The spirits usually volunteer their names whenever they want to give them."

(She did not succeed in getting the name of Grandpa Mundell. After a moment of concentration, she gave it up, saying, "I can't seem to get it.")

Mrs. Wallace continued: "Joe says, 'Papa, I can go where I please, and I don't have to wait for trains like you do.'"

CHAPTER XV

Notes of Table Sitting in our home, October 10, 1921 (Evening). Four persons in circle: S. A. Mundell, Mrs. V. M. Mundell, Charles S. Mundell, Margaret L. Mundell.

After sitting quietly, with hands lightly on table for 15 or 20 minutes, vibrations and quivering could be felt by all the sitters.

Question by C. S. M.: "Are there any spirits present? Are any of our friends or loved ones here who wish to communicate with us?" Table tilted three times, toward V. M. M.

Question by C. S. M.: "Is this Joe?" Answer: three tilts for *yes!*

Question by S. A. M.: "Is George with you now, Joe?" A.: Yes.

Q. S. A. M.: "Joe, does George live on a higher plane than you do? And does he just come down to the first plane to help you?"

Table commenced tilting backwards and forwards most peculiarly, tilting six or eight times from V. M. M. to M. L. M.

Sitters were puzzled to know what communicator wanted.

Q. by V. M. M.: "Joe dear, do you want us to call over the letters of the alphabet so you can spell something?"

A. Joe: "Yes" (emphatically). Alphabet was repeated. Joe tilted at each letter forming the words of the following: "Not exactly; George lives in same plane I do."

Q. S. A. M.: "George lives on same plane you do, but he has progressed further, and understands more about the spirit-life?"

A. Joe: "Yes." Table again tilted backwards and forwards several times, indicating desire to spell out message. Alphabet was repeated.

Joe: "I s-a-w M-a c-r-y-i-n-g f-o-r m-e t-o-d-a-y. I-t h-u-r-t-s m-e a-n-d G-r-a-n-d-m-a t-o s-e-e m-a-m-a g-r-i-e-v-e.

(Spelling continued): Conditions are good here.

Joe: "Ask dad if he remembers banana-st (stick? supplied by M. L. M.)?" Answer: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "Well, bless his heart. He means the time I whipped him with banana-stock."

Q. S. A. M.: "You'll forgive papa for that, won't you son?"

A. Joe: "Yes." (Again rocked table, indicating desire to spell.)

Joe: "I needed it."

Q. V. M. M.: "Joe, darling, we're so sorry we ever whipped you. You forgive us, don't you?"

Joe: "I don't hold anything against any— (one? supplied by M. L. M.) (A. Yes).

Joe: "Does mama recall how I was big baby. I am still mama's boy."

Q. S. A. M.: "Joe loves mama?"

A. (emphatically) "Yes!" Table tilted over into V. M. M.'s lap and remained until we pulled it away.

Q. S. A. M.: "Joe, do you remember when you farmed with Tony Snyder?"

A. Joe: "Yes."

Q. C. S. M.: "You didn't like it much, did you Joe?"

A. (emphatically): "No." Again indicated desire to spell.

Joe (referring to time farmed with T. S.): "I ate hot cakes every day."

Q. M. L. M.: "Joe, do you remember what you sent your sister Margie for a present last Christmas?"

A. Joe: "Dancing pumps."

(Following this, Joe tilted twice for "Goodnight.")

CHAPTER XVI

Table Sitting in our home, 904 Brush Street, Oakland, Cal., Wednesday evening, Oct. 12, 1921. Three sitters present: Mrs. V. M. Mundell (Mother), Charles S. Mundell (Brother), and Margaret L. Mundell (Sister-in-Law).

After sitting quietly for 20 or 25 minutes, table tilted twice, indicating spirit-presence. Alphabet repeated. Name spelled: *H-a-r-r-i-e-t*.

Q. C. S. M.: "Is this Grandma?"

A. H. M. P.: "Yes."

Q. V. M. M. "We're so glad to have you come again dear Mother. We can't wait to ask later, Did you bring Joe with you, and is he with you now?"

A. H. M. P.: "Yes."

Q. V. M. M.: "Is our darling all right, and is he happy?"

A. H. M. P.: "Yes." (Rocking of table indicated desire to spell. Alphabet repeated by C. S. M.)

H. M. P.: "Spirit-world is beautiful. Much better than earth-plane."

Q. V. M. M.: "Ma, we heard Pa say a man declared manipulating of table caused by electricity in our hands, and that it couldn't be done with a cloth on table. If you can tilt the table through cloth we wish you would. Will you?"

A. H. M. P. (weakly): "Yes."

C. S. M.: "You mean you will try, don't you Grandma?"

A. H. M. P.: "Yes."

A cloth was then laid over table top. After apparent effort and some seeming difficulty table was tilted twice.

Q. V. M. M.: "It doesn't make any difference, does it Ma?"

A. H. M. P.: "No."

Q. C. S. M.: "Grandma, can you explain to us how the spirits do this (referring to physical phenomena)? Is it through electricity, or magnetism, or what?"

A. H. M. P.: "It isn't any known law of earth. It is Spirit-Magnetism. I don't understand it, but I can use it. Just like electricity is used on earth (without being understood). Raymond Lodge is experimenting on it in his father's laboratory. I am tired."

Q. V. M. M.: "Do you want to say 'goodnight,' Ma?"

A. H. M. P.: "Yes. Joe says, 'Charlie, kiss my darling mother for me.'" (Table moves in indication Joe is present.)

Q. V. M. M.: "Joe, you know Margie?"

A. Joe: "Yes."

Q. V. M. M.: "Can you spell Margie's name?"
Table tilted to M. L. M.

A. Joe: "Yes." Alphabet is called and "*M-a-r-g-i-e*" is spelled.

Joe: "Margie is prettiest girl in flesh *except* mama. All of you better be good to mama or I will haunt you. I love my little mother better than anyone in earth or in the Spirit-world."

Joe continues to spell: "I like the climate here. It is warm and bright. No fog; no flees. I am going to school in this world, and am learning what I didn't have fair chance to learn when I was a kid. I have a swell teacher. I have a class in spelling. Get pencil, I want to tell details of accident."

Pencil and paper were procured, and the table spelled out the following:

Joe: "I left camp Sunday morning in high spirits. About three hours later I found fresh deer tracks. Dog took cent (scent). I said, 'Here's where I get my deer. I'll give those guys the horse-laugh when we get back.

"I ran quite far when I lost trail. I said, 'Ain't it hell!' I started to go to cabin couple of miles. Got a drink near. Walked a ways and lost sight of cabin. I climbed hill for better view. It was no joke—"

Q. C. S. M.: "You mean it was no joke climbing the hill?"

A. Joe: "Yes. So I said, 'By golly, it's hot. Come on sport (dog) let's have a smoke.'

"I climbed sort-a straddle on a fallen tree. I took out my tobacco, but there wasn't enough for the dog and me, too. I said, 'Old pal, you are out o' luck.' I rolled a cigaret and throwed can down. Gun was leaning against my leg. I reached for a match and knocked the rifle over. The next thing I knew Grandma was holding my head. I waked up in her arms. Willie held one of my hands; Annie held the other. I suffered absolutely no pain. In the Spirit-world I am with many friends and loved ones. I am all in for this night."

Sitting ended after "goodnights" were said all around.

CHAPTER XVII

Report of Table Sitting at home, Friday evening, October 14, 1921. Sitters: S. A. Mundell, Verna Mae Mundell, Charles S. Mundell, and Margaret L. Mundell.

In a comparatively short time the table indicated, by a trembling, quivering vibration, that spirits were present.

S. A. M.: "Is this Mother Mundell?"

No answer.

S. A. M.: "Is this Joe?"

Table tilted three times in assent.

S. A. M.: "Do you love mama tonight?"

Joe: "Yes." (Strong.)

V. M. M.: "Joe darling, would you like to spell out a message while we repeat the alphabet?"

Joe: "Yes."

Table tilted at the letters which spelled: "*T-h-e-M-u-n-d-e-l-l-B-o-y*" (The Mundell Boy).

We considered this *very* good, and very characteristic, for the reason that Joe was called by his fellow-workers at the S. P. Yards, and by his foreman and others, "The Mundell Boy." For some time before his passing he had fallen into the habit of calling himself that.

His mother recalls several instances where he came in from work with the remark, "Well, the Mundell Boy was up on the carpet today." That is, he was called into the boss' private office for a reprimand for some real or fancied negligence, or violation of company rules. Whenever any workman was thus called into the "private office" he was said to have been "on the carpet."

Sometimes Joe would say, "Well, Ma, the Mundell Boy doesn't intend to slave away down there all his life."

Another expression which was very characteristic of my brother was the calling of himself, "Old man Joe."

Sometimes when he would stay at home, instead of going out for the evening, he would remark, "Well, I guess Old Man Joe will stay in tonight."

After we had commented upon the striking phrase, "The Mundell Boy," the table spelled out:

"Old Man Joe."

V. M. M.: "Joe dear, you are doing this to convince us it is *really* you, and not some other spirit, operating this table?"

Joe: "Yes."

The table then rocked back and forth in indication that the alphabet was wanted. I called over the letters and Joe spelled:

Joe: "George says, 'Ask Sam if he remembers picture of he and George, taken together?'"

S. A. M.: "Yes, son, Papa remembers that!"

Joe: "Mama, do you remember time hog got me down?"

Neither my father nor my wife had ever heard of this incident, but my mother and I remember it well.

It was when Joe was about three years old. We were living out on a ranch in the State of New Mexico. One day when brother and I were playing in the yard, an old sow got loose and started for Joe. She had him down on his back, with her two feet on his chest, when his mother came running out of the house with a broom and fought the sow off.

Joe: "Mama, give Charlie my watch—for I love him."

(C. S. M.: "God bless the dear boy! I have his watch now—a beautiful, 21-jewel Elgin, which he was very proud of when he was on the earth-plane. I would not part with that watch for a million dollars.)

Joe (continuing): "Brother is all you have now."

This remark, purporting to come from Joe, caused his mother to break down, and for a few minutes she was unable to control her emotion. When her sobs had quieted down, the table spelled out (apparently in reply to a remark that poor brother was dead):

Joe: "Quit thinking I am dead. I am alive more than on the earth-plane." (He continued): "Death is only the door into the next room. It is like moving out of a dug-out into the Hotel Oak—" Papa interrupted with the question: "Hotel Oakland, son?"

Joe: "Yes."

After this, when we had finished commenting and expressing our conviction that he must be in a very beautiful place if that were true, he continued:

"I have a swell room!"

"I am employed, but have no boss."

After this the table spelled:

"I am through, but Annie—"

S. A. M.: "Annie want to talk to us?"

Joe: "No!"

C. S. M.: "You mean Annie does not want to take control?"

Joe: "No."

C. S. M.: "Well, go ahead, brother dear, say what you want to say. (Sotto voice: 'Perhaps he wants to tell us something about Annie.')

Joe: "Willie—"

C. S. M.: "Oh, you mean that *Willie* wants to talk to us?"

Joe (as though offended at being interrupted so often): "No!"

C. S. M.: "All right, Joe. We won't interrupt you any more. Go ahead."

Joe: "George, Grandma Mundell (and) Painter, Harvey, Art—"

V. M. M.: "Art McAnarny, Joe?" (A boyhood friend, passed on sometime before.)

Joe: "Yes." (Continued spelling): "*W-a-l-l-i-s—*"

We were all perplexed to know who "Wallis" could be. We could not recall any "Wallis" we knew who had passed on.

V. M. M.: "Wallis who, Joe? Will you tell us the last name?"

Joe: "*R-a-i-l-l-a-r-d!*"

V. M. M.: "Oh, yes, Joe! We know who you mean now! You mean little Wallis Raillard at Dalhart?"

Joe (as though pleased): "Yes."

Joe: "They give greetings."

(Note by C. S. M.: The sentence as a whole reads: "I am through, but Annie, Willie, George, Grandma Mundell and Grandma Painter, Harvey (Grandfather Mundell probably), Art, (and) Wallis, give greetings.) The table then spelled "Goodnight!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Report of Table Sitting at Home, Oct. 15, 1921.

We had to wait a little longer than usual this evening. Apparently the conditions were not particularly good.

When the table indicated Spirit presence my father asked:

S. A. M.: "Is this Joe?"

No answer.

S. A. M.: "Is this the Mundell Boy?"

Very weak response, "Yes."

Alphabet was called for, and table spelled:

"This is *G-e-o-r-g-e!*"

S. A. M.: "Oh, this is brother George, is it?"

George: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "All right, Uncle George, while I call the alphabet you give us whatever you want to."

George: "I want to say something about Joe. He is so modest he won't tell you about himself."

V. M. M.: "Yes, George, we know how modest dear Joe was!"

George: "Joe can do this (manipulate table) better than any of us because he is a *mechanic!*"

C. S. M., S. A. M., V. M. M., M. L. M. (in chorus of surprise): "Because he is a mechanic?"

George: "Yes!"

(Note by C. S. M.: We were amazed by this statement because we could not conceive how a knowledge of mechanics could have anything to do with what Grandma had styled "Spirit Magnetism.")

George continued: "Joe's experience as an air-man has been a great help to us in the Spirit-world. I can't explain how that is, but it is a *fact!*"

V. M. M.: "Isn't that strange!"

George: "Communication is hard tonight. Joe is a fine boy. We are all proud of Joe. He is the life of the whole bunch."

After this the table spelled out: "Goodnight."

CHAPTER XIX

Report of Message given to me by Mrs. R. Hyams, Sunday evening, Oct. 16, at Public Meeting, Trinity Spiritual Church, 529 Twelfth Street, Oakland, California.

Mrs. R. Hyams: "You are an investigator—a deep one—you sift all evidence. You do not accept everything you hear. That is right!

"You want to know for yourself. You cannot be satisfied merely with the evidence of others.

"You are going to grow Spiritually. You are going to *see* a departed loved one (apparition) and then you will know *he* lives! You will *jump* when you see him! Use your pencil—you will get automatic writing."

C. S. M.: "You are not the only medium who has told me I could get automatic writing!"

Mrs. R. Hyams: "Did I ever see you before, or did you ever see *me* before?"

C. S. M.: "No, not that I was ever aware of. If I ever saw you before I certainly don't recall it."

Mrs. R. H.: "You really have strong psychic powers, but you must develop them!"

CHAPTER XX

Report of Table Sitting at Home, October 18, 1921, Oakland, California. Sitters: J. S. Painter, V. M. Mundell, C. S. Mundell, Margaret L. Mundell.

After prayer and a few minutes' silence, the table indicated spirit presence. Alphabet was called for and table spelled: *H-a-r-r-i-e-t*.

Grandpa Painter (J. S. P.) was very glad of this, for he had come down to the sitting for the purpose, not only of again witnessing the queer phenomenon of a table tilting back and forth without the application of muscular or

physical energy, but because he was quite anxious to ask a few questions for his personal satisfaction.

After the table had spelled "Harriet," we told Grandpa to go ahead and ask his questions.

J. S. P.: "Well, Harriet, if this is really you, can you tell me if my sister Jane, and her husband, are there with you?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "You mean, Grandma, that they *are* with you?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

J. S. P.: "Can you tell me if Vene and Henry are there?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

J. S. P.: "And the two children?"

No answer.

Table indicated alphabet was desired.

V. M. M.: "Do you want to spell?"

H. M. P.: "Yes."

The table then tilted off the following sentence, purporting to come from Grandma Painter:

H. M. P.: "Charley is here with me—and Lily. Joe also. I love my Sam! (Meaning J. S. P.) I love all of you."

(To V. M. M.) "Vernie, Joe says, 'I was with you last night, but I could not materialize. I did my best, but conditions made it impossible. Materializing is awful hard without a good medium. I am afraid I can never make you see or hear me without the help of a strong medium."

"Ectoplasm, a psychic magnetism possessed by a very few, is absolutely necessary to materialization.

"I am tired. We all wish you Goodnight!"

(End of Sitting of October 18.)

Concerning the message to my mother it might be well to explain that she had, on the previous night, while my wife and I were in Berkeley, where I delivered a lecture, gone into the parlor where Joe was wont to spend so much of his time at the player-piano, and waited in the

hope that she might *see* or hear her darling. No such manifestation as clairvoyance or claudience came, and she was deeply disappointed. Hence, the message from Joe to assure his mother that he *was* with her the evening before, although he was unable to demonstrate his presence to her sight or hearing.

CHAPTER XXI

Report of Table Sitting at Home, October 20, 1921, Oakland, California.

Before I proceed to describe the table sitting of Oct. 20 it might be well to mention the fact that the previous Sunday afternoon (Oct. 16), my father and I had attended a meeting under the auspices of the Fruitvale Spiritualist Church, at Carpenters' Hall, on East Twelfth Street, Oakland. Nothing of very much consequence was received at this meeting, but I mention it because Joe refers to it in our table sitting of the 20th.

To those of my readers who may understand very little about Modern Spiritualism, or who may never have attended a Message service, I wish to offer a word of caution: When you attend such a meeting, be prepared to come away disappointed. You may not receive anything whatever of value! You may be given a message, not a word of which you are able to recognize! Or you may even be given a "message," every word of which you may *know* to be incorrect. I have seen this done many times.

