

Spiritualism's Challenge

*Submitting to Modern Thinkers Conclusive
Evidence of Survival*



By

DR. EDWIN F. BOWERS

Author of "Charm and Personality," "Eating to Live Long," "Alcohol—Its Influence on Mind and Body," "Side-Stepping Ill-Health," "Bathing for Health," "Confessions of a Former Customer's Man," "Nudism Exposed," "Sex Life in America," "Zone Therapy," "Teeth and Health," "Sleeping for Health," etc.



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*To Those Dear Spirits Who
Have So Graciously and Gener-
ously Provided the Evidence of
Their Continued Existence This
Book Is Affectionately
Dedicated.*

"In many instances, at the time of death or of great danger, an individual enters into a certain kind of relation with another. The dying man, or the victim of an accident, even when such accident is not followed by death, appears to a friend in his usual aspect. The phantom generally remains silent. Sometimes he speaks or announces his death."

DR. ALEXIS CARREL

"Man, the Unknown"

INTRODUCTION

AFTER thirty-five years of investigation and study of psychic phenomena, in all their varied phases, I am indubitably convinced that the knowledge gained by sincere and patient investigation of these matters offers what is perhaps the most important mental and spiritual experience that can possibly be acquired during one's earth life.

In fact, I feel certain that there are millions of people now living who believe that proof of the continuity of existence after death, with survival of personality and the ability to communicate with discarnate intelligences, constitutes the most priceless knowledge they can ever hope to attain.

It is a beacon, shining through the darkness of despair and soul-hunger; a clear voice calling in the wilderness of disillusionment and failure of achievement; a comforting hand-clasp in the mad surge of a social structure gone berserk; a comfort and a blessing to all those who can laugh and say "This, too, shall pass away. For it is merely a school, wherein I am preparing myself for a larger, happier and infinitely more important work."

To be sure, there are any number of well-meaning souls—mostly among those whose paths meander through pleasant places; who have never gathered hungrily the scattered crumbs, fallen from the table of Dives; against whose full lips has never been pressed the cup that is bitter gall, and the fruit that is Dead Sea ashes; whose tender flesh never has cringed under the lash of driven sleet and the bite of icy wind—who, with full-fed indifference, can declare "One world at a time—this is all that interests me."

These are the veneered savages of a Mad Hatter civilization, "finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark"—satisfied to dance down the primrose path, heeding only

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belly-hunger, and seeking only physical contentment. Either they know nothing at all concerning the tremendous mass of evidence relating to the continuity of life after death—painstakingly gathered by scientists and students of unquestioned repute and ability—or else they flout this testimony as being the stuff that dreams are made of, promulgated by a small army of nit-wits, who might be much better occupied in trying to discover some new scheme for making money. Or for “having a good time.”

Yet these materialists are, sad to say, found quite as frequently in the church and in the school as in the close-packed marts of trade, where skepticism and materialism are rife, and where intolerance of intellectual progress strangles always the upward-reaching thought.

Their lack of even an infinitesimal portion of cosmic consciousness is manifested in a smug assurance, an egoistic assumption of superior intelligence, and a well-defined contempt or pity for those who profess a whole-souled belief in a rebirth into the green pastures of everlasting life.

It is to these slight souls that this book is addressed, in the hope that some scattered fragments respecting the scientific aspects of survival of consciousness may provoke constructive interest.

Remember, there is a rich and fascinating literature on this subject, much of which is available to those who will take the trouble to delve into it.

In the library of the Society for Physical Research in England there are many thousands of monographs and hundreds of books and reports, in all languages, on this subject.

The entire top floor of Hyslop House, the New York headquarters of the American Society for Psychic Research, is devoted to a collection of books, magazines and reports that should gladden the heart of any student of occultism.

INTRODUCTION

It would be well for the spiritist, as well as for the intelligent novice, to familiarize himself with the outstanding facts relating to the subject of psychic phenomena.

To make this immediately available I would recommend a reading of the splendid "History of Spiritualism" in two volumes, and "The New Revelation," also the delightful "Wanderings of a Spiritualist," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "Raymond" by Sir Oliver Lodge, Vale Owen's "Life Beyond the Veil," Mrs. Platt's "The Witness," Professor Lombroso's "After Death—What?" Professor von Schrenck Notzing's "The Phenomena of Materialization," "The Progress of the Margery Mediumship" by Margery's husband, Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, E. A. Brackett's "Materialized Apparitions," "Edie" by W. Harold Speed, A. J. Davis' "Magic Staff," Turvey's "The Beginnings of Seer-ship" (The last two among the most amazing psychic autobiographies ever written). Also, the excellent works of Camille Flammarion, Sir William Crooks, Professor Hyslop, L. M. Bazett, Hon. G. W. Balfour, Hannen Swaffer, and as many others as you have time and inclination to read.

And through all your reading and study, remember always Browning's clarion call to the scoffer.

*All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
THAT was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.*

EDWIN FREDERICK BOWERS

New York City

January 1, 1936.

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Chapter I

I HAVE TALKED WITH GHOSTS!

THIS book is a challenge—a challenge to ignorance, to bigotry, to the spirit of intolerance that denies and abhors the veritable mountain of evidence that *absolutely proves* survival of personality after the change we call death.

It is a natural reaction to the contempt, the vilification, the rheum that has been spewed over spiritists, ever since the Fox sisters brought back to our modern world manifestations of supernormal communication.

We spiritists have been the butt of ridicule for every semi-informed, so-called scientist; for every materialistic-minded sophisticate; for every orthodox bigot who felt the ground slipping from under his job-menaced heels; for all who contend that because a thing has *never happened to them* it couldn't possibly happen to *anyone*.

The contention of the modern spiritist is that spiritualism is no longer on the defensive. It no longer comes, with "bated breath and whispering humbleness," petitioning a hearing before the Doges of Doubt.

No longer need it intrude—by way of the servant's entrance—pulling its forelock and scraping its abject foot. It stands proudly erect, looks its mud-slinging persecutors in the eye, and asks:

By what right do you deny the evidence incorporated in seventy thousand books, dealing with the phenomena of spiritism?

SPIRITUALISM'S CHALLENGE

ASKING THE JUDGES A FEW QUESTIONS

By what authority do you presume to hound and imprison those whose only crime lies in duplicating—in some small measure—the actual spiritistic phenomena upon which Christianity is based?

What particular form of mental alienation causes you to burp and regurgitate whenever psychic manifestations are seriously discussed?

And why do you presume to sneer at and decry a philosophy of which you know not even the rudiments!

These are fair questions which demand a frank answer.

However, lest there be any misconception concerning the intent of this work, let me state again that this book is *not a defense* of spiritualism. For spiritism *needs no defense. It is a challenge*. A challenge to every hypocrite, every ignoramus, every "smart Aleck" alive.

It is a challenge to every person who believes that the mass of evidence I have here presented—from my own experience, and from the experience of many of the greatest thinkers who have ever lived—are tales told by an aggregation of idiots.

How will you answer these tales? I, personally, will be only too happy to debate the matter with any competent skeptic who cares to take up the gage, here thrown down.

My friends, Frank Decker, Arthur Ford, Ethel Post and a number of other dependable mediums of various phases, will be only too happy to appear before any responsible and properly accredited body of scientists or investigators and duplicate certain psychic experiences I have here recorded.

Spiritualism, revived from ancient practice, has been on trial for some ninety years now. Patiently it has borne the crown of thorns and worn the leper's robe. It is high

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time these be now discarded for trappings more worthy the high estate of our beautiful philosophy.

Insofar as lies in my power, and with God's help, I propose to do what little I can toward bringing this about.

MATERIALIZATION—PERHAPS THE MOST CONVINCING PHASE OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

To my mind the exact duplication of the body, the features, the speech, the photographic memory and the identical personality of a man or woman whose *physical* body has long since been eaten by the grave worm, or incinerated into a few handfulls of ashes, is the most astonishing of all the miracles of psychic phenomena.

To see a man, in a fair ruby light, step from a cabinet, walk over to you—even though you may be a dozen feet from the cabinet—give you a good strong hug or a hearty handshake, talk with you in a natural resonant tone of voice about events that prove him to have retained a perfect memory for details, and after a few minutes bid you a cheerful “good bye,” dissolve into the fog of dematerialization before your eyes and sink through the floor, is an absolutely unforgettable experience.

However, of late years, genuine materializations—materializations that stand the acid test—have been of extremely rare occurrence. Indeed, many men, who have spent their entire lives in the investigation of psychic phenomena, have never seen a full form materialization.

Of course, there are hundreds of persons professing to be mediums, who claim to be able to call spirits “from the vasty deep” and make them, for a time, walk the paths of earth. Yet experienced investigators, who have succeeded in getting close enough to these ghosts, often come away with a mouthful of gauze, a double handful of filmy

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drapery, or a fist-full of the medium's back hair as souvenirs of the occasion.

I have contacted a number of such impostors and have aided in bringing about their discomfiture. There are, however, a few mediums whom I have investigated, and whose seances I have attended, whom I believe to be thoroughly genuine and honest.

One of these, whose "classes" I attended a number of years ago, was the Rev. Dr. Robert Moore, pastor of a Spiritualistic Church in Dayton, Ohio. The astonishing phenomena Moore produced seems to have been ignored by the Psychical Research Society and by investigators generally. And yet Moore was one of the most extraordinarily gifted mediums I have ever contacted.

MATERIALIZATIONS UNDER STRICT TEST CONDITIONS

Dr. Moore differed from any medium I have ever seen in producing his phenomena. First and foremost, the rooms at 167 East 36th Street, New York, in which the seances were held, were not of Moore's choosing. They were selected by the class. There were no trap doors in the hardwood floor. Nor were there any secret closets in back of the cabinet. For the cabinet consisted merely of two dark curtains, hung on a line strung by ourselves across a corner of the room. Back of this wall was all out-doors. So that no living person could possibly have entered the cabinet from the back.

It would have been almost as difficult for anyone to have gotten in from the front. For when the entire class of thirty members had gathered, the row of chairs nearest the cabinet was not more than a half-dozen feet from the cabinet. These rows of chairs semi-circled the room from wall to wall. The only door was in back of the last row

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of chairs. So if anyone could have entered through the door—which, by the way, was always closed and locked before the seance—and scrambled over to the cabinet, he would have to get in over the heads of the audience. And to climb over a half dozen rows of heads, legs, and bodies without anyone finding it out and reporting the fact would have been quite impossible.

The room was dimly lighted by a ruby lamp—the kind used in a photographer's developing room. After one's eyes had become accustomed to this light—which required only a few moments—any object as large as a man, or even a child, could be readily discerned.

Dr. Moore sat *outside* the cabinet, in full view of the class, during the time the spirits were being "built up" behind the curtains, by that condensation of teleplasm or "unresisting ectoplasm," understood by students of psychic phenomena.

Dr. Moore would sit outside his curtains while some spirit in a more or less materialized form, glided out of the cabinet, and exchanged greetings with a relative or friend, or else delivered a little discourse on ethics. Dr. Moore, not only could, but *did*, do quite as well in *anybody's* home as he did in the apartment at East Thirty-sixth Street. He could be shifted around to a different house every night, if necessary, and still produce the same phenomena.

Moore used to invite any member of the audience to sit next to him, hold both his hands, and to cover his feet with one or both of their feet during the demonstrations. I personally, have several times had this privilege.

KISSING A MATERIALIZED SPIRIT

Under all these circumstances I have repeatedly seen spirits of the departed emerge from the cabinet and leave

the curtained alcove. On two or three occasions, when there were not so many present, and when, consequently, there was more promenading space available, I have seen these intelligences walk or float to some one, sitting at least ten or twelve feet from the cabinet, where they delivered their messages, so to say, confidentially. Occasionally these forms would bend over and kiss one on the forehead before leaving. I have, myself, several times experienced this unique demonstration.

The spirits never took the trouble to go back into the cabinet and dematerialize. After they concluded their visit they apparently disintegrated, disappearing into or under the floor. Sometimes this disappearance was gradual; sometimes it occurred almost in the fraction of a second.

Among the thirty who formed the class were doctors, lawyers, an instructor in one of the departments in Columbia, a number of Columbia students from various countries, including one Japanese, here for post-graduate work. Also Judge Goff—or Recorder Goff—as he was called—a dignified and scholarly gentleman, who told us he was convinced that the little apparition who glided to his side on several occasions and talked with him in a low tone, was his wife, who had passed over but a short time before.

The seance usually began with the singing of a hymn or some other familiar tune. This was for the purpose of establishing rapport and to harmonize the vibrations. Taking into consideration the underlying principles of the radio this would seem most reasonable. Then followed a few moments of silence, presently broken by a robust, guttural greeting, as a tall figure, dressed in what appeared to be an Indian's costume—blanket and head-dress particularly noticeable—strode into the room.

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HOW A LITTLE ANGEL LOOKS AND ACTS

After personal felicitations with many of those present this entity would dematerialize, to make way for his little niece—a child of apparently six years of age. Occasionally, both these entities would appear at the same time. The little child brought with her one of the sweetest and love-liest influences I have ever known—*angelic* is the only word that would adequately describe it—plus a most perplexing problem. For this little personality had acquired a most amazing amount of knowledge on a wide variety of subjects during the thirty odd years she had been “on the other side.” The favorite point of vantage of this charming lass was on the medium’s knees. She would “hop up” there, and make herself as much at home as any living child might have done.

I have repeatedly sat within eighteen inches or less of this tiny spirit and quizzed her concerning propositions in Plato’s “Republic” or the “Phaedo,” Marcus Aurelius’ “Meditations”; Kant’s “Critique of Pure Reason”; Spencer’s “First Principles,” or other subjects, philosophical, scientific or literary.

Once in a while we would touch on something the child had not learned “in school.” This happened one night, when a professor of geology asked her if she could tell him the names of the giant reptiles of the Mesozoic Era. The Indian elf cocked her head on one side for a moment like a little bird. Then she replied briskly.

“No, Doctor, I can’t. But if you will wait a moment I’ll bring someone who can.”

And instantly she had vanished, like a wisp of fog. It could not have been more than thirty seconds before she emerged again from the cabinet, followed this time by a tall figure. In a deep, rather husky voice this presence said:

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SPIRITUALISM'S CHALLENGE

"Our little Guide tells me that one of you gentlemen has asked her a question in paleontology, the answer to which perhaps comes somewhat within my province. I am Professor Geikie—Archibald Geikie. May I suggest that you look on page 338 of my Geology. You will find there a complete account of the giant reptiles of the era concerning which you inquire."

I made a notation of the pages, and found when I got home that Geikie, whose book I had studied away back in high school days, had there given a complete description of the fossil remains of the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus and other saurians of that era.

WHEN A SPIRIT SEEKS TECHNICAL AID

It finally became a usual occurrence for this little Indian maiden to seek expert technical aid whenever she was asked a question beyond her scope. These questions, however, usually concerned the sciences—chemistry, biology, and similar studies.

I have often thought it might be wonderfully convincing if some of the famous prestidigitators, those who duplicate all the tricks of the spirit mediums, would learn to conjure up a few spirits who could range the peaks of science with teachers specializing in these various branches, or discuss almost any subject in philosophy or literature—even with the most erudite.

In connection with this the idea is also suggested that it would be even more convincing if the conjurors could evolve twenty or thirty different spirits each evening—all as dissimilar in size, shape, and tone of voice as possible, and have these entities trained to know just what intimate things to say that would convince the recipients of the messages that they were talking with their mother, brother, sister, or some dearly beloved friend.

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A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR MAGICIANS

And while they were at it, it would also be well to educate these trick phantoms, so that they could walk out to anyone in the audience and talk to them in French, German, Spanish, Italian or even in Japanese. This, by the way, we noted one night, when the brother of our Japanese student appeared and told his brother in America he had just been drowned in a tidal wave that had engulfed the coast of Japan a few minutes before. We checked up on this message the following morning and found it just one hundred per cent accurate.

Anything that can be fixed up in this way by magicians, taught to speak Japanese, and to report correctly on an earthquake and tidal wave as far away as Japan—or even Hoboken—should create a sensation.

But to make the demonstration still more convincing, it might be advisable also to levitate a two thousand pound piano, with a couple of stout people sitting on it, far enough above the floor to enable a clear-cut flashlight to be taken.

Convincing and authentic materializations are admittedly rare. But they are to be met with occasionally. When they are, they will be found to be among the most marvelous and instructive experiences that can ever come to a living being. Pretenders there are, and *will* be, but the *real thing* does exist.

As I said before, I have talked with ghosts—in English and in German. I have also communicated with them through scores of mediums, as one might communicate through an interpreter, or as is a most common experience, one might receive a message over the phone through the younger, sharper ears of a secretary.

Also, I have had coherent, intelligent messages, delivered through the trumpet, which magnifies the vibrations

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of the spirit voice and renders the message more audible. In addition, I have had dear disembodied ones write me messages on intimate, friendly matters, known only to them and to me, on slates especially brought to the seance by me, and *in their own handwriting*—as well known and as individual to me as is my own.

Some of these communications have been of paramount importance, refuting triumphantly the ridiculous contentions of spirit-baiters, to the effect that the messages purporting to come from the spirits are trivial and utterly unimportant—even if their source were admitted.

MY MEETING WITH THE NUN

One of the most interesting and instructive conversations I ever had was with the spirit of a Catholic nun, one of perhaps thirty different intelligences materialized by Dr. Moore one night when I was present. A gracious and lovely soul she was.

She particularly wished to show me a new crown she had been awarded—a marvelous diadem, coruscating in an almost solid band of diamond-like brilliance. She was as naively delighted with this very remarkable ornament—clearly seen by twenty or twenty-two others, beside myself—as a young girl would have been.

I engaged this substantially materialized spirit in conversation immediately, as this was too good an opportunity to lose. I said, "Sister, I was born in a Catholic family and brought up a Catholic until I was about twelve years of age. So may I ask if you have ever, in your present beautiful life, found any foundation whatsoever for the creed you professed while on earth?"

She answered: "No, there is no basis whatsoever for the things we were taught. There is no heaven, no hell, no

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purgatory — except as we make these out of our own thoughts and acts. There is no vicarious atonement. Forgiveness of sins must be *earned* by good works. It cannot be *bought*.

I then asked, "Sister, have you ever met Jesus Christ?"

She responded, "I have never met him personally, but certain enlightened souls who have earned admission to the higher spheres—as we call them—and who come back from time to time to instruct us, say they have seen Him and have heard Him speak."

And then this blessed angel said, "I must be going now. There are so many who are waiting outside the gate, to manifest to dear ones present here tonight. Until we meet again—God bless you—" And she touched with the tips of her fingers the head I reverently bowed to her.

It was an altogether lovely experience—an inspiration and a joy. I wish that every heart-broken mother, father, sister, brother and friend in the world could have such an inspiring experience—even *once*. What a cloud of misery, heartache and loneliness might be lifted!

ONE AMONG MILLIONS OF VITALLY IMPORTANT MESSAGES

Here is another message that came to me, which made all the difference between comparative comfort and decidedly embarrassing poverty to my wife's father. It was his son, my dead brother-in-law, who saved him this experience.

This brother-in-law had "passed over" from pneumonia a short time previous to the experience I am about to relate, leaving his financial affairs in an exceedingly involved condition. One distressing item of this involvement was a lack of evidence concerning the payment of a certain mortgage on a house which represented almost the only available

assets the dead man had left behind. The party holding the mortgage denied this obligation had been liquidated and was preparing to foreclose.

On the night of this psychic experience, my amazingly gifted friend, Mrs. Vanderbilt Pepper, my wife (the dead man's sister) and I were dining in our apartment in New York, when the subject of this pending foreclosure dropped into the discussion.

Almost as though *something* had been waiting to be touched off, Mrs. Pepper was seized with the slight shudder that preceded her entrance into the trance state. The appearance of her face was amazingly altered, for it took on the *features of my wife's dead brother*.

WHEN THE SPIRIT TALKED TO SOME PURPOSE

In a voice almost a duplicate of the voice of this brother, Mrs. Pepper spoke. The substance of her communication was that this disembodied personality wished to identify himself and to assure his sister that the mortgage on their old home in Pittsburg, Pa., had been paid. Also that the cancelled mortgage would be found in the upper right-hand drawer of an old-fashioned escritoire that stood in the foyer hall in the old home.

Particular emphasis was laid on the fact that, while diligent search had been made, even in this very drawer, a compartment in the extreme back of the drawer had been overlooked, and in this compartment would be found the cancelled mortgage, together with a number of other valuable papers.

After Mrs. Pepper had come out of this semi-trance condition I put in a long-distance call for the housekeeper at the old Pittsburgh home. When the woman answered the "phone" she was told to look in this drawer in the location

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given and state what, if anything, she found. I was to hold the line in the meantime.

Within half a minute the woman, who had been with the family for many years and who knew the importance of the documents found, cried over the phone in an agitated voice that she had found the cancelled mortgage and also receipts of great importance. And so the message from this ghost saved his family terrible financial embarrassment.

This is a beautiful and clear-cut case of spirit communication. *For no living soul* knew where this man had hidden this cancelled mortgage before he passed on. Therefore, telepathy offers no possible explanation.

I forgot to add that the spirit also identified himself in many tender and intimate ways, and showed a familiarity with all the affairs of the family that no living person could possibly have possessed.

May Vanderbilt Pepper, through whose instrumentality this communication was established, was my dearly beloved friend, and one of the greatest inspirational speakers, message bearers and psychometrists of all time.

HOW EMANUEL SWEDENBORG FOUND THE RECEIPT

It will be recalled by students of psychic phenomena that the famous mystic, Emanuel Swedenborg, was the medium through whom a demonstration similar to the one I have described above, was effected. This was in the classic case of the Dutch lady, whose husband had died, leaving no receipt for a valuable silver service that had been made, evidently by a rather unscrupulous smith, shortly before his death.

The lady appealed for help to Swedenborg, who told her that within a night or two she would find the receipt in a certain securely hidden niche. This proved to be true.

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And it is not explainable in any other way than the lady's dead husband *told Swedenborg just where to find this receipt.*

THE SPIRIT OF PATIENCE WORTH

I would urge all interested in psychic phenomena to familiarize themselves with the painstaking investigation made of the *Intelligence*, manifesting through Mrs. Paul Lenore Curren.

This spirit, who gave her name as Patience Worth, "came through" on the night of June 8, 1913, at the home of Mrs. Curren, while this lady and a number of her neighbors were experimenting—more or less in a spirit of fun—with a Ouija board.

In quaint English, such as was used three hundred years ago, this spirit communicated the fact that she was born in England about 1649 and had lived there, a lively red-haired lass, full of fun and life, until she grew to womanhood. In her twenties she migrated to America. Not long after arriving here she was killed during an attack by Indians, which it was established, must have been during King Philip's War.

Men were sent to England to check up on descriptions of Patience Worth's native country, which she claimed was Dorsetshire, and to search for landmarks which she had mentioned as existing there. Many of the landmarks to which she had referred tallied exactly with her descriptions. Other landmarks did not exist when the inquirers arrived, but an exhaustive search of local records and historical data established the fact *that they had existed* about the year 1650. In addition, many of the archaic words used by Patience, words which had not been traced to any definite source, were found to have been colloquialisms used in Dorsetshire about that time:

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DICTATING "PERFECT COPY"

While these investigations were being conducted, Patience dictated poems of ethereal beauty and two novels of amazing craftsmanship and erudition, Mrs. Curren acting as amanuensis. Writers who know how difficult it is to produce good "copy" without rewriting, polishing and trimming, were utterly amazed by the strange phenomena. For Patience Worth, through Mrs. Curren, dictated poems and novels at the unprecedented speed of one-hundred and ten words a minute. And never was it necessary to change a single phrase or word!

After watching, investigating and studying the phenomena of the case, Professor William E. Saght, formerly professor of philosophy at Baker University, and at present professor of psychology at Cornell University, made the following statement:

"Nothing can come from the subconscious mind without filtering first through the conscious."

After uttering this statement, he confessed that it was impossible for Mrs. Curren's *utterances to have come from her subconscious mind!*

Professor Allison, who devoted considerable time to the investigations and was present at a number of sittings extending over a prolonged period, commented thus:

"Where Patience Worth writes in modern English, as in her first two stories, or couches her words in the speech of a bygone age, she shows the most wonderful command of local color, and of the customs and humors of the past, so that one is tempted to say that she must have seen the events and characters she describes.

"Hope Trueblood (another novel dictated by Patience Worth) is one of the most gripping stories of English

peasant life, and one of the most powerful character novels I have ever read.

"Suppose a woman of your acquaintance who had lived in your community for many years; and had never written a letter or news item for a local paper, began to dictate to her husband first class poetry in quaint idiom, novels up to the George Eliot standard in modern style, to say nothing of witty or profound remarks, brought out in casual conversation with friends and visitors, what would you think?

"I have been amazed at the rapidity of Mrs. Curren's utterances. And yet, while the method of communication was so fast that I couldn't begin to keep pace with the spelling, when Mr. Curren read over each paragraph of the novel being composed, it made not only sense but beautiful English, perfect in metre and rich in imagination.

"In one evening, fifteen poems were produced in one hour and a quarter, an average of five minutes for each one. All were poured out with a speed that Tennyson or Browning could never have hoped to equal, and some of the fifteen lyrics are so good that either of these great poets might be proud to have written them."

That Mrs. Curren is not, consciously or unconsciously, doing the writing herself is now generally accepted by even the most conservative investigators who have had her under observation for many years.

The only conclusion which the most skeptical of the scientists could reach is best expressed in the words of the late Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, noted psychologist and executive officer of the Boston Society for Psychic Research, a man who had devoted more than ten years to an extraordinarily painstaking scrutiny of the case of Patience Worth.

"Either our concept of what we call the subconscious

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must be radically altered so as to include potencies of which we hitherto have had no knowledge, or else some cause *operating through, but not originating in*, the subconsciousness of Mrs. Curren must be acknowledged."

To give you some slight idea of the beauty of the material brought back from beyond the veil to enrich this earth's treasures, permit me to quote a stanza from one of Patience Worth's poems, "The Dead Skylark":

*Oh, wing that hath stilled
Of beating the heavens, and descended!
Oh, throat that is empty and song that is gone!
Oh, eyes that knew, with intimate
Contact, the leafy glen
And the shadowy boats that swung
Beneath the sunnied leaves!
Oh, breast that panted of the joy
Of spring, and knew the thrill
Of summer's heights!
Little companion of the heavens;
What, hast thou fallen!*

I have met on several occasions, here in New York, a charming lady, Miss Rhoda Meade, who was an intimate friend of Mrs. Curren's, and who has preserved several hundred of these exquisite poems. Also scores of reports of conversations, taken verbatim, showing the coruscating brilliancy of speech, the shrewd native wisdom and the bewildering mental capacity of Patience Worth, whose body has been dust for almost three hundred years, but who even now, is altogether fascinating.

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SPIRITISM'S CHALLENGE TO PUBLICITY-SEEKING MAGICIANS

In view of all the evidence concerning psychic (or perhaps I should say *supranormal* phenomena) I have given, and the scores of authenticated and thoroughly confirmed experiences I have detailed, proving conclusively the continued existence of the individual after the change we call death, and his or her ability to communicate with us—who are also spirits, though in the flesh—I should like to ask all those vociferous self-advertisers who claim to be able, by illusion and legerdemain, to *duplicate anything done by spiritistic activity*:

Can you write novels and poems fashioned as exquisitely as those produced—through the mediumship of Mrs. Paul Lenore Curren— by “Patience Worth,” that marvelously gifted spirit of olden times?

Can you, *without any paraphernalia*, go into any home, anywhere, and produce temporarily incarnated intelligences that can give coherent messages *in all languages, and that may be held in one's arms and kissed, and whose heart beats may be counted*.

Can you hold in your hand the locket of my dead mother and tell me certain intimate incidents in connection with her—incidents with which I *myself may not be familiar*, but which I may prove by checking?

Can you reproduce for me, on clean slates, brought by me and held in my own hands, messages from my dear dead relatives or intimate friends, *in their own handwriting*, as proved by caligraphic tests?

Can you suspend my two-thousand pound grand piano in mid-air *while I take a flashlight of it?*

Can you bring back my mother and certain other dear ones and *let me photograph them?*

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Can you record the voice of a spirit on a phonograph record?

Can you, when brought into the room stripped, place a bouquet of roses on my table, or any one of the animate or inanimate *apports* that have been brought into a locked and door-sealed room, or give me definite information on some matter, perhaps not even known to myself at the time, by words spoken through a horn suspended from the ceiling—you own mouth to be filled with water at the time?

Can you play melodies on a banjo or an accordion, placed in a wire cage, *charged with a deadly high-tension current?*

Can you, at will, make your body so heavy that no five men can lift you from the earth; or, again at will, make it so light that you can float in the air?

Can you describe the labyrinth of the inner ear or the mechanics of siderial motion—as Mrs. Pepper did, *under inspirational guidance?*

Can you give thousands of messages, to persons you have never seen, in every part of the world, and *describe for them accurately the dead father or brother* who may bring messages of profound and material importance—as does my friend, Arthur Ford, and as do hundreds of other message-bearing mediums in all parts of the world?

Can you produce, in wax, models of hands, feet and faces, under conditions identical with those employed by Dr. Geley on the Polish medium, Kluski?

Can you produce poltergeists and malignant spirits who, by their hideous noises and terrifying actions, drive from thousands of houses, in every part of the world, tenants who find it absolutely impossible to live in these “haunted places”?

Can you materialize a spirit, entirely dissimilar in size,
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complexion, weight, pulse-rate, and color of hair from that of the medium, while the medium is lying in full view of world-renown scientists? Or else secured in a straight jacket, or strapped in an arm chair with heavy adhesive tape?

Can you materialize an entity, under laboratory test conditions, who will permit scientists to cut off a lock of her hair, or a portion of finger nail, which when examined microscopically, will be found to consist of epethelial cells identical with those of living humans? Or which, when incinerated, will leave an ash of exactly the same chemical constituents as is the ash obtained from any human hair?

Can you diagnose tumors and obscure pathological conditions—which frequently have escaped the attention of even the most eminent internists—as does my friend, Mrs. Harry Oliver, and many other mediums?

Or cure thousands of mental and physical maladies which physicians of the very highest reputation have been unable to help in even the slightest degree, as old Dr. Pomeroy used to do, and as scores of psychic healers are doing every day?

Can you materialize entities capable of lifting a person of two hundred pounds or more from the floor, and then circling the room before dropping him to the floor with a thud, as is frequently done at Frank Decker's seances? And this, while some person in the circle is sitting in the lap of the deeply-tranced medium, and all other members of the group are holding the hand of the person to the right and to the left of them?

Can you produce ectoplasm which can be photographed? Or a portion of which, on occasion, may be amputated and examined microscopically, disclosing epithelial cells from

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the mucous membrane in which the ectoplasm seems to originate?

Can you—

But why continue? I could enumerate a hundred different phenomena, *which no conjurer that ever lived could duplicate*. These showmen may gain a little cheap notoriety and quite a lot of national advertising by *claiming* that they can produce these manifestations. But they *know* in their hearts that they are merely duping an already super-saturatedly duped public.

They are quite as unscrupulous as are the lying, deceiving mediums, who prostitute the good name of psychic investigation, and make of it a thing of hissing and scorn.

The reader's acceptance or rejection of the facts of bodily survival can mean nothing personally to me, except that I would like to feel that I may have brought a message of cheer and hope to many who are now cheerless and hopeless.

I don't ask you to *believe*: I *do ask you*, however, to *lay* aside your indifference and your ingrained prejudice and *investigate*.

Some day you may come to realize that the knowledge you have thus gained is the *most important knowledge* you have ever acquired: For then you will know *why* you are here. And you will have some little smattering of *what* you are to be and do, when you graduate from this plane of experience.

Chapter II

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A SPIRIT

THE winter of 1902 was a memorable one in my life. For it was shortly after the Christmas holidays of that year that I obtained my first convincing proof that spirit really exists—whether carnate or excarnate.

I had gone out to Minneapolis, Minn., to deliver a series of lectures on Suggestive Therapeutics, or the use of hypnotic or hypnoidal suggestion for the cure or relief of certain forms of nervous and functional disorders. The majority of the thirty odd men and women enrolled in the Class were practicing physicians, who desired to familiarize themselves with the various methods of inducing hypnosis, and with the results that might be expected from the use of hypnotic suggestion in phobias, and in neurotic manifestations of one kind or another. Also in curing or helping such habits as bed-wetting, night-terrors, masturbation, alcohol and morphine addiction, mental backwardness due to inability to concentrate, and incorrigibility in children.

After the course of lectures—in which I described and illustrated the different methods, as developed by Braid, Charcot, Bernheim, Liebeault, Hack Tuke and other exponents of this very interesting and (in certain conditions) extraordinarily effective method—the physicians brought for treatment patients suffering from various troubles.

THE GIRL IN THE TRANCE

Among these patients was one girl—a neurotic who, under frequently repeated hypnosis, developed remarkable

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MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A SPIRIT

psychic powers. With very little effort she could be placed in a deep cataleptic sleep, in which condition she could be made to assume such a state of rigidity that, with her head on a padded table and her feet on a chair, her body could hardly be bent, even by the most vigorous efforts of a heavy man. Also she could be rendered anaesthetic, so that sterilized hypodermic needles, or lances and bistouries could be thrust an inch or more into her flesh on various areas of her body, without causing her to show the slightest evidence of pain. More wonderful still, the flow of blood from these punctures or incisions *could be stopped instantly* and permanently by a command to the subconscious.

When it was suggested that she was inhaling the fragrance of a flower or of some delightful perfume, she would sniff the vapor from an uncorked bottle of hartshorne or spirits of ammonia held under her nose, with every evidence of pleasure. She would, following the suggestion that she was now eating some delicious candy, chew quinine or assafoedity pills with gusto and great apparent relish.

In this deep trance condition she also exhibited astounding telepathic powers. If any one of the physicians present placed his hands firmly on her shoulders—which seemed to make her more conscious of his presence, and possibly established also a closer psychic rapport by the exchange of their animal magnetism—she could, provided the doctor could focus his attention on some object or matter, tell almost invariably the subject on which he was concentrating.

If all in the room focused their thought on some one object (we duplicated the classical experiment with the circle, square and other geometrical figures numerous times) the object of our attention would be named correctly in almost every instance.

In brief, the girl was a subject whose organism respond-

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ed, in an amazing manner, to the influence of suggestion, directed to her subliminal mind.

TELEKINESIS UNDER TEST CONDITIONS

But most remarkable of all, she was the first individual whom I ever contacted who was able to produce telekinesis. She was the first person I ever met who demonstrated ability to move inanimate objects without visible physical contact. That is, physical contact—as far as her *anatomical*, not her *astral* or *psychic* body was concerned

While I have since seen practically every phase of psychic phenomena—and under what amounted almost to laboratory test conditions—this experience was, without doubt, the most astounding and revolutionary I have ever known.

In order to clarify this statement I must emphasize that ever since I was twelve years old—at which time I first read Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason"—I had become progressively more and more "hard-boiled" and materialistic. Until finally I arrived at a point where Büchner, Ernst Haeckel, Ingersoll, Voltaire, Volney, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Draper, and a book-shelf full of other scientists and materialists had thoroughly made up my mind for me.

I was a rabid agnostic—just as narrow, egotistical and intolerant—God help me—as is the most bigoted Catholic or Presbyterian in his particular form of phobia.

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT TELEPATHY IS REALLY A FORM OF SPIRIT COMMUNICATION

I may state here that while I was at a loss to *explain* telepathy, it did not occur to me at the time to class this phenomenon as a manifestation of something that seems to function *apart* from the body.

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MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A SPIRIT

But finally there occurred an incident which upset all my previous convictions. I had been reading, in the Proceedings of the English Society for Physical Research, a report of a series of experiments, conducted by a well-known physicist in England on a hypnotized subject. In these experiments objects were moved from one place to another in the room—without any apparent human contact—and under perfect test conditions.

I decided that, with a really remarkable psychic available for experiment, we might attempt to duplicate these demonstrations. So, at our next meeting, after making the girl comfortable on a leather couch, I put her down into a deep hypnotic sleep. Then I commanded her to sweep to the floor a number of papers lying on my desk, which stood about six feet from the couch.

I repeated this command several times, without any result. But finally, as though the girl had been concentrating energy from some source, the papers were swept from the desk, and zigzagged to the floor.

It was particularly cold that evening—a dry, clear Minneapolis winter night, with the thermometer ten degrees or more below zero. So there were no windows open in the office in which we were conducting our experiments. Ventilation was secured through a window in the adjoining private office. The desk was nowhere in the line of the very small current of air which flowed in from this window.

THE BOTTLE-SMASHING SPIRIT

Then it was suggested that an empty two dram homeopathic vial be placed on the desk, and the girl ordered to cast this to the floor.

After repeated suggestions, the girl—or *something* that proceeded from her—swept the vial from the desk. It fell

to the hardwood floor, where it was smashed into a hundred fragments.

During all this time the subject lay as one dead—in a profound cataleptic trance. However, simultaneously with the brushing of the papers to the floor and the dashing of the vial from the desk, she made what seemed to be an almost imperceptible movement with her shoulder and arm. We all gained the impression that if the movement had been carried to completion it would probably have amounted to a thrust, or a sweep with the outstretched arm and hand, as has been noted in the case of Palladino and other mediums producing physical phenomena.

In any event, this experience helped to convert me from my former belief in materialism and agnosticism into a conviction of the continuity of life after death. In other words, into a belief in spirits, even though the spirit we had contacted in this experiment inhabited a human body.

For if the “thing” that “externalized” itself from the body of this girl and manifested its presence six feet away from her physical body was *material*—which it *must* have been, according to all accepted science—then it is indestructible.

It does not die when the physical body ceases to function. It continues to live, *somewhere*, and in *some form, forever*, although perhaps undergoing other changes from time to time. But if it is *matter* in some form—as we know it *must* be—it will *always* be *found in association with force*. This means *activity of some sort*.

Therefore, if we take consciousness with us over into the next life—which I now firmly believe we do—we will, those of us who are normal and constructively inclined—put this consciousness and this activity to constructive uses. Those who are abnormal and destructively inclined will be

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given an opportunity to learn the error of their ways, and to work out their own reformation. It is difficult to see how anyone with any developed sense of fairness could possibly ask you for a better "break" than this.

And in the meantime can you find anything debasing, degrading, stupid or stultifying—anything that would stamp a man or a woman an ignoramus, a dupe, cheat, liar, or nit-wit—anything that would brand him or her as a God-hater, an enemy of true religion—in subscribing to the following code, held and affirmed by all true *spiritualists*. Or by all spiritists who, while not affiliated with any spiritualistic church or organization, nevertheless regard these propositions as basic and irrefutable.

DECLARATIONS OF PRINCIPLES

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, both physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression, and living in accordance therewith, constitute true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact scientifically proven by the phenomena of spiritualism.
6. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye unto them."

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7. We affirm the moral responsibility of the individual, and that he makes his own happiness or unhappiness as he obeys or disobeys Nature's physical and spiritual laws.

8. We affirm that the doorway to reformation is never closed against any human soul, here or hereafter.

Chapter III

CLINCHING A CONVICTION

FOLLOWING my Minneapolis experience in telekinesis (the moving of inanimate objects without apparent physical contact), I became intensely interested in the study of psychic phenomena and its varied manifestations.

Admittedly, the brushing of the papers from my desk and the breaking of the vial were manifestation of a supernatural power.

The demonstrations proved indubitably the existence of a faculty, or a force within the body, that could not be explained by any of the laws of physical phenomena with which even the best informed student of physiology or psychology is familiar. But the demonstrations *did not prove conscious existence of the entity* after the change we call death. Nor did they prove that discarnate intelligences retain the memory of their earth life and the personality built by them while on this plane of experience. Nor that they are able to communicate with us—and thus prove conclusively that they still retain memory and personality.

And yet, as I was soon to learn, the retention of memory and the persistence of personality may be as clearly and convincingly demonstrated as a chemical equation, or a Euclidian problem.

Assuming that our brain has not become ossified, and that dogma, creed, prejudice or economic determinism—bounded on the north, south, east and west by the pocket-book or the job—have not definitely and permanently made

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up our minds for us, the proof may be found by any conscientious seeker. And when found, it is irrefutable.

THE FIRST "PROOF-BEARER"

The first medium to give me this affirmative assurance of a life after death was Mrs. May Vanderbilt Pepper, already referred to, who was the most phenomenal "message bearer" I have ever known.

May Vanderbilt was, at that time, Pastor of the First Spiritualist Church, in Brooklyn, New York. She was a charming, gracious woman, who gave unstintingly of her time and vitality to progress a Cause in the service of which, I am convinced, her earth life was shortened by many years.

Mrs. Pepper's best work was done in that semi-trance condition which, while not interfering in the slightest with her *physical* activities, enormously sharpened her cosmic qualities and psychic powers.

I have heard her give as many as fifty different messages during one service,—mentioning first and last names of the communicating intelligences.

She also gave almost photographic descriptions of these visiting friends, as they appeared in life. For test or evidential purposes, Mrs. Vanderbilt would often give the day, month and year in which these persons had died, the cemetery in which they were buried, or the mausoleum in which their ashes were urned, the disease of which they had died, the names of the doctors who attended them, and a wealth of detail which should have convinced even old Doubting Thomas himself that the information she imparted could have come from *no one in the entire universe* other than the *discarnate* visitor who communicated it through her.

And yet there were thousands, wherever she went, who insisted that May Vanderbilt was assisted by a horde of

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spies, who scrambled around like a flock of fiddler crabs on a tin roof, securing for her complete biographies of all the people in all the cities in which she ever appeared.

This assistance, of course, would have been necessary, if she had been the mountebank and faker so many people fatuously believed she was. For even the witch of Endor, or the Oracle of Delphi herself, couldn't have foretold, weeks in advance of Mrs. Vanderbilt's visit to a given city, whether or not Julius Murgatroyd Biffen or Mr. Biffen's maiden aunt were planning to attend Mrs. Vanderbilt's lecture.

And whether or not they would be picked out of an audience of several hundred, or even a few thousand people—any one of whom might be given the complete details concerning a possible half dozen departed friends and relatives. Or receive messages concerning matters with which only they and their next-world friends were acquainted.

CONTACTING THROUGH PSYCHOMETRY

Even more remarkable to my mind, however, was Mrs. Pepper's amazing powers as a psychometrist.

For, merely by holding in her hand a flower, a watch, ring, medallion, lock of hair, or any object that belonged to one who had "gone over," Mrs. Pepper was able to describe this individual, give any amount of detail concerning his or her characteristics or experiences, and convey messages of the most intimate and evidential character from this spirit to those who had brought the object psychometrized.

But more remarkable still, she was able to hold in her hand a piece of lava debris from Pompeii or Herculaneum, a fragment of a fossil bone or shell from a certain geological epoch, an ancient coin from some extinct dynasty, a

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fragment of mummy cloth filched from an Egyptian or Peruvian tomb, or any other inanimate object, and then give in amazing detail the genesis of this specimen, the era in which it was evolved, developed or produced, and an awe-inspiring picture of the geological or the historical contemporary scene.

One of the most inexplicable problems in connection with this astonishing work was the fact that all objects, brought to Mrs. Vanderbilt for test purposes, were securely wrapped. No *possible hint* as to the contents of the package were given. Therefore, even if she had been an archaeologist, a geologist or a paleontologist,—which she most emphatically was not—she could have had *no possible* means of knowing the nature of the specimen in the package handed her for psychometrical reading.

Of all my experiences in the study of psychic phenomena I shall always regard the description of life as it must have touched the tooth of an extinct Irish Elk, a fragment of the skull of a Mayan Indian, the broken nose guard of a Persian helmet, and scores of other interesting relics I have seen Mrs. Vanderbilt “read” as among the most perplexing of all psychic demonstrations.

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSES THAT TAPPED THE RESERVOIR OF ALL WISDOM

However, while the thousands of messages Mrs. Vanderbilt gave (mostly to those who were absolute strangers to her) were bewildering in their accuracy, and were the means of bringing hundreds into the acceptance of the fact of survival of the personality after death, the really astonishing aspect of her work consisted in her “inspirational” lectures.

In these discourses Mrs. Pepper would take for her

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text subjects suggested by two or more persons in her audience. Needless to say, these subjects were often of the most abstruse character, purposely designed to confuse or trap the lecturer.

I remember one notably brilliant lecture in which Mrs. Pepper gave an illuminating exposition of the Kantian doctrine of Time and Space, as promulgated in the "*Critique of Pure Reason*," an outline of Browning's "*Ring and the Book*," with *verbatim et literatim* quotations of a number of outstanding verses; a complete description of the anatomy of the middle ear, detailing, in addition, the mechanics of sound perception. No philosopher, no master of English literature, no aural surgeon could have done better.

And similarly with every other field of science and literature, Mrs. Pepper's knowledge of her theme was encyclopedic, her diction and phrasing perfect, her command of an amazing vocabulary immediate and often ravishingly poetic (where the subject matter lent itself to such treatment), and her facts irrefutable. And all this from a woman who in her normal condition was entirely ignorant of even the *rudiments* of the massive themes on which she discoursed so learnedly and so brilliantly.