For instance, I have heard a confirmed old bachelor given an extremely affectionate message from a spirit-wife, when, as a matter of fact, he had never been married!

I have heard childless couples given messages from spirit-children, when, as a matter of fact, the couple never had a child!

I have heard messages given to sons and daughters by fathers and mothers, when those fathers and mothers were not even in spirit-life!

I myself was once given a message from my mother, when my mother was very much in the flesh!

In the first appendix of this book these matters will be taken up and treated with all seriousness. I mention them in this connection merely as a warning to my readers *not* to give up an investigation of Spiritualism and of Psychic Phenomena because of a few experiences of this sort.

Among the mediums who gave messages at this service (there were several) was a Mrs. Shields, a colored woman. She picked up my fountain pen, which I had placed on the table with numerous articles placed there by others, and holding it a few seconds, with eyes closed, said:

Mrs. Shields: "To the owner of this fountain pen there comes three who have passed into spirit-life: it seems that one must be a father (possibly my Grandfather), one is a brother who seems to have passed out *quickly*, and the other is the Spirit of one who was lame before passing out. They all show me that the owner of this pen is a person of strong psychic powers himself, and that he *could* use these powers in healing."

That was all, so far as I can remember. I may say, however, that Mrs. Shields seemed to give some excellent messages to several others; persons who professed to "understand" them, and to recognize them as being correct.

Those present at the Table Sitting of Oct. 20: C. S. M., M. L. M., and V. M. M.

After a brief interval of prayer and concentration the table began to move, and when the alphabet was repeated spelled out *J-o-e!*

Joe: "Mama, itkisstywmptrue—" the table evidenced confusion.

V. M. M.: "We've made some mistake, haven't we, Joe dear?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "All right, we'll begin again."

During the first several minutes of this sitting I was aware of a peculiar feeling—a sort of drowsiness, and

yet, not an ordinary drowsiness. My mother and Margaret were a little vexed at me, I think, for what they thought must be indifference. I felt a sort of numbness in my hands and arms, and my head ached in a peculiar way.

Mama repeated the alphabet and the table spelled: i. e., Joe spelled:

"I have been trying to seize Charlie's mind and control his physical organs.

"Grandma says Charlie has mediumistic powers."

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe! Is that really so? I have been so informed by several mediums, but I haven't taken any stock in it myself. Tell me, what kind of a medium do you think I am? Will you answer my questions?"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Have I any clairvoyant powers?"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Clairaudient?"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Trance?"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Materializing?"

Joe: "No!" (Emphatically)

(Note by C. S. M.) I really do not know what to say about these things which mediums have told me, and which are here recorded; concerning my possessing such powers as clairvoyance, clairaudience, and trance. It may be true, but certainly, as yet I have not discovered it. Until I have received absolute and unquestionable proof I shall neither affirm nor deny these assertions, but I *must* have more evidence of the facts than I have yet received.

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, do you know any spirit who has controlled anyone on the earth-plane?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Anyone we know, Joe?"

The table here rocked back and forth indicating alphabet was desired.

Joe: "I controlled Emma Nanning and Marie Wallace."

M. L. M.: "Did you come thru any others, Joe?"

Joe: "I came to Dad and Charlie last Sunday thru Mrs. Shields."

C. S. M.: "Mrs. Shields, the colored medium?"

Joe: "In our world there is *no* difference in color!"

"Mama, do you remember how I used to hate the wops?"

V. M. M.: "Yes, son, mama remembers how you used to hate the wops! You don't hate them so much now, do you?"

Joe: "I am a Christian now, and Christians don't hate anybody."

V. M. M.: "Mama is awful glad of that, dear boy."

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Joe, darling, did you see mama at the cemetery today, when she visited your grave?"

Joe: (very slowly, as tho sadly) "Yes." Here the table, with a deliberate suddenness tilted over into V. M. M.'s lap, and did this three times, as tho desiring to caress her.

V. M. M.: "Did you see the pretty flowers mama placed on your grave?"

Joe: "Yes." Alphabet was again called for.

"Say mama, we sure will have some time when you come to this beautiful place."

V. M. M.: "Will it be long, darling boy, before mama comes to her baby?"

Joe: "I don't want to take you away from Charlie and Margie and Papa, but believe me, I will be glad to see each of my dear ones as you come over."

V. M. M.: "Joe, dear, could you see your body, from the time you (your spirit) left it until it was found?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Joe, did you come to Toronto to mother and impress her? (After the accident?)

Joe: "Grandma did, but I couldn't!"

"Let me go now for this time. I want you to have another sitting with a good medium. I can demonstrate better with help. Goodnight."

After this we waited a few minutes to give opportunity to any other spirit who might wish to come. In a few moments the table moved, and then spelled out *A-n-n-i-e*.

C. S. M.: "Oh, this is little sister Annie. Well, we are very glad to have you come dear!"

(Here several questions were asked, but I omit them because of their purely personal and intimate character.)

Annie: (tilting out the letters): "Annie loves mama!"

V. M. M.: "Yes, darling, mama knows you do. Mama loves Anna too!"

Annie: "Yes."

"We all *four* love mama!"

C. S. M.: "All four, Annie? You mean Willie, and Joe, and you, and—who else? Grandma?"

Annie: "No!" (Evidently meaning, "that's not the fourth one I mean.")

M. L. M.: "You mean Charlie, who is here with us, don't you Annie?"

Annie: "No."

V. M. M.: "Do you mean the little fellow we never knew? The one Mrs. Wallace told papa passed out before birth?"

Annie: (quite vigorously, as tho pleased) "Yes."

Then she spelled: "But Charlie loves mama too!"

C. S. M.: "You bet I do! We *all* love mama, don't we, little sister?"

Annie: (vigorously) "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Annie dear, do you know your cousin Mae has been sick?"

Annie: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Do you think Mae will come out of it all right?"

Annie: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "That's good! Annie dear, do you know Mae's little boy, Jack, Jr., and all her little brothers and sisters?"

Annie: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Annie dear, do you know the condition your Grandpa Painter is in now? His poor health?"

Annie: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Do you think he will ever get well?"

Annie: "I don't know. *God* keeps some things from us!

"Sister is tired. Goodnight!"

CHAPTER XXII

Report of messages received at Trance Seance, at home of Mrs. M. J. Isles, 1288 California street, San Francisco, Cal., Friday evening, Oct. 21, 1921.

We were impressed to attend a seance of Mrs. Isles, by an item we read in *The Progressive Thinker*, a Chicago Spiritualist Weekly, to the effect that Mrs. Isles was a very gifted and powerful psychic and medium.

After music and a brief talk by one of the workers, W. D. Rundall, on the scientific aspects of Spiritualism, Mrs. Isles went into a trance. She professed to become controlled by her child-guide, Jewell.

After giving messages to perhaps ten or twelve other parties, Mrs. Isles was led (by her control, her eyes being closed during the whole of the trance)* to my mother.

Before continuing further I want to strongly emphasize the fact that this was *positively* our first time to *see* or *meet* Mrs. Isles, and there is no reason to believe she ever saw any of us before.

Mrs. Isles (to mother) "I want to come to a little mama over here. Dear one, you have lost a dear boy, and your heart has been broken. I feel just like I want to love you." She took my mother's hands tenderly in her own, and continued: "He shows me something green—away from here—he passed out away from you."

(Note by C. S. M. Joe was evidently trying to show Mrs. Isles the hillside, green with grass, where he was so tragically killed.)

Mrs. I.: "He comes very close to you tonight. Another spirit comes to you dear one, a little boy who passed out when very small. He says, 'I am *Willie*, and I'm with *Joey*.'

"Also a beautiful girl comes. She passed out in infancy, but she has grown up in the Spirit-world, and is now a beautiful young woman."

Then she came to M. L. M.

"I want to come to this little lady here. I hear the name 'Margie,' or something like that." (She gave the g a hard pronunciation.) "Margie," soft g, was our pet name for Margaret.

"Your father comes to you dear. He passed out when you were a very little girl. You don't remember much about him, but he loves you dearly. He says you have been worrying about hearing from someone a long way from here. (This was quite true.) That dear one is all right."

To C. S. M., she said:

Mrs. Isles: "Some one comes to you—I get the name 'Arriet, Arriet,'—something like that, (I knew Mrs. Isles to be English, and knew also that the English have a hard time pronouncing the letter 'H,' except where it ought not to be, so I imagined she was trying to say 'Harriet,' the name of my Grandmother. However, so stubborn was I that I gave no sign until she finally succeeded in saying), 'Arriet—H—arriet—Harriet! comes to you!'"

C. S. M.: "I am very glad."

Mrs. Isles: "Three other spirits come to you, and a fourth—the fourth says he is your guide. They say tell you—" (Here followed a series of personal admonitions and advice. This is purposely omitted because of its peculiarly intimate character.)

We considered these, our first messages from Mrs. Isles, very good, and very evidential.

The reader will note the fact that three unknown mediums—Mrs. Nanning, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Isles—gave us practically the same sort of communications, and each time at our first meetings with them.

CHAPTER XXIII

Report of table sitting at home, Oct. 22, 1921.

After unusually earnest and reverent prayer and concentration the table tilted three times, and then spelled out *J-o-e*.

C. S. M.: "We are so glad to have you come, dear brother. You cannot know how we miss you, and how dearly we love you. We never realized how much we did love you till you were taken away from us!"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Joe, do you know that mama and Charlie kiss your picture, and cry for you, every night?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Darling, mother misses you so much, she doesn't see how she can possibly live without you. You know that?"

Joe: (slowly, and tenderly) "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Joe, boy, did you come to us last night thru Mrs. Isles?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Darling, do you want to spell something thru the table?"

Joe: "Yes."

"Joe: "Mama Joe is all right. Mama, I love you. I will always be mama's boy. My darling mother I know how you have suffered. I will help you. I will demonstrate the fact that I live to the whole world."

V. M. M.: "Joe, are you still here?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "We're waiting, Joe."

Joe: "Mama, I never did take much interest in spiritual questions before I came over here. Now I am going to make up for lost time."

Joe: "I am glad you are writing down all we say for I, that is, we want all this carefully recorded for future publication. Do you remember last light when the medium said, 'Someone would write a book.'"

(This astonished us somewhat, as it was what the medium said, and none of us were thinking of it at the time it was mentioned by Joe.)

"I want you (Charlie) to write a book in memory of Joe."

C. S. M.: "All right, Joe, God helping me, I will, and may God help me to be worthy of the task."

C. S. M.: "What shall I name the book, Joe?"

Joe: "*Joe.*"

C. S. M.: "Do you mean call the book "*Joe.*"

Joe: "*Yes.*"

"'Raymond' helped thousands of broken-hearted souls, '*Joe*' may help to bring comfort and hope to many. Grandma wants to come. Goodnight."

Table spelt "Harriet."

C. S. M.: "All right, Grandma. What is it you wish to say?"

H. M. P.: "Joe says, 'Charlie you are a good writer. Your book will make Joe live again.' Joe says, 'If it helps convince the world of Spiritualism, his death will not have been in vain.' You are tired. We will come again next time."

V. M. M.: "You are tired, and want to say 'Good-night,' mother?"

H. M. P. "Yes."

V. M. M.: "All right, mother, but I would like to ask you a question before you go. You know that Ed. Stout, of Dalhart, has passed over?"

H. M. P. "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Have you seen him?"

H. M. P. "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Has he met his little boy, Mackie?"

H. M. P. "Yes."

V. M. M.: "And Art?"

H. M. P. "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Was he surprised to find the spirit-world like it is?"

H. M. P.: "No."

V. M. M.: "Does he like it?"

H. M. P. "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Is he now so he realizes things?"

H. M. P.: "Yes." Then the table spelt "Goodnight" and the sitting ended.

CHAPTER XXIV

Report of table sitting at home, Oct. 24, 1921.

Sitters: C. S. M., M. L. M., V. M. M.

This time we waited perhaps fifteen minutes when Joe came. After spelling out his name he tilted the table into his mother's lap, as tho in loving greeting.

Joe: "I want to say more about book. Mama can help C"—(here the table tilted over to me) then at the letter "M" the table tilted over to Margaret; after this confusion, and discussion as to what Joe meant.

Joe: "Mama and Margie can help Charlie. Three of you write book."

C. S. M.: "Joe, did you see us working on the book yesterday, and did you see me typing off the reports of our table and medium sittings?"

Joe: "Yes." (Continued) "Book Joe will be help to hundreds who have lost dear ones. Grandma put it in my head. Charlie, do your level best. I will say no more now."

V. M. M.: "Why, Joe, dear. Is something wrong?"

Joe: "No, but I want you to catch up with type-writing before any of us come again."

V. M. M.: "Before you go, Joe dear, I want to ask you a few questions. Will you answer them?"

Joe: (emphatically) "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Do you know where papa is now?"

Joe: "No."

V. M. M.: (surprised) "You don't know where papa is?"

Joe: "No."

V. M. M.: Soto voce: "That's strange. He always seemed to know before!"

M. L. M.: "Joe, do you know where he went?"

Joe: "Chi."

C. S. M.: "You mean he went to Chicago?"

Joe: "Yes."

(Note: This was true. My father had been called to Chicago for a conference of all the general chairmen of all the shop crafts, in connection with the railroad strike crisis.)

M. L. M.: "Well, Joe, don't you know *where* your papa is?"

Joe (spelling) "I think he is in bed."

This answer we thought rather amusing.

Joe: "Letter—Miss....."

(Note: In the morning's mail had come a letter to Joe from a young lady in Oklahoma. She had written in answer to a letter he had written over two months before. She wrote that her delay had been occasioned by a misplacement of his address.) He went on to spell out that he knew the letter had come, and that he had looked over our shoulders at the snapshot pictures enclosed.)

Joe: "Write and explain to her (about his accident). She looks like *some* chicken!"

We were quite amused at this. It was a characteristic remark of Joe's. He went on to say:

"Dance—Idora Park*****have lots of fun!"

C. S. M.: "What do you mean, Joe? Do you mean that Miss..... and you could have danced, and had lots of fun, at Idora Park?"

Joe: (rocking the table as tho laughing) "Yes." (continuing) Laff now. I like to see mama laff. I get a kick out of seeing mama lauff. We have lots of fun over here. The only thing that makes *us* sad, is when we see you sad."

(End of sitting of the 24th.)

CHAPTER XXV

Report of private sitting of V. M. M., with Mrs. Marie Wallace, 1219 Fillmore, San Francisco, Cal., Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 26, 1921.

Nearly a month had elapsed since my mother, my wife, and I had dropped casually into Mrs. Wallace's Open Meeting in San Francisco. Since that evening, Mrs. Wallace had doubtless given messages and sittings to scores of others. It had been 22 days since my father had been given his sitting with her. My mother decided to go to her for a private sitting, secretly hoping Mrs. Wallace would not remember having seen her before. Whether or not the medium *did* remember her, mother had no way of *knowing*, but she certainly betrayed no recognition, or manifested any sign, that she had *ever* seen my mother before. It is possible she *did not* remember my mother. Then again, it is possible she *did*. I wish to lay no particular stress upon the matter, but I merely mention it for what it is worth.

As must have been her method, she first gave my mother a sketch of her life, from her birth to the present time, all of which was quite accurate.

Mrs. W.: "You have had five children."

V. M. M.: "No, Mrs. Wallace, only *four*."

Mrs. W.: (apparently very much confused) "But I see five!"

V. M. M.: "Well, there was one which did not reach mature birth. Could that be the fifth?"

Mrs. W.: "It must be! I see *five*. One girl and *four* boys!"

(Mrs. W. continuing) "Three of these passed out in infancy, and two grew up to manhood.

"I see very troubled conditions with one—you *baby*. (Joe was the baby) He went away somewhere. I can't quite see what the trouble was! (Then the medium shivered as tho in a chill, and continued) He passed out quickly—by an accident.

"Joe says, 'Mama, I am happy. Don't grieve.' I see a light—a beautiful light over your head—it's the light he (Joe) is carrying.

"Joe says he wants to give you a *test* (i. e., a proof that it was really Joe talking, and not the medium's imagination).

Joe: (speaking thru Mrs. Wallace): "Tell Charlie to go on with that book he is writing, and to leave that other writing alone for the present. I will help him."

(Note by C. S. M.) How could Mrs. Wallace have possibly known I was writing a book? Joe had commanded me, thru the table sitting of Oct. 22, only four days before, to write down all our psychic investigations for future publication, and to call the book "*Joe*." I had not seen Mrs. W., or any other medium subsequent to that, nor had I mentioned the matter to *any one* outside the family. Unless Mrs. W. read this from my mother's mind, it indicated a test: that Joe gave this thru Mrs. W. as evidence that it was really him.

"That other writing," to which Joe referred, and which he suggested I "leave alone for the present," evidently meant some magazine articles and editorials I had been contemplating, in connection with the starting of a liberal religious and sociological monthly, "*The Open Mind*." Robert Whitaker and I had been working on this proposition, but we found the idea to be impractical, and abandoned it. Again, I insist, *how in God's name did Mrs. W. learn all this, if it did not come from my brother Joe, exactly as purported?*

One peculiar feature of my mother's sitting with Mrs. Wallace was this:

Between the two (Mrs. W. and V. M. M.) was a *heavy*, four-legged table, covered with a thick table cover, and having a large flower-pot, dish of "calling cards," and other articles on its top.