SCIENTIFIC "EXPLANATIONS" WHICH DO NOT EXPLAIN

I know this, *positively*. For Mrs. Pepper was, for many years, a frequent visitor at our house, dining with us several times a month when her lecture engagements permitted. We had every opportunity in the world to check the fact that, in her natural or non-inspired state, this lovely and great-souled lady had no more knowledge of the fourth dimension, simultaneous equations, Schiller's "Robbers," or Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus," or any of the

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thousands of subjects on which she was required to discourse, than I have of Hebrew.

Of course, I am familiar with all the stock explanations given to account for this grasp of practically all knowledge that can be expressed in the English language—"tapping the reservoir of the unconscious," "universal telepathic rapport," "a subliminal super-activity," etc., etc. None of these, however, is so easy to believe as the simple statement made by Mrs. Pepper, *that she is merely the instrument through which those great intelligences on the other plane communicate with us on this plane.* That this seems more plausible is further evidenced by the fact that, occasionally, the intelligence governing the medium at that time would stop to explain that he was not qualified to answer a certain technical question, or to discuss some obscure point in philosophy, sociology, or the higher criticism, and that he would enquire from someone who *could* give this information. At such times, the medium would stand rapt, as though listening intently, often for a minute at a time, after which her eyes would light, and she (or the intelligence that animated her) might say, "Professor Gray says so and so" (in relation to some mooted point in anatomy), or "Draper, in his *Intellectual Development of Europe*, directs attention to the fact that"—and so forth.

NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO REFUSE TO SEE

It was many years after I had witnessed—through Mrs. Pepper and a score of other mediums—manifold evidences of communication, by those whose earthly bodies were mouldering in the grave, or peacefully reposing in some niche in a mortuary, that I understood the significance of the cynic's despondent observation "There are none so blind as those who won't see."

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At first it seemed utterly incongruous and unbelievable that men and women whose "intelligence quotient" seemed normal—who had eyes to see, ears to hear, tactile nerves to feel and a brain with which to reason—could possibly hear the same messages and discourses, witness the same demonstrations that six million or more spiritists in this world have seen, heard and felt, and still flout and jeer at spiritualism and its phenomena.

Nevertheless, seemingly intelligent men and women—writers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, chemists, and individuals who had achieved signal success in their particular line of work,—might hear May Vanderbilt Pepper give her marvelously accurate messages to a couple of hundred strangers, or exhibit an astounding knowledge of science and literature, disclosed in a beautifully proportioned and exquisitely delivered lecture, and still say "Bosh—it's just an *act*, done by means of a code, or through confederates."

Or else that "She 'planted' a number of her 'willing helpers' in the audience, and 'boned up' on the questions asked or subjects suggested for the lectures."

So obtuse and thick-headed are these people that they couldn't possibly understand that the teaching staffs of *all the colleges in the world* couldn't possibly answer the questions propounded to Mrs. Vanderbilt, or discourse on the diversely varied matters submitted for her lecture subjects.

Men and women—rational and mentally competent on almost any other subject—are prejudiced, intolerant, bigoted and hostile, to an almost unbelievable extent, when confronted with evidence which automatically demands from them a decision respecting certain ingrained conceptions concerning the hereafter.

They are infinitely more willing to insist that they are

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deaf, dumb and blind, or the victims of some form of hallucination—implying absolute mental incompetency—rather than to admit the genuineness of a series of messages, or the verity of phenomena, produced under test conditions of their own devising.

It is all very disheartening, at times. And yet, it is comforting to know that evolution is only in its initial stages of development. That cannibalism is no longer universally practiced. That a relative degree of freedom of speech is now permitted—in a *limited* section of the world. That a fair percentage of people are now learning to think. And that, whether or not the majority will *ever* learn what has been proved, thousands upon thousands of times, and recorded in a whole library of books, should be only of slight consequence to those who have been privileged to see the light, and who have had sufficient intelligence to accept its truth.

Chapter IV

WHAT FORM OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IS MOST CONVINCING?

THE spiritist, anxious to bring the boon of belief in continuity of life and correct understanding of the hereafter to those lacking in knowledge of the subject, or to those avowedly skeptical, is often asked "what is the most practical and convincing way of demonstrating this truth?"

Naturally, there is a wide difference of opinion on this subject. What convinces one person may leave another quite unmoved.

Speaking for myself I may say that, while I am delighted to receive information or to discuss ethics, religion or next-world philosophy with intelligences brought in by a competent message-bearing medium, I am sensible of the fact that the information these entities impart, or the messages they bring, are difficult of acceptance by the novice.

In my opinion, it is infinitely more convincing to see, feel, hear, and talk with completely or even partially materialized entities—than it is to listen to an inspirational speaker tell us of the last hours of Socrates—as described by Plato. For if the matter seems important, we can read it for ourselves in the "Phaedo."

It is much more interesting to see rapiers brought into a room—under test conditions—receive a flower from the hand of a materialized spirit, feel the medium and the medium's chair levitated from the floor and floated around

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the room, than it is to hear that Aunt Martha is happy, that her progress in her present plane of experience is highly satisfactory, and that she is doing all she possibly can to help Grandpa Higgenbottom's rheumatism, or Uncle Myopia's bunions.

It is an infinitely more thrilling experience to hold to one's breast the fully materialized spirit of a mother, to hear her dear voice—with its familiar Irish brogue, as mine still has—and to feel her kiss on one's cheek, than it is to listen to an incompetent medium—and, I repeat, fully twenty-five per cent of them are incompetent—stumbling and fumbling around to find out whether anyone in the audience “knows Charlie.” And then, selecting one relative or friend who seems most promising, give him a rambling, incoherent message, purporting to come from “Charlie.”

I would not, for a moment, minimize the solace afforded in some message from one who has passed over into a less hag-ridden and economically-bedeveled world life than this. Nevertheless, I feel that the real importance of spirit communication is to *establish definitely the continuity of life and the persistence of personality.*

THE GREAT VALUE OF THE SPIRIT-BORNE MESSAGE

I cheerfully admit that I have listened to thousands of messages that were veritable angel-winged blessings. That poured joy, hope, courage and comfort into the hearts of those who received the communications.

I know of countless instances in which the inspired advice of these discarnate ones directed attention to a developing malady. And during a stage in which the advised could forestall a serious, or perhaps even a fatal

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illness. Or else seek surgical aid in time to remove what would inevitably have developed into a fatal pathology.

I have known advice given in respect to mundane matters, of priceless value. Or warnings against taking a certain journey, which might have resulted in death in a sinking ship or a railroad wreck.

Or caution against driving an automobile which, while apparently sound, proved to have some defect which, had the auto not been overhauled, would have caused an accident, resulting in death or serious injury to the one receiving the warning.

Naturally, I must also commend the message that carries with it a true note of spirituality, that points a path and directs a course that must prove of inestimable value to the pilgrim, heaven-bound. Or such direct and evidential messages as used to be given by May Vanderbilt Pepper, which might run something like this.

THE IRREFUTABLE EVIDENTIAL MESSAGE

"I am led to you—the little lady sitting in the fourth seat from the right, center aisle, third row.

"Your name is Amy Louise Gates. Your father, George Leonard Chapman, is here. He asks me to tell you that he was killed at the battle of Ypres. His leg was blown off by a shell and he bled to death.

"He says that all these facts are known to you. They were told to you personally by his buddy, Dick Burbank, who now resides at 419 Buena Vista Street, Los Angeles, California.

"Your father also bids me to tell you how glad he is that you married your old childhood friend, Edwin Gates, in 1921, and of the joy he gets from seeing the love that

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flows between your two little children and you and your husband.

"He wants me to tell you that you are being helped in your writing from the other side, and that you will make a great success of this very interesting work."

And so forth—down to the finest possible detail—names, dates, facts, impressions, activities—*everything!* And with almost mathematical accuracy. And this, while her face is transfigured—often into a startling resemblance of the entity whose message-bearer she is, for the time being.

Mr. Arthur Ford, in my opinion, the best of all contemporary message-bearers — Mrs. Eilene Garrett, a charming English lady—brought over here for an extensive series of experiments by the American Society for Physical Research—and a number of others—not quite so proficient as these two master messengers, but accurate, in the main—have brought conviction of an endless life to thousands, in all parts of the world.

Compared with the messages, brought by these men and women, the relatively unconvincing tests made with Mrs. Piper, of Boston, seem like the immature efforts of a novice. And yet, it will be remembered that Mrs. Piper has played a very important role in securing acceptance of spirit communication by many of the world's leading scientists.

BUT PHYSICAL PHENOMENA "CARRIES A PUNCH"

Nevertheless, I am convinced that *physical phenomena*—produced by a reputable medium, and under strictest conditions—carries a far greater degree of conviction—particularly to those who are scientifically trained—or even

WHAT FORM OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IS MOST CONVINCING?

materialistic-minded—than even the most meticulously accurate of spirit messages.

Telepathy, mind-reading, plain and fancy guessing, or adroit “pumping” of the individual by means of leading questions, cannot cause two or three phosphorus-banded trumpets to whirl around the room and up to the ceiling, like streaks of light. Or enable a duet or a trio of voices to be harmonized in a song—heard by everyone in the room.

Nor can the spies’ biographies, nor the confederate or accomplices, “planted” in various parts of the hall, levitate a piano from the floor, write evidential messages on a slate or a pad of paper, brought into the room by the recipient of the message, and held by him in his own hand all the time. And more especially if this is in the handwriting of the discarnate one who signs the message.

No lecturer on psychic phenomena could *possibly* carry the same amount of weight with an investigator as would a photograph—taken on a plate brought in by the skeptic himself—and which, when developed, would show “extras”—spirit faces, grouped around the face of the sitter, as is done every day by Dr. John Myers, of London, England, unquestionably the world’s most authentic “spirit photographer,” concerning whom I shall have more to say later.

It is because of these, and a score of other reasons, that I prefer physical phenomena to clairaudient, clairvoyant, or automatically written messages.

A denial of audible messages by a group of sincere investigators—while the medium is under perfect control—would be a confession of deafness, dumbness, or imbecility on the part of everyone present. For the investigators would *all hear the same thing*.

Denial of the presence of materialized entities—seen and heard by all in the room, would signify that the sitters

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themselves were bringing these presences into the room—for the purpose of bamboozling themselves.

Which explanation would be much more difficult to accept than to assume that they were all high-grade idiots, or low-grade morons, who would be much better employed cutting out paper dolls, or sticking out their tongues and making faces at one another.

HAUNTED HOUSES

There is still another phase of physical phenomena which has excited tremendous interest for hundreds of years—even on the part of those who are avowedly skeptical regarding spirits, or the possibility of their return.

This has to do with so-called “haunted houses,” found in almost every part of the civilized and uncivilized world. But more particularly in habitations, or in those old castles in which horrid deeds of violence have been done, or torture of frightful nature inflicted.

The spirits of those who have thus suffered appear to have been soul-shocked by their experience—walking the witching hours of night, moaning, shrieking or wringing their hands—making life miserable for those who may live in the place—or who may be temporarily domiciled there.

Or else they may repeat, over and over again, the last act of their strange, eventful tragedy—as when a suicide, for instance, enacts the method by which he hanged, shot or poisoned himself.

Other earth-bound spirits may be merely harmless wraiths, so attached to the place in which they had lived as seemingly to be unable to leave it.

They may wander aimlessly through familiar halls and rooms and seat themselves in their favorite chair. Or, as is the case in several old-world abbeys, they may pursue

WHAT FORM OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IS MOST CONVINCING?

their futile monkishness, and waste still more of the life they should be utilizing for progression.

These are the gentle, harmless spirits, whose only fault is their stupidity and monoidealism.

On the other hand, many discarnate entities are vindictive and revengeful, visiting their hatred in various ways, as did the malignant ghost my brother and I met in the haunted house; or the spirits who broke the slates over Jim Reilly's head—accounts of which I have described elsewhere in these pages.

The clergy, much wiser than the skeptic in these matters, recognize the fact that earth-bound spirits *may* become hair-raising sources of terror to most people, and economic liabilities to property owners—for it is obvious that none but the most stout-hearted would ever think of renting, much less buying, a house known to be ghost-infested.

Hence the book and bell, the candle and holy water, and the commands of the exorcist—which not infrequently sends the ghost on his way, to begin a normal development in spirit life.

THE "GHOST LAYER"

It may be of great interest to many, convinced that all who believe in spirits are demented, to know that there is at least *one* person in this country who is a professional "ghost layer."

This is Mr. F. M. Sebree, a quiet, mild-mannered man, of middle age, living in Los Angeles, California—where lives Dr. Wickland, who coaxes or browbeats possessing spirits out of the bodies and brains of his obsessed patients.

Mr. Sebree's activities are devoted to reasoning with spirits, showing them the error of their ways, and persuading them to vacate the premises he is hired to "dehaunt."

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This may cause Mr. Brisbane's lip to curve sideways, or give Mr. Dunninger an opportunity to explain why the owner of a house he *thinks* is haunted persists in disguising himself as some man or woman who once lived in the house, and then amuse himself every night by crawling into bed with his tenant, or with anyone else who might chance to be there at the time.

Or else he might ventriloquize an unearthly din, representing a murder in the attic, followed by the bounding of a dead body down stairs—to the accompaniment of clattering pots and pans, or clanking chains; or perhaps the tenants themselves may only *imagine* all this and seek other quarters immediately, because they are fond of moving.

In any event the owner of the place keeps up the farce to the end by paying Mr. Sebree a goodly fee for ridding his unrentable and unsalable hacienda of the result of his own silly prank—played at the imminent risk of having his head blown off while thus disporting himself.

The technic of de-haunting is familiar to every spiritist. It consists of installing a "cabinet," inside of which are placed fresh flowers and a music box—for the purpose of bringing about a more harmonious vibration.

In addition to this Sebree places on the floor the ordinary aluminum trumpet, familiar to all who have ever attended a trumpet seance.

With the coming of night Sebree seats himself in the cabinet, and starts up his tinkling music box and waits developments. When the spirit makes its appearance Sebree addresses him in a friendly way, and tries to gain his confidence. Then he reasons with the spirit and explains things the entity doesn't understand or hasn't yet learned.

Sebree assures the spirit that he is not only retarding his own progress in the plane on which he now finds himself,

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but that he is also harrassing and frightening innocent people on *this plane*, who never did him any wrong.

Usually these arguments suffice, and soon the spirit is on his way to better things.

Occasionally, however, Sebree contacts a "tough hombre." When this occurs he calls in a few spiritist friends, with their guides. The combined efforts of mediums and guides almost invariably suffice to steer or push the recalcitrant one on his way, although sometimes this may take many months of patient effort.

Sebree is usually able to diagnose the character of a haunting spirit by the color of his aura. The vicious, malignant ones have an aura that is almost black.

As the spirit is gradually tamed his aura turns from black to muddy green, then to clear green, red, orange, yellow, light blue, purple, and finally to liquid silver. After which the discarnate one is ready for "graduation."

"THE MILLENIUM IS A LONG WAY OFF"

Perhaps the time may come, when earthbound spirits, haunting houses or structures in any part of the world, may be given their chance for progression, just as a demented person or a melancholic today may receive psychiatric treatment.

This time, however, may be a good many thousand years in the future. It may come, perhaps, after we have learned that the bestial, wholesale murder called war is *abhorred* by the spirit world—in fact, that it is considered by them as the greatest of *all* crimes. And that every deluded fool and every black-hearted bandit who starts one will be required—when he finally catches up with his conscience on the other side—to *make restitution for the wrong* he has done and the suffering he has caused, and in

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good deeds and services rendered finally wipe the slate clean of his crime.

Perhaps the psychic treatment of the discarnate will come after we have given more conscientious attention to those now living—those who are now rotting to pieces or falling apart from our present neglect.

Or else dying of malnutrition and starvation, because we now have too much meat, milk, grain, fruit, and food-stuffs generally—which surplus we have not the intelligence nor the decency properly to distribute.

Those who are responsible for these crimes—who have perpetuated them by their selfishness and avarice—will have much to answer for, when they are finally slid into the next plane—where earth-life dignity, politically-acquired honors and financial power count as nothing. But where *real sympathy* and understanding, and the earnest desire to help humankind, instead of bank balances, will be qualifications vitally necessary before they can become even a Entered Apprentice in spiritual development.

Chapter V

FRANK DECKER—DEPENDABLE PHYSICAL PHENOMONIST

ONE of the best and most convincing of all forms of mediumship—except perhaps full materialization in a satisfactory light—is what is known as “trumpet and materialization phenomena.” In this form of psychic demonstration the medium is seated in the center of a circle of from a half dozen to as many as two hundred men and women.

Of course, in “private readings” only one or two people sit with the medium. However, at these times, the phenomena are rarely as varied or as startling as when there is a large group—among whom may be sensitives, from whom the medium can draw the ectoplasm necessary for the building up of his materializations.

These materializations may consist merely in the development of the vocal mechanism—larynx, vocal chords, tongue, palate and possibly the nasal chambers and the teeth—as obviously spoken words—combinations of vowels and consonants—cannot be produced without a “voice box.”

There must also be some sort of simulacrum to an aggregation of brain cells. For to us, thought—or rather the expression of intelligent ideas, without a brain in which these thoughts could be germinated, and from which they could be communicated—would be unthinkable.

Many experienced students of psychic matters believe that well-developed trumpet mediumship—in which voices

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are heard and coherent messages given—obviously independent of the medium—are among the most conclusive and irrefutable of all psychic manifestations.

In fact, it is claimed that more people have accepted the validity of spirit communication because of trumpet mediumship than because of any other form of psychic demonstration.

To become an effective “instrument” in this phase requires years of patient and persistent effort. The best known trumpet mediums in this country are Cartheuser, Frank Decker, Mrs. Ethel Post and Pearl Long.

These mediums have been repeatedly tested before various research bodies, and have received endorsement as to the genuineness of the phenomena they produce, although there is, naturally, a wide difference of opinion as to the *source* of the phenomena.

In other words, as to whether the phenomena originate with the medium—independently of any aid from discarnate intelligences—or whether they are what the *mediums themselves* purport them to be—*manifestations of a small army of spirits*—who merely use the medium as we would use a telephone or a radio receiver.

MOST GIFTED OF MEDIUMS

The most gifted of all trumpet mediums, in my opinion, is Mr. Frank Decker, an extremely modest and thoroughly sincere young man, just a bit on the gray side of forty. Decker is an American, born of Syrian ancestry.

He was first conscious of psychic powers when he was about ten years of age, at which time he began to see faces and forms which, when he described them, proved to be the faces and forms of people long dead.

Later he met Mr. Richard Worrall, of Wilkes Barre.

Pa., who evidently understood his psychic gift. "He took me with him," Mr. Decker tells us, "and we would sit together for a long time. And often when we were in the woods sitting together all sorts of people materialized, and voices came through, which we both heard. Gradually many phases of mediumship have come to me, for which I am grateful."

I have been privileged to observe Mr. Decker's work for more than six years, and have found in him a perennial source of interest, for not only is he almost uniformly dependable—rarely "drawing a blank"—but his power seems to be steadily increasing. So that he brings forth—or rather his guides produce, through him—new and interesting phenomena, in novel and fascinating variety.

Mr. Joseph de Wyckoff, whom I shall have further occasion to quote in these pages—believes as I do respecting Decker's phenomenal psychic powers.

In the "Psychic News" of March 24, 1934, de Wyckoff speaks of Decker: "On a former occasion, this writer has stated that he personally noted almost every known form of mediumship in this rare psychic, to wit, direct voice, telekinesis, levitation of medium and sitters, full form materializations and etherealizations in good red light, clair-audience, clairvoyance, speaking in tongues (glasolalia), slate-writing and transfiguration."

A WORD ABOUT CENSIGOL GAS

One reason for Decker's exceptional powers—so his guides insist—is due to the use his spirits make of censigol or "sensigol" gas, mixed with his ectoplasm and the teleplasm extracted from those who sit with him.

This peculiar gas—unknown to scientists on this earth plane—was discovered by Dr. Wilbur Stoddard, an al-

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chemist, and his other-world associates, who were only a memory even when Scheele, the Apothecary, stood on the plain and gazed into that dim distance where chemistry was being born into the world.

Mrs. Helen Wells has received from Dr. Stoddard clairaudiently some account of sensigol gas, its derivation and remarkable characteristics. Dr. Stoddard contends that "in the center of the solar-plexus system lies a small sac which contains an essence called by us Censigol. All possess this in a minute degree. In a physical medium this sac is enlarged and is able to discharge its contents into the air through the pores of the skin. It is odorless, imperceptible, but if a medium feels a "drawing sensation at the solar-plexus' he can know that the law of attraction is bringing from its sac in the nerve-center the essence which will evaporate into the atmosphere, for the 'chemical laboratory.'

"In other words, Mr. Decker is a magnet which helps to draw the Sensigol chemicalized gas from physical mediums. We combine this gas (or chemical) with other chemicals which you are all giving out with every breath, and with it we can produce the phenomena which you witness.

"This chemical is of course originally extracted from the surrounding atmosphere. Just as one flower draws those chemicals which produce red.

"The Censigol gas holds particles in solution a much longer time than any ectoplasm we have yet found. If the medium will keep his body (which is his mechanical apparatus upon which the workers here depend on success) in good order, and thereby aid us by giving to us a perfect physical instrument with which to perform our work, we can

perfect a system by which the Censigol gas can be produced without any drain whatever upon the medium's health."

Whatever there may be of scientific fact in this explanation—and we have no present laboratory means of either proving or disproving the matter—it is nevertheless possible, in the presence of Decker, and presumably because of the employment of the potent Censigol gas in these seances, to note an immediate decline of five to ten degrees in the temperature of a room, to feel cold breezes blowing, to note a vibration clearly perceptible even in adjoining rooms—almost identical with the "trembler," familiar to those who live in Mexico, Southern California and other earthquake regions—and distinctly to smell perfumes of most extraordinary fragrance and delicacy. It is all very wonderful and thought-provoking.

Among the guides who attend Decker are Bert Wells, son of Mrs. Helen Wells, president of the Spiritual and Ethical Society, a splendid young chap—graduate of Williams College—who passed into spirit some twenty years ago, at the age of thirty-five.

Bert acts somewhat in the capacity of "master of ceremonies" at Decker's seances, directing the order in which the spirit visitors shall "come through," and assisting in this effort, as well as in the general character of the psychic demonstrations.

MOST CHARMING SPIRIT I HAVE EVER MET

Associated with Bert Wells is a charming and happy-hearted boy known as Patsy. He was killed in an accident some years ago in Chicago, and is believed to have been about twelve years of age when he passed over. He always manifests as a young boy.

Patsy is truly the "beloved spirit"—witty, wise, ever

alert and anxious to help those who desire to get in touch with their dear ones. Because of this super-willingness to serve he is affectionately known as the "Door Opener." Patsy is a really amazing personality, unforgettable by any who has ever come in contact with him.

Carlton Childs is the third member of the "Three Musketeers," as they are familiarly known. He helps materially in the general conduct of the seances.