When Joe came the medium reached across the table and took my mother's hands: immediately the table commenced moving toward my mother. Mrs. W. pulled it back four or five times, but it continued moving over to V. M.

M. Also, a peculiar pulsating, throbbing, thump, thump, thump could be heard on the table top, almost *under my mother's* right arm.

Mrs. Wallace invited my mother to make inspection around and under the table, to make sure there was no trickery. My mother states she is sure Mrs. Wallace's limbs were *not* even touching the table, nor, so far as my mother could see, was the medium pushing the table in any way. During the entire sitting the table thrilled and quivered in most weird and peculiar manner.

Of course, in view of our table-sittings at home my mother was not surprised.

When Mrs. Wallace seemed a little worried and suspicious lest my mother think there was some trickery about the table's actions, V. M. M. assured her that it was all right, and informed her that we had been having table-sittings in our own home.

During the sitting "Harriet" also came, and mother was asked if she knew "Harriet." She replied that she did.

Mrs. W.: "Elizabeth also comes—Elizabeth *M-u-n-d-e-l-l*! Who is that?"

V. M. M.: "My husband's mother."

Shortly after this Mrs. Wallace indicated that the "reading" was over, and gave my mother opportunity to ask any questions she might wish.

V. M. M.: "Well, ask Joe what name they give to the little brother we never knew. The one that passed out before birth."

Mrs. W.: "I will try." (after a few moments' concentration) "I hear the name 'Sam! Sam! Do you know any one by that name?"

V. M. M.: "Well, my father's father was named Sam."

Mrs. W.: "I don't think that's the one he means."

Then she asked: "Isn't your husband's name Sam?"

V. M. M.: "Yes, it is."

Mrs. W.: "Well, I *think* that's what the 'little unknown' is called—Sam, for his papa."

CHAPTER XXVI

Report of messages received from Mrs. M. J. Isles, 1288 California street, San Francisco, California, Wednesday evening, Oct. 26, 1921.

After giving messages to several others, Mrs. Isles came to my mother.

Mrs. I.: "I want to come to this little lady here.

"A young man comes to you—he seems tall—must have passed out quickly! Others are helping him to come. A lady and an old man come with him—old man has beard and (here medium's shoulders stooped) he looks like a soldier—yes—he *was* an old soldier! (Evidently Grandpa Mundell.)

"This young man that comes is *very* strong—full of force and life—he *must* have passed out quickly to be so strong!")

(Note by C. S. M. See sitting with Mrs. Nanning, Sept. 24, concerning Joe's coming with such unusual strength.)

Mrs. I.: (continuing) "This young man seems tall—has brown hair—brown eyes—was very strong—and he used to be in *constant* touch with you."

(Note: By studying Joe's latest picture, reproduced in frontispiece, the reader will see that Mrs. Isles' description was very accurate. He *did* have light-brown hair, brown eyes, was strong and husky, and was in constant touch with his mother until the time of his passing. He was not, however, very tall. In height he was approximately the same as his father. He really appeared taller than he was. But he was taller than his brother by a great deal.)

"He says, 'Don't grieve.' (Precisely the same two words used by Mrs. W. the same afternoon.) There seems to have been some kind of affinity between you—seems like you are his mother—and yet, both like a son and sweetheart. Did he ever call you pal?"

V. M. M.: "I don't remember that he ever did."

Mrs. I.: "Well, he says something about 'pal.'"

(Note: This seems altogether appropriate, and perfectly natural for Joe to say. He and his mother *were* pals, and tho he may never have called her that, it seems as tho Joe must have been trying to tell the medium that he and his mother were not so much like "sweethearts," as she had hinted, but pals—pals.)

Mrs. I.: "Did he ever call you 'mama?' "

V. M. M.: "Yes."

Mrs. I.: "Well, I couldn't seem to tell whether he meant a mama or a sweetheart. He calls you 'mama' and he says, 'I am your boy still.' " (See table sitting of Oct. 10, where Joe says: "Does mama remember how I was big baby? *I am still mama's boy.*" Surely this is in the nature of a remarkable cross-correspondence.)

Mrs. I.: (continuing) "A lady comes with him. He has strong power—wants to talk, and talk. He is laughing! He says he has come to you humorously—has joked with you." (Quite true.)

(Here Mrs. Isles seemed to break off from direct communication, and to soliloquize thus: (to mother) "You have lived for your family. One taken from you. This is going to be a break with the past. You used to be orthodox—raised up that way. You yourself have mediumistic powers!")

V. M. M.: "Have I? I didn't know it!"

Mrs. I.: "Well, you have, and this young man is so strong—you *may* see him sometime in the spirit—it takes time—(sotto voce) he is getting stronger—he says he will come when you least expect it.

"I hear the name 'Arriet, Arriet! Do you know who that is?"

V. M. M.: "Yes, I know who Harriet is."

Mrs. I.: "Well, 'Arriet comes, and *George* comes—all help Joe come back— Joe says, 'I will come back.' Soon as you are ready he will reveal himself to you. I shouldn't be surprised if ultimately you are able to *see* him. But it takes time."

(Note: The reader will remember Joe's Uncle George, father's brother.)

To M. L. M. the medium came with:

"A man comes to you—seems to have been in spirit-life *about* twenty years—must be your father. Have you a father in spirit?"

M. L. M.: "Yes."

Mrs. I.: "He seems to have had *shock* before passing out—was unconscious before death—says you have passed thru lots of trouble—you have loving heart. Your father has led you." (She followed this with considerable of her own talk, explaining her belief that "We are led and guided by our loved ones in spirit.")

Mrs. I.: (continuing to M. L. M.) "You have a *Catholic* guide. I see the Catholic symbol."

Her message to C. S. M. was in no way evidential, and had to do purely with a character-reading (which my wife and mother seemed to think applied to me well) and with promises of a rosy future, etc. It is my personal conviction that all this emanated from the medium's own consciousness. Hence, it is omitted.

CHAPTER XXVII

Report of our strange table sitting of Thursday evening, Oct. 27, 1921, at home, 904 Brush street, Oakland, California.

Sitters: C. S. M., M. L. M., V. M. M.

It was probably more than a half-hour before there was any manifestation whatever. Then a very weak and apparently difficult vibration.

C. S. M.: "Is there present the spirit of any of our loved ones?"

Silence.

C. S. M.: "Joe, won't you come thru to us tonight?"

Silence.

V. M. M.: "Aren't there any of our loved ones present tonight who will give us a message? If so, we will be so glad!"

Silence.

C. S. M.: "Well, whoever you are, if you come to us in the 'Spirit of Jesus Christ' and with a message of goodness and righteousness, we welcome you, whether you are a stranger to us or not. Will you answer some questions?"

The table tilted three times, slowly and with difficulty, in assent.

C. S. M.: "Well, do we know who you are? Or have we *ever* known you? Any of the three of us?"

"No."

C. S. M.: "Well, do you know Joe?"

"Yes."

C. S. M.: "Did you know him on the earth-plane?"

"No."

C. S. M.: "Then you have just come to know him in the Spirit-world?"

"Yes."

C. S. M.: "Did Joe bring you here to us?"

"Yes."

C. S. M.: "Will you give us your name?"

Silence.

C. S. M.: "Oh, I forgot! You have never communicated before?"

"No."

C. S. M.: "Then perhaps you don't understand our method! Well, three tilts of the table means 'Yes;' one tilt means 'No!' If you wish to spell out anything I will repeat the alphabet, and you can tilt the table *once* at each letter which forms the words you want to spell. Would you like to spell your name for us?"

"Yes."

C. S. M.: "All right!" (Alphabet was repeated very slowly, and table tilted first at E.)

C. S. M.: "All right, you've got that far. That is the first letter of your Christian name?"

"Yes."

Here there was some discussion among us as to who it might be. I thought, and *expressed* aloud the thought, "Maybe it's Grandma Painter's sister, 'Emily.'"

My mother thought possibly it might be 'Ed. Stout,' an old friend who had passed out at Dalhart, Texas, a short time before. (See table sitting of Oct. 22.)

My wife expressed the suggestion that it might be "Emma," known to her.

The table tilted next at "M". Then at "M" again. I was surprised. When it had spelled "Em" I thought sure it would be "Emily," according to my first conviction, so when I came to the letter "I" I lingered a few seconds longer than usual. But in spite of all my mental coaxing, the table would not tilt at "I", but waited till I called "M" again.

C. S. M.: "All right, now we have 'Emm'; go ahead."

Table tilted again at "E" which was a surprise to my wife, who confidently expected an 'a' to follow 'Emm.'

Table tilted next at "T", which made Emmet.

V. M. M.: "Go ahead, maybe there is more to the name."

C. S. M.: "Is 'Emmet' the name you wished to spell?"

"Yes."

C. S. M.: "And *Emmet* is your first name?"

"Yes."

Here followed discussion as to who "Emmet" could be. None of us could recall ever having known anyone by that name.

C. S. M.: "Well, Emmet, we don't know much more than we did when we first commenced. We can't any of us recall knowing any 'Emmet.'

Emmet: "No."

C. S. M.: "Well, will you give your last name? Maybe we can understand then."

Silence.

C. S. M.: "Come on now, won't you give us your last name? We haven't the slightest idea who you are."

Silence.

C. S. M.: "Well, I'm going to call over the alphabet, and you can spell your last name for us if you will."

Table tilted first at "S" and then at "M."

V. M. M.: "What name could possibly begin with an 'S' followed by an 'M'?"

C. S. M. and M. L. M. answered: "Oh, lots of names; Smith, for instance."

I was certain the name would be "Smith."

Table tilted again at "O".

C. S. M.: "*S-m-o-* well, what can that be?"

Table tilted again at "O."

M. L. M.: "*S-m-* double 'o'—is that right?"

Table tilted three times in assent.

C. S. M.: "All, right, we understand '*S-m-o-o,*' now give us the rest."

Table tilted at "T."

V. M. M.: "Smoot!"

C. S. M.: "Emmet Smoot; is that your name?"

E. S.: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Well, is there any message you want to give us? Anything you desire to spell out?"

Silence.

We asked other questions, and waited fifteen or twenty minutes after that, but we never succeeded in getting a single other response.

From the very first to the last the manipulation of the table was very peculiar, and very weak—utterly unlike anything we had experienced before.

Now the question I wish to ask of my more skeptical and unconvinced readers is this:

"If all this table tilting phenomena can be attributed to some psychic powers within our own natural selves, and if the 'law of suggestion' has anything to do with it, how account for the coming of 'Emmet Smoot,' in this mysterious manner, and in spite of our inner thoughts trying to make out some other name? Certainly, in this case, the surprise, the perplexity, and the strangeness of the results must preclude the idea that the table operates in response to our own thought, suggestions and desires."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Report of table sitting at home, Oct. 28, 1921, evening.

In about five minutes *Joe* came *strong*! He lifted the table up on one leg, and did several other "stunts" apparently to demonstrate his power.

Instead of spelling "Joe" as usual, he spelled, J. H. Mundell. This was his signature, and when in earth-life he used it to sign all checks, letters, etc.

We asked Joe if he wanted alphabet, and he answered "No."

C. S. M.: "Do you want us to ask you some questions?"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "All right Joe, suppose you tell us who are with you. Is George there?"

"Yes."

C. S. M.: "Grandma H?"

"Yes."

C. S. M.: "Grandma M?"

"Yes."

"Grandpa M?"

"Yes."

Willie, Annie, and the 'little fellow'?"

"Yes."

V. M. M.: "Say, Joe, I want to ask you a question about the 'little fellow.' The medium, Mrs. Wallace, told me the 'little fellow' was called, 'Sam' for papa. Is that correct, or was the medium just guessing?"

Joe: "George calls him 'Sam,' but Annie and Willie call him 'Little Brother.' But he isn't little now!"

V. M. M.: "Is he as big as you are, Joe?"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, what color of eyes has little brother?"

Joe: "Gray."

M. L. M.: "Has he light hair like Charlie's?"

Joe: "N-no" (some hesitation, as tho, "Well, not exactly.")

M. L. M.: "Is it brown, like yours?"

Joe: "Y-yes" (again with hesitation, as tho, "Well, more like mine than Charlie's")

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, who else is there now? Is Ed Stout there?"

Joe: "No."

C. S. M.: "He isn't there? Well, is Margie's father there?"

Joe: "No."

V. M. M.: "Say, Joe, when I was at Mrs. Wallace the other day, did you make that table come over to me like it did?"

Joe: (moving the table toward V. M. M.) "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Well, Joe, what do you think of Mrs. Isles as a medium? Do you like her?"

Joe: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Think she is a good medium?"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Say, Joe, do you know I am still out of a job?"

Joe: "Yes."

M. L. M.: "Say, Joe, do you think Margie ought to get a job?"

Joe: (rocking the table as tho amused) "Yes."

M. L. M.: "You're joking now!"

Joe: "No."

C. S. M.: (in fun) "Women ought to do all the work, eh, Joe?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "Joe, Mrs. Wallace said you were going to be a teacher in the Spirit-world? Is that true?"

Joe: "Well, I guess I could teach some things!"

C. S. M.: "Say, Joe, do you remember 'Nevada'?"

Joe: "Yes!" (emphatically)

C. S. M.: "Tell us something about it, Joe. Something in the nature of a test, if you can."

Joe: "Wild Goose Chase!"

(Note: Joe always referred to his Nevada trip as a "Wild Goose Chase," because he had gone there to find work in the fall of 1917, and had returned broke.)

C. S. M.: "That's fine, Joe. We remember you used to speak of it that way. Now what else?"

Joe: "Boots and overalls."

(By that Joe meant to recall the fact that he had been compelled to pawn his suit and shoes, and had returned to Berkeley (where I was living at that time) with little more than a pair of boots he was wearing, and a pair of overalls). We thought the reference very striking, and very evidential.

V. M. M.: "Well, Joe, have you met very many spirits form Dalhart?"

(Dalhart, a little railroad town in the Panhandle of Texas, was the town in which Joe was reared, and where we lived for many years.)

Some fifteen or twenty names were given, all correct.

Joe: "Mama, do you remember Mr. Sadler?"

V. M. M.: "Yes, dear, I remember him. That is a very good test. He has been dead a long time."

Joe: "Fellow here from Chi!"

M. L. M.: "From Chicago, Joe?"

Joe: "Yes."

(M. L. M. was born and reared in the city of Chicago.)

M. L. M.: "Any one I know, Joe?"

Joe: "Yes. (he then spelled) Bob Horsely."

(Bob was a young man well known by both my wife and myself.)

M. L. M.: "Anyone else I know from Chicago?"

Joe: "V-a-t-e-r."

M. L. M.: "My father, Well, that's fine, Joe! Did my father tell you to spell it that way?"

Joe: "Yes! (the table rocked as tho he were laughing because he had surprised us by spelling in German.)

Joe: "(Again spelling in German, all the time causing the table legs to srike the floor loudly and emphatically, as tho he were thoroughly enjoying our surprise that he,

who never knew one word of the German language, should spell out words in that tongue.)

"Grossmutter!"

M. L. M.: "My Grandmother? Well, I'm so glad. I don't remember much about her, tho. Anyone else, Joe?"

Joe: "Ollie!"

(Ollie, a half-brother, had been drowned, as before stated in a previous report.)

M. L. M.: "Well, Joe, you must be learning German over there?"

Joe: (again rocking table) "Yes."

Joe: "*J-e-n-n-i-e*."

M. L. M.: "Well, Joe, I have heard my mother speak of a Jennie, but I don't think I ever saw her. Is that who you mean?"

Joe: "*C-a-m-e-r-o-n*."

C. S. M.: "Oh, yes, Joe! We understand now. You want to say something about our Aunt Jennie—Mama's sister?"

Joe: "Yes," Then spelled: "Her children all here!"

After this Joe spelled out that he was getting tired, so we said, "Goodnight," all round, and the sitting ended.

CHAPTER XXIX

Table sitting at home, Saturday evening, Oct. 29, 1921.

Present: S. A. M., C. S. M., V. M. M., M. L. M.

My father had just that day returned from Chicago, where he had attended conferences relating to the railway crisis. On his return trip he had stopped off at Dalhart, Texas, our old home, for a little visit, and to attend to a business matter.

The sitting of this date was different from all others in many respects.

We had hardly touched the table with our hands when it began to move about with considerable strength.

Joe came with apparent power, for about the first thing he did was to do a few "stunts." That is, he lifted up the table until it stood on one leg; he caused it to spin completely around, so that we had difficulty in keeping our hands on its surface!

The table indicated the alphabet was wanted, and when it was called over spelled:

"Hello!"

S. A. M.: "Oh, this is Joe, and you want to tell papa hello! Well, bless your heart."

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "Are you glad to see papa back?"

Joe: "Yes." (Then he spelled out) "How's old Dalhart?"

S. A. M.: "Oh, Dalhart is all right. I saw lots of your friends there, and they asked me all about you!"

Joe: "Dad, glad to get back?"

S. A. M.: "You bet I am, son! Say son, were you with papa Thursday night, when I was on the train between Tucson and Los Angeles?"

Joe: (answered three tilts) "Yes." (then spelled) "I touched papa's face!"

S. A. M.: "That's the way I felt, son!"

(My father relates that on this particular night, after he had gone to bed, he was suddenly awakened, with the feeling that someone had touched his cheek. For some reason, he seemed to sense Joe's presence, and felt that his son was in some way with him. Hence, the question.)

S. A. M.: "Was it your touch that woke me up, son?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "Are you often with papa on the trains?"

Joe: "Yes." (Spelling) "I sometimes come to mama in her dreams."

V. M. M.: "Thank God for that!"

Joe: "Sometime I think mama will see me. It isn't because I don't try. I try to kiss mama many times. We find it hard to get thru sometimes."

(Then to papa)

"How do you like Charlie's book?"

S. A. M.: "I was just reading some of it tonight, son! Do you want us to publish all this?"

Joe: "Yes."

(After spelling out a few other things of intimate family affairs, he indicated he was tired, and the sitting ended.)

CHAPTER XXX

Report of message received by Mrs. V. M. Mundell, from Mrs. R. Hyams, Spiritual Missionary and Medium, Sunday evening, Oct. 30, 1921, at Trinity Spiritual Church, Oakland, California.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 30, there was some little discussion in the family as to whether or not we should go out to some Spiritual Service, and if so, where?

We decided to try for a table-sitting.

After an interval of perhaps fifteen minutes, my father's mother came, and when the alphabet was called, she informed us that she wanted us to "Go to church."

Mr. F. K. Brown, minister of the Trinity Spiritual Church, who had just returned from the Detroit Convention of the National Spiritualist Alliance, was the first one to give messages. He gave my father a message, but as he was not able to recognize it, I will omit it.

Following Mr. Brown, Mrs. R. Hyams gave a few messages, and to my mother she came saying:

"I want to come to the little lady there—the one in the black hat—"

V. M. M.: "You mean me?"

Mrs. H.: "Yes, I want to come to you. A young man wants to get thru to you. He is very anxious to get to you. He says, 'Mother, haven't you a son in spirit?'"

V. M. M.: "Yes."

Mrs. H.: "Well, your son comes to you, and he gives me the name of 'Joseph.' Is that right?"

V. M. M.: (in tears) "Yes, that is right!"

Mrs. H.: "He shows me that he passed out quite suddenly—in the mountains—beautiful mountains! He says, 'Mother, do not grieve for me. You are not only hurting yourself, but you are keeping me back from the progress I could otherwise make.' He thinks he may sometime be able to materialize in his own home—he is so strong! He will also be able to control his own brother's hand, and you will receive messages from him.

"Joe says, 'Tell father I watch over him all the time. No accident will overtake him, for I will protect him.' "

CHAPTER XXXI

Report of messages given to S. A. M. and C. S. M., by Mrs. R. Hyam, at her residence, 1018 Lakeshore Ave., Oakland, Calif., Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1921.

There were about twenty present at the "message meeting" held by Mrs. R. Hyams, a veteran Spiritualist worker and Medium, Tuesday evening, Nov. 1, 1921 at her beautiful home, 1018 Lakeshore Ave., Oakland. My father and I were among the number.

To my father the Medium came with. (As she picked up his signet ring, a gift from Joe.)

"Seven spirits come to you, Sir—*****among them comes your son. He tells me no one was in any way to blame for his passing—that it was purely an accident. 'I woke up in a loved one's arms. Tell mother I am happy and contented. I have accomplished a great deal. Last Sunday night I came to mother and gave my name as "Joseph." That was for proof. I will now give it as you better knew it: "Joe."

To C. S. M. she said: "Young man comes to you—medium height, well-built—says, "Go right ahead—do world of good. It seems like he refers to something treating of life beyond the grave. (Evidently the book I am writing). It will be scattered abroad—to those in darkness.

"Willie and Harriet also come to you. Understand?"

C. S. M.: "Yes."

Here I asked if I might ask a test question. Mrs. Hyams said she would "try" to get an answer.

I said: "Ask Joe if he can tell us what it is I now have that was once his?"

Immediately, and without hesitation, the medium replied:

"Yes, you have his *watch*. He gave it to you because he knew you would take good care of it. I see a pillow. Do you put the watch under your pillow at night?"

We thought this test a very good one. It was correct, both as to the watch, and as to my keeping it under my pillow at night.

CHAPTER XXXII

Report of Table Sitting at Home, Sunday, Nov. 6, 1921, 6 P. M. Present: R. S. Roberts, S. A. Mundell, Charles S. Mundell, Margaret L. Mundell, Verna May Mundell, and J. S. Painter.

It was our pleasure to receive a visit from a friend of my father's, Mr. R. S. Roberts, Grand Lodge Deputy of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen of America, on Sunday morning, November 6.

Mr. Roberts accompanied us to church in the morning, where I filled the pulpit of the Park Congregational Church. After the service we had luncheon down town, and later in the afternoon Mr. Roberts returned to our home for supper. While we were at the supper table, someone broached the subject of religion. Mr. Roberts informed us that although he was nominally a Baptist, he was in no way prejudiced against any denomination or sect, and assured us that he attended the services of all churches; also that he believed there was good in all of them.

I then asked the question: "Mr. Roberts, have you ever attended a *Spiritualist* meeting?"

"No," he said, "I have never quite done that."

Further discussion followed, in which we told Mr. Roberts something of our psychic experiences and investigations. He appeared to be very much interested, and assured us that he would "like to see some of it for himself; that he had never investigated it; had never attended a seance; and had never visited a medium."

My father suggested that we try for a sitting (it was then about ten minutes to six) before going to a Spiritualist meeting. It was agreed.

We carried the little table into another room, and the five of us placed our hands thereon (R. S. R., S. A. M., C. S. M., V. M. M., and M. L. M.). My grandfather (J. S. P.) came down-stairs to watch the sitting.

The reader may perhaps imagine the skepticism of Mr. Roberts. Although he had been very much impressed with what we had told him of our experiences, we could not expect that *our* investigations could suffice for him. Obviously not. One must see and investigate for oneself before one can be really satisfied.

He knew one thing, however. He *knew* my father was not lying. He *knew*, as thousands of other members of the B. R. C. of A. know, that my father is a man who does not lie!

After an interval of perhaps fifteen minutes, *Joe* came, and he came strong! Mr. Roberts was very much surprised.

S. A. M.: "Well, Joe, we sure are glad to have you come tonight. Do you know there is a stranger here? That is, a stranger to these sittings; but you used to know him. Can you tell us who it is?"

The table indicated that the alphabet was wanted. I called the letters, and the table tilted out: *R. S. Roberts!*

S. A. M.: "Well, Joe, that's fine; Glad you know who it is!"

Joe (spelling): "How's old L. A.?"

(Mr. Roberts' home was in Los Angeles.)

S. A. M. to R. S. R.: "He is asking you that question, R. S. Tell him how it is."

R. S. R.: "Oh, I guess L. A. is all right, Joe."

S. A. M.: "Joe, Mr. Roberts don't know much about this sort of thing. Can you give him a test or two?"

"Yes."

S. A. M.: "All right, R. S., ask him any question you want to."

R. S. R.: "Well, Joe, I have a mother, and father, and wife, and two children dead. Can you spell out my mother's name?"

Joe: "They are all *here*."

C. S. M.: "Oh, you know them, do you? Well, that's good! But can't you spell out Mr. Roberts' mother's first name?"

Joe: "*M-a-r-y*."

R. S. R. (in surprise): "No, Joe. That's my wife's name. That's all right, I'm glad you spelled her name, but you got it mixed."

C. S. M.: "Try again, Joe! Maybe you'll get it right this time."

Joe: "*E-l-l-e-n*."

R. S. R.: "That's correct, Joe. Fine! Now, can you give me my father's name?"

Several attempts were made, but for some unknown reason he was not able to spell out the father's name.

Joe: "He is trying to tell me, but I can't understand."

S. A. M.: "Well, that's all right, son. We won't keep you on that. Have you any message you want to spell out to us?"

Joe: "Ask R. S. if he knows a man who lived in Los (Angeles) who is here now?"

S. A. M.: "What's his name, Joe?"

Joe: "*B-r-o-o-k-s*!"

R. S. R. (surprised): "Yes! I know him! He was president of Local 1368 of our order in Los Angeles! He was run over and killed!"

Joe: "Yes" (table tilted three times).

S. A. M.: "Is Mr. Brooks here now?"

Joe: "No." (Alphabet called for.) Do you remember Mr. Brown?"

S. A. M.: "Well, son, I remember so many Browns. Where did he live?"

Joe: "*D-a-l-h-a-r-t.*"

S. A. M.: "Oh, he lived at Dalhart! Well, I remember *two* Mr. Browns who used to live at Dalhart, that are now dead. Which one do you mean?"

Joe: "He jumped in the river!"

(We were then able to recall the old man who was meant.)

Joe: "I talked to medium F. K. Brown this afternoon."

C. S. M.: "Is that so? Well, what did you tell Mr. Brown?"

Joe: "I told him to give you a message tonight!"

S. A. M.: "Then you want us to quit this and go to Mr. Brown's meeting?"

Joe: "Yes."

V. M. M.: "And will you come to us tonight, Joe, through Mr. Brown?"

Joe: "Yes."

After this we told Joe we would expect him to come at the meeting, and the sitting ended.

Mr. Roberts remarked: "Well, this beats anything I ever saw! I will go with you to the meeting. I am interested to see what comes of it."

CHAPTER XXXIII

Report of Messages received from Rev. F. K. Brown, in General Meeting, Sunday evening, November 6, 1921, Trinity Spiritualist Church, Blake Bldg., Twelfth Street, Oakland, California.

(See report of table sitting in previous chapter.)

Mr. F. K. Brown was minister of Trinity Spiritualist Church. On this particular Sunday evening he seemed to be unusually good. A number of excellent messages

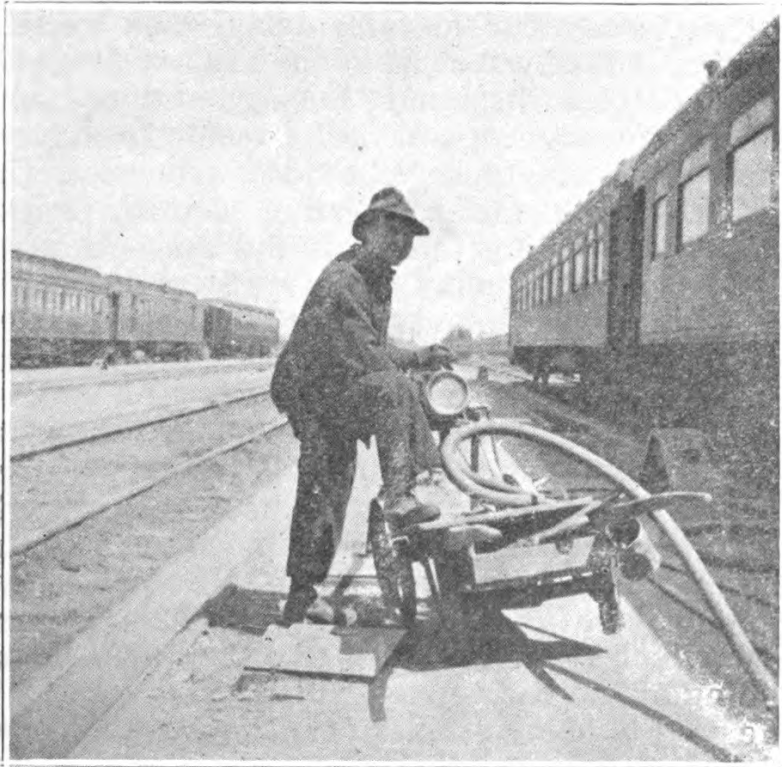
were given to persons unknown to us. (That is, from the recognition accorded the messages I deemed them excellent. Of course, I am not able to verify or corroborate any except that which was given to my mother.)

Mr. Brown: "I hear the name of *Joe*! Anyone recognize the name?"

We waited a few seconds to see whether anyone else claimed the name before my mother lifted her hand.

Mr. Brown (to V. M. M.): "Well, this Joe is a young man; he must have had something to do with some hose—he shows me some hose (rubber?). Didn't he have something to do with some hose?"

V. M. M.: "Yes."



Joe and the hose Mentioned by F. K. Brown.

Mr. Brown: "He says, 'My coming was a *shock*—and a surprise! He shows me the hose again, and he says I can use the hose as well now as ever; I can squirt water (?) with it as good as ever!'"

(See Snapshot on page 169.)

Mr. Brown: "Didn't he used to get up early in the morning?"

V. M. M.: "Yes."

Mr. Brown (laughing): "Yes, he *yawns*—and says, 'I used to have to get up early in the morning. I am well and contented. I want to help my brother. My brother left everything and came home—he was impatient for the train—(Mr. Brown, sotto voice: It seems as though there must have been some *delay*)."

(There *was* a considerable delay when we left Oklahoma City. I received a part of my salary from the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and we had to wait several days for my August check to come from New York. We were all ready to leave Friday afternoon (had our trunk, etc., at the station), feeling sure my check would come on the morning mail. It did not—so we had to remain over another day. Naturally, all this was the occasion of no little impatience. Was this merely a fortunate *guess* from Mr. Brown, or did he get this information from Joe—as he claimed he did?)

Mr. Brown: "I can't seem to get just the manner in which this young man passed out—but he shows me it was *quick*—like that (Mr. B. snapped his fingers)!! He says, 'I come to you in twilight and early morning.' This young man has nice lips—very good teeth. He says, 'I kept wondering *what will they all think?*' (Probably referring to the time which passed between the hour of his death and the finding of the body.)

He used to lounge back in chair, cock his feet up, and enjoy the pleasures of the hour.

(Mr. B. addressing my mother) "When the body was in the casket you kept saying: "*Can it really be? Can it be possible?*" "

(I wish particularly to draw the reader's attention

to Mr. Brown's repeated reference to the "hose;" the question: "Didn't he have something to do with hose?" and the statement attributed to Joe: "I can use hose as well now as ever.")

My brother *did* work a great deal with rubber hose in connection with his job as airman at the Southern Pacific See page 169.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Report of Afternoon Trance Seance, Monday, November 7, 1921, 2:30 P. M., at Home of Mrs. M. J. Isles, 1288 California Street, San Francisco, California. Charles S. Mundell in attendance.

On the afternoon of Monday, November 7, I dropped quite casually into the seance held by Mrs. M. J. Isles, at her home, 1288 California St., in San Francisco. I had come over to the city on another matter, but decided to attend the meeting, as a part of the investigation I was making of psychic phenomena.

There were perhaps twenty others present.

The seance was opened with song and prayer, followed by a short address from the medium.

Mrs. Isles has a very pleasing and attractive personality.

She impresses one favorably from the first.

Evidently a woman of refinement, Mrs. Isles uses good English, and impresses one with the conviction of her absolute genuineness and sincerity.

She appears to be a comparatively young woman; slender, graceful, obviously delicate, and seemingly very sensitive.

At the close of the meeting it was my good pleasure to be afforded an interview. In quiet, personal, conversation, Mrs. Isles is modest, diffident—reluctant to talk about herself—but it was a pleasure to discuss with her some of the scientific and philosophic aspects of the phenomena of Spirit Control.

Physically, Mrs. Isles is quite good looking—tall, deep brown eyes, dark hair. Altogether, her personality is very prepossessing.

At half-past two precisely, the seance began.

While those present sang "Nearer My God to Thee," Mrs. Isles stood apart from the sitters, with her eyes closed, as the little child-guide, *Jewell*, took control.

When Jewell had taken control the messages began, all the while Mrs. Isles speaking with a lisp and accent of a child of eight or ten.

Inasmuch as this report is to deal specifically with the evidential features of the messages which were given to me (for obviously I am not in position to verify any messages given to other parties, except as I am content to take their word for the accuracy or inaccuracy of the statements made), I shall not burden the reader with a detailed report of all the messages which Jewell gave to the sitters present. However, there was a part of one message which I venture to pass on to my readers, as being, at least, interesting.

Mrs. Isles (Jewell speaking): "A zentleman wisses (wishes) to come to zis lady here (approaching one of the sitters). He ses he is *Henry*—but he wath (was) called *Harry*."

The lady recognized the spirit.

Jewell: "Henry ses he has got a new gown—'cause he hath moved—to—to—a *new plane*!"

Lady: "Well, that's fine. I'm glad to hear it, Jewell."

Jewell: "Yeth. He says *he has a beeg-a-labor-a-to-ry*—la-labor-a-to-ry—you understand?" (Jewell stumbling over pronunciation of "Laboratory.")

Lady: "Yes, Jewell, I understand. What does he say about it?"

Jewell: "Well, he says, he's a dok-tor (doctor) now! He ses, 'They call me *Doctor Henry*!' An' he's on the *Fifth Plane*!"

Lady: "Thanks, Jewell, that's fine! I'm glad he is doing so well."

After giving several other messages, the medium stepped back with the exclamation: "Some one is calling for music—music! Want's us to sing! Please sing something—play the piano!"

The sitters took up a verse of "Nearer My God to Thee."

Mrs. Isles stood quietly in the center of the circle for several seconds; then she commenced trembling from head to feet—trembling as though she was being shaken by some powerful influence, or was in the grip of a severe chill! Her knees seemed to give way, and she swayed as though she were going to fall. Several of the sitters became alarmed, but others said, "Keep away! Don't touch her. Jewell is giving way to the direct control of some other spirit!"