In addition to these "regulars," frequent "visitors" are Pythagoras (600 B.C.) greatest among the intellects of ancient Greece; Abdul el Hassan, (Arab Pasha 100 B.C.) Omar Khayyam, Persian poet, Appolonius of Tyanna; (Philosopher 20 A.D.). Also Alonzo P. Matthewson (Astronomer) and Dr. Wilbur Stoddard (1792, reputed discoverer of *censigol* gas, mentioned above,) who developed much of the unique scientific phenomena, familiar to all who have attended Decker's seances.

Among the guides also are a number of Indians, among whom is White Eagle, a healing spirit—although he objects strenuously to being called a "medicine man." White Eagle is of giant size—at least six feet nine inches—and built in proportion. He has given me many treatments for brachial neuritis—from which I suffered until recently, and from which treatments I derived considerable relief.

Also he has levitated me on several occasions, to my great delight and edification.

Another frequent visitor is Jim Riley, usually known as "Farmer Riley," one of the greatest materializing psychics that ever lived. I shall refer to the work of this dear spirit friend in a later chapter.

During one of my earliest experiences with Decker he brought into his seance rooms, under strict test conditions, personalities who definitely identified themselves, and who

gave messages to various members of the group in English, French, German, Chinese and Italian.

Pythagoras, the great Greek philosopher, appeared one evening and spoke—at first in a language recognized by a classical student present as Greek—after which he continued his discourse in the science of vibrational significance in English.

A BLESSING FROM ABDUL BAHÁ

The spirit of the great Persian prophet and master, Abdul Baha, was materialized on several occasions. He gave us his blessing in Arabic, after which he discoursed learnedly in English on matters connected with psychic development.

This great spirit also materialized—apparently in full form. I could feel his thoroughly developed hands as they took me by the arms to lead me around the room. Also, I distinctly felt his shoulders and chest, as he happened to press against me in guiding my course.

Patsy materialized in a manner that enabled him to unbutton one's vest, remove a necktie clasp, and carry it to a lady on the opposite side of the room. Or to unfasten and remove from the neck of any woman present a string of beads and take them to some lady who might ask to have the beads placed in her hand, or clasped about her neck.

Also, Patsy came over and removed one of my shoes, tightly laced and impossible of removal by normal means; i.e., without unlacing the shoe, after which he placed the shoe in the lap of a doctor sitting at the extreme opposite of the room.

I may state here that no human being—not even the greatest juggler in the world—could have removed this tightly-laced shoe, unless he could partially dematerialize my

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foot—as Patsy told us he did—before removing the shoe.

After Patsy had placed my shoe in the physician's lap and had given him an opportunity to verify the fact that it was a shoe—and unlaced—he took it from the hand of the medical man and laid it on the floor.

THE SPIRIT VALET

He then requested the doctor to stand up and turn around. Then he removed the doctor's coat, which he brought over and laid in my lap. The boy would have made a great valet.

Patsy also took up a bouquet of roses from a vase in the center of the room. One of these roses was placed in the hands of each of the twelve or more sitters in the circle. In his round Patsy sprinkled a number of the men sitters with water, laughing his hilarious explosive the while.

The phenomena which afforded the group the greatest amount of satisfaction, however, were the messages, delivered in various languages to different members of the group, on matters which were considered conclusively evidential, as regards the personality of the one purporting to deliver these messages.

IS THIS CONVINCING?

In another seance, shortly afterwards, Decker's little familiar guide carried a tiny Swiss music box to each sitter in the circle of a dozen or more. Each of us, under the pressure of Patsy's guiding finger, manipulated the lever that started the tinkling melody, and then, at Patsy's request, shut it off again.

And all this while one member of the circle stood behind Decker's chair, with both hands on the medium's shoulders—insuring Decker's presence in that particular spot.

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When Patsy handed me the music box and guided my index finger toward the lever, there was no sound from the device. I suggested to the boy that perhaps the machine needed winding.

Patsy, in his clear, business-like voice, said:

"Give it to me, I'll wind it."

The task of turning the winding key was evidently beyond Patsy's strength, however, for in a few seconds he passed the instrument back, saying:

"Here, Doc, you wind it."

I wound up the rather stiff spring, pressed the lever, set the music agoing, and returned the box to the little lad. Patsy then carried the box from one corner of the room to the other, calling out from time to time—"Do you hear it? Do you hear it?"

To me, as well as to all the other sitters in the circle, this was a most convincing demonstration of physical phenomena.

However, that night Patsy had something even more interesting for our group and myself. This particular phase of psychic phenomenon I had never before encountered. In fact, so far as I know, no similar manifestation has ever yet been reported in any psychic research "Proceedings."

A NEW METHOD OF BLOWING THE HARMONICA

The incident developed in this manner. On entering the room at the beginning of the evening, Frank Decker met me and handed me a small mouth organ.

"Put this in your inside vest pocket," he said.

"What's the idea?" I inquired.

"You'll find out after a while," he answered.

I then unbuttoned my coat and my vest, placed the harmonica in my inside pocket, and rebuttoned the vest and

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coat. I had almost forgotten about the mouth organ when suddenly Patsy slapped me on the breast, and said:

"Say, Doc, do you know you've got my mouth organ?"

I responded: "So I have, Patsy. What shall I do with it?"

"Do nothing," he replied, "until I tell you."

A moment afterwards I felt Patsy's deft little hands unbutton my coat and then my vest. Then he slipped one hand into my pocket, withdrew the harmonica and placed it in my hand.

"Now," he invited, "close your two hands tight over it, and I'll blow into it for you, right through your hands. Just hold them up."

I did as directed, covering the instrument completely and elevating my hands to the height of my shoulder. In a moment I distinctly felt a current that seemed, for all the world, like a warm breath on the back of my hands.

After a few seconds I heard—as did everyone else in the room—the chord "blown" on the mouth organ, through my cupped and tightly closed hands.

I inquired, "How do you do this, Patsy?"

He answered: "Did you feel it? That's the new electrical method we're working on over here."

I was informed by my wife and four others who had sat with Decker the preceding week that these identical phenomena had been produced at that time.

I was also informed that Mr. William H. Button, President of the American Society for Psychical Research, and Mr. Sydney Rosenbaum, prominent lawyer, had also been present that night, and had witnessed the phenomena, which they then declared was the most convincing they had ever seen in all their experience.

I was further informed that Mr. Rosenbaum had stood

back of Frank's chair while these manifestations were in progress, to prevent any possibility of deception on the part of Decker.

However, on the evening of the seance I am describing, I had a further experience, which, to my mind, dwarfs even the splendid work of Patsy himself.

On this particular evening and many times thereafter, I was convinced of the identity of a fully materialized entity, and was by him lifted bodily from the floor and dropped from a height of a foot or more, three or four times.

However, these experiences tally so closely with those which Mr. John J. O'Neill has so interestingly and graphically described in another chapter, that I will not repeat them here. Suffice is it to say that my numerous experiences in levitation by identifiable spirits during Mr. Decker's seances practically duplicate those of Mr. O'Neill's.

However, there is one experience I had with Decker which will always stand out as a red letter occasion in my memory. This was the night I met a brother Mason, who had seen the temple completed and had "gone to travel in foreign lands."

This incident should be of profound interest to every man who has ever, in his time, impersonated the widow's son in that beautiful drama which is the Third Degree in Masonry.

THE SPIRIT FREE MASON

This incident occurred during a seance several years ago with Frank Decker. To me, and to all Masons, it constitutes *absolutely irrefutable* evidence. For it concerns the sacredness of an obligation, the principles and practice of which could be known only by those who have taken these obligations.

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Now, as every Mason knows, there are certain signs and tokens by which one Mason may know another in the dark as in the light. However, it is a unique and unusual experience to realize that these secrets are carried over into the next plane and preserved inviolate. And also, that one Mason may know another *after death, as in life*.

Present at this seance were a half dozen careful observers, two of whom were avowed skeptics. After a half hour or more of intensely interesting manifestations—which included the levitation of three phosporus-banded trumpets simultaneously, the trumpets being whirled around the darkened room with incredible rapidity—passing in and out among the bodies of the sitters with an accuracy bewildering to those among the group, not familiar with this phenomena—the spirit of Bert Wells, “came through.”

I conceived the idea at that time of attempting a crucial test with Bert. So I asked him a question, couched in Masonic terminology. Bert was completely bewildered as to “what it was all about.” So I said “All right, Bert. I was just trying to find out whether or not you had ever been a Mason.”

Wells replied, “No, I never have been. But I will bring a Mason to you. Just wait a minute.”

We waited in silence for a brief interval, when suddenly, close against my ear, a voice whispered the name of one of the three whom every Mason must meet in his journey toward the East. Also I felt a solid, material hand fall heavily on my shoulder, in the manner every Mason has experienced.

Then the voice continued—this time in a resonant tone——“Bert Wells tells me you expressed a desire to meet a brother Mason. I am a Mason and am here to give you proof of the fact.”

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With this he gave me the grip and whispered the pass words of Entered Apprentice, Fellowcraft and Master Mason.

Then he said, "There is, you know, one word which is supposed to be given only under certain conditions and only when you have placed yourself in the proper position to receive it. Stand up, and I will give you this word."

He then, in the pitch dark, and in form fully materialized—so far as solidity and tangibility were concerned—made the requisite points of contact, and with his lips touching my ear, whispered the secret word of Master Mason.

I do not believe that, in all my years of experience, I have ever had a clearer and more definite proof of survival of personality.

Remember that the medium, Frank Decker, is not a Mason. Neither were there any Masons among the sitters present. And further, Decker was thoroughly secured, his arms being held by the person sitting at either side of him.

It would be highly edifying to see some magician or slight of hand performer duplicate this interesting demonstration, under similar conditions.

ANOTHER MASON CORROBORATES MY EXPERIENCE

At the time I had this experience I believed it was unique. At least, I had never come across anything in the literature of psychic phenomena detailing a similar demonstration until I read, in the May 1931 issue of "The Psychic World" an article by Charles Leon Ries.

Curiously enough, this article happened to be an account of Mr. Ries' experiences at a seance given by Frank Decker. I extracted a portion of Mr. Ries' statement—glad to have in this report of a perfect stranger to me, a certain veri-

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fication of my own statements concerning Decker's mediumship.

I quote: "A trumpet was given to each of three sitters to hold, one of whom was myself. Shortly after this a strong current of cold air was sensed by all, which caused an appreciable drop in the temperature of the room.

"Immediately Patsy, who is Mr. Decker's control, came into the room and in independent voice gave us all a cordial welcome.

"At this time the trumpet was removed from my hands, as were the two being held by two of the sitters, and were whirled around the room, well up toward the ceiling. Then Patsy spoke again and requested the singing of "Jingle Bells," in order that the vibration might not diminish.

"For the benefit of those who do not understand the method of procedure, let me here parenthetically state that music is a means of producing vibration, as a result of which messages are transmitted with greater ease.

"After the singing had ceased Patsy came over and touched me on the back and said he was pleased to see me among the sitters, calling me by name, and then went on to the other sitters. When he had extended a welcome to each and every one, he returned to me, took me by the hand, raised me to a standing position and turned me around.

"In so doing my foot landed in a pan of water that had been placed on the floor, and though there was no sound of splashing, Patsy said jokingly, 'Take your foot out of the water. Don't you know we are short of water here in New York?'

"He then proceeded to take off my coat, saying while he did so that he knew I must be warm and he wanted me to be comfortable.

"At this time I should say that I was truly uncomfortably

warm and been wishing that I would be allowed to remove my coat.

"My coat was given to a lady across the room from where I sat, but since she displayed considerable nervousness it was immediately brought back and laid in my lap exactly as a tailor folds it after pressing.

"Altogether I can say without exaggeration that my hands were touched at least fourteen times without fumbling by the Spirit.

"Patsy also led a lady across the room and placed her in a chair next to mine saying I looked lonesome and so he was bringing me company.

"In case the reader may have forgotten, let me remind you that all this was done in a room that was totally dark. And if you do not think that it is a difficult thing to walk across an absolutely dark room and not stub your toes on the furniture or bump into something, allow me to suggest that you try it sometime for yourself and be convinced that it is much easier to read about it than to accomplish.

"The next demonstration which I shall relate is to me the most convincing proof of all, and will be of special interest to those who may belong to the Masonic order, as I do. A man's voice came through the trumpet addressing me as one Mason would another and giving the customary tests. Then, as if he were anxious to convince me still further, he made the requisite points of contact, as only a Master Mason COULD DO.

"What, I ask you, could be the answer to this, save that some brother in the Spirit World was capable of coming back and offering substantial proof that he still retains full knowledge of that great and mystic order."

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FULLY MATERIALIZED MASTER MASONS

In the fascinating "Life of James Riley," the greatest of all materializing mediums, written by A. Vlerebome, and published by the Weiner Company, Akron, Ohio, in 1911, I find still another reference to the activity of Masons on the other side, and the splendid identification they gave. Here is the report:

"There were wonderful manifestations of spirit return at a seance with Farmer Riley at Haslet Park camp the night of August 24, 1892. Friends and relatives came to all in the seance room. All were quickly recognized, as all but two could talk and give their names so as to be plainly understood, and the two that could not talk were so perfect in their make-up that their friends could quickly recognize them.

"The Master Masons came out to me with aprons on, one with plain white, and two with fancy blue lambskin aprons. They gave me the signs, grips and words of the first three degrees of Masonry, as perfectly as I ever got them from a brother in earth life, and as correctly. Two of the three I have sat with in Lodge on this side; Brother John Blackmer, who passed to spirit life about eight years ago near Devil's Lake, Dakota, and Brother George Burnett, who passed over one year ago at Belding, Michigan; the other was a stranger to me, but an uncle to a lady in the seance room. Farmer Riley is not a Mason, and his control, Mr. Benton, told us to tell his medium that he did not want him to join the Masons, not because he did not like Masonry, but so people could not say it was Riley doing this."

I am delighted to have contacted these bits of confirmatory evidence. For, knowing Masonry and Masons as I do—after belonging to the order for almost a quarter

FRANK DECKER—DEPENDABLE PHYSICAL PHENOMENIST

of a century—I could not possibly imagine any more convincing evidence of personal survival and the *proven fact* of spirit communication.

Chapter VI

PATSY DEVELOPS MARVELOUS HARMONICA TECHNIQUE

“**P**ATSY,” that delightfully refreshing and ingenious youngster, has developed some extraordinarily interesting technique recently.

I may say here that, of all the hundreds of spirits I have known on more or less intimate terms, “Patsy” seems to me to be the most human and natural “ghost” that I’ve ever shaken hands with, or held in my lap. He has a charming and altogether friendly personality. So much so that I can’t see how any normal being can help but love him.

We were an even dozen who sat with Decker. Four of the group, including my secretary, Miss Darwin, who accompanied me, were avowed skeptics. Two of these novices had never before attended a seance.

The phenomena produced were even better than usual. First, a dozen or more highly evidential and satisfactory messages came through. Then three different trumpets were levitated simultaneously, and three different voices—one speaking in German—came simultaneously into the vibration of three different sitters.

Next there occurred a number of demonstrations in telekinesis.

“Toby,” one of the guides of Mr. McBeth — famous independent writing medium, who was present—materialized in a remarkably substantial form. “Toby,” so McBeth tells us, was a priest in his earth life, who passed over in the

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year 1853. He was a giant of a man—six feet six inches tall, and built like a Hercules.

The entity who materialized certainly filled these specifications. For, he reached down, grasped me firmly by both wrists with a pair of enormous hands, drew me to my feet as though I were a feather, stood me close beside him, and then pressed me, with a quick squeeze, to his tremendous and fully materialized breast.

Then he took my right hand and carried it straight up in the air, almost to arm's length. After this he brought it over and down on top of his own head, which was unquestionably a good six feet six inches from the floor.

He pounded my hand on his head—which seemed to have materialized a skull as dense as any of the skulls I have held hundreds of times in my hands.

"Feel the hair," he said to me. I had already noticed the coarse, thick hair.

Then he drew my hand slowly down his face—a fully-formed face, with fine even features—after which he took my hand and drew it along his arm, ending by patting, or rather slapping, my hand firmly, and leading me back to my seat.

"Toby" went through a similar procedure with two other sitters present, both skeptics, but now converts to the truth of the phenomena of spiritualism.

A SPIRITUALISTIC "COMMUNION CUP"

Then "Patsy" came over to me, and in that high-pitched, boyish voice, familiar to every one who has ever sat with Frank Decker, he said "Doctor, I'm going to give you a thrill tonight—something you've never seen before."

I said, "What is it, Patsy?"

He answered "Just sit tight and you'll see." I "sat tight"

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—in fact we all did—and in about half a minute Patsy, directly in front of me said, “Hold up your right hand.”

I did. Then he said, “Now, put your first finger through this ring.” So saying, he slipped what seemed to be a large jade ring over my finger, admonishing me, at the same time, “not to spill it.”

Of course, I couldn't imagine what the youngster was up to, until he said “Now take a drink, and pass it to your secretary.”

I asked “What is it, Patsy?” To which he immediately responded, “Just water, did you think it was beer?”

I drank and passed it on, as directed. He then instructed Miss Darwin to pass the glass fruit cup (as it turned out later to be) to the gentleman sitting next to her, and so on until the cup had been emptied..

Taking the cup from the hand of the one who had stated that it was empty, Patsy absented himself for a moment, returning with a full cup. And so, every member of the circle—except Decker, who remained entranced, breathing stertorously the entire time, drank from the spiritualistic “communion cup.”

I then asked Patsy if he had an apport for us, in this cup of water, which I am positive was not in the room when we began the seance.

He said “No! I just pushed the door open, went out in the bath room, turned on the faucet, filled the cup, and brought it in.” All this in the most matter of fact way possible.

This was one of the finest and most convincing examples of telekinesis I have ever had the good fortune to experience.

Then Patsy said, “We've got something new to show you. Now, just be quiet and sit perfectly still.” We did as directed, when Patsy said “Do you feel anything?”

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Feel anything? Well, I should say we did. For the entire room, floors, the chairs in which we were sitting, and we ourselves, vibrated, as though in a medical vibrating machine.

I have never experienced any thing like this. Patsy said "That's the new sensigol gas we are experimenting with. We're going to do some great things with this, before long."

On leaving the seance, I asked Miss Darwin to write out her impressions, being somewhat interested to know what effect, if any, these demonstrations would have on the mind of a highly intelligent young girl, who was just about as materialistic as I was at her age.

Here is the report she placed on my desk the following day. I believe it's a splendid, honest statement, and leads me to hope that there may be a future for spiritualism, after all, no matter how far removed this seems to be at the present time.

I'M CONVERTED

By ELIZABETH B. DARWIN

I attended my first spiritualistic seance last Thursday night. Frank Decker was the medium. What I heard and what I experienced that night were as unique and revolutionary to me as though I had been translated into a new world. In fact, even now, so deeply rutted are our old conceptions, that I can hardly believe the evidence of my own senses. I now can understand the psychology of Hamlet, who, in his soliloquy, after he had seen and talked with the ghost of his father, still said "that bourne from which no traveler returns."

Until Thursday I was an agnostic. I believed that God was a myth, employed for the purpose of explaining natural phenomena. I thought that the belief in a life continuous

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after death was a fantastic dream. I felt that we made our own heaven and hell here on earth, and that, when we died, we ended that "strange, eventful history" we call "life."

And yet, in a bare, closed room, with eleven other people—some of whom were as skeptical as myself, but all of whom were honestly seeking light—in a darkness which no human eye could pierce, I heard trumpets clattering and banging all over the room, thrown to the floor or raised to the ceiling, at the will of unseen intelligences. I heard voices of different kinds address various of the sitters, and discuss with them topics of profound mutual interest. I held an astoundingly interesting conversation with my own grandfather, who recalled almost forgotten incidents of my childhood, and spoke touchingly of the little rag doll he had made for me many years ago. This, to me, was convincing evidence of identity.

Then I heard three different entities speaking, all at the same time, to three different people in different parts of the room—one of them using the German language. I felt my hands taken into warm, soft hands of a little boy who called himself "Patsy," who led me from my chair to the chair occupied by the medium. I sat on the medium's lap, my feet on his, his hands lying relaxed along the arms of the chair, just touching my elbows. My hands were clasped in the soft palms of "Patsy," who bumped his chin softly against my head. During this time every member of the circle sat holding the hands of the ones seated at his right and left, accounting for the presence of each member of the circle.

I joined in the singing, led by discarnate intelligences. I talked with these intelligences and discussed the phenomena they were producing, as I used to discuss a problem in chemistry with my science teacher.

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I held up my right or my left hand, as I myself elected, and extending one or more fingers of either hand was informed by "Patsy" correctly, and without a moment's hesitation, just which hand I was raising, and just which finger or fingers I was extending—all this in a Stygian blackness.

I drank water from a cup presented to us by Mr. Decker's little guide, which cup and water he must have procured, as he claimed he did, from the adjoining room. I stood, almost on tiptoe, and felt my right hand carried to the top of the head of the tallest man I have ever met—outside of a circus. I felt the solid head of this giant man and the coarse hair that covered his head. I felt the entire room vibrate as though it were being shaken by a giant dynamo, under the influence of some force which, "Patsy" said, was "censigol gas."

I felt the bracelets being removed from my wrists by soft hands, and was informed that the ornaments had been placed on the right wrist of a lady on the opposite side of the room—from whom I recovered them after the seance. I know that other objects—stickpins, watches, etc., were taken in a similar manner from other sitters at the seance, and placed in the hands of people in remote parts of the circle.

I heard a profoundly scientific little dissertation on a new phase of physics which was being worked out by "Dr. Stoddard," one of Decker's familiars. I stood reverently, and listened to an invocation in Arabic by the great Persian Master, Abdul Baha, and felt his hand upon my head. I bowed in awe and deep humility while I received his blessing, delivered this time in English. And I heard the stertorous breathing of Frank Decker, lying back in his chair in a deep trance, during all this time.

I am still amazed with the wonder of it all.

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HOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR MOUTH ANY SIZE DESIRED

A short while ago Patsy gave us a variant of his harmonica demonstration. Mr. John O'Neill, Science Editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, was present. He had never before known that sound could be elicited from a mouth organ while the little instrument was cupped tightly in one's hand, and completely shielded from any contact with a pair of lips and a respiratory apparatus capable of blowing air through the "reeds" of the instrument.

Being naturally skeptical Mr. O'Neill asked Patsy if he would be good enough to demonstrate this for him. Patsy, who must have anticipated his wish by mind-reading—frequently done by the controls at the Decker seances—immediately handed O'Neill a harmonica, telling him at the same time to put it in his coat pocket, but to keep his hand tightly closed over it, which Mr. O'Neill did.

Within a few seconds we all heard the muted sounds of this little instrument, while Mr. O'Neill informed the circle of some twenty people that he could distinctly feel a warm breath on his hand.

Then Patsy said "Now, John, take the harmonica out of your pocket and put it under your foot, so it'll be completely covered. But don't step on it too hard and crush it."