Mrs. Isles did not fall—instead, she staggered in my direction (her eyes closed), and then, throwing out her arms to me, she cried—a cry of mingled joy and pain: "Charlie! Charlie! *I'm Joe! I'm Joe!*"

Mrs. Isles swayed toward me, and would have fallen had I not risen from my seat and caught her!

She threw both arms around me, in full abandonment, exclaiming:

"Charlie, it's Joe! I want you to give mama my love! My brother! My dear brother! Charlie!"

C. S. M.: "Yes, Joe! I know! I thought you would come to me today! That's why I came here!"

Mrs. Isles (holding my hands): "Oh! he's so strong! He's taking all my strength! He is crushing me!!! Oh!!"

The medium swayed, and fell back in a dead faint—her every nerve and muscle quivering, and her body shaking as though with the ague. I caught her as she fell, exclaiming:

"Yes, Joe! I know! You're so glad to come! But you are hurting the medium! You must let her go now. I will tell mother you came to me, and that you send her your love."

It was several seconds before Mrs. Isles seemed to be recovering—of one thing I am certain—she was utterly unconscious for a time—then she muttered—in guttural tones—“play some more music!”

Music and singing were resumed, and gradually Mrs. Isles regained her feet; then, as I sat back in my chair (still holding her hands), she continued, in more quiet tones:

“Joe wants me to tell you that he is working on some new something—something like wireless telegraphy—to make it easier for him to communicate with you. Wasn’t Joe a mechanic?”

C. S. M.: “Yes, that is right. He was.”

Mrs. I.: “Well, he says he is trying to invent some new device for communication.”

C. S. M.: “Well, I hope he succeeds!”

Mrs. I.: “Joe also says he wants you to play music in the home. It will help him to come through to you.”

C. S. M.: “All right, Joe. I’ll tell mama what you say.”

Mrs. I.: “Joe also says he brings Grandma—‘Arriet’ (impatiently). Recognize her?”

C. S. M.: “All right, I do. I’m glad to have you come, Grandma.”

Mrs. I.: “Joe says, ‘Tell mama *it is for her sake we come!*’”

C. S. M.: “All right, Joe, I will tell her.”

With this Mrs. Isles seemed to give way to another control. She staggered back, shook a little, and then approaching an elderly gentleman present, she knelt down before him, saying: “I’m *Effie!* I’m Effie! Please stroke my hair like you used to!”

The elderly, gray-haired gentleman referred to, overcome with emotion, complied with her request, exclaiming: “My darling Effie. God bless you.”

I do not know what the relation was between the elderly gentleman and “Effie,” but I imagined she must be his daughter. At any rate, he seemed to be extremely happy that “Effie” should come to him.

Several other messages were given, and then (Mrs. Isles standing apart) :

"I hear someone calling the name 'Willie—Willie!' (Then coming in my direction: "He comes to some one *right in here!*" (To a lady sitting beside me: Does Willie come to you?"

The Lady: "No, I don't think so!"

C. S. M.: "I think he comes to me. Isn't he *my* .
brother Willie?"



"Brother Willie."

Mrs. I.: "Yes, he comes to you. He says, 'I have also brought sister.' Have you got a sis-ter—in spirit life?"

C. S. M.: "Yes! God bless my little sister!"

Mrs. I.: "Willie says, 'Joe is exhausted after his strong effort, so I will talk! Joe wants me to tell you

to give mama *his* love."

C. S. M.: "Sure, Willie, I will."

Willie: "Give *my* love to mama, too! I love mama, too!"

C. S. M.: "Of course you do, Willie! I'll tell her what you say."

Mrs. I.: "Willie says, 'We have taught Joe all we know, and *now* he knows more than *we* do! He is like a father to the rest of us.'"

C. S. M.: "Well, that's fine! Tell Joe I am glad he's getting along so well. By the way, Willie, do you know I am writing a book about Joe?"

Willie: "Yes, I know it. Put Willie in your book, too!"

C. S. M.: "All right, I will. I have already! Say, Willie, was Joe at church yesterday, and did he hear me preach? He told us through the table he would be there?"

Willie: "Yes, he was there. And so was Grandma."

C. S. M.: "Well, I appreciate that."

(Note: The occasion referred to was that of the previous morning (Sunday, Nov. 6, 11 a. m.) when I filled the pulpit of the *South Berkeley Community Church* (Park Congregational Church), in the absence of the minister, my friend, Rev. Norman W. Pendleton.)

C. S. M.: "Say, Willie, I'd like to ask a test question. Ask Joe if he can tell me this afternoon, what I now have, that was once his?"

Willie (Mrs. I. hesitating a few seconds only): "Yes! It is something in your pocket—seems like something to tell time of day. I told mama to give it to you!"

(Note: This was the second time I had put this test question, and to different mediums: the first time to Mrs. Rose Hyams, of Oakland. Does it not seem rather evidential that *correct answers* were given *both times*? The reader will recall the table-sitting where Joe instructed my mother to give me his watch. The fact that this detail was mentioned through Mrs. Isles seems proof that our table-sittings were genuine.)

Willie: "Joe says, 'I've brought the whole family here today! Say! How's mama feeling today?'"

C. S. M.: "Much better, Willie, I think. These messages will help her, I know."

Willie: "Oh, yes! Joe wants you to tell mama that he came to her—night-before-last—in her dreams! She dreamed about Joe all night—He came strong—It woke her up."

C. S. M.: "Yes, Willie, mama told us about it."

(Note: All this was quite true, as my mother will testify. All night that night she dreamed of Joe, and was finally awakened by the feeling that someone was blowing breath upon her face. She seemed to *feel* Joe's presence in a *peculiar* way; she seemed *conscious* of his presence—but when she opened her eyes and peered into the dark, she could see nothing. How could Mrs. Isles have known about this dream?)

Willie: "Joe says tell mama he will come again—so will I; Joe thinks a lot of Charlie! Mama is getting along much better in a spiritual way, isn't she?"

C. S. M.: "Yes, Willie, I'm sure she is much better."

Willie: "Well, Charlie, we don't want you to worry about your affairs. Go ahead writing the book. That's your work now. We feel that it will be very successful, and will do lots of good."

C. S. M.: "Thank you, Willie."

(Note in conclusion: If Mrs. Isles did not *really* give these messages from the "other side;" if she was merely "acting;" if her trembling, quivering, and shaking, were all "put on," it was not only extremely well done—with every appearance of genuineness—but it was the most blasphemous mockery I ever saw! I cannot believe that Mrs. Isles—whose personality seems to radiate sincerity and truth—could stoop to such a damnable, monstrous, hypocritical pretense! If the phenomena were not genuine, then God have mercy! It was a crime.)

CHAPTER XXXV

A VERY EVIDENTIAL SITTING

Report of Private Sitting of S. A. Mundell with Mrs. M. J. Isles, at her home, 1288 California St., San Francisco, Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1921. C. S. M. present to take notes.

My father and I called at the home of Mrs. Isles at 3:15 P. M.

We had previously telephoned from the office asking for an appointment, and were told we could come right over.

We were received by the medium's little girl, and ushered into the seance room. In about fifteen minutes Mrs. Isles came in.

The usual formalities of introduction, comments on the weather, etc., disposed of, we conversed for a while, during which conversation Mrs. Isles (in response to a question from my father as to how she had been led to become a medium) told us the story of her psychic unfoldment, from the time she was a mere child to the time of her definite surrender to the unseen forces.

Her story was intensely interesting, and in some respects quite pathetic.

The full realization or revelation of her psychic life came to her during a prolonged illness, following the birth of her second child, who was born blind. This sad affliction to her child proved to be her Gethsemane; the suffering which purified and refined her spiritual perceptions.

Following her convalescence she was induced to study Christian Science, with only partial satisfaction.

Then she met a lady who was a Spiritualist, and through her was led to attend Spiritualist meetings.

Her first experiences of this kind were disappointing.

She related the fact that her first "message" received from the platform medium was to the effect that there was some man across the sea with whom she would

shortly fall in love and marry. Of course, this was all wrong; she was already a wife and a mother.

However, she refused to become discouraged in her search for truth.

Along about this time she began to receive manifestations in her own home: she would become entranced, and while in these trances give loving and comforting Spirit-messages to her husband, and to other members of her family.

She attended an experiment under the auspices of the Psychic Research Society, where another medium was the subject of the experiments. No sooner had she come into the room when she fell into a trance, and to the surprise and delight of the circle of psychic researchers gave demonstrations, messages, and other psychic phenomena.

Following this she was for some time employed by the Psychic Research Society as a subject of study and investigation. The scientists who experimented with her became convinced of her psychic powers, and gave her a cordial endorsement.

The sitting proper began at 4:25.

Mrs. Isles and my father sat facing each other, while I sat apart in a big arm-chair with my note book, prepared to take down the whole of the reading.

Mrs. Isles closed her eyes, and remained for several minutes in passive relaxation. Then:

"You have two guides. One has followed you since childhood. He has the appearance of an old soldier, and *seems* to have had something to do with the sea also."

S. A. M.: "You say he looks like an old soldier?"

Mrs. I.: "Yes, but it's not your father. This one is your guide. Yet, he seems to have belonged to the family—a long time ago—perhaps hundred years ago! He shows me armor—*must have been* in family *long time ago!* This guide has led you with a star—a star—has led you out of hell to gain heaven. You *could have* become a drunkard and a professional gambler—this guide kept pulling you back."

S. A. M.: "Well, I guess that's right. I used to be very successful when I tried to gamble. I suppose I could have done fairly well, for I had mastered the art of reading the other fellow's hand by the expressions of his face."

Mrs. I.: "Yes, but this guide wouldn't let you become a great drunkard and gambler—he kept pulling you back! You are very psychic yourself! You have considerable power! You could have developed it. This guide of yours brings two other spirits to you now. Wasn't your father's name *Harvey*?"

S. A. M. (a little surprised): "Why, yes, that's his name!"

Mrs. I.: "And wasn't your mother's name *Elizabeth*?"

S. A. M.: "Yes."

Mrs. I.: "Well, these are the two your guide brings first. Your mother is being supported by your father—she seems to be rather feeble—your father's magnetism is supporting your mother—she isn't very strong yet—they are together all the time! Abruptly:—"Didn't your mother pass away in Los Angeles?"

S. A. M.: "Yes, ma'am, that's right?"

Mrs. I.: "I thought so—the guide shows me South—'passed out in South,' he says. She hasn't been gone very long? Just little while?"

S. A. M.: "Only about two months. No, not very long."

Mrs. I.: "Your father gives me the names 'Harvey and Elizabeth.' He says, 'We have seen the boy!'"

S. A. M.: "Says they have seen the boy?"

Mrs. I.: "Yes, that's what he says. The next spirit that comes to you is that of a young soldier; don't know if you know him or not, but it seems like he is a companion to the other boy."

S. A. M.: "The 'other' boy?"

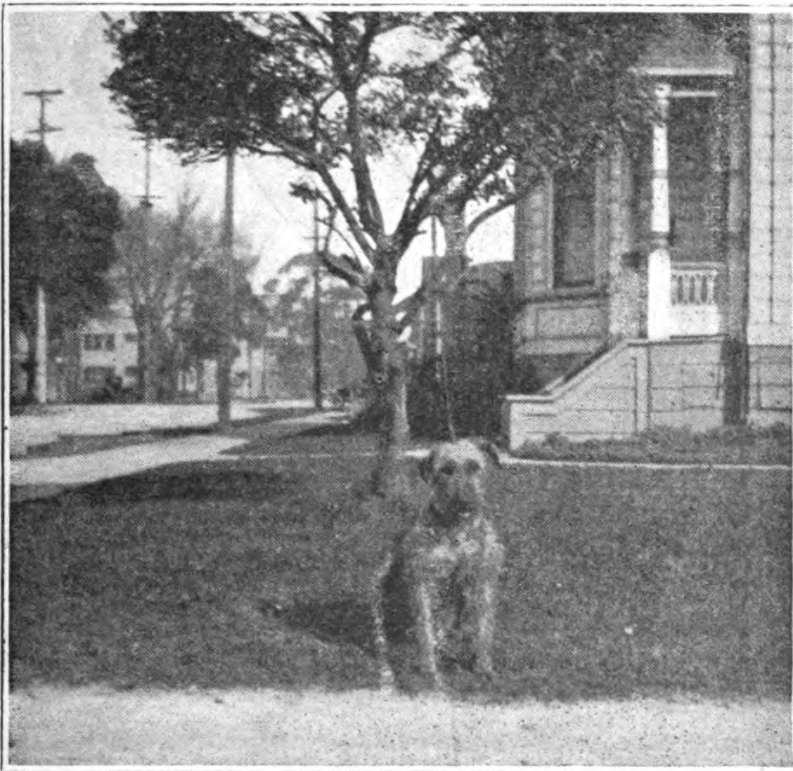
Mrs. I.: "Yes. This young soldier comes *with* another boy; they are both of about the same height. The boy—(other boy)—throws a purple aura round you. This boy has brown eyes—good features—high forehead—

brown hair—not *dark* brown, but a nice brown—parted on side. The old man—your father—links his hand with the boy's and puts them on your shoulder. The boy says, 'Tell Dad—' (confusion) he says something about 'name-sake'—no, the old man says something about namesake, and the boy says, 'Tell Dad—' well, it is something about some kind of connection between their names! Do you understand?"

S. A. M.: "I think I do!"

Mrs. I. (to father): "Give me your hands; you are a little nervous! Now, that's better. Say, haven't you a little dog around the house—a little dog—like that (indicating with hands a very small dog)?"

S. A. M.: "No, we haven't any dog at *our* house. Does he say something about a dog?"



**"Sport" or "Pal" the "Psychic" Airedale,
in front of 904 Brush Street.**

Mrs. I.: "Yes. There is a little dog, isn't there?"

S. A. M.: "Well, *we* haven't any dog."

Mrs. I.: "This little dog has some connection with the boy—it was *with him at the time of his passing!* It is not in the spirit; it is in the body! The boy shows me how he would shout to the dog."

S. A. M.: "I think I know what he means now. Yes, you are correct. There was a little Airedale dog with him when he was killed."

Mrs. I.: "Yes. Well, it—it sounds funny—(she laughed)—but he says something about being in communication with this dog! Like as if the dog was clairvoyant, or something like that! That sounds funny, doesn't it?"

My father and I both agreed that it *did* sound funny: a dog clairvoyant!

Mrs. I.: "I never heard of such a thing! Well, he must communicate in some way with this dog. Don't that sound funny? Anyway, *he wants you to get this dog!* Wants it brought into his home!"

S. A. M.: "All right, Joe, I will see if I can get the dog."

Mrs. I.: "This boy writes his name—*J-o-s-e-p-h H-a-r-v-e-y.*"

S. A. M.: "Yes, that's his name all right!"

Mrs. I.: "Now I see what he meant by a connection between the two names: your father's name was Harvey, and your son's second name was Harvey."

S. A. M.: "Yes, that is correct."

Mrs. I.: "Didn't he call you 'papa'?"

S. A. M.: "Oh, yes, lots of times!"

Mrs. I.: "I mean he didn't call you 'daddy,' but 'papa'?"

S. A. M.: "Well, sometimes he called me 'Dad,' but he called me 'papa' most of the time."

Mrs. I.: "Well, Joe says, 'Papa, I want to tell you I've got a perfect body, and a perfect face. Think of me *just as I was!* In spirit—but more beautiful, if you can. Spirits out of the body of clay are more beautiful than

in body. I can't forget the love of my first entering spirit life—on awakening to consciousness *in Grandma's arms! With Sister and Brother.* He smiles—with power! He is so strong! Don't you feel the power?"

My father describes the sensation as similar to that of an electric current passing through hands and arms, while holding on to knobs—a very strong vibration!

Mrs. I.: "Joe says, 'I am happy because I am in touch with you—and you know it. It gives every spirit—' he laughs, 'more pep.' He says, 'Remember *you* are a spirit, too, and you have influence.' He speaks in connection with future welfare—not material—he is speaking in connection with some future development (psychic?) in the home! Did he pass away with—(confusion). He was a fine boy!"

S. A. M.: "Yes, he was a beautiful boy!"

Mrs. I.: "Well, he is going to bring about some wonderful manifestations. In the material you are all right, but—" (here, unfortunately, she was interrupted by the telephone, much to her annoyance and perturbation; she never seemed to gain as good connections as before).

"Your guide says, you are all right financially, only be cautious about your investments—and your property. You have worked hard sometimes—with hands as well as with brain—isn't that right?"

S. A. M.: "Yes."

Mrs. I.: "You have had to battle all your life with *two* forces. You are going to have a change of your psychic powers—why, I wouldn't be surprised if you *see* and *hear* spirits soon! You *could have* developed great psychic power! But there is a revelation ahead. You are too busy to read much!"

S. A. M.: "Yes, that is about right!"

Mrs. I.: "You ought to have good manifestation in your own home."

Here I interrupted to ask: "Mrs. Isles, as a sort of test, I would like for you to see if you can get my father's

professional or business connections. That is, if you are not over-taxed already."

Mrs. I. (after a moment's concentration): "Well, I can see that he has something to do with railroads."

Quite correct!

Mrs. I.: "You are a good servant of your company—(whatever it is). Sometimes you are stationary—sometimes you are moving. Duty is a big word with you! Your forces make you do your duty! You would be true to your trust in spite of *everything*—family, or any other opposition. You have the power of will and command!"