Mr. O'Neill said "What are you going to do with it now, Pat?"

Patsy replied, "I'm going to blow in it, of course."

Hardly were the words "out of his mouth" when we all heard the characteristic sounds of the harmonica—produced by the alterante blowing and sucking in of the air currents—quite as distinctly as though any enthusiastic child—interested in making the greatest possible amount of noise—had exhaled and inhaled into the apertures of the instrument.

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I asked Patsy how this was done, and how he could possibly blow the mouth-organ while it was under Mr. O'Neill's foot.

Patsy replied in his characteristically off-hand manner: "Oh, that's easy. Whenever you want to do this you merely materialize a very small voice box, instead of a regular size one. Then you can get right down under the shoe, and blow the harmonica. Try it sometime, Doc."

Mr. O'Neill, I am sure, would be glad to verify the facts concerning this very interesting demonstration, as will more than a score of others—all of whom were sober at the time, and infinitely more sane than are the legislators who pass laws, making the practice of spiritualistic mediumship a criminal offense, and the uninformed judges who enforce these inquisitorial laws.

However, perhaps this harmonica jugglery and hypnotization is another little "trick" our magician friends might like to practice. After which, they might be interested in duplicating these feats under conditions identical with those under which Patsy "performed."

Just at present, however, I am inclined to believe that, no matter how much wind our prestidigitating friends may utilize in ballyhooing their prowess, there would be no way of directing this hot air so that it would vibrate the brass reeds of a mouth organ, tightly held in one's hand, or in a closed hand thrust into a coat pocket, or in the instrument held firmly under one's foot.

MY SPIRIT BROTHER "SHOWS" ME HIS SCAR

While I have frequently spoken with my brother, Dr. Adolph, who passed into spirit life some ten years ago; and while I have on one occasion embraced him in fully materialized form and kissed him on the forehead, I had an

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additional demonstration from him, shortly after the Christmas holidays of 1934, which furnished a remarkable piece of evidence respecting the survival of personality. And also of the ability of the spirit to manifest in the *identical physical* condition in which he "passed over."

On this particular evening Adolph appeared and in direct voice (speaking without the aid of the trumpet) announced himself by name, as is the usual custom.

After I had greeted him, and enquired concerning the progress of our father, mother and brother Otto, he said "Stand up, Ted. I want to show you something."

I stood up as requested. He then took my right hand, lifted it, and drew my fingers lightly across his forehead. When it touched the left temple his fingers manipulated mine, so that he was using only my right index finger—as a sort of pointer.

He moved this index finger back and forth three or four times, pressing it firmly on the scalp, directly over the right parietal bone.

I was at a complete loss to understand the significance of this action, until Adolph said, "Do you feel that scar, Ted?" at the same time rubbing the tip of my finger into what I distinctly felt to be a slight indentation in the scalp.

After a moment I responded "Yes I do, Adolph. But what does it mean And what are you trying to show me?"

Adolph said "Do you remember when we played William Tell—and what happened at this time?"

"Good Lord," I exclaimed, "Of course I remember. It must have been forty-five years ago. You put an apple on your head and I tried to shoot it off with an arrow. I came within an ace of putting your eye out, old man. But now I remember distinctly, the barb *did* tear quite a gash in your scalp. We had to call in old Dr. Hauser to sew it up."

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"Well, here it is, Ted. I just wanted to give you another little piece of evidence—for your book."

Will some megalomaniac please perform this "trick" or "illusion" for me, at the same time duplicating my brother's voice, so that all in the room can hear our conversation distinctly?

And, while he is about it, he might as well persuade this "illusion" to give us a few more personal details concerning the boyhood exploits of my dear brother and myself. And of our reckless deeds of derring-do, which helped turn poor mother's hair gray prematurely.

WHEN SPIRITS MAKE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

There is one piece of evidence, substantiating the truth of psychic phenomena, the explanation of which, I feel sure, will give even the most case-hardened and recalcitrant skeptics a fairly severe pain in the neck. This is the recording of the voice of materialized spirits on phonograph records, the reproduction of which may be preserved as long as the records remain intact.

No twisting, turning, squirming, blustering or ridicule can explain away the voices of those who were once humans, but who are now spirits. Yet those voices are quite as identifiable as is Franklin D. Roosevelt's or Eddie Cantor's.

This recording has been done at Frank Decker's seances, as well as in the seances of many other "physical mediums."

The speech Bert Wells made, giving a little autobiography of himself, and the singing of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" by Patsy, are quite as coherent and understandable as any speech that Mr. Roosevelt has ever made, or any song that Eddie Cantor has ever sung.

This phase of physical mediumship, in my opinion, holds rich promise of interest for scientists everywhere, who must

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shortly recognize the tremendous importance of this whole subject.

THE GREATEST THRILL OF ALL

The greatest thrill, however, that I have ever experienced during all my thirty-five years of "fussing around" with psychic phenomena, occurred not long ago at one of Mr. Decker's seances.

I was seated beside my brother, Charlie, when after an hour or more of splendid and highly evidential messages, a voice directly in front of us, shaking with emotion, spoke up, "Charlie my bye. And Edwin!"

It was my mother's well-remembered voice, with its dear Irish brogue, unchanged from the day she came over to this country, until the day she died, nine years ago.

Mother never could learn to say "boy." And she always did convert the "w" in "Edwin" into a "v."

After a few minutes of heartfelt and heartfelt greetings and "God bless you"—mother's voice being heard distinctly by everyone in the room—my mother asked us both to stand up.

Then, as naturally as though she were once more in the flesh—she put one arm around my brother, the other around me, and drew us close to her—telling us, brokenly and with an almost ecstatic joy, of her love for us and of her great happiness in being able thus to meet us again.

She begged us to "take care of each other," told us she was helping us in every way she could, and bade us remember that, in God's good time, we would all be together once more.

Then she took Charlie's hand in hers and drew it over her face. She then carried it to the top of her head and let him feel the characteristic knot of soft, silky hair, arranged in the old-fashioned way she always wore it.

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Charlie tells me that then she took his face between her hands, drew it down to hers and kissed him on the forehead. She did the same with me and then said "I must go now."

It was a pathetic parting. Yet it brought to us, and to those who overheard it all, a glorious dominant of joy and comfort. For *we know* this parting is only for a time. We do not have to *guess* at it—or try to conjure up a faith in things unseen and unproved. We *know* that there is no heaven or hell—except as we ourselves make them. We *know* that life is eternal.

And that, when our time comes to take the short step across the border and into another phase of existence, mother and the folks will be there with hands outstretched, to guide us up the little hill into the heaven we have tried to make for ourselves here. And which we will do our best to perfect, when we have a better understanding of the laws under which we must work.

Chapter VII

THE SPIRIT WHO CALLED UP ON THE PHONE

ON a night in March 1935, we had an experience which, so far as I know, is unique in the history of psychic annals. Nowhere, in all the literature, is there any account of a similar case.

There is no possible way of explaining this amazing experience—except to declare—with the usual *sang froid* of those who disbelieve, detest or deny the phenomena of spiritism and its implications,—that three people are deliberate liars. Or that they are all suffering from identical hallucinations—something entirely unknown in psychiatric symptomatology.

These three people are my wife, Mr. Joseph de Wyckoff and myself, all of whom are honest, God-fearing people, who never yet have cut a throat, scuttled a ship, or told a deliberate lie—other than the “white lies” that grease the ways of social intercourse, and without which human association would be impossible.

Oh yes, two other participants in this demonstration I nearly forgot: The telephone operator of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who received the strange call, and put it through. And who would probably have been stupified with amazement or paralyzed with fear, had she known the identity of the person whose call she was putting through.

Also, the butler who answered the phone in Mr. de Wyckoff's home in Ramsy, New Jersey, and who was

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thunderstruck when de Wyckoff disclosed to him the next day the identity of the party to whom he had been talking.

However, here is the plain, unvarnished tale, the explanation of which we would all be glad to hear, from any of the millions who—either because of indifference, ignorance, or “economic determinism”—deny *in toto* the proven facts of spiritistic phenomena.

On the night in question, at 2:30 a.m. the phone bell rang in our apartment at 552 Riverside Drive, New York City. The phone is in the front room, which Mrs. Bowers uses as a living room during the day time and a sleeping room at night. I sleep in the back room of the apartment.

The bell continuing to ring, Mrs. Bowers arose from her bed, threw on a dressing gown, stepped over to the phone, lifted the receiver and spoke into the mouth-piece.

Immediately, and to her great astonishment, she heard the salutation “Hello Ouse” ring over the wire, in the unmistakable and unforgettable voice of Patsy, Frank Decker’s little familiar spirit.

I might say here that Patsy makes it his uniform practice to address almost everybody who comes to Decker’s seances by their first name—whether they be millionaire dowager, dignified corporation lawyer, captain of industry or a little stenographer. Also, he has that photographic memory for names and incidents that only the most proficient of hotel clerks ever seem to acquire.

Mrs. Bowers, of course, has spoken with Patsy dozens of times during the five or six years she has been intermittently attending Decker’s seances. Therefore, after the first surprise of hearing the boy talk over the phone she thought no more of it than she would of hearing the voice of any other dear friend who might call her up.

Patsy joked with her for a minute or two about the

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"surprise party" he was giving. He also said "And can you imagine, Ouise, the telephone girl, when I gave her your number, called me "Ma'am." "Ain't that a joke?" And he laughed that single explosive "har," familiar to everyone who has ever sat with Frank Decker.

Then he said, "Ouisse, I want to talk with Doc."

Mrs. Bowers demurred, saying "Patsy, Doctor's asleep. I don't want to wake him now. He may not be able to get to sleep again without taking something. You know how he is."

PATSY SAID "THIS IS IMPORTANT"

Patsy replied, "Yes, I know. But this is important. It's something *we want him to put in the book*. You wake him up and tell him Joe de Wyckoff is here and wants to talk to him."

Mrs. Bowers then came back, woke me, and delivered the message. I came in, picked up the receiver, and talked with Patsy for a minute or so, telling him how glad I was to greet him in this manner, and what a thrill it was to hear his voice over the phone.

He then said "Wait a minute. I'll put Joe on and he'll tell you all about it."

Within a few moments I heard Joe de Wyckoffs voice over the wire. "I couldn't wait," he said, "to tell you of the most phenomenal demonstration I have ever witnessed in all my life. I am so thrilled I can hardly speak."

De Wyckoff then went on to state that he had gone to Decker's apartment for a little visit. The time passed so quickly that he didn't realize it was so late. So he decided to remain in town over night and sleep in Decker's studio bed, while Decker occupied his own in the adjoining room.

About midnight he retired. Shortly after one o'clock de Wyckoff was awakened from a deep sleep. Someone

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was shaking him by the shoulder. With a start he looked up, and in the fairly bright light that came from an arc lamp outside—slightly below the level of the window—he saw a white shape. It seemed to be dressed in some sort of messenger boy's trim-fitting uniform. On its head was a white cap.

For an indefinite moment de Wyckoff was startled. Then he heard the familiar voice of Patsy saying, as though in reproach, "You're not afraid of me, are you, Joe?"

De Wyckoff reassured the spirit immediately: "Why, Patsy, my dear boy, how could I ever be afraid of you?"

Patsy seemed pleased with this assurance. Then he said, "We've got Frank in a great condition tonight. And we're going to show you some things you never saw before. Now, you close all the windows so you don't catch cold. Pull down the shades in Frank's room and shut out as much light as you can. Then put on your robe and sit up in bed, and you'll see something." And with this he moved swiftly across the floor and disappeared into Decker's room.

De Wyckoff did everything as instructed, noting also, while in Decker's room, that the medium was in a profound trance, and breathing stertorously.

PAVLOVA DANCES FOR A ONE MAN AUDIENCE

Presently from Decker's room—which the medium's guides were evidently using as a "cabinet" in which to gather and consolidate Decker's teleplasm, and mix it with the censigol gas, described elsewhere—a female form floated out.

Patsy's voice called out "It's Madam Pav-a-lo-va, Joe," accenting each syllable—and adding an extra one, for good measure. "She wants you to sing some Russian song, and she'll dance for you."

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De Wyckoff, who speaks most of the languages of Europe, began a little Russian song, used as a dancing tune by the peasants in the Ukraine.

Immediately, the fascinatingly graceful figure of Pavlova began to swirl and pirouette around the room, swinging a drapery which, at first, de Wyckoff thought was one of the sheets from Decker's bed. (Afterwards, however, he found that the bed had not been disturbed in the slightest).

The swirling draperies prevented de Wyckoff from seeing the face, which was evidently not fully materialized. The swift turning of the figure in the dance did disclose, however, the beautifully-formed limbs and feet of the dancer whom de Wyckoff had seen a score of times, in various capitals of the world.

To de Wyckoff it was as though Terpsichore, herself, had come back to earth to dislose to one man, at least, the beauty of the dance that achieved its highest development in ancient Greece.

After Pavlova had pirouetted back into Decker's room, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whom de Wyckoff had met several times, both in London and in New York, came over and spoke with him.

After Conan Doyle came Pythagoras, ancient Greek philosopher, and a frequent "visitor" at Decker's seances, Bert Wells, Jim Reilly, Dr. Stoddard and a number of others.

Then Lucille Weston, who in life had been a concert singer, "came through" and sang "Annie Laurie" in a beautifully modulated voice, distinctly recognizable to de Wyckoff as the voice of his old friend.

Finally, Patsy came over to the studio bed and said, "Joe, come on over here and sit on this couch, near the phone. I want to phone your wife."

De Wyckoff said "I don't believe she's home, Patsy. She went out to a bridge party this evening."

Patsy replied, "Well, we'll try, anyhow. It'll be good practice."

Then, to de Wyckoff's astonishment, de Wyckoff saw Patsy lift the receiver and heard him distinctly call the de Wyckoff home number in Ramsy, New Jersey. After waiting a minute, de Wyckoff heard his butler's voice answer the call. Patsy asked if Mrs. de Wyckoff was in. The butler answered that she had not yet come in.

Patsy put up the receiver and seemed to be thinking for a moment. Then with a note of real delight in his voice he said "I know: We'll call Doc Bowers."

De Wyckoff said "Do you know his number, Patsy?"

Patsy replied, "Sure I know it."

Again de Wyckoff saw Patsy lift the receiver from the hook, place it to his ear and talk into the mouthpiece. He heard the voice of the operator answering the call, on which Patsy half turned and said to de Wyckoff, "She called me 'ma'am,' " a belittlement of his masculinity which he seemed to resent just a bit, at the time.

The operator plugged in on our phone, Mrs. Bowers answered, and you know the rest. It was altogether a beautiful and inspiring experience.

Mrs. Bowers informs me that she has heard Patsy's voice over the phone once before. But this was over the shoulder of Mr. Decker, who was making the call and who, of course, handled the receiver himself.

However, the demonstration above narrated, constitutes a definite experience in materialization, independent voice and telekinesis. I wish it were possible for everyone in the world to have a similar experience.

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MR. DE WYCKOFF RECEIVES AN APPORT FROM SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Some little time before this incident Mr. de Wyckoff was handed an apport by the materialized spirit of his old friend, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Frank Decker was entranced when Sir Arthur came through and conversed for a minute or more with Mr. de Wyckoff. The subject of apports happened to be touched on in the discussion between these two able research workers—living in different dimensions.

Finally Sir Arthur said "Wait a while, I'll be back with an apport for you, de Wyckoff."

After a few minutes Sir Arthur came through again, spoke to de Wyckoff, and then slipped a little object—about three-eighths of an inch wide and a half inch long—into his hand.

"It's from my Egyptian collection in London," Sir Arthur said. "You keep it." And he was gone.

When the lights were turned on de Wyckoff saw that the object brought to him by the materialized spirit of Sir Arthur was an Egyptian scarab, beautifully fashioned, and evidently used as a seal on a ring.

Mr. de Wyckoff took the scarab to Dr. Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History, for classification, where Dr. Andrews' expert on Egyptology pronounced the scarab an authentic masterpiece of ancient Egyptian origin.

I have seen the scarab, which seems as beautifully and delicately executed as though Cellini, or some old Chinese master artificer, had carved it out of jade or old ivory.

The envelope in which Mr. de Wyckoff carries the relic, obtained in this strange manner, is inscribed "SOUVENIR TALISMAN. To be carried by one on journey.

THE SPIRIT WHO CALLED UP ON THE PHONE

“Egyptian scarab, brought as an apport from his Egyptian collection, and placed in my hand by my developed friend, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, at a sitting with Frank Decker in the class room of “Bureau for Psychical Science and Demonstration of Psychic Phenomena,” July 19, 1932; at 11:30 p.m.

“Sir Arthur’s hand was perfectly materialized—his voice was as resonant as it was in his life on earth.

The American Museum pronounced the scarab to be about three thousand years old.”

How will the spirit-baiters explain this?

Chapter VIII

A SCIENTIST CONFIRMS REPORTS OF FRANK DECKER'S MEDIUMSHIP

THROUGHOUT these pages I have had frequent occasion to refer to the striking phenomena produced by Frank Decker, under conditions of strictest control.

So remarkable are many of these phenomena that accounts of them are regarded by the great majority of people as Muenchausen yarns. And this, notwithstanding the fact that I could produce several hundred people who have witnessed them and who would be only too happy to confirm what I have here stated.

The clear-headed and sober-minded skeptic is usually inclined to dismiss any recital of my personal experiences in Decker's and other seances as the babblings of one afflicted with senile dementia, or as ravings characteristically noted in alcoholic delirium.

So radically opposed to all ordinary experiences are these unvarnished accounts that the saner-than-thou unbelievers feel themselves justified in assuring themselves that I am either a knave or fool.

Or else that I, and the two million or more people in this country alone who believe as I do are credulous dupes, suffering from hallucinations, or laboring under the influence of auto-suggestion.

It is for this reason that I should like to present, at this time, evidence confirming what I have stated and restated in these pages. This evidence consists of three reports of phenomena produced by Frank Decker, written by John

O'Neill, now science editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

It is Mr. O'Neill's "job" to write authoritatively of scientific matters, and to state facts in his wide field—clearly, carefully and in a manner calculated to inspire "reader interest."

I have known O'Neill for many years, and consider him unusually well qualified in all matters concerning science and research. However, his reports, first printed in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, and subsequently reprinted or referred to by papers in every part of the English-speaking world would indicate that my good friend is suffering from the same form of dementia as afflicted his confrere, the late Dr. Pupin, Professor of Physics at Columbia; Sir Oliver Lodge, who is also a professor of physics, and hundreds of other men whose training qualifies them for authoritative statement on scientific matters generally.

And, may I add right here that psychic research and the evaluation of psychic phenomena are highly specialized branches of science, regardless of what the uninformed or prejudiced multitude may think of the subject. Here is the evidence of Mr. O'Neill. Am I more gullible or credulous than he is?

SCIENCE EDITOR "TAKEN FOR A WALK"
—BY GHOST

LED THROUGH STYGIAN DARKNESS AND GUIDED BY
ENORMOUS HANDS, WRITER TOUCHED AND ACCOUNTS
FOR ALL PERSONS IN ROOM EXCEPT "IT"

By JOHN J. O'NEILL
(*Science Editor of "The Brooklyn Eagle"*)

I took a walk in the dark with a ghost. It was a real, honest-to-goodness ghost — one that materialized out of

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something less than thin air and went back into the same nothingness. But while he was materialized he had hands so big that if they were rolled into fists they would strike terror to the heart of a Sharkey or a Schmeling—except that they didn't have any bones in them.

In spite of their bonlessness they had a firmness that enabled the ghost to manipulate the fingers with as much control as I have over my own, and there was a suppleness to them as of sponge rubber.

WRITER WAS TOO CRITICAL

I received this demonstration because I exhibited what was, from the ghostly point of view, too much scientific caution. I was too critical, perhaps, in some of my spoken observations and too willing to offer purely physical possible explanations of seance incidents. I was critical of the "spirits" for not having developed their technique sufficiently to produce phenomena in a lighted room. I was critical of what the other sitters described as a cool breeze.

I maintained that it was not a breeze at all that they felt, but a lowering of the temperature of their bodies at the point where they felt a breeze, this lowering of the temperature to be accounted for by the conduction of heat away from these parts of the body by some means which I could not explain, but it was not a breeze.

BUT IT CANNOT BE EXPLAINED

Finally the ghost offered to show me something which I might care to explain. I will be frank to state that I am unable to explain it on the basis of any known facts, rules, principles or procedure known to physics, mechanics, optics, physiology or related sciences.

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"Stand up and turn around, Mr. O'Neill," said the ghost. I did.

"Don't be afraid. You will not be harmed in any way," continued the voice, "But there is one promise I want you to make. I want you promise not to try to grab me. You will not harm me by doing so. There is nothing you can do to harm me, but if you do try it you may injure the medium."

I gave my promise without reservations of any kind.

"You know how many people are in this room, Mr. O'Neill?"

"Yes. There are 12 human beings in the room," I replied.

"I will take hold of you and lead you around the room and we'll count them. Don't be afraid now."

A SEVEN FOOT GHOST

Two enormous hands grasped my arms from behind and I then understood the reason for the warnings against being afraid. I never before saw such big hands as I now felt wrapped around my arms and moving me gently but firmly forward. If the owner were built in proportion he would be seven feet tall and mighty husky. I felt that he was towering over me by about two feet.

They were peculiar hands. I could feel the grip of the thumb and each of the fingers. Each finger seemed to be an inch and a half in diameter. The whole did not feel like a smaller human hand encased in a covering.

FELT EVERY PERSON IN THE ROOM

I stepped forward with an assurance that surprised me and was turned to a halt in front of one of the sitters. My arms were moved forward and my hands rested on a person's head. The person spoke and I recognized him or her.

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The process was repeated for each person in the room. I could not see the faintest outline in the pitch darkness, yet I unerringly stopped in front of each sitter and placed my hands accurately on each head—my movements controlled, of course, by the ghost. I was finally placed in front of the medium and the ghost placed my hands on his head and his shoulders, his body, his knees. The medium spoke and I identified him.

The medium was Frank Decker.

"He wants you to make a full examination of me so you can be sure that it is the ghost who is doing this and I have nothing to do with it," said Decker.

CONVINCED IT WAS NOT DECKER

"Well, I've got hold of your arms, Decker, and I'm stepping on your feet, while the ghost has hold of me from behind, so I'm convinced you are not doing it," I replied.

"That is all," said the ghost. "You may go to your seat, Mr. O'Neill." He released his grip and I stood alone before the medium.

"Thank you. That was very interesting," I said to my ghost escort. "I can find my way to my seat very easily. I know just where it is."

I felt sure that with my sense of direction and a bit of dead reckoning I could cover the distance quite accurately. But I spoke prematurely.

LOST SENSE OF DIRECTION

I had hardly gone three steps before I fell over a sitter. When the person identified himself I discovered that I had started out in the wrong direction. I made the necessary corrections in my calculations and started out again. Again I stumbled. Offers of assistance were spoken, but I urged

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no one to tell me where my chair was, as I wished to find it myself. A few more attempts and as many failures and I was willing to admit that if the persons who had sat on either side of me would speak perhaps it would save time for all concerned. Even then I found the extended hands of my neighbors more helpful than any sense of direction gained from the sound of their voices.

TRICKERY INADEQUATE

Up to that time I hadn't given the ghost the credit he was entitled to for the accuracy with which he led me around that room. That ghost could see in the dark, or he had some other sense than that which we use for seeing. The explanation which involves trickery I dismissed as totally inadequate.

Even tricksters cannot see in the dark, or if they can they are using in their trickery a faculty or a power that is worthy of far more sincere and useful application.

If a power akin to human vision is used by the ghost, then the ghostly eye, or whatever takes its place, must be capable of seeing radiations that are not visible to human eyes, and such radiation must be issuing from the human body. I am not stating proven facts, but discussing logical conclusions from what, as a scientist, I must consider limited observations.

MORE EVIDENCE NECESSARY

As to the "materialism" of the ghost, much more evidence is necessary before any discussion, other than a mere report of what occurred, can take place. I am inclined to think that a thorough-going scientific investigation might bring to light some interesting and useful results.

Many more incidents took place, including, I might men-

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tion, the repetition by the ghost of a whispered conversation I had with Joseph Dunninger, the magician, in a hotel several months ago. The incidents mentioned, however, are sufficient to give an indication of the nature of the others.

The ghost identified himself as Bert Wells. His mother was in the room. She told me her son died several years ago at the age of 35, and that he was the physically big man that I described the ghost as being.

* * * * *

A few months later Mr. O'Neill reported another interesting experience, much more wonderful than his first. Here is the account.

EAGLE SCIENCE EDITOR LEVITATED BY GHOSTS THAT SEE IN THE DARK

OBSERVER IS LIFTED TOWARD CEILING AFTER MAKING
TEST OF ABILITY OF SPOOKS TO TOUCH HIM TWICE
IN SAME SPOT IN INKY BLACK ROOM

By JOHN J. O'NEILL
(*Science Editor of the "Brooklyn Eagle"*)

This time I was levitated by a ghost—lifted half way toward the ceiling and suddenly released. Two ghosts participated in the performance, but only one did the lifting.

A few months ago I reported an experience in which I was led through quite a complicated performance in a darkened room by ghostly hands. That was the ghost's response to my critical observations. I was asked to explain how it was done. I couldn't.

This time my criticism was anticipated. I had merely asked for an exact repetition of a piece of phenomena. The

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repetition was given. Then as a bit of additional evidence I was led from my chair and with little ceremony lifted from the floor.

The first bit of phenomenon took place within two minutes after the dozen persons present had recited in unison the Lord's Prayer and sung a hymn. Then followed the silence of the tomb. Suddenly, out of the silence and inky darkness, water was sprinkled on my face. In quick succession others reported the same experience.

When the sitters announced that they had been sprinkled with water a voice that appeared to come from the center of the circle and somewhat above the level of the heads of the sitters announced: "I did that. Don't be afraid. This is Patsy."

I don't know what Patsy is, in a physical way, but I have conversed with him on numerous occasions and have felt his hands just as frequently. He is a good-natured personality, with a keen sense of humor and satire.

SKEPTIC TAPPED

Two trumpets began to move around the room. Persons reported that they were touched by the trumpets. One rather skeptical individual reported that he was struck on the knees with a steady tattoo on trumpet taps. His knees were struck alternately with a steady rhythm of taps, nearly two dozen taps being counted. The aim was perfect, he reported.

A steady banter was kept up between Patsy and the sitters, the ready wit of the voice being equal to the sallies of the sitters.

A small hand pressed itself against the side of my face. It was the small, chubby hand of a child and felt not at all

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unpleasant. It remained against my face for about five seconds.

"Do you feel that, John?" asked the voice.

"I do, Patsy. Is that you touching me?" I said.

"Yes, that's me," said the voice, rather dryly, and the hand left my face.

"Could you touch me again in exactly the same place, Patsy?" I asked.

"Sure I am," said Patsy.

"Will you prove it by doing so?"

LITTLE DIFFERENCE NOTED

Hardly had I asked the question when the hand was returned to my face. A quarter of an inch would account for the difference in the positions of the fingers and the palm, in the first contact and the second. It remained in contact for several seconds.

The room was in total darkness. A single contact in the dark might be accounted for in several ways, but a second touch in exactly the same place makes it a phenomenon very difficult to explain. It requires powers of vision not possessed by at least seven of the persons in the room who were later led partly around the circle by ghostly hands and were unable to find their way back to their chairs unaided.

NECKLACE REMOVED

The next bit of phenomena was the removal by Patsy of a necklace from the neck of one of the women present, transporting it across the room and placing it in the hands of an artist who was among the sitters. The clasp of the necklace was very small and it required careful handling to open it, even in the light.

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Patsy returned to me. His chubby little hand took hold of my left hand and raised it and another small hand took hold of my right hand in the same way. There was no fumbling around to find my hands. I was gently pulled up to a standing position.

"I'm going to show you something, John," said the voice.

"Going to take me for a walk, Patsy?"

"We are going to levitate you."

LARGER HANDS AID

A larger pair of hands took hold of me from behind while the small chubby hands of Patsy held my hands in front.

"How many hands have you got, Patsy?" I asked.

"This is Bert Wells. I am going to levitate you alone," said the voice in back of my head and Patsy let go of my hands as the other ghost took a firmer grip. The hands of the ghost in back of me were quite large and I could feel the manipulation of the fingers quite plainly as they wrapped themselves around my arms, under the armpits.

When the lifting pressure was applied I stood erect and held my full weight to the floor. My weight is only about 130 pounds and I was quite willing to let my friend the ghost have the full benefit of every ounce of it.

TILTED BACKWARD

I found myself tilted backward over something which, judging from the position of the hands that held me, should be the torso of the ghost—that is if ghosts have the same general anatomy as human beings. My weight was being partly supported by the chest and abdomen of the ghost, or what would be these portions of the anatomy of the ghost, if ghosts had such.

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This ghost, however, had no chest, or at least no frame of ribs. There were no bones in the ghost at all. All that I could feel of him had the resilience of rubber, and yet there was a rigidity that is not associated with rubber.

NO SHINS TO KICK

The ghost did not sag under my weight as my feet left the floor. My feet dangled back where the feet of the ghost ought to be if he were built along human lines in that portion of his structure. My heels should have kicked his shins, but they could find no trace of shins to make contact with. The ghost seemed to fade into nothingness at about the point where the umbilicus ought to be.

I was not in this position many seconds. I felt myself slid upward on the bosom of the ghost, who then straightened up and held me dangling in the air in front of him and away from contact with him. A few seconds in this position and I was lifted a couple of feet higher by the hands that held me under the armpits and around the shoulder.

STRANGE EXPERIENCE

Being supported by the soft rubbery and boneless hands that I could feel distinctly and by the equally rubbery and resilient column that held me swaying in the air with an ease from which all strain seemed to be lacking was a strange new sensation for me. I was somewhat surprised to discover that I was not frightened. I tried to see under me, around me, and in back of me. It was pitch black. I could see nothing.

"I am being levitated. I am up somewhere near the ceiling," I announced when I was up there for a time that I judge was about ten seconds.

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DROPS WITH A THUD

As soon as I made that announcement I came down on the floor with a thud. I judge I dropped about three feet. I was surprised at the manner in which I was released. The hands did not accompany me on my downward trip. They just disappeared like a flash and I was free to obey the laws of gravitation, which I did promptly.

On regaining my seat I found a hand thrust into mine. It was a very human hand of flesh and bones. I asked whose hand it was and the woman next to me said it was her hand, but that Patsy was holding it there. "She can tell you why it is there," said Patsy. "What do you want me to do with it?" I asked. "Use your own judgment," he replied.

WOMAN'S HAND HELD BACK

The woman then explained that when I was being levitated she tried to reach out and touch the ghost, but that she hardly extended her hand when Patsy took hold of it and held it until the phenomenon was over.

"What kind of eyes have you that you can see so well in the dark, Patsy?" I asked. "Cat's eyes," he shot back with a laugh.

Seven of the sitters were in turn led partly around the circle directed by the hands of the ghostly guides. One of them was stopped in front of the medium and caused to slap Decker on the head as evidence that the medium was in his place and not taking part in the march.

HIS MESSAGE FOR PATSY

Before going to the seance I had written something on a sheet of paper and sealed it in an envelope which I addressed to Patsy, expecting that he would appear. I had it in my pocket.

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"I have something in my pocket for you, Patsy," I said.

"Stand up," he said, taking my hands and pulling me out of the chair. "Which pocket?" he asked, digging his hands into both my outside coat pockets. He reached into them from behind, whereas an instant before he was in front of me.

"You ought to know without asking me. It has your name on it, and you should be able to read what is in it without opening the envelope. You have done it before," I said.

HANDS FIND ENVELOPE

"Sure I have. But I can't do it tonight," said Patsy.

"You should be able to find it, at least," I said. "It is in my inside coat pocket."

Instantly a hand shot across my chest, reached inside my coat with an aim that was perfect, and pulled out the trunkful of papers that I carry in my inside pocket. The pocket was completely cleaned out, faster than I have ever been able to get the papers out myself. I returned to my seat.

"Is it this smooth one?" asked Patsy.

"No, that is my commutation ticket in a celluloid holder. Don't lose that," I warned.

TICKET LANDS IN LAP

It came scaling across the room and landed in my lap. It was followed by the rest of the papers in a short time after Patsy announced he had found the long envelope but couldn't read it tonight.

At the close of the seance I asked a man who was present, and who is quite a husky gentleman to lift me from the floor so that I would have a standard of comparison in

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mind against which I could co-ordinate my levitation experience. My conclusion is that the levitation by the ghost was not accomplished by any of the ordinary human methods and there was not even a suggestion of anything mechanical about the experience.

I cannot explain what happened at this seance on the basis of any of the known physical laws. And I might mention that knowledge of the physical laws and their application is the basis of my daily work, which keeps me in constant touch with scientists and technicians in their laboratories and workshops, and occasionally with magicians.

I have attended many seances and at them apply the lessons of caution common to both newspaper work and scientific work. Scoffing at results does not explain them. The phenomena observed are worthy of the highest type of scientific research.

* * * * *

At a later date Mr. O'Neill reported a "chemical discovery," made by an old alchemist, dead these two hundred years. To my mind it is a fascinating experience, and points the possibility of something I have long contended—that is, the cooperation of those on this side of the veil with those on the other side, to the end that certain chemical formulae might be elaborated, new inventions brought into the world, improved methods of diagnosing and treating diseases developed, the field of general knowledge extended, and a larger and more satisfactory existence made possible to us, here on this earth plane.

However, here is Mr. O'Neill's interesting report on Dr. Stoddard's discovery.

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"SPIRIT" DEMONSTRATES "CHEMICAL" DISCOVERY

"DR. WILBUR STODDARD," ALCHEMIST OF 200 YEARS AGO,
WORKING THROUGH FRANK DECKER, MEDIUM, PRODUCES
ILLUMINATED TELEPATHIC IMAGE

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

Science Editor of *The Brooklyn Eagle*

A new "chemical" discovery has been made in the spirit world. This discovery made possible the projection of a telepathic image in brilliantly illuminated lines on a screen that seemed to consist of nothing but a slice of black space.

This discovery was made, according to information furnished by Dr. Wilbur Stoddard, an alchemist who lived in England about 200 years ago, and who since leaving the earth has continued to engage in scientific research work in the spirit world.

According to this same information this "chemical" discovery was made possible by a previous "electrical" discovery by which psychic phenomena could be produced without drawing an excess amount of energy from the medium.

DECKER AS MEDIUM

The phenomena in which these "chemical and electrical discoveries" were demonstrated took place with Frank Decker as the medium.

During the seance the voice of an Indian who identified himself as Red Fox came through. This voice came through at previous seances and it was not hard to recognize. I criticized Red Fox for failing to make good a promise he made to me. He said Indians always keep their promises.

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I then expressed doubt that he was an Indian. The voice then asked me if I remembered the promise made. I said I did and was ready to tell all the people in the room about it, to let them know that the promise was not kept.

"Say nothing now. Me give you test tonight," said Red Fox. He then directed that each person in the circle take hold of the hands of the neighbors on either side and step on each other's feet so that every one in the room would be controlled. This was done.

Suddenly an outline picture of the head and shoulders of an Indian in feather head-dress appeared in brilliant lines of light in the middle of the room a couple of feet above the level of our heads.

It remained directly in front of me at a distance that seemed to be five feet for about ten or fifteen seconds. It then started to turn, to face the other sitters in the circle. As it turned it curved, and for several seconds I was able to see one-half of it directly and the other half by reflection in a large mirror at the end of the room. Finally I saw the whole image reversed in the mirror. The apparition then disappeared, after being visible for about a minute.

IN BRILLIANT BLUE FLAME

The light in which the picture appeared was a brilliant blue of considerable intensity. I have experimented with a great many luminescent compounds and substances that fluoresce under ultra violet light and have never been able to get effects as brilliant as the lights in this picture.

The closest approach to it was obtained in a university laboratory in Manhattan when a fluorescence was obtained in an ultra violet sensitive compound by means of a powerful arc light, and then only when it was held close to the arc. The picture in the seance was not produced in this way. It

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is not easy to conceal the presence of an arc light, and it would have been necessary to have it move around the room in front of the picture.

The picture had the appearance of being painted in glowing pigments on a black cardboard. It would be difficult to produce a black cardboard that would be totally invisible in a bright light and the background upon which the picture appeared was entirely invisible. Yet when the picture turned around it could not be seen directly from the back as if the medium upon which it appeared was completely opaque. But the reflection from the front of it was seen in the mirror.

After the picture disappeared Red Fox asked me to tell the whole story of his promise. What I told is substantially as follows:

At a seance held at Lillydale in Western New York last summer I asked Red Fox if he could materialize so I could see what he looked like. He said a Mrs. Baxter in Lillydale, a medium who paints under spirit control, would produce a picture of him for me. Visiting Mrs. Baxter the next day she showed me a drawing she had made under control that morning. It was a crayon sketch of an Indian in full feather head-dress, a sketch such as artists make on canvas before applying paints. I had never received the finished picture.

The picture which appeared in the strange lines of light was an exact duplicate of the picture which had been produced on canvas by Mrs. Baxter eight months previously, and 500 miles away.

I asked Red Fox how the picture was produced and he said Dr. Stoddard had produced it with a new chemical invention that he had perfected since coming over into the spirit world. I asked Red Fox if he would have Dr. Stoddard come through as I would like to discuss the invention with him. He said I would be able to talk to Dr. Stoddard

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some time later, but the conversation would be through Red Fox.

HAD APPEARED AT HOME, HE SAID

I recalled to Red Fox another promise he made to me—that he would appear in my home, so I could be sure no paraphernalia was used. He said he had been at my home several times and that I knew he was there, but I was in too active a condition. “You felt me when I was there,” said Red Fox. “Were you there last Tuesday night?” I asked. “Me there. You feel me on your face and on your neck,” he replied.

“What were you trying to do?” I asked him. “Me trying to get into your body,” he replied.

“What did you intend to do after you got into my body?” I asked.

“That’s all tonight. Goodbye.” And Red Fox was gone without giving me an answer.

His statement was correct to the extent that on the night mentioned I was suddenly awakened from a sleep into which I was just sinking by the consciousness that something had shaped itself to the contour of the side of my face and neck and was pressing on that part of my anatomy. I made a sudden grab for it. Something swished by my face. I switched on the lights and examined the room closely. No one could have gotten out of the room and there was no sign of anything strange in the room.

Patsy came through after Red Fox left and I sought more information from him about Dr. Stoddard’s invention. He confirmed the information that the “chemical” invention was made possible by Dr. Stoddard’s electrical invention by means of which it was possible to get better phenomena without taking so much energy from the medium.

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OFFERS HELP

I told Patsy that Dr. Stoddard was passing up a good opportunity in not letting me in on his problems, as I had a great amount of information and facilities at my disposal which could be used in connection with his efforts, and if we worked together we could swap information that would be of mutual help.

Patsy urged me to be patient, stating that I would receive a great deal of information that would be helpful, but I must not try to rush things. "Some time I will materialize for you and then you will see what I look like. You will see I have the map of Ireland all over my face," said Patsy.

* * * * *

Mr. O'Neill's experience with "chemical discovery" convinces me, more than ever, that before long we shall be the recipients of help from the other side, to a far greater degree than we ever have before. Or that we would have ever have thought possible.

Chapter IX

THE MAGICIAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP DECKER LOCKED IN A MAIL SACK

I have always contended that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well.

Therefore, I take great satisfaction in the performance of one "trick" that would give all the magicians in the world a terrible headache if only they were fully acquainted with its details, or if they could have witnessed the chagrin and discomfiture of one of their guild, sent up by the President of the American Society of Magicians to prove Frank Decker a clever trickster—the braying, haw-hawing account of which proof would have made the front pages of every newspaper in the United States.

However, Decker triumphed in this crucial test. Consequently the magician mentioned was, so to speak, roped, hog-tied, branded and sent back to his masters—smarting with the humiliation of defeat. So no mention of this really important incident was ever made in any newspaper or magazine with which this gullible and soft-headed writer is familiar.

I am particularly reminded of this interesting episode by a recent interview, published in the New York Evening Journal, in which Joseph Dunninger, known to his thousands of wild-eyed admirers as the "Wizard of the Bronx" (*this means where he lives, not what he drinks*) tells a very goofy-looking reporter:

"You have come for an interview, haven't you?" he said.

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"Yes," the reporter said. "You see, I—"

"I know all about that," Dunninger said with an impatient wave of his hand. "Let's see, you wanted to talk to me about—spiritualism?"

"Yes," faltered the visitor. "How did you—"

But Dunninger was already talking. He stroked the head of his Persian cat, Mimi, as he talked, and the cat looked up at her master.

"It's a fake," he said. "Spiritualism is a fake. There is nothing supernatural about these things. Out of hundreds, I have never seen one whose phenomena I could not duplicate by trickery."

"It is easy, is it not, Mimi?" he said to the cat. "Any child of three can do the same thing—after 30 years of practice."

He chuckled.

"Sometimes they are clever, very clever, indeed," he continued. "Frank Decker was one of the cleverest of them all. But he was not clever enough for us, was he, Mimi?"

"We sat him in a box with only his head protruding—we made him take off all his clothes. Still he managed to produce ghosts. Trumpets that floated and weird voices that came out of them."

All very weird—and exceedingly stupid. Especially when the "Wizard of the Bronx" admits, in a newspaper article, read by several hundred thousand people, "Still he (Frank Decker) managed to produce his ghosts. Trumpets that floated and weird voices that came out of them."

Which only goes to prove that even a magician can't keep his foot out of his mouth *always*—and still babble the childish nonsense that Dunninger is perennially spouting, in his impotent attempts to prove all Spiritualist mediums

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frauds and tricksters, and those who believe in the philosophy of Spiritism a pitiful rabble of gullibles.

A NEW TRICK FOR MAGICIANS TO TRY ON THEIR BAG-PIPES

However, here is a new one "that any child of three can do—after thirty years of practice," as Dunninger tells us—if this silly chatter makes the slightest sense to anyone who understands and uses English.

I quote the details verbatim from an article in the *Psychic World*, written by my good friend, Mr. Joseph de Wyckoff, a man who has spent forty odd years as an investigator of psychic phenomena.

Mr. de Wyckoff was for many years president of the Vanadium Corporation of America, and is known and respected among the greatest financiers and business executives of America for his ability, sound judgment and shrewd common sense. Not at all the kind of man likely to be duped by a cheap trickster, or to become an hysterical subject of hallucinations.

Joe de Wyckoff has traveled all over the world, searching for new mediums. It was he who introduced Harry Price to Rudi Schneider.

After sitting with all kinds of mediums, Mr. de Wyckoff believes that Frank Decker is the greatest of them all. "The scientists can name any conditions," he said. "They can put Decker in a steel cage. They can be with him in the cage, and still the phenomena will occur.

"For years I have planned to bring home the truth of psychic phenomena to the world of Science."

I state these few facts merely to establish a background for a man who is unusually well equipped to evaluate the work of a medium, and whose ability and honesty I regard as absolutely unquestionable.

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Here is de Wyckoff's account of an experience in which he and twenty-three others participated—a memorandum concerning which was signed by *every sitter* present, and which de Wyckoff would be only too happy to show to any honest skeptic, for critical verification.

MAGICIAN IS PERPLEXED

To the Editor,

THE PSYCHIC WORLD MONTHLY:

Since the days of the late Harry Houdini many professional entertainers, known as conjurers, sleight-of-hand artists, hypnotists, etc., in emulating their protagonist have made individual and organized efforts to discredit Spiritualist Mediums and the phenomena of Spiritualism.

The usual procedure is to arrange a seance with a more or less developed medium with the ostensible purpose of "testing" under rigid control conditions the phenomena of *physical* mediumship.

The writer has no quarrel with these gentlemen; they are entitled to make every bona-fide investigation in the field of objective psychic phenomena, or any other field for that matter, but unfortunately experience has demonstrated that the invariable verdict of the Magic fraternity with one or two exceptions (Thurston and Will Goldston) has been that, "*No supernormal or occult forces* are responsible for anything that occurs at such seances." Moreover, the gentlemen of Magic announce with much gusto, after an experiment with some prominent medium, that they can *duplicate* the phenomena of the seance room by normal means. Hence the inference that mediumship is a *sham* and Spiritualist mediums are *impostors*.

In this they are ably seconded by reporters whom they invite to these "test" seances. The writer is free to say that

the average reporter is as innocent of knowledge of the psychic as is a young schoolboy.

Be that as it may—an incident occurred on December 8th, 1932, in New York, worthy of publicity. It is sure to cause important repercussion in Magicians' circles and, at no distant day, in the world of Orthodox Science as well—although no reporters were present. The incident is a *direct challenge* not only to the Magicians of the stage and drawing room, but to men of Science and *all those* of higher mentalities.

It occurred at the Bureau for SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION AND DEMONSTRATION OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, New York City. The Bureau enjoys the services of Mr. Frank Decker, a medium of most extraordinary merit and in whose presence *all phenomena* known to psychic students have been repeatedly witnessed, except "Spirit Photography," for which as yet he has not been tested. He is in deep trance when the phenomena occur.

On the evening aforesaid a dapper stranger, unknown to anyone of the twenty-three men and women present, entered the seance room just prior to the commencement of the sitting.

He signed the requisite card at the Secretary's desk in the office, giving his name and address: M. Taylor, 1427 Broadway, New York City. He was well dressed and of good appearance, and no one objected to his presence.