The sitting ended at five minutes past five o'clock.

Note by C. S. M.: It seems to me that there were several things about this sitting which might be called *very* good, and very evidential: viz., the giving of the names *Harvey* and *Elizabeth* (other mediums had given Grandma's name, but this was the first time Grandpa's name was given); also the stating of the fact that Grandma had passed away in Los Angeles; the linking of the names; the mention of the little dog (See page '81) and the description of my father's vocation, etc. The reader will note, by comparing other of Mrs. Isles' messages to members of the family, that there is considerable new material. The question is: *How could Mrs. Isles give all this information, if she did not get it from the spirit world?*

CHAPTER XXXVI

Report of Very Evidential Sitting with Mr. F. K. Brown, at his Apartment, 735 Seventeenth Street, Oakland, Wednesday, November 16, 11:00 A. M.

On the morning of November 16 I had an unusually good sitting with Mr. F. K. Brown, who is minister of Trinity Spiritual Church. My wife accompanied me to Mr. Brown's rooms, and was present during the sitting to take notes. Below is the report of the sitting, as reconstructed from her notes:

The reading began at eleven o'clock.

Mr. Brown prefaced the reading proper by a half hour's conversation on the general subject of Spiritualism, communication, guide-control, etc., explaining that he could not *guarantee* results; he could only surrender himself to his Spirit Guides, and trust that they would be able to get something through to me, that I could recognize, and that would be of comfort and help. He explained to us his understanding of the philosophic principles of Modern Spiritualism, but inasmuch as we felt that we already possessed a fairly good understanding of these, but very little was taken down in the report.

After Mr. Brown had "explained" at considerable length, he gave way to the apparent control of his Spirit Guides.

Mr. Brown: "The first one who comes to you from the spirit side of life is a gentleman—appears about middle-age; has thick chest, fair hair, slightly tinged with gray around the edges. He gives me no name, but he seems like he might be a father or a grandfather. This man, while on earth, was very devoted to his family; loved his home. Can you place him?"

C. S. M.: "No, I can't say that I do, with that description. It hardly fits Grandpa, and my father is not in spirit life."

Mr. Brown: "Well, he comes surrounded by five others—" (here Mr. Brown, or his Guide, broke off from communication to explain a few things about how spirits communicate with us, and with other spirits). (Returning to communication): "You attract your loved ones right to you. They rush quickly to you. You have kept your soul in fitness. Your beloved brother rushed to you instantly. He comes (now) as with a start—as from a seated position—as if he were sitting—leaps and starts. He went out (of the body) instantly. He laughs!—laugh expresses it—his face is illuminated; his eyes are clear as crystal—fearless. He says, 'I used to have to fight my way through, sometimes. I would swear sometimes, if I had to. You rest at ease. I am going to help you. I touch

myself sometimes to see if it is the same *me*. I realize what I went through. There are debts; they will all be paid.

“Joe says, ‘I became a little tired; stumped my toe; walked through the shrubbery; I posed myself along a tree—I squatted—set down my knapsack and gun. It was a wonderful scene (probably meaning from where he sat). I went through my pockets to see what I had—not flushed with much—saw what would bring me gain and pleasure. (The reader will remember that \$76 in currency was found on Joe’s body).

“‘I sat still and quiet for awhile and thought—(sotto voice: something moved; the dog moved) thought I would have a little shot—of smoke—something moved—a report came—. It is beyond me to describe how quickly all was still—saw my form quiver and move! Went to city—get those (confusion). Charlie, there were three things in gun which could be used. They overlooked things—got all bollixed up—I harmed no one; no one harmed me. They tried to make out that it was murder and suicide—and everything but what it was, a pure accident! That’s all it was—just an accident!

“Brother, I love you more than I ever did. I’m in no torment. Love you more—going to help you * * * we all make mistakes. Remember when I said, ‘Why don’t you get into something?’”

C. S. M.: “Yes, Joe, I remember that. Do you remember when you saw me last?”

Joe: “Sure. But don’t magnify these things we get through too much. I am getting stronger. More is yet to come. Like a new job—takes us long time to tell all about it—possibly six months. I’ll keep coming in the home.”

C. S. M.: “Say, Joe, for the last several nights I have thought, after going to bed, that I could hear something like a voice in my ear. I decided maybe it was imagination. Was it?”

Joe: “It was me saying ‘goodnight.’ I don’t make any disturbances; I want your bodies to have rest and

sleep. I still have my old white-handled knife. I like to play pranks and jokes on others, and like to have them play pranks on me. Used to, when the engine would stop, we would stand around and talk. Some would chew, and some would smoke. I never blame anyone that was ever mean to me."

C. S. M.: "Say, Joe, do you remember Charles Sides?"

Joe: "Don't be so anxious to get tests through—makes me feel bad. It's me. I want you to believe it's me. I have met Al."

C. S. M.: "You have met *Al*? I don't remember Al. Is he the young soldier that Mrs. Isles told papa was a companion of yours?"

Joe: "No, that (the young soldier) was a dear fellow we met in transportation—we helped—he was in such a predicament—moaning and groaning. We talked him out of his troubles. Say, extend my greetings to William—to Bill." (Mr. Brown, sotto voice: "He wants you to say hello to Bill; Bill must be some fellow in his fraternity.")

Joe (continuing): "Just keep up with everything, but don't rush. I will help to keep your pathway clear, and you will get along nicely. Don't spend all your money, and get broke."

C. S. M.: "Say, Joe! Do you recall anything about a bicycle?"

Joe: "Well I guess I do! I skinned my knee once (meaning probably he had once slipped and fallen from the bicycle)."

C. S. M.: "Well, do you remember where you got the bicycle?"

Joe: "Yes, and I got it honestly! Didn't I?"

C. S. M.: "Yes, Joe. You bought it from me, and paid me cash for it."



Joe and a friend repairing the "bicycle."

Joe: "They were always afraid I would get hurt. But I want to talk of things that I am now in."

C. S. M.: "All right, Joe. That's fine. I am very curious to hear whatever you want to say about your world."

Joe: "If anyone tells you I am dead they are telling a falsehood. I am not dead. I am more alive than I ever was. Say, you have been doing a lot of writing recently!"

C. S. M.: "Yes, Joe, I have."

Joe: "Yes, you have been writing and sending away."

C. S. M.: "No, Joe, I haven't sent anything away; that is, I haven't written anything that I have sent away for publication!"

Joe: "No, but you have written something and sent it away."

(Since the sitting I have been able to verify Joe's statement as being correct. I wrote a long letter dealing with Spiritualism to a lady whose home is near Santa Cruz, California. I am reasonably certain that it was this letter to which he referred, inasmuch as it was rather important, and concerned matters in which he would be likely to be interested. The party in question, like myself, was investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism. This reference seemed to me rather evidential).

Joe: "A letter came to you expressing eagerness for you to return to your work where you were!"

C. S. M.: "No, Joe, you are mistaken. No letter came to me wanting me to return to my work in Oklahoma City."

Joe: "Yes, you *did* receive such a letter! From a long way off—expressing hope you could return to that work!"

C. S. M.: "Oh, yes, Joe! You are right. I remember now. You mean the letter I received from Dr. Holmes? (Rev. John Haynes Holmes: see pp. 34, 35.)

Joe: "Of course!"

(Note: This should be considered very good. Again we ask, how on earth did Mr. Brown get this, if not from Joe?)

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, don't you think it was a nice letter? Do you know all the kind things he said?"

Joe: "Yes****it was very flowery; and very nice!"

C. S. M.: "Joe, do you remember anything about Nevada?"

Joe: "Yes! How did I ever get around it! I was *doing it* then! You couldn't keep me still. That fellow that went with me was *no good*. He *sponged* off me! He wanted to know everything I got. I'll get hold of him some day and shake him!"

C. S. M.: "You don't mean you will hurt him?"

Joe: "Oh, no, but I'd like to shake him up a little. He didn't do me right. But *you*—I owe you yet."

C. S. M.: "No, Joe. You don't owe me anything. But I owe you."

Joe: "Well, I owe you, and you owe me. What little I did for you was to help you out!"

(The test concerning "Nevada" was excellent. The reader will remember that the same question was asked once before during a table sitting in our own home. See pp. 158, 159.)

As before stated, Joe went to Nevada in the fall of 1917, in search of work. A strike had been called in the yards where my brother worked, throwing him out of employment.

He visited the Employment Bureaus in Oakland and Berkeley for several days, and was finally offered a job with a railroad gang in Nevada. He and a young man came to see me at the place where I was temporarily employed, and informed me of their intention to go to the job. I was not at all pleased with the idea, and I said so. My remonstrance was unavailing, however. It was probably a reference to the fact that I had attempted to talk him out of the idea of going away, when he said: "I was *doing it then!* You couldn't keep me still."

"That fellow that went with me" referred to the young man who had accompanied Joe on what he later described as his "wild goose chase." My brother had about \$75 or \$80 with him, while the other young man had perhaps \$10 or \$15. "That fellow" held on to his own money as much as was possible, permitting my brother to bear all the expense. After Joe's return to Berkeley about six weeks later he was able to realize to what extent he had been duped by his friend."

The reference "I owe you a lot" probably had to do with the fact that I had "staked" him, and had helped him to get on his feet again, following his return from Nevada.

The statement "and you owe me," in reply to my objection that he owed me nothing seems quite clearly to refer to the assistance he had given me (financially) prior to my departure for New York City in February of 1920.

Mr. Brown (continuing): "I see him drawing a picture—a scene—cemetery. There is a 6 ft. monument; goes to a peak. It is an old one; been there for a number of years—he is drawing it—it is away from here. I see him drawing the letters *A-n-n*—" (confusion)

C. S. M.: "*Annie?*"

Mr. B. "Yes, that is it. He shows me her grave. There is *another* grave there, too!"

C. S. M.: "Yes, Joe, the body of little brother Willie is right beside Annie's."

Mr. B. (Joe speaking) "She has been very good to me?"

C. S. M.: "You mean Annie has?"

Joe: "Yes. She looks out for me."

(Note: The cemetery scene might very well be the cemetery at Perkins, Oklahoma, where Willie and Annie rest side by side (that is, where their dear little bodies rest; the *real* sister and brother are *not* there). The six foot tombstone, however, could not refer to the stone at Annie's grave. That stone was only a small one. However, it is possible that there may be such a monument next to, or near her grave. We cannot say.)

Joe: (continuing) "Wind up the watch and keep it going. It ought to last you a long time. I used to keep it right on the second. I still use it, and it keeps good time."

C. S. M.: "You mean you still use your watch? The one you told mama to give to me?"

Joe: "Yes."

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, I don't see how that can be! I don't see how you can have the watch, and use it, when I have it, and use it too!"

Joe: "Well, I use it anyway. And it keeps just as good time as it ever did. You've only got the shell; I've got the *real* watch!"

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, that may be, you've got me guessing now. I must confess that I don't get you. How can you still use the watch, when I have it?"

Joe: "Well, I use it anyway!"

C. S. M.: "All right, Joe, I'll take your word for it; but it sounds queer."

Joe: "Say Charlie, do you remember the time they had the streets all torn up—dug up—putting down pipes?"

C. S. M.: "Where, Joe? Back at D--?"

Joe: "Yes! They were putting in the sewers—deep trenches dug—dirt along the sides—big pipes lying along side trenches. We used to get down in the trenches and play. Remember that?"

C. S. M.: "Yes, Joe, that's fine! I remember that quite well. We used to have some great times!"

Joe: "Do you remember fellow threw apple thru a pipe I was looking into once? It hit me on the nose, and scratched it. I didn't tell anybody about the scratch. It wasn't much of a scratch!"

C. S. M.: "No, I can't say that I remember that!"

Joe: "Well, you see you forget, too! When we ask you if you remember certain things, you don't always do so. Yet you ask us if *we* remember lots of things. Sometimes we can't just recall it at the instant. We're just like you are about that."

C. S. M.: "Yes, Joe. We realize that. But do you remember the Progress Theatre?"

Joe: "You bet! I used to get mine. Used to sneak in lots of times."

C. S. M.: "No, Joe, you are not thinking of the right one. I remember how we used to sneak in the "Texas Grand" at D--, but that isn't the one I mean. I mean the Progress Theatre over on Fillmore Street, in San Francisco. Can you recall anything about that?"

Joe: "Sure! I worked there!"

C. S. M.: "That's fine! Yes, you did. Do you remember the enormous salary you received?"

Joe: "I'll say I do!"

(The answer to the question about the Progress theatre was very good. Joe was employed there for about three weeks, at a salary of \$10 per week.)

Joe: "Say, mama has got a headache now! Hasn't she?"

C. S. M.: "Well, I didn't hear her say anything about it, Joe, but I'll ask her when we get home. Are you sure?"

Joe: "Yes, I'm sure. She has a headache, but she isn't saying much about it. You'll see I'm right when you get home."

(Note: This proved to be correct. My mother was surprised when we told her Joe's statement, but she replied: "Well, that was right. I have had a *very* severe headache all morning.")

Joe: "I am very happy here. This Christmas I'll get more gifts than ever before. Tell mama I kiss her sometimes, but she can't feel it. I think mama will be the next to come over here."

C. S. M.: "Well, we hope it won't be soon, Joe. We couldn't spare mama. But say, Joe, you never answered my question awhile ago about little Charles Sides. Remember him?"

Joe: "Yes. He's all right—fine little fellow. Kinda inclined go 'long in dream, but he will be very successful."

C. S. M.: "Well, I'm glad to hear that, Joe! Do you know he's going to school now, and that he is learning very rapidly?"

Joe: "Give my love to them all—by pounds and ounces! Give my regards to all the boys on the works!"

C. S. M.: "All right, Joe, boy. But say, you've no idea how we miss you at home!"

Joe: "Yes, and I miss you too, but I stay around home most of the time. You've got a picture of me at home that makes me look like a doll baby—looks too pretty. It's hanging up—up—on the wall! It's all right though."

C. S. M.: "Yes, that's right, Joe. What else about it?"

Joe: "You are up there too!"

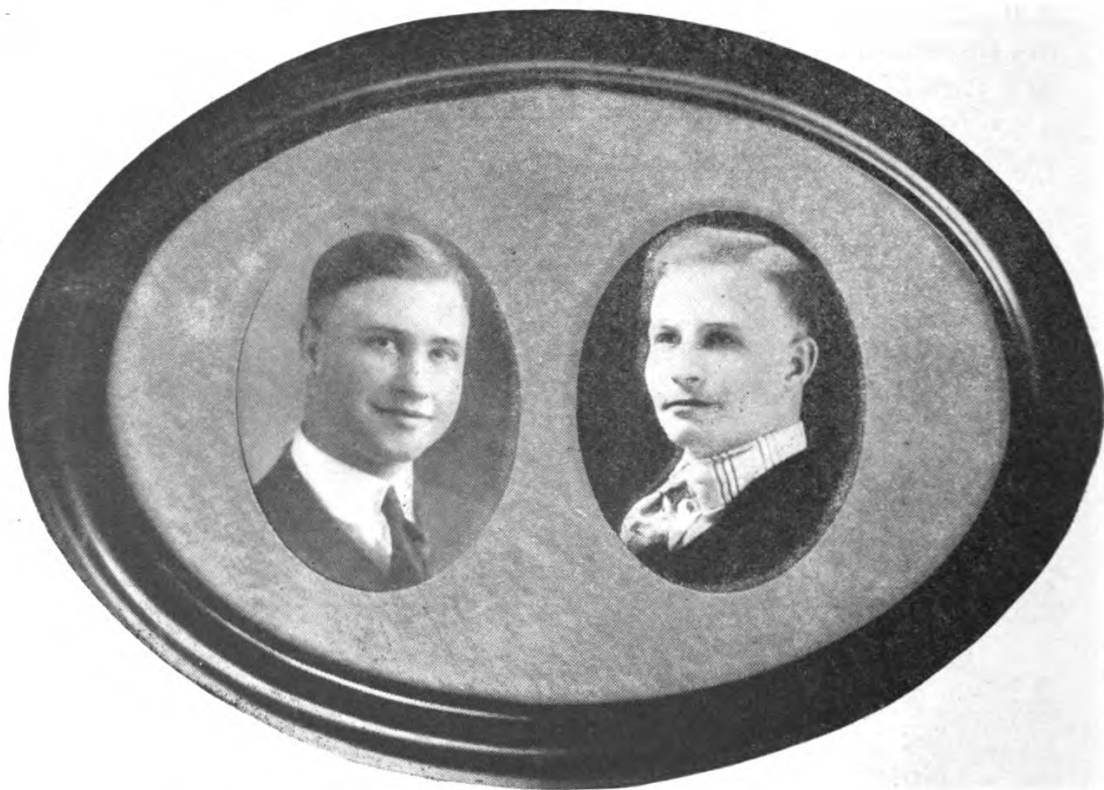
(Note: This should be considered excellent.)

About two months before Joe's passing, the photographs were taken, one of which is reproduced in the frontis-piece. They were considered so good that my

mother had one of them enlarged, and tinted, i.e., finished in colors, showing the hue of his hair and eyes. She already had a similar photograph of me. Both photographs occupied places on the piano, one on the right end, the other on the left, until about a month before the sitting with Mr. Brown, when they were *framed together, and were hung up on the wall.*

When Joe first saw the enlarged and tinted picture, my mother remembered that it embarrassed him a little, and that he said: "Aw, mama, that's too good looking for me!"