Just as Mr. Decker took his customary seat in the center of the large seance room Mr. Taylor unwrapped a large brand new U. S. Mail sack of regulation water-proof fabric, some six feet long and wide enough to hold the medium's body, and proposed to encase the medium into it.

When asked if some other more humane method of control would not satisfy him, Mr. Taylor replied that he acted

under instructions of the President of the American Society of Magicians, and that as delegate and member of that Society he was obliged to carry out his instructions. Also stated that he himself was a sleight-of-hand artist.

Mr. Decker, after being searched by the Magician, entered the sack. Mr. Taylor drew it up to the medium's neck and all those present, including the writer, confidently expected that the sack would thus be tightened around the medium's neck and securely locked, leaving his head exposed for breathing. But the delegate of the Magicians' Society insisted that the medium's *head must also go into the sack*.

To the experienced students present this seemed like wanton cruelty to Mr. Decker. A storm of protests at this procedure was directed at Mr. Taylor. However Mr. Decker calmly announced that "he was willing to undergo any test involving his mediumship, if respiration within the enclosed sack was at all possible." It appeared dubious—but Mr. Taylor gave every assurance that there was no danger in this respect. Accordingly Mr. Decker seated himself, the sack was drawn up well over his head, the folds adroitly gathered in above by the magician, an iron rod some one-and-a-half inches in diameter and as long as the width of the sack was dexterously passed through the brass-lined holes at the top, a formidable Yale lock at each end of the rod "clicked" ominously, and the audience stood aghast. The magician produced a couple of private seals, carefully sealed the locks where the key is inserted, and took his seat.

His was the first inning—but it was also his last. The lights were switched off. Harmony was restored by singing. Almost immediately Patsy (one of the Spirit-Broadcasters) spoke to Mr. Taylor. "Mr. Mystery Man, if we take the sack off Mr. Decker will you give us the sack?"

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Mr. Taylor replied, "Certainly I will, with pleasure."

Patsy insisted, "Will you autograph it "

Mr. Taylor answered, "I surely will."

The singing was resumed and within less than twenty minutes the exultant voice of Patsy shouted, "Hurrah! The sack is ours!" and the empty sack was deposited in the lap of one of the sitters. The circle applauded, and very soon phenomena occurred in abundance and great variety, Mr. Decker still being in a trance, each sitter holding the next sitter's hand—forming an unbroken circle. *Telekinesis, strong and loud voices, playing musical instruments, flashes of brilliant lights on walls and ceiling, levitation of sitters, including the Magician, and a marvelous exhibition of juggling a trumpet with luminous band at superhuman speed all over the room.* In all, some ten distinct personalities manifested and spoke, some of them carrying on animated conversation with the Magician.

When Mr. Decker came out of the trance about one-and-a-half hours after the seance started and the lights were again turned on, the mail sack was in the lap of a sitter, a prominent member of the Bureau. *Locks and seals were intact, as vouched for by the Magician himself, with an appropriate inscription over his signature upon the fabric of the sack as demanded by one of the invisible operators, (Patsy).*

How was Mr. Decker liberated? Who liberated him? Who was responsible for the other phenomena?

The liberation of the medium from the sack, locks and seals remaining intact, with no signs of incision, is unassailable!

JOSEPH DE WYCKOFF.

SPIRITUALISM'S CHALLENGE

The reader may be interested to know how Decker's guides explain his "trick" in getting out of the bag. According to Patsy and Bert Wells, Decker's guides merely *dematerialized* the electronic constituents of the bag, then *rematerialized* them—with Decker on the *outside* of the bag, this time.

It's all very simple. Too bad some of the vociferous berators of Spiritism and its phenomena—more particularly gentlemen of the "pea-shell" and "egg-in-you-ear proclivities"—can't take a little time away from blowing adolescent puff-balls and duplicate, under identical conditions, some of these phenomena we are describing in this book.

RIDDLE ME THIS

I should like to ask Mr. Arthur Brisbane, whom I regard as the greatest editorial writer in the world, and for whose amazing grasp of general knowledge I have the profoundest admiration, how he would explain Decker's release from a closed, locked and doubly-sealed mail sack—assuming that Patsy's explanation of the method be rejected as ridiculous and improbable.

In fact, it would be interesting to note what this giant among writing and thinking men would have to say concerning *any* of the hundred or more equally remarkable demonstrations I have mentioned in this book, apart from dismissing the matter with a pooh-pooh of good natured ridicule, or a sympathetic pat on the head for anyone so lacking in good judgment and reasoning power as to accept this balderdash as the truth.

Father Bernard Vaugn, the Rev. L. A. Ewart, and many other fulminators against spiritism contend that, even granting that there is any truth in psychic phenomena, intelligences thus conjured up "are merely devils from hell," "satanic

spirits," bent on wrecking the minds, morals and bodies of their pitifully duped victims.

I should like to ask these babbling morons—ignorant of even the rudiments of what is now a proven and accepted philosophy—a *philosophy upon which the very teachings of their own church is based*—what sort of "devils" and "satanic spirits" are these who frequent seances such as I have been describing in these pages.

And in which every seance is opened by the circle saying the Lord's Prayer in unison, followed by the singing of one or two hymns, in order to help bring about conditions in which the spirits do their best work.

It is a mad world, my masters. But perhaps the maddest thing about it is the opposition and antagonism shown toward a philosophy that would unquestionably develop tolerance, harmony, and social, political and economic justice among men.

For if spiritism were universally accepted the snarling, selfish beast-man who now reddens the world with blood, who starves innocent or ignorant millions, while a few wallow in wealth, who is more cruel than the Hyrcan tiger, guilty of a thousand heinous crimes never even *thought* of by a Tasmanian devil or a shark, would reform himself.

He would not dare pile a mountain of crimes upon his twisted, shallow soul.

For spiritualism, with its absolute assurance of the implacable rendering of after-death accounts; its definite proofs *that vicarious atonement is a lie*—concocted for the purpose of fattening the already fat paunch of the Church—and that each of us, *personally*, must atone for wrongs done on this plane of experience, would revolutionize human relations.

It would furnish *absolute proof* that only by leading a decent, humane, spiritual life can one hope for peace, pro-

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gress and advancement in the next life—and in the whatever other lives there are to come.

And, this would be a philosophy and a status well worth working for.

Chapter X

"JIM" RILEY — MASTER MATERIALIZING MEDIUM

I never met "Jim" Riley in the flesh, although I have fraternized with him at least fifty different times since he "passed over."

"Farmer Riley," as he was generally known, was one of those unsung "high-lights" in spiritualism—as was my dear friend, May Vanderbilt Pepper and Dr. Robert Moore, greatest of all materializing mediums with whom I have had *personal* contact.

For, strangely enough, none of these three highly-developed mediums are mentioned in the splendid "History of Spiritualism," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, nor in any of the very considerable number of books I have read on the subject of psychic phenomena.

And by the way, this same lack of "historical" recognition applies also to Frank Decker, who has been in this work since 1926, and who is regarded by many competent students of psychics as the most gifted and most generally dependable of all contemporary mediums.

Jim Riley is a *personality*—shrewd, witty, yet a profound student of spiritism and its phenomena. I recall a number of little "talks" I have had with him concerning "rappings," the moving of objects by means of ectoplasmic rods, the spiritual evolution of criminals, degenerates and defectives, and the function of "guides" in enlarging the spiritual consciousness and psychic powers of those whom the "higher forces" deem worthy of assistance.

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I recall one evening in which Jim discoursed with seeming authority respecting the possibility of utilizing the long wave of the ultra-red ray in photographing spirits, materialized in dark room seance. He suggested that scientists at the General Electric or the Westinghouse companies might be definitely interested in cooperating in these experiments with a light-wave of relatively low vibrational rate.

This, by the way, is only one of the many studies we plan to undertake, as soon as the opportunity presents.

HOW RILEY DEVELOPED HIS AMAZING POWERS

As stated in another chapter, Riley and his wife sat across the table from each other almost every night for six months—with their hands outstretched and palms resting on the table.

Then, one night, just as they were about to give up, the table suddenly lurched sideways about two feet. Jim said at once "If this is a spirit moving the table please move it to the left."

As though executing a command the table moved ten inches to the left. Then it began to quiver and vibrate, moving a few inches backwards and forwards, like a restive horse, champing at the bit and eager to be off.

Finally the table, in reply to various questions, took on a freer and more spontaneous action. It twisted and turned about in such a manner that the two sitters had to rise from their chairs, and almost chase it around the room.

Mrs. Riley was then impressed to say, "If this is the spirit of my brother Ezra, (he was killed in '64, in the siege of Atlanta) will the table move back to the right?"

The table did as requested, after which it began to respond to intelligent direction. For, after moving first to one side and then to the other, it would rear up on two legs, and *remain in this position*—without any steadying from Riley or his wife, for minutes at a time.

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On being asked to bump the floor three times for "yes" and once for "no" the table would rear up—resting on two legs, until the letter E was reached by the sitters. Then it would drop to all fours, after which it would raise itself again, and remain in this position until the next letter was reached, when it would again drop. In this way the name "Ezra" was spelled out.

The first communication obtained in this manner consisted in the complete message "Dear sister, I come from the banks of the Chattahoochee River to greet you."

After a while the table tamed itself, so to speak, and no longer rose on its hind legs, to thump out messages. However, raps came freely upon, under or even *within* the wood forming the table top.

In this way, information was given to the Rileys and to an excited and interesting group of neighbors. Startling predictions, subsequently fulfilled, were made. Past happening and tragedies, hitherto unsuspected and undiscovered were revealed.

I mention these facts in some detail to those who might feel that merely to develop "table tipping" and "raps" is a species of child's play, and of little or no importance. And also to emphasize the fact that, even though the method is cumbersome and protracted, and might seem to many a terrible waste of time, nevertheless some of the finest evidential messages ever recorded have been received in just this way.

In any event rest assured that these efforts frequently develop something well worth while—messages that may reward any amount of patience.

From table tipping the Rileys evolved to slate writing—a much quicker and more satisfactory method of receiving messages. The technique employed was to put a slate and a stub of a slate pencil on the center of the table and invert an earthen bowl over them.

Then the company would sit around the table, turn the

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lights low, place their hands on the table, and "raise the vibrations" by singing hymns and other songs, (although they knew nothing of the reason for this at the time).

RILEY'S "CONTROL" TAKES CHARGE

Finally, in 1887, a message appeared on the slate, signed by "John Benton." It said "I am sent here to take charge of the medium." No one knew who John Benton was, or what his mission might be, therefore the slate-writing continued as before.

Finally, another message came through from John Benton. It said "I want my medium to sit for materialization."

The idea of becoming an unconscious instrument of phenomena which he could not himself witness and speculate upon was repugnant to Riley. For hitherto he had been, so to say, an eager participant in the demonstrations.

However, after making Benton, through slate-writing communications, promise that he would assume personal charge of the proceedings, Riley consented.

Thereupon, a small bed room, leading from the sitting room was darkened. The windows were completely covered, while two dark curtains, opening in the center, to permit being thrown back readily, either from within or without, were suspended over the entrance of the darkened room, or "cabinet." The medium sat on a chair in the "cabinet." The group sat in a semi-circle around the door of the small room.

The lights in the sitting room were then dimmed, but only to that degree that permitted the faces of all the sitters and the cabinet entrance to be clearly visible.

Afer the third Saturday night the curtains were violently shaken. A materialized hand thrust itself through the curtain openings and waved to the sitters in a sort of greeting.

Following this preamble the materializing power grew, week by week, until finally fully-formed, thoroughly ma-

terialized entities would come out into the room, walk among the sitters, kiss their relatives, shake hands with their friends and fraternize—in a regular old-home-week manner.

Mr. Vlereborne, who wrote the fascinating biography of "Farmer Jim," tells us that on one occasion he saw Mr. Benton, Riley's control, pick up Riley's little girl, four years old, and carry her around the room.

This parallels the amazing and delightfully tender experience of Lady Crooks, wife of Sir William Crooks, greatest among physicists of the last century.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle tells us this story of "Katie King" a materialized spirit, built up, in part, from the ectoplasm of Florence Cook, a medium.

Sir Arthur writes of her: "Her earth name had been Morgan and King was rather the general title of a certain class of spirits than an ordinary name. Her life had been spent two hundred years before, in the reign of Charles the Second, in the island of Jamaica. Whether this be true or not she undoubtedly conformed to the part, and her general conversation was consistent with her account. One of the daughters of Professor Crookes wrote to the author and described her vivid recollection of tales of the Spanish Main told by this kindly spirit to the children of the family. She made herself beloved by all. Miss Crookes wrote:

"At a seance with Miss Cook in our own house, when one of our sons was an infant of three weeks old, Katie King, a materialized spirit, expressed the liveliest interest in him, and asked to be allowed to see the baby. The infant was accordingly brought into the seance room and placed in the arms of Katie, who, after holding him in the natural way for a short time, smilingly gave him back again."

RILEY'S BIOGRAPHER ENTHUSES

Mr. Vlereborne informs us: "Those were the days when Jim went into the cabinet, and was hardly seated

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before forms appeared, walked out among the audience, shook hands and dematerialized there in the presence of all without going back into the cabinet. Think of having a being, apparently of flesh and blood, grasp you by the hand with a grip that you will remember for days, look you squarely and kindly in the eyes, and say "Good evening, I am glad to see you," in a firm, resonant voice. Then while you are actually shaking hands with this form he dematerializes, gradually vanishes, leaving perhaps his hand in yours, till the last moment. He has all gone but his hand. You are looking at that, and are satisfied that it is flesh and blood; the touch is warm, the veins are marked, the skin soft and not clammy. While you are noting these things, the hand itself is gone, and your fingers clasp your own palm with nothing between.

"Think of this! What does it mean to you? Where does the form gather its material? Where does it get its brain? Where does it get its voice? Think of it! Not done in a corner, but in the presence of twenty or thirty persons at a time; not done once, but done every night for weeks and months and years; done so often that the tremendous significance of the much simpler phenomena which I, myself, have witnessed at the Riley home, was unheeded by those present in the circle."

Jim has insisted, on several occasions, when I discussed with him the marvels of his mediumship, "You just wait, Doctor. In two years this boy (referring to Frank Decker) will do all the things I ever did—and more, too. For he is protected by spirit guides who will see to it that he is never molested, as I used to be at first."

WHEN MALIGNANT SPIRITS "ROUGH-HOUSE" A SEANCE

Jim refers here to the early days of his materializing mediumship—before John Benton knew how to control the invasion of malignant spirits—poltergeists, as the Germans call them—and prevent them from harming his medium.

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Vlerebome gives us an account of one of these hair-raising experiences. "Only once was one of these spirits recognized by a member of the circle. They would come right out in the circle, and take the slates in their hands and break them in pieces over the stove. They would shake their fists in Mrs. Riley's face, and when she went to the curtain they would clutch at her, but never did her any bodily harm. Before the circle had learned enough about these manifestations to interpret the confusion of raps as meaning that the bad spirits were in force, there would be noises and "a racket" in the cabinet.

These spirits amused themselves by throwing things at the medium. The pictures were stripped off the walls; the water pitcher was on one occasion thrown through the curtain and broken in pieces; messages of a bloodthirsty significance were written on the slates, such as: "We will hurt this man if you don't stop your sittings."

On one occasion Jim Riley was found, when the curtain was thrown back by Mrs. Riley, still unconscious, but bleeding on the head from nine cuts, and other ridges or lumps formed on his skull next day, which he supposes were caused by the pounding of the slates on his skull before the frames broke, the cuts being made later by the jagged edges of the slates.

"It may be asked why John Benton, who was supposed to have the management of these affairs, did not release the medium from the influence, before the evil spirits got control. Jim says, in explanation, that he did not think John Benton knew how to exert his control when the evil spirits came in force, but he accounts for the infrequent manifestations of those spirits later on the ground that John Benton had learned how to control them, and for the past twelve years they have rarely made their appearance."

He continues: "These manifestations supply as good an argument in favor of the spiritualistic doctrine being

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true as one could wish. We have heard more than enough of the wearisome theory that all these manifestations are properties of the subconscious intelligence of the medium. Does the subconscious intelligence protect the interests and life of the medium by hitting him over the head with the jagged edge of a slate with such force that his head is cut open in several places, and there are bumps on the skull for a week afterwards."

OUR LITTLE TUSSLE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE

I must confess that I have never had any experience of this nature in any seance I ever attended, although I have, several times, had occasion to drive out by sheer force of dominating will—and an astonishingly effective assortment of curses—certain poltergeists who persisted in bedeviling our domicile.

Also, my brother Adolph and I, many years ago, had a really thrilling experience with a malicious, earth-bound spirit, in a haunted house in which we had elected to spend the night—and did.

I may say that our poor dog was nearly choked to death by the malignant entity before we could rescue the animal—which we did by employing physical force on the materialized spirit, by shouts and commands, and by turning a brilliant flash light directly upon him.

I know now that the disintegrating effects of the spirit's personal contact with our lower vibration, plus the "melting down" of his ectoplasmic body by the bright light, caused his rapid disappearance.

However, Adolph and I knew nothing of these matters at the time. As a consequence we were pretty badly "scared," but not scared enough to run away, thank heaven.

Riley's experiences were, to my mind, the test of stamina and determination—on the part of both himself and his courageous wife.

"JIM" RILEY—MASTER MATERIALIZING MEDIUM

Perhaps it may be apropos to say, at this time, that John Benton has appeared recently in Frank Decker's developing class, and announced to a certain lady present, that he had been sent to act as guide. I understand this lady shows great promise of sometime becoming a medium of remarkable power.

Curiously enough the lady, while grateful for the honor and the interest shown in her, had never before heard of John Benton. I gave her a few details concerning the history and qualifications of this great spirit, which, later in the evening, were corroborated and amplified by Jim Riley himself.

It will be interesting to watch the progress of this woman from now on.

JIM'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE IN THE HEREAFTER

It may not be amiss to quote here a word or two concerning Jim's experiences in that dear life to come—the life that only spiritists can know anything about, while on this earth plane. And regarding which everyone else—whether they be Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Buddhist, Mohammedan or materialist, can only guess, dream, bluff, lie or bluster about.

Here are a few fragments of Jim's clear-cut philosophy concerning spiritual development.

"Death is just a change, a dropping away of the physical body; we put it off, as we put off a suit of clothes. Like the locust that crawls out of the ground; he sticks his claws in the bark of a tree, crawls out of his shell, and flies away—is born again.

"The spirit finds itself in a world where development is as much expected of it as it is required on earth. Man is a progressive creature; he never fails, he progresses here as well as in the hereafter, a world where loving, both towards other spirits and those remaining on earth is required for the fulfilling of its destiny. In this new world

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which we on earth call 'heaven' the spirit is free to choose its pursuits, but it is made plain to it that a life of self-indulgent happiness is impossible to the spirit that seeks to develop itself towards the highest good.

"There is always employment for all; there is abundant happiness for all; there is immeasurable forgiveness—but the forgiveness is not expressed in terms of speech. There is no judge who condemns. Forgiveness of sins is shown by fellowship with higher orders of spirits. When the higher spirits seek the companionship of another spirit, it means that the other has developed to a point at which he has seen the folly or sin of which he has been guilty in the past, and has made amends. He has made amends, this new spirit, by suffering for the evil he has done; he has sorrowed in spirit, in this new life

"There is no hell but that which lies within the spirit itself. He has not made amends, or received forgiveness in a moment, in a day, or two days. He has seen his guilt in himself, and he has made amends by service to others. Perhaps he has been sent on a long mission to earth, to help some of those who are seeking comfort there. Perhaps he has been commissioned to attend some other guilty soul on earth, and is winning happiness for himself by trying continually to impress higher aims, better thoughts upon the minds of this depraved brother or sister. This is what we mean by spirit service.

"I cannot better describe the absolute freedom of the spirit world than by saying that heaven is a place where there is no compulsion. It is left to the spirit to decide whether he will shun evil and choose the good, making amends for his former evil doings; or whether he will continue to follow evil. But in spite of this absolute freedom of will, make no mistake upon one point. Happiness lies intrinsically in the doing of good. The spirits who follow evil are not punished as we understand punishment, but

they are not happy. They seek fierce pleasure and find it, but they do not know happiness. They cannot know happiness or content until they have experienced remorse and suffering.

"It is for the spirit to develop now in heaven, as Jesus, his brother, developed on earth, through great love and sacrifice, doing the will of God, the Father, with his face set ever toward the sun of Goodness, which shineth ever more and more unto the perfect day."

Can anyone overestimate the ignorance, bigotry and narrow-mindedness, the inhumanity of those who revile, despise and persecute the servitors who come, with hands extended in welcome, inviting all to eat freely of the bread of knowledge, brought from the *only source* qualified to provide it—from those on the other side of the veil, and living in that life!

However, we must now leave my good friend Riley, with a statement made by Mr. Vlerebome, who affirms "I can safely say that of the thousands who have attended Jim's sittings, not one would insinuate that he had ever done a single fraudulent act; There has never been one breath of suspicion against honest Jim."

Shakespeare said it perhaps more beautifully, but certainly not less sincerely, when he made Anthony eulogize the fallen Brutus thus:

*"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man."*

If all who ever lived upon these banks and shoals of Time could have heard over their out-lived clay what was said of James Riley this blood-sucking, cannibalistic world would be heaven indeed.

but not well enough to know how to do it

Chapter XI

DR. JOHN MYERS—SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER

FOR more than a score of years I have occasionally seen "spirit extras"—negatives which showed spirit heads or bodies, in addition to the photograph of the person on whom the camera was focused.

However, I was satisfied that these photographs were not all they were purported to be. For, at one time, I knew the magician, Harry Keller, quite well. And often I have seen him do absolutely bewildering things.

Yet, after thinking it over and studying more carefully the methods of medium control, I remembered that Keller never caused a bird to disappear while the bird was held in *my* hands. Nor levitated *me* out of one of those cages he used so deftly.

And, by the same token, I would now bet the back of my neck that neither Keller—nor any other magician—could let me bring into his studio a package of photographic plates, which *I* myself had selected—without giving any hint as to were I intended to purchase them—open the package, insert the plate in the camera, and finally put the exposed plates into the fixing hypo for development.

And all this without permitting *any person* other than myself, to touch the package, plate holder or exposed plate.

The magicians would have absolutely nothing to do with any phase of the operation, except to stand three feet away from the camera and press the rubber bulb that flicked the shutter open for the fraction of a second.

DOCTOR JOHN MYERS—SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER

Spirit photographs developed by a magician in this manner would demonstrate a skill in legerdermain that would be absolutely awe-inspiring.

Yet this is what Mrs. Deane—so highly spoken of by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—and other “spirit extra” photographers, have been doing successfully for years. And what Dr. John Myers, of London, England, is now doing, as a matter of almost daily routine.

THE OUTSTANDING SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE WORLD

I first heard of John Myers—an English dental surgeon of unimpeachable standing—through Frank Decker. Frank, with Joseph de Wyckoff, had gone to London, to appear before what was purported to be a society for physical research, representing the last word in scientific laboratory equipment and intelligent control.

Decker and de Wyckoff, however, found that Harry Price—the pooh-bah and generalissimo of the organization—was the same vainglorious pain-in-the-neck to sincere, honest English mediums that Joseph Dunninger is to American Spiritists.

This confirmed what my friends had already been told by Maurice Barbanell. And so they would have nothing to do with Price.

However, the journey overseas did not prove negative of results. For it was on this trip that Decker and de Wyckoff met Dr. John Myers—known the world over as the most remarkable psychic of his kind.

Present at the first seance Decker and de Wyckoff attended was Maurice Barbanell, Hannen Swaffer—famous dramatic critic and one of the best informed students of psychic phenomena in England—and a score of other persons—university professors, an Indian potentate, lords and ladies, and men and women far above the average in intelligence and standing.

Decker, hardened by experience to believe strictest con-

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trol of the medium the only condition under which psychic phenomena should be tested out, brought with him a package of photographic plates, which he bought at a chemist's shop. He placed these in his left-hand coat pocket, never removing his hand from the package until he, himself, had placed one or two of the plates in the camera for exposure.

Dr. Myers stood three feet away from the tripod, and consequently three feet away from Decker, at his nearest approach. Myers' only function was to press the bulb, and to act as the medium through whom these miracles of photography are made possible.

After the plates were exposed, Decker took them into the dark room, put them into the fixing hypo and developed them himself. Following the developing bath Decker placed the plates in their holders and remained with them until they were dry.

When dried, one of the plates showed the round, boyish face of Patsy, smiling over Decker's shoulder. The other showed "spirit extras" of people unknown to Decker.

The majority of those present followed a similar procedure with the plates they had brought, and in most cases were equally successful in finding that their plates, when developed, showed the "extras" of relatives or friends, long graduated from earth life. Or else the faces of some guide or celebrity who had their interests at heart.

NO POSSIBLE WAY OF "FAKING" THESE SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS

There is no *possible* way which these "extras" could be faked, even by the most adroit of prestidigitators—which Dr. Myers assuredly is not.

For, even were we to assume that Myers could practice mass hypnosis on *all the* sitters and *telepathically* suggest to them that they *thought* they still retained their plates in their hands, while in reality they had all exchanged their plates for a package Myers had handed them—and nega-

DOCTOR JOHN MYERS—SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER

tives which Myers had developed—*this would not account for the faces or forms, photographed by the medium.*

If the forms were conventional — cherubic Raphael angels, or the average person's ghostly aunt, with long loose draperies and a lack-luster expression of face—Myers might perhaps be successful.

For we know that the East Indian fakirs do some very remarkable things under mass hypnosis: as for instance, the rope trick, certain forms of basket trick, and other illusions.

But these photo extras show Patsy in the form and expression described by a number of clairvoyants, and drawn by several automatic sketch and painting mediums.

Similarly they might, for instance, show the Emir of Marienbad, flanked by two or three favorite wives of his youth, in their baggy pantaloons, long ear-rings and dark beauty.

Or they might show Professor Guggenheimer with his old mother, in a lace collar and big cameo pin, just as she wore them in life.

Or they might show Lord Helpus' drunken uncle, with his silk tile perched rakishly over his left ear, and sporting a simulacrum of the same blackthorn stick he used to effect when in life, whenever he felt particularly debonnaire.

And so with marquises and duchesses, premier docents and orientlists, maharajahs and mandarins, the elite of Mayfair and the furrowed chiefs of world-renowned laboratories—any "extras" they might get were almost invariably recognizable and identifiable as one or more relatives or friends. Or as some intimate or business associate known well in life.

If Myers were Santa Claus himself he would not be equal to faking the photographs of these hundreds upon hundreds of recognizable discarnate souls, who come through his studio to greet their loved ones, here on earth.

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THE MAN WHO WAS KICKED BY A JACKASS

However, in spite of thousands of "spirit extras" made under strict test conditions, Dr. John Myers has probably been kicked by more anti-spiritist jackasses than any other medium since the days of the brothers Davenport.

He has been hounded and persecuted. Attempts to drive him out of his society and revoke his license to practice dental surgery, have been repeatedly made.

Mrs. Myers and Myers' charming daughter, Jeanette, told me that on one occasion Myers even sought the Chief of Scotland Yards for the purpose of satisfying their minds that "The Yard" didn't have anything "against him."

To their great relief, the Chief assured them that "The Yard" had no scintilla of evidence that Dr. Myers was not all that he represented to be—absolutely honest, straightforward and sincere. All of which relieved the ladies greatly.

Nevertheless, the pundits of the press, the princely pennygrabbers of the Church and reactionaries generally, who never heard of Lombroso, or Kluski's materialization of *Pithecanthropus Erectus* let fly poisoned blow darts, together with the asses' heels of calumny at Myers.

For Myers is one of the outstanding proponents and expositors of spiritism in England—a veritable thorn in the side of the purblind ignoramuses who decry and denounce spiritism and all its works.

Perhaps the most obstreperous and the most contemptible of this pirate crew is a certain noble lord, the Marquess of Donegall, who stated: "In 1927 I decided that I was too stupid to go into the Diplomatic Service, so I became a journalist." And who afterwards confesed in print that his friends had to rescue him from "solitary inebriation."

So Donegall became a chronicler of cocktail carouses

DOCTOR JOHN MYERS—SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER

and dirty doings generally—a position into which he fitted like the finger and thumb of a pick-pocket.

SPIRITUALISTS EXPOSE LORD DONEGALL

It was this noble gentleman, poignantly peeved at being caught in a cheap and tawdry fake by Maurice Barbanell, who said:

“I could not get my conditions, so I tricked Myers.”

“These words were uttered by the Marquess of Donegall to me in his flat last week,” said Barbanell. He was referring to his ‘exposure’ of John Myers, made in the *Sunday Dispatch* nearly two and a half years ago.

“Donegall made this confession just before I left, disgusted at the childishness of an ‘entertainment’ he had provided for a few friends. It was supposed to demonstrate how mediums get extras on plates.

“In this week’s *Sunday Dispatch*, he printed three paragraphs referring to his ‘demonstration.’ He was forced to tell his readers how he planted a faked packet of plates on the manager of a chemist’s shop.

“He did not dare to say that the manager of the shop had telephoned to complain of the disgraceful way in which Donegall had treated him, insisting that his shop be freed from the suggestion of complicity.

“After reading my story in *Psychic News*, this manager told me the whole story.

“The day before the ‘show’—this was what Donegall called his demonstration—Donegall went to the chemist’s shop and said he was playing an ‘innocent little joke’ on two magicians who were going to his party the next night.

“His ‘joke’ involved the cooperation of a chemist’s shop. Would the manager be kind enough to help him by selling this packet of plates he had brought to the two magicians who would call the next day!

“The manager didn’t like the idea, but ‘thinking that a peer of the realm would never stoop to anything that was

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not straightforward'—these are his own words—finally consented. After all, he had had dealings with lords and ladies, and had found them trustworthy. He could not believe that Lord Donegall could possibly be an exception.

"In order to make sure that the faked packets of plates brought by Donegall would be given to the two magicians, it was marked in pencil '1/6d.'

A CHAMPION AMONG LIARS

Donegall said that, before his two friends went in for the plates, his secretary would be sent in, to let the manager know.

"This is the whole shabby story of how the Marquis of Donegall, an aristocrat, lied, in order to arrange his demonstration of 'fake spirit photography under stringent test conditions.'

"When he saw Roy Brandon, Donegall outlined the test conditions, saying I could choose where to purchase my plates. In his story, he stressed how I could choose 'any convenient photographer's shop or chemist.'

"Anyway, this peer of the realm lied like a common mortal. His secretary, Miss Griffiths, who now says she is not his secretary—Donegall calls her his 'Girl Friday'—was induced to lie about having neuralgia, so that she could 'choose' the right chemist's shop in order to buy some aspirin.

"Donegall's behaviour was as bad as that of any fake medium. He lied to the shop manager. He lied when he said I had chosen the shop.

"He lied when he said that he had obtained his results 'under stringent test conditions.' He lied when he said there was 'tense excitement' and a 'sensation' at his flat.

"He lied when he said that I knew the first plate was 'O.K.,' as otherwise I would not have signed it. It was this plate that I had insisted on testing before his 'show' began.

When I tested this plate, I found it was faked, said so, and left disgusted.

"When I had gone, someone faked my signature! Yes, someone even descended to forgery! What a childish and stupid exposure of psychic photography!"

DR. MYERS TRIUMPHS AGAIN

It is good to have such staunch and fearless friends. But it is even better to deserve them—as John Myers does.

Barbanell prints, in another issue, a letter which illustrates and corroborates what Frank Decker has said earlier in this chapter.

The letter is from a Mrs. G. M. Bobbett, who says:

"I happened to be one in the audience who was asked by Mrs. Cooke, the president of the Spiritualistic church, to purchase plates and some gaslight printing paper. Therefore, I can certify that Myers did not touch any of the plates or the paper.

"Two representatives of the *Bristol Evening Post* were present and loaded the camera, took the photographs and developed them! Many of them were taken by the Press camera. Extras appeared on every plate.

"Myers' presence alone was sufficient to give these results, as all handling of camera, plates, etc., was in the hands of people he had never met before.

"My friend and I were allowed to be present during the development of the plates. At the evening lecture, the gaslight papers—which had been kept in a sealed envelope—were distributed to members of the audience by one of the Press reporters. I was the fortunate recipient of one.

"I signed my name and handed it back to the reporter. Myers went into trance for a minute or two and then asked the Press reporters to go and develop the papers.

"On every one, except three which were blank, were pictures or messages. On mine was a message which was a fulfillment of a promise given to me from someone in the

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spirit world during a sitting with a medium in London in December. *No one living knew of this promise made to me.*"

A MIRACLE IN SPIRITISTIC HEALING

John Myers has also demonstrated frequently his remarkable powers as a healing medium.

In one patient, R. Laurence Parish, of New York, Dr. Myers and his guides, in addition to producing "identical extras" on plates exposed in two different cameras of different sizes, was cured of sciatica of many years standing *in one night*.

Mr. Parish's sight also so greatly improved that, after wearing glasses since he was six years old, he is now able to read, without trouble, the finest print, and has discarded all glasses.

I can understand an almost immediate cure in a case of sciatica, even of long standing, providing there is no foci of infection present in the body, the toxins from which would irritate and inflame the nerve cells and their surrounding sheath. Or if there is no sub-luxation of the sacro-illiac joint (the great joint at the junction of the hip and the thigh) which can be reduced only by mechanical means.

But I cannot understand how myopia (short vision) caused by an error in refraction or an elongation of the globe of the eye, or to an astigmatism—due to abnormality in curvature of the eye, which brings the focus in front of the retina—can *possibly* be corrected by psychic means, any more than could a shortened tendon be elongated by psychic means. Or an ankylosed joint, rigid with calcium deposits—or from the presence of boney or fibrous adhesions between the bones forming the joint—be made supple and flexible by psychic treatment.

However, it would be intensely interesting to know just what refractive changes have occurred in Mr. Parish's eyes since his last optical and ophthalmological examination.

DOCTOR JOHN MYERS—SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER

In any event, what stands out like a light house in all these matters is John Myers' marvelous gift of psychic photography, his superb mediumship, and the fine, up-standing honesty of the man.

It is sincerely to be hoped that he will be spared to earth-life activities for many years to come. For his potent and convincing work is sadly needed in this terribly material and greatly distraught world.

Chapter XII

WHEN BURNING AT THE STAKE WAS THE HIGHEST AWARD FOR MEDIUMSHIP

WE are hard put to it, at times, to find adequate reason for the brutal persecution of many selected by the higher forces for the purpose of bringing to us proof of the actuality of a future life.

To the average person, not accustomed to weighing facts and their import, it seems inconceivable that for many centuries, this persecution has been almost universally practiced.

Perhaps the outstanding instance of this miscarriage of decency in all history lies in the experience of Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans"—an angel in woman's form—if ever one came to earth. Joan "heard the voices," and did their bidding, saving knavish, unworthy and thoroughly ungrateful France from domination by the English.

If ever, in all the literature of psychic phenomena, there has been recorded a clearer, more definitely proved instance of spirit guidance than is presented in the case of this gentle lovely soul, history has failed to mention it.

Read the greatest of all Mark Twain's masterpieces—"Joan of Arc." Note how the spirit forces guided this innocent maid—totally ignorant of the machinations and chicaneries of rulers and their licentious, stupid satellites. With not even an elemental knowledge of armies, sieges, military tactics or even the conduct of battle, Jeanne won back for her thankless, degenerate country its freedom from the English invaders.

BURNING AT THE STAKE WAS HIGH AWARD FOR MEDIUMSHIP

And yet, she was afterwards betrayed by the very weasels she had saved from the clutches of the English. Betrayed by a prostitute priest, her trial—before an ecclesiastical and civil court—whose cunning thrusts she parried and whose savage onslaughts she answered, day after day with an inspired legal acumen, gilded with honest sincerity—was an outstanding example of marvelous psychic power.

Joan's reward for her sacrifice—betrayal into the hands of her implacable enemies, and her pitiful death by burning at the stake—are among the blackest and most inerasable of all the many black and malignant pages in French and English history.

It almost parallels the martyrdom of Jesus, Himself, betrayed by those to whom He would have taught love and human decency—only to be rewarded by a cruel death on the Cross.

WE DIDN'T DO MUCH BETTER IN AMERICA

However, our early Americans, fleeing savage persecution from the religious bigots in Europe, and seeking freedom to worship after their own formula—soon acquired their own brand of witch-baiting technique.

Cotton Mather and his mongrel crew, together with the "witch finders" of Salem and other colonial settlements, soon found outlet for their inhibited libido and psychopathic sadism in the burning, "ducking" or banishing of women suspected of being witches.

It is now known among students of psychic phenomena that many of the women thus dealt with were potential or actual mediums—who unconsciously demonstrated certain phases of psychic manifestations.

As a consequence of these extra-mundane activities, many of these unfortunates lost their lives, while a considerable number of them suffered cruel and merciless persecution.

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One of these "witches," thus persecuted, and sentenced by Cotton Mather, during the famous Salem witch trials of 1692 to be burned alive, was a grandmother—four times removed—of the Eddy brothers.

In this connection it may be observed that if burning at the stake, as a punishment for witchcraft, could only be revived today, there would be uncounted thousands of bigots only too willing to throw an armful of faggots on the fire.

For in these holocausts the breed of mediums might soon be wiped out. However, our present system of police espionage and the punishment inflicted on mediums, constitute a fairly effective substitute for the older and more forthright technic of the auto-da-fe, the rack, and the ducking stool.

At one time, however, so bitter was the hatred of spiritistic manifestations, that parents turned against their own children, if they happened to exhibit any psychic powers.

The father of the Eddy boys was one of these ignorant bigots—a one-hundred per cent specimen of a persecuting fanatic. The biographer of the Eddy brothers, Colonel Olcott, tells us that these two innocent boys were marked for life by blows given by this troglodyte father, in order to neutralize or discourage what he considered manifestations of diabolical activities.

It may be interesting to know that the mother—herself possessed of considerable mediumistic power—tried in every possible way to dissuade the religious brute, who was her husband, from making their home a hell on earth. But to no effect.

Olcott tells us that when the younger of the two Eddys became entranced the father, with the assistance of an equally stupid and vicious neighbor, poured boiling water over the boy, and placed a red-hot coal on the top of his head—leaving an indelible scar as a result.

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So thoroughly anesthetized was the boy, however, that no visible symptom of pain was felt from this torture. As the Eddys grew older, however, the anthropoid father saw the error of his way—so far as the economic aspects of the matter were concerned. So he began to hire the boys out as mediums—in an attempt to capitalize the gifts he himself had tried so brutally to discourage.

Colonel Olcott has testified, in his reports, that the hands and arms of the Eddy brothers, as well as the arms of their sisters, were grooved with the imprints of ligatures, and scarred with the burns of sealing wax—intended more thoroughly to secure the knots fastening these boys into their chairs during the demonstrations.

In addition, two of the girls had pieces of their flesh pinched out by careless and injudicious locking of handcuffs on their wrists. Also the brothers had been repeatedly ridden on rails, beaten, shot at, stoned and chased—their cabinets broken into smithereens—while the blood oozed from their finger nails, as a result of the man-handling inflicted on them.

“Against ignorance even the gods themselves strive in vain.”

HOW SPIRIT ADMONITION HELPED LINCOLN TO PRESERVE THE NATION

And, speaking of ignorance, it might be interesting to inquire of some of the millions of medium-baiters if they are aware of the fact that Abraham Lincoln was a believer in spiritualism? And that he wrote the Emancipation Proclamation at the behest of a spirit? Also, that his visit to the Federal camps, at a time when a disorganizing mutiny threatened to spread throughout the Union forces, was made by advice of a spirit, who came to him through a little trance medium?

Here is a brief outline of the story. If Magistrate Donovan or Judge O’Flaherty will remember it the next

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time a medium, doing sincere and honest work, is brought before them for trial and sentence, it might give the eminent gentlemen pause, and keep them from making bigger fools of themselves than Nature and a prejudiced training have already done.

It was during one of the most disheartening crises of the Rebellion, after the Union forces had lost several battles. Washington was threatened by the swift advance of the Confederate Army and the Union troops were becoming panic stricken.

Their officers found difficulty in keeping the men from deserting *en masse*. Drum-head courts-martial and firing squads worked overtime in a losing attempt to discourage these evidences of psychological fatigue.

Miss Nettie Colborn, a young trance medium, came to Washington at this time in an attempt to secure a furlough for her soldier brother, who was wretchedly ill.

Mrs. Lincoln, hearing of the wonderful psychic powers of Miss Colborn, persuaded the President to invite her to the White House for a special seance. This, Mr. Lincoln was only too happy to do, feeling strongly that, out of the meeting with the gifted medium perhaps something constructive might develop.

“THAT IT IS OF GOD I HAVE NO DOUBT”

No sooner had the President entered the room where the medium and Mrs. Lincoln's guests were awaiting his arrival than the girl was entranced. Almost immediately she began to address the President. For upwards of an hour she spoke. And in a manner which, the spectators declared, seemed almost to take the nature of a command.

Her voice was sonorous and astoundingly masculine. Her facility in expression and the power of her argument was conviction itself. “Those present declared that they lost sight of the timid girl in the majesty of the utterance

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and seemed to realize that some strange masculine spirit-force was giving speech to almost divine commands."

The advice—or perhaps we might even say the *orders*—given by the advanced spirit possessing the girl, were to cease attempting to palliate or compromise with dissenting forces, and immediately to issue a proclamation, freeing the slaves.

This, for the psychologic purpose of giving a higher moral tone to the war, and cleansing its motivation of what many believed to be a sordid basis.

For remember, the *real* cause of the war was largely an economic one, just as is the case with the great majority of wars, involving the difficulty of Northern manufacturers to compete profitably with the South because of their cheaper scale of labor—black slaves being much easier to maintain in productive efficiency than white operatives.

In any event, Lincoln was profoundly impressed with the message delivered by the little medium, and said: "My child, you possess a very singular gift, and that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here tonight. It is more important than perhaps any one here present can understand."

A few nights later Lincoln was advised by the same spirit to visit the Union camps in person, stimulate and inspire the soldiers and hearten them in their efforts—which he did.

The effect of the Emancipation Proclamation and the cheering visit of the President to the troops of the Potomac were electrifying. Coming at a time of such desperate need it would be no overstatement to say that the communication Lincoln received from this high spiritual source and upon which he acted so promptly, had a profound influence in maintaining the Union intact.

And yet, it is this very country that—acting under spirit guidance—Lincoln, held united, which now makes the practice of mediumship a crime, punishable by fine or imprison-

ment. It encourages an army of Pecksniffian snoopers to harry and persecute just such psychic sensitives as Miss Nettie Colborn, and makes a mockery of human decency and justice.

WHEN SPIRIT ADVICE GETS A KICK IN THE FACE

Lincoln was a great and beautiful soul, with a mind quick to reflect the light of reason. He was big enough and intelligent enough to accept the advice, and carry out the behests of the spirit intelligences who spoke to him through Miss Nettie Colborn, the little trance medium. And to say of this advice, "That it is of God I have no doubt."

Of an entirely different stripe of mind, however, is the politician now invested with robes once graced and dignified by the immortal Lincoln. A politician who has already smashed to smithereens practically every promise made to his constituents of pre-election days, and who has surrounded himself with an aggregation of bigots, morons, incompetents and plain nit-wits, whose antic stupidities have brought this country to the brink of disaster.

And yet this man—who could have been the greatest force for good among contemporary rulers—has contemptuously ignored advices from high spirit intelligences, repeatedly transmitted to him by a humble instrument of the spirit world—the recognition and acceptance of which might have saved this country billions of dollars, and its people countless billions of hours of mental and physical agony.

For, instead of heeding warnings of impending disasters and the constructive advice offered in dozens of telegrams and registered letters, our Executive and his advisors saw fit to flip these communications into forgotten files.

"PREDICT"

The proof of these statements is contained in a 255-page book by Herman Halpern, which may be ordered through the National Library Press, publishers of the book you are now reading.

BURNING AT THE STAKE WAS HIGH AWARD FOR MEDIUMSHIP

This amazing volume consists of a series of predictions or prophecies—dealing with subjects vital to the conservation of life, health and wealth of millions.

It consists of fac-simile reproduction of telegrams and registered letters sent to Mr. Roosevelt and Col. Louis McH. Howe.

In addition, Halpern has scores of newspaper clippings, which prove that many of the predictions made by him and sent to Roosevelt and Howe have been fulfilled in all their grim inevitability. There is every likelihood that those not yet fulfilled will be equally accurate.

On January 28, 1935—months before any mortal could foresee the calamity—Halpern wrote the Administration, prophesying widespread drought—"a period of desiccation"—total destruction of crops in the stricken areas, and the death of millions of cattle.

Repeatedly he has conveyed messages from the spirit intelligences to the President and his Secretary, warning them of the impending drought and famine, and protesting against the stupidity of enforced crop and cotton limitation, the killing of farrow sows, and the wanton destruction of cattle.

He has repeatedly predicted serious crashes in the stock market. Months before the distant mutter of the war-drums were heard, Halpern predicted the Italo-Ethiopian War, and emphasized the disaster that awaited this country if we flirted with the murdering minions who were disgracing what little remained of the fair name of civilization.

He predicted hurricanes and floods, conveyed definite workable advice from the spirit forces concerning unemployment, and our loss of foreign markets, the stamping out of the illegal sale of liquor and the counterfeiting rackets, and a score of other matters of vital interest.

This advice