The reader will observe that the description as given thru Mr. Brown is very accurate, in every detail! See reproduction below.



The Photographs of "Joe" and "Charlie" Framed together.

C. S. M.: "Say, Joe, can you tell us how it is you can get these messages through to us through this medium?"

Joe: "Well, you remember I was always getting into everything. One time on the corner of Market and—Stock—Mason—no, I don't remember what other street it was—but there was a man with a telescope, and he said, "Come look at the moon." Everybody didn't look through it, but I did. Well, it's like that. But sometimes it's hard."

(Joe probably meant that getting messages over thru a medium was similar to seeing thru a telescope; that a medium was the instrument, or channel, thru which communications could be given, just as the telescope is the channel thru which glimpses can be had of the moon.)

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, do you remember telling us thru the table one night that you talked with Mr. Brown one Sunday afternoon, and that you told him he'd better give us a message at Church that night?" (See table sitting of Nov. 6.)

Joe: "Yes. I talked to him nearly all night once. It was hard to make him understand me."

(Continuing) "Say Charlie, do you remember back at D—— how we used to look thru the same knot-hole at the ball games?"

C. S. M.: "Sure, Joe, I'll never forget that! I'm glad you mentioned it. It's a good test! No one could know about that but you and I."

Joe: "Well, I am not weak. I'm strong. But I can't always get everything over like I'd like to!"

C. S. M.: "Joe, do you know what mama has in your trunk?"

Joe: "Yes. Let her cherish them."

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, mama wouldn't take a million dollars for those things!"

Joe: "They are packed away, but *I still use them*. I still use them—over here!"

C. S. M.: (Surprised). "you *still* use those clothes, and wear that suit, and hat, and shoes?"

Joe: "Sure I do! They are all here. That is, the life of them is here!"

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, that get's my goat! Have suits, and shoes, and hats, and watches got souls too?"

Joe: "Sure they have! We have everything here that you have there! You only have the material—the shell!"

C. S. M.: "Say Joe, what about the hose you spoke about?"

Joe: "I still use it—the air hose, and the one that was used to wash off the engine. Be of good cheer. You'll always know that I am in the home. Keep up the table sittings. (How did Brown know about the table sittings?) But don't ask me such questions as 'who taught me my A, B, C! I can't always remember every little thing like that!"

Mr. Brown: "Another spirit comes to you—gives me a name like E-linor—or Elizabeth."

C. S. M.: "Elizabeth probably."

Mr. Brown: "Also someone by name of Smith—and another by name of Goodspeed."

C. S. M.: "I do not remember any Goodspeed."

Mr. Brown: "Another one gives me the name of J-i-m, and the letter P. There's quite a lot come to greet you.

"Another old gentleman comes—not a relative—just a friend. He is anxious to greet you. You know him. He used to be around a little church a lot—used to think a lot of you. He has a long—well, not so very long—white beard—and he has a Bible with him. Used to think you had fine quality. Do you recognize him?"

C. S. M.: "Sure I do! The description fits exactly old Grandpa M——, a good old gentleman I used to know in D——. Ask him if he still likes to argue about the Bible and religion?"

Mr. Brown (without answering question) "Also man comes with name Mac In—Mackin—sounds like tosh, or Macintarny! Place the name?"

C. S. M.: "Is it MacInarny?"

M. B.: "Something like that. I can't seem to get it exactly."

(Note: I knew McInarny. The name is mentioned elsewhere in these communications.)

Mr. B.: "Did you ever live in Canada?"

C. S. M.: "No."

Mr. B.: "Well, a lady and a man come, and they show me that they used to live in Canada. The name begins with a B—sounds something like B-i-r-d. I wouldn't be sure."

C. S. M.: "What about George?"

Mr. B.: "I don't get George. Maybe he is not here now. Also someone—a couple—come. They give me the name of McHuen—or McUen, or something like that. Also a little babe in the spirit world."

C. S. M.: "Not *mine*!"

Mr. B.: "No, not yours, but comes out of your circle somewhere. It was so small when it passed out that the casket was carried on someone's lap. There are lots of others. Caroline also comes."

C. S. M.: "I don't know Caroline."

Mr. B.: "She's not a relation—but you know her. She says you know her. She was the one that engineered that Church concert. It was in a church."

C. S. M.: "Well, I can't remember just now."

Mr. B.: "Well, she says you have a poor memory! She remembered *you* well."

C. S. M.: "Was she a worker in the church?"

Mr. B.: "Yes, an active worker, she says."

C. S. M.: "Well, tell her I am sorry I can't recall her. I've met so many thousands during my ministry. But I'll try to look it up in my scrap book!"

Mr. B.: "Yes, do. She seems very anxious for you to remember her. She says she has come before."

C. S. M.: "Yes, Mrs. Nanning called Caroline's name two or three times, but I couldn't remember. Tell her I will look it up."

Mr. B.: "Another young man comes. He gives me

a sensation like suffocating. He was drowned somewhere near a gas house. He doesn't give any name."

(My wife had a brother, "Ollie" who was drowned, but whether near a gas house or not, we do not know.)

Mr. B.: "Frank also comes. Frank says there is someone here *you* have often wondered about. He was an associate of your's—a slender man—he went away and you never heard of him since."

C. S. M.: "I can't place him either."

Mr. B.: "You could easily get things for yourself. But you require such strong proof—like a doubting Thomas."

C. S. M.: "Maybe so."

Mr. Brown then gave a startling accurate description of the interior of our house at 904 Brush street. He described the hallway; the stairs leading up to the second story; the parlor, dining room, kitchen, and a *clothes closet* under the stairs leading up from the kitchen. He related an incident which my wife was able to verify; namely, that in this cothes closet were *two large drawers*, under a shelf. This was quite correct. Said he:

"This house (where we live) is a very *old* house." Correct!

"Well, two or three others (besides your brother and grandmother) passed out from that house. Two others passed out of the body in this house. They come there sometimes. Its an old house, but you've changed it a great deal."

(Since my father bought the house it has been completely renovated; the old gas lighting-fixtures were removed; the house was wired and electric lights installed, and it was painted outside, repapered inside. Also, the fireplace in the parlor was removed. Considerable change, indeed, has been made in the house, inside as well as out, since my father came into possession of it.)

Mr. B.: "But it is a good place, though. But I prophesy that you won't always live there. I think you will move within a year or two."

(I am not sure whether Mr. Brown meant the whole family, or just my wife and I.)

Following this Mr. Brown talked awhile concerning the life of a medium. But the "sitting" or "reading" was over.

It was probably the longest sitting any of us have yet had.

During the sitting I sat opposite Mr. Brown, while M. L. M. sat to one side. While under control the medium's facial expressions would frequently change—and many times, so *like* Joe did he talk, and move his head, that I almost imagined it was really my brother.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Report of messages received by M. L. M. and C. S. M. during trance seance at the home of Mrs. M. J. Isles, 1288 California st., San Francisco, Monday afternoon, November 21, 1921, about 4:00 o'clock.

The seance, as usual with the seances of Mrs. Isles, was opened with music, singing and prayer.

The medium gave a very good preliminary talk concerning certain aspects of her life and work as a sensitive. Then, while we sang "Ne'er My God to Thee," Mrs. Isles surrendered to the control of her child-guide, *Jewell*.

After giving spirit messages to perhaps a dozen others, "Jewell" came over to M. L. M.

"Haven't you a papper (papa) in spirit?"

M. L. M.: "Yes."

Jewell: "He has been out of the body a long time. You were just a little girl (girl) when he left you. But he was *very fond* of you. You were more *his* favorite than your mama's. He comes to you and puts his arms around you. (Mrs. I. took M. L. M.'s hands) He says, 'I was with you when you cried about mama. Don't worry about mama. She is all right. 'Tisn't your fault you can't see her.' He say, 'Margie, (hard g) this is a *beautiful life!* Do you remember when I fell from the building?' " (See message first received from Mrs. Wallace.)

M. L. M.: "Well, I can't remember it, but I've heard mama tell about it."

H. B.: (Herman Brunke) "Do you remember when I whipped you?"

M. L. M.: "No, daddy, I don't remember you ever whipped me."

H. B.: "Oh, I mean just in fun—about the *slippers!*"

M. L. M.: "Sure I remember that. That's all *I do* remember." (See pp. 94, 117, 119.)

Mrs. I.: (Jewell speaking) "You used to like to play with dolls. Your papper (papa) bought you a nice doll. Remember?"

M. L. M.: "I remember the doll, yes."

Mrs. I.: "Your papper says, 'We are not apart. I am always with you. God is good.'"

M. L. M.: "Papa, is Ollie there too?"

Mrs. I.: "Yes, he is here, and conditions are very good! Don't you grieve about mama." (Jewell speaking) "Your papper is a beautiful spirit. He loves you."

(Note: The mention of Mr. Brunke's fall from the building, as well as the matter of the slippers is very good. See table sitting of Sept. 27. Mrs. Wallace (in the message of Sept. 28) had mentioned the matter of the newspaper, but she did not speak of the slippers in connection. This, the mention of the slippers (thru a medium) seven weeks later, should be considered *very* evidential.)

To C. S. M. (about twenty minutes later) "A very strong spirit is coming to you—a young man—has brown hair and eyes—broad shoulders—average height. He ain't been out of the body very long." (Jewell was speaking) He brings the children—lots children with him, and they bring *flowers* to you. Children say he (Joe) is a live wire! He says, 'Tell them I am a long way from dead! It didn't take me long to find my surroundings, with Grandma's help, and brother's and sister's. When Grandma told me I was out of the body I lost no time getting into home. Death was not much of a shock to me. I suffered no pain. When Grandma came I said,

"Why, Grandma, are you hunting too?" She said, "No, only for souls. I came back to earth for mama's sake. I want you to put *all this in the book!*" He laughs—says, "You can put this—spots—spots—!"

C. S. M.: "Spot; Joe? Are you saying something about 'spot?' "

Mrs. I. (Jewell explaining) "No, no Sposs one drew him up the hill!"

C. S. M.: "I can't understand."

Jewell: "*S-p-o-r-t!* little doggie—Sport—he led *him* up the hill!"

C. S. M.: "Oh, yes! Now I understand. You mean the little dog that Joe was with!"

Mrs. I.: "Yes, of course! Well, 'Sport' is psychic. Joe has been communicating with 'Sport.' He says, '*I'm communicating with Sport!*' It's easier to work with animals than with some tough knots!"

C. S. M.: "Well, Joe, we are trying to get 'Sport,' but we haven't succeeded yet. But say, have you got animals in the Spirit World?"

Joe: "Sure! We've got 'Animal spheres' over here. He says something about going after an old horse. You know the one he means?"

C. S. M.: "Does he meand old 'Spot?' "

Mrs. I.: "Yes, that's the one he means. He was very fond of animals—loved animals—didn't he?"

C. S. M.: "Yes, Joe was very fond of animals. I never knew him to mistreat one!"

Mrs. I.: "Joe says, 'I ain't going hunting any more, except for souls!'"

C. S. M.: "Say, Joe, can you tell me where mama, and Margie, and I were this morning?"

Joe: "Yes—you were by a little boy—by *my* body. But I wasn't *in there*. I was outside. I tried to make you know it, but you couldn't!"

C. S. M.: "Yes, Joe, that's right. We were out to the cemetery this morning. We brought some flowers for yours and Grandma's grave. It's awful hard for us to bear, sometimes!"

I immediately regretted this statement, for the medium, seemingly controlled by Joe, broke into weeping, and sobbed until her whole frame trembled from head to feet; then, speaking as tho it were Joe:

"Charlie, your power draws me to you. I know you miss me—and I miss all of you—that's why I'm around the house so much! But I'm contented. Mama will be all right."

C. S. M.: "Do you know papa isn't at home now?"

Joe: "Yes, he's quite a ways from home by now."

(A striking answer considering the fact that my father had left for Chicago two days before, and was at that moment perhaps half-way between home and Chicago.)

C. S. M.: "Do you know I wrote to Dr. Austin today about the book? And that I may make a trip to Los Angeles to see about it soon?"

Joe: "Yes, I know. I think it will be all right!"

C. S. M.: "By the way, Joe, do you remember anything about a house on East Eleventh street?"

Joe: "Yes, I remember the money we put into it!"

C. S. M.: "We?"

Joe: "I mean the money I put into it; but I got some from Papa!"

C. S. M.: "Yes, but you paid that all back."

Joe: "Good old Pop!"

(Note: The answer to the question about the house was very good. It was Joe's house to which I referred, of course. The answer was quick, right to the point, and quite correct. Lacking but \$400 of the necessary \$4,000, my brother had borrowed that amount from his father. Mrs. Isles, of course, could know nothing of this fact; furthermore, I think the reader will agree that my question was not worded so as to betray the answer. The question could have referred simply to a house where a friend of his lived; or where he had attended some party; or any number of things; yet, without evasion, and without hesitancy, the reply covered all the essential facts in connection with the purchase of Joe's house on East 11th street.



Joe's House at 938 East 11th Street, Oakland

Joe: "Say, dad's father—Harvey is here! Grandpa is a brick! I want to come back again."

C. S. M.: "Say, Joe, do you think you will be able to write anything more thru my hand?"

Joe: "Just wait!"

C. S. M.: "Joe, you know we are very anxious to get a nice Stone put up at your grave before Christmas. Do you think we will be able to?"

Joe: "Don't worry about that! That's the least of my troubles! The stone will get put up all right."

The others are with me—Willie—Grandma—Grandpa—."

C. S. M.: "And Annie?"

Joe: "Yes. Well, good bye Charlie (Mrs. Isles shaking my hand.) Tell mama not to worry. 'old man Joe' is all right."

(See table sitting of Oct. 14, where "Old man Joe" was spelled out. This was very evidential. While my brother was paying back his father the four hundred dollars which he had borrowed from him, he sacrificed his ordinary pleasures and amusements, spending his evenings at home. After supper he would push back his chair, roll a cigarette, and say: 'Well, I guess old man Joe will stay at home tonight.' By this he meant that, like an *old* man, and *unlike* a young man, he wasn't going out to spend the evening in the pursuit of pleasure and amusement.)

(Perhaps an additional note should be added concerning the strange remarks made in connection with the little dog "Sport" as Joe here, and elsewhere, called her.) (See page 181.)

The reader will remember that in a private sitting with Mrs. Isles my father was told the same thing, viz: that the little dog was in communication with Joe, and that, altho it sounded "funny" it seemed that this little dog must be "clairvoyant."

At a table sitting subsequent to my father's visit with Mrs. Isles, Joe spelled out: "Papa, I am very anxious for you to get that little dog. He sees me sometimes, and when he does he jumps for joy. I think it will make it easier for me to come *strong* in the home, if you will get the little dog."

S. A. M.: "That little dog stayed with Joe several days after Joe went out of the body, didn't he?"

Joe: "Yes."

S. A. M.: "She's a fine little dog, isn't she, Joe?"

Joe (emphatically): "Yes!" (then spelling) "The little dog has psychic power."

Mrs. Isles, of course, could have known nothing of this message which came thru the table, *in our own home!* We all agree with the reader that the idea *seems* ridicu-

lous; however, there's so much we do not understand about the whole subject, it is not for us to say that such a thing is impossible.)

TRANSITION

4 There is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there;
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair!

 The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted!

 Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
 Not from the ground arise,
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

 We see but dimly thru the mists and vapors;
 Amid these earthly damps
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

 There is no death! What seems so is transition;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

 She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

 In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
 She lives whom we call dead.

 Day after day we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air;
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

OUR JOE

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken,
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, tho unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And tho at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.
—H. W. Longfellow.

APPENDIX No. 1

CONCERNING ANTICIPATED "EXPLANATIONS,"
"OBJECTIONS" AND "REPLIES"

There is little doubt that when this book is published there will be criticism. There will also be learned "explanations" of the phenomena herein recorded, as well as attempts at ridicule and sarcasm.

Someone will offer the suggestion that the story of my brother's disappearance, the search made for him by scores of men, and the ultimate finding of his body, were published in all the newspapers, and that, therefore, these mediums were in possession of all the facts concerning the tragedy, and that they did not require any "super-normal" inspiration to enable them to tell us all they did.

Granting that Mrs. Nanning, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Isles, Mrs. Hyams, Mr. Brown, and the other mediums whose communications are reported in this book, had read these newspaper stories, and that they were all *indelibly* impressed with the details at this time, may I offer the following suggestions:

First. The daily papers are constantly publishing stories of accidental deaths, suicides, murders and similar tragedies. Since my brother's death the Oakland and San Francisco papers have published hundreds of such stories. Is it likely that all these mediums would have, or could have, remembered all these details concerning my brother's death, when his case was but one of many such tragedies published during the weeks that elapsed from the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th of August to the 19th of September, and following?

Furthermore, the objections which applied to the case of Sir Oliver Lodge, in his investigations, as reported in Raymond, can hardly be applied to us, for the reason that we were not widely known in the Bay region; we were *not* Spiritualists, and we did not attend Spiritualist meetings.

Why should any medium, or mediums, take the trouble to clip from the papers, or to memorize, the

particulars concerning the mysterious disappearance, and the subsequent finding, of an obscure, "common working" lad?

What assurance could they have had that any of his family would ever visit them for communications?

Furthermore, I was away during the whole time of the newspaper publicity concerning my brother. *My* picture was not published in any of the papers. It had been eighteen months since I had been in Oakland.

I went to see Mrs. Nanning anonymously. She did not know me from Adam, nor did I know her. I simply saw her name in the church notices and determined to visit her for a reading.

Supposing Mrs. Nanning to be in possession of the particulars concerning Joe, how did she know, when I called, that I was the one to spring it on?

I had been in Oakland but six days when I called upon Mrs. Nanning. Yet, without any hints from me as to my identity, she gave me the remarkable sitting recorded under another heading.

How did Mrs. Wallace know who we were, when we dropped anonymously into her Fillmore street apartment, Sept. 28? Even supposing the medium to be familiar with the story of Joe, or to be in touch with a vast, information bureau maintained by Spiritualists, how could she know the proper persons to tell it to? Must we assume that she was in possession of photographs of the mothers, fathers and brothers of all the victims of accident and tragedy in San Francisco region?

By referring to the report of the message received from Mrs. Wallace on this occasion, the reader will notice the "message" given to M. L. M. Surely Mrs. Wallace did not get this information from the newspapers, as well.

Possibly the "information bureau" had supplied her with these facts which happened in Chicago fifteen years ago!

Did the bureau also supply Mrs. Wallace with the intimate detail of the folded newspaper, with which M. L.

M.'s father slapped her, and which incident happens to be all that my wife remembers of her father?

How did Mrs. Wallace know my father was connected with Joe, the first time she ever saw him? And how did she know that there had been a premature birth more than twenty-five years ago? It was not published in any newspapers that I ever heard of, and it happened out in the country, while my parents were living on a farm!

How did Mrs. Nanning know Joe had an Uncle George?

Did she read in the newspaper how Grandpa Mundell took off his boots thirty years ago?

It is obvious that, while the publicity given my brother's disappearance and accident might account for *some* of the "communications" we received from mediums, it could not possibly account for all.

None of these mediums could have learned from the newspapers the facts concerning my little sister Annie, and my little brother Willie.

The "explanations" do not explain. They are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

But there will be another, and far more serious, explanation offered, than the above insinuations of fraud, newspaper-reading, "detective work, etc. It is the argument that the law of *telepathy* is sufficient to account for all the "communications" we have received.

The fact is, that the appeal to telepathy in accounting for psychic phenomena is just as much an appeal to the unknown as is the spiritistic hypothesis.

Very little is actually known about the phenomena of telepathy, beyond the fact that experiments have demonstrated that it exists.

The foremost champion of the telepathic theory is probably T. J. Hudson, author of the scholarly and brilliant, "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and "Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life."

I have read, and thoroughly enjoyed both these books. They are well written, and are calculated to stimulate

logical thinking. I hold that anything which compels *thought* is a good thing; hence, I do not hesitate to recommend Dr. Hudson's two books as being about the best treatment of Psychic Phenomena, from a negative standpoint, that I have ever seen.

However, it seems to me that it requires much more faith to accept many of Mr. Hudson's "explanations" of psychic and spiritistic phenomena, than it does to accept the hypothesis of Spirit intervention. It seemed to me when I was reading the books above named (and I read them *before* my brother was killed; hence, with a more detached and scientific attitude) that many of the explanatory suggestions were far-fetched and illogical; that the "explanations" were even more "phenomenal" than the phenomena they pretended to explain!

Says Maeterlinck: "Let us not accept some grotesque hypothesis rather than the simpler one of individual survival."

Many of the hypotheses suggested in the works of T. J. Hudson, Dr. Henry Frank, and others of that school, are grotesque and ridiculous in the extreme!

Many are the "objections" which are offered in regard to Modern Spiritualism and Mediumship! Not the least frequent of these objections is the objection to what we are pleased to style the "Fee system;" i. e., the practice of mediums in receiving "fees" of one to two or more dollars for readings.

Personally, I believe that the "fee system" is a mischievous thing—not only as regards Mediumship, but also as regards the practice of Law, Medicine, and many other professions, and nothing could make me happier than to see it completely abolished! It is one of the rotten things in our present economic and social system.

So many of the good and beautiful things of life are grossly commercialized; art, poetry, music literature, drama, healing, and—well, practically everything in modern life!

That it is unfortunate that mediums must charge, or receive fees, I readily admit; but I do not see any im-

mediate way out of the dilemma. What are the poor mediums going to do? They are not rich; at least, I have not met any who are. The mediums I have met have all been poor, or in extremely moderate circumstances.

Should they give their readings to any and to all, without money and without price, trusting only to the goodness and generosity of those for whom they read? Or should they depend upon "free-will" donations?

I have been a minister for eleven years. I know how close, and how "stingy" thousands of people are! There are tens of thousands who will drop into the collection a nickel, or a dime, or *perhaps* a quarter, in return for *five dollars* worth of personal benefit! If you don't believe this is true, ask any preacher, any lecturer, or any public speaker, or any one who has depended upon "collections" for support (or even for necessary expenses), and you will be told that the responses of audiences in this respect is almost sufficient to convert a humanitarian into a "hard-boiled" cynic!

There are too many people in this world who are eternally wanting *something for nothing*! And if they get it for nothing, they not only do not appreciate what they get, but they half-despise the giver!

If you go into a telegraph or cable office, and wish to get a telegram or cablegram thru to some friend or loved one, you have to pay a rate. If you consider the message really important, you do not object. Is not a message from the "other side of death" of infinitely more value than a telegram or cablegram?

And while we are on the illustration of telegraphy it might be well to develop the analogy a little more.

There is a considerable parallel between the sending and receiving of telegrams, and the sending and receiving of "communications" between the spirits of the dead and those living in the flesh.

Many people ask the question: "If my loved ones can come to me through a medium, why cannot they come to me *directly*?"

Suppose I am in New York, and my wife is in

San Francisco. We will let "New York" represent the Spirit World, and "San Francisco" the earth-plane. If I wish to communicate with my wife by telegraph it is necessary for me to go where there is a *mechanical medium*! No matter how passionately I may long to communicate with my wife, it cannot be done except thru the *media* of the telegraph instruments and the wires. It may be that my wife is uncertain as to my whereabouts, and that I am extremely *anxious* to send her some word to the effect that I am *still alive* and happy. Yet, if I am either ignorant of such a system as the telegraph system; or if I am unwilling to use it, I cannot communicate with that loved one!

Well, I go to the office to send a telegram. I am the communicator. My wife is the "sitter." Can I send the message *directly*? Not unless I am a telegrapher, and not then unless the regular telegrapher is willing to give way to me (which is not often likely.) So, then, there is the communicator (myself); there is the *control or guide*, the telegrapher, and at the other end there is *another* telegrapher (the medium) and the *recipient*.

I give my message to the "control" (telegrapher) he flashes it over the wires to the "medium" (another telegrapher), and *he* gives the message to my wife. Sometimes mistakes are made, and meanings are mixed up, in the process of transmission.

For example, not very long ago I wired my father that I would arrive in Oakland at the fortieth and San Pablo Street Station. The telegram read, "at the *Fourteenth* and San Pablo Station." My father went to fourteenth and San Pablo, and missed me. Suppose he had said, "Well, that message proved to be false; therefore there is no such thing as telegraphy?" Would that have been wise or judicious?

So it frequently happens that "communications" get mixed up in the process of transmission from the *communicator* to the *control*, and from the *control* to the *medium*, and from the *medium* to the "sitter." Hence, due allowance should be made for these "errors of transmission."

Have you ever talked over long distance telephone? If you have, you know how *hard* it is sometimes to *understand*, and to make one's self *understood*. Sometimes it is utterly impossible to make certain words clear.

I remember two or three years ago I telephoned a party some sixty miles distant that I was leaving that day for Beggs, Oklahoma. The party at the other end of the line could not understand, altho I repeated it several times thru the telephone. The party afterwards told me all she could hear was "something about some eggs," and she couldn't comprehend why I should call her up over long distance to talk about eggs!

When the lines are in poor condition it is frequently necessary for the communicator to give his message to the operator, who then repeats it to the "Central" at the other end, who, in turn, repeats it to the recipient. I have had this experience many, many times.

A medium is like a telegraph or a telephone operator. She is not always to blame for the mistakes and errors which are made in transmission. Some times the "lines" are down. Sometimes the "communicator" does not make himself clear, and the medium has to "guess" at much of his meaning.

I remember talking thru the telephone to a foreigner, when I could not understand one iota of what he was driving at!

There is another thing, however, which should be said in this connection. After making all due allowance for "crossed wires," "mistakes in transmission," etc., it is also true that many mediums are not as careful as they should be, especially when giving messages from the public platform, to avoid "guessing," "feeling for leads," and "fishing for hints." Frankly, I have frequently come away from Spiritualist message meetings sick at heart and thoroughly disgusted! Why? Because I did not get a satisfactory message? No. But because it was perfectly obvious that the medium, in the apparent absence of Spiritual Power, was resorting to cheap generalities,

vague and indefinite insinuations, pure "guessing," and the nauseating tactics of the fortune-teller!

For example, who is there who has attended Spiritualist meetings with any degree of regularity, who has not heard from the lips of mediums such slush and tommy-rot as: "You have lived a good life, but you have had lots of trouble. Your path has not always been one of roses. You have had financial difficulties, obstacles and problems; but after the first of next year, or within two, three or six months, all will be bright for you!"

In the name of God, who on earth is there who could not accept all this as a personal application? All have had troubles; all have worried about finances, one way or another, and all are continually making various kinds of changes. Oh, these *changes* which everybody is going to make!

I have heard so much of this sort of thing in message meetings, but for the fact that I was dominated by a sole purpose, I would have become thoroughly prejudiced upon more than one occasion!

To the psychics and mediums who may read this book I wish to address this plea: *If you do not feel that you can give genuine spiritual messages at certain times, be frank enough to tell the people so! Don't resort to guessing and to a lot of vague, indefinite, generalizations!*

Personally, I'd a thousand times rather receive no message at all, than to be told all this bunk about "going to make a change," have had "financial troubles," etc. I probably know as much about that as anyone in the Spirit World can know, and I am perfectly content to use my own judgment in material things!

There is also an assumption of infallibility on the part of some mediums which is very offensive to me.

Not very long ago a medium was professing to give me a message from my brother which *I knew was a positive mistake!* I endeavored to explain to the medium that she was off the track, but was curtly informed that, "I am giving you *not one word* except what I get from the Spirits."

Well, I *knew* that the nonsense she was telling me simply could not, by any conceivable possibility, come from my brother, simply because it was *wholly and entirely* incorrect!

Suppose this had been my first experience, and that I had not read enough about the subject to appreciate the difficulties involved? I would probably have taken a solemn oath never to have anything more to do with Spiritualism!

My purpose in recounting the above is to warn the reader not to become discouraged if you run into instances of this sort. Remember that it is often necessary to dig down through a mass of dirt and rubbish to find one diamond, but the finding of *one diamond* is worth the digging!

In a very large measure the public itself is responsible for these unfortunate features which characterize so many Spiritualist meetings. This is especially true in the private circles, where *every one* present feels that he or she *must* receive a "message." The medium, feeling under a sort of obligation to give "something" to *every one*, very often gets excellent messages through for some, and failures for others.

If I could have my way I would certainly make the requirements for professional mediumship much stricter than they are in the Spiritualist Associations; but I would do more; I would endow *every* worthy and competent medium with sufficient to guarantee economic independence, so that the psychic would not be dependent upon "fees."

APPENDIX NO. 2

Have Animals Immortal Souls? Do they, as well as human beings, survive death?

From the Introduction of "Proofs of Immortality," by Dr. J. M. Peebles, page 5: "The eminent John Wesley (founder of Methodism) and other noted men of the past, believed in the immortality of animals. Their existence is certainly dual. They have instinct, sensation, and they reason on a certain plane of consciousness. But whether immortal or not, they deserve our tenderest care.

" * * * There is a peculiar worm—the *nais*—which, when cut into several sections, will reproduce itself from every section, showing conclusively that there was a *vital entity in each section* capable of reproducing this re-growth. Amputate the leg of a salamander, and it will be reproduced to the minutest details, joints, veins, nerves. And why? Because the real entity—the invisible leg—was not removed. The material at best is but a shadow. The vital leg remained, serving as the attractive force for the bioplasmic cells to rebuild the exact form of the displaced leg, even to the muscles, tendons, arteries, bones, each and all in their proper relations. * * *

"If the animals and insects of earth exist in the spirit world, which is plausible, it does not prove that they will so progress, or so exist consciously in the *celestial* or *angelic* world, destination being considered the measure of aspiration."

There is in Scripture but *one, single passage*, which can legitimately be quoted against the supposition that animals also have souls; namely, Eccl. 3:21: "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" A little examination of this text, however, will reveal its utter inadequacy as a proof-text. It is a text which should not be quoted apart from its context. So far as teaching that man has a spirit "which goes upward," and the beast a spirit which "goes downward," it does nothing of the kind; on the contrary, the implication is the very opposite, viz., that man *has not* a spirit which goes upward, any more than has the beast!

"For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: *As the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast*" (v. 19). There is no misunderstanding this statement. It places human-life in precisely the same category as animal-life; and declares that so far as *death* is concerned, the chances of the beast are equally as good as those of man! Notice the phrase: *A man hath no pre-eminence over the beast*; (v.20) *all go unto one place; all are dust, and all turn to dust again.*"

Verse 21 is *not* a statement to the effect that man has a spirit which sets him apart from the brute-creation; it is a cynical question: "*Who knows* that 'the spirit of man goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast goeth downward to the earth?'" The preceding

verses indicate clearly that the author of the book of Ecclesiastes took no stock in the notion that man is essentially different from the beasts: he declares that such is not the case, for "All go unto one place." Therefore, if man dies, and the beast dies, and they have spirits, they must all "go unto one place."

In the eleventh chapter of Isaiah there is a description of the time when the Kingdom of God shall be established. It is to be a "Spiritual" Kingdom, and it is expressly declared that there will be *certain animals therein*.

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the suckling child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's (adder—a poisonous snake) den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea (Isa. 11:6-9)." See also Isa. 65:25.

The above is obviously a prophecy of the time when "Thy Kingdom (has) come, and Thy Will (is) done, *on earth*, as it is in *heaven*"; i. e., in the *Spirit World*!

In Hosea 2:18 there is another prophecy concerning the coming of the same Kingdom: "And in that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground: and I will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the earth, and I will make them to lie down safely."

It seems reasonable to believe, in the light of the prayer which Jesus taught his disciples to pray (Mt. 6:10), that God is working toward the ultimate end of a transformation of the earth into the *likeness*, or into a *reflection*, of *Heaven*; (See page for the teaching of Plotinus on this subject) at any rate, this has been the dream of the prophets and seers of all ages, races, climes, and tongues!

If the earth is ultimately to be transformed into the *likeness* or into an exact *replica* of heaven; and if, when that glad time comes, "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and the cow and the bear feed together," then it is a logical inference that such a condition must prevail in heaven; that is, in the *Spirit World*.

We are told by John the Revelator that he saw *horses* in heaven (Rev. 6:2; 19:11). See also Zech. 1:8; 6:3.

In the fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians, in connection with his famous argument on the resurrection, Paul seems to imply that men, and beasts, and fish, and birds, *all* survive death, and are given "spiritual bodies." (V. 39.) "All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, an-

other of fishes, and another of birds. * * * So *also* is the resurrection of the dead (v. 42)."

In Rev. 22:15 we read: "For without are *dogs*, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." This would imply that dogs will survive death, but are not to be permitted to "enter in through the gates into the city"; that is, into the *highest heaven*!

That there is *more than one heaven* is implied over and over in the Scriptures. See Acts 2:34; Psa. 2:4; 18:13; 36:5; 89:2; 103:19; 115:3; 123:1; Luke 12:33; II Cor. 5:1; Heb. 8:9; 9:23.

Paul was caught up "into the third heaven" (II Cor. 12:24).

Jesus said: "In my Father's House (Universe) there are many mansions (dwellings or habitations)." That is to say. "In my Father's house (and the *whole universe is God's house*. Acts 17:24-29; 7:48, 49; Jno. 4:21-24), there are *many* 'Mansions,' or *kingdoms, planes, spheres, worlds* (Jno. 14:2). The American Standard Version places a reference number after the word "mansions," and in the margin indicates that it may be translated "abiding-places." The Twentieth Century Modern English Translation renders the passage thus: "In my Father's *home* there are *many dwellings*."

There are many kingdoms of life upon the earth: Vegetable life, ocean, river, and sea life, jungle life, the kingdom of birds and fowls, etc. Many of these kingdoms of material life are far removed from the life of human beings: such as ants (which creatures build cities, keep slaves, bury their dead, wage war, plant and harvest crops, etc.), fish, birds, and myriads of forms of life *down in the earth*.

Is it inconceivable that all these kingdoms may have their *Spiritual* or *ethereal* counterparts? And that in the Spirit World man may have as his companions certain of the animals which have been his companions and friends in the earth-life? And that many of these kingdoms will be as remote from his life in the spirit as they were from his life in the flesh?

Reader's Attention!

In the very near future (as soon as funds are available) another book will be published by Charles S. Mundell, under the Title, "The Bible, The Churches and Spirit Return."

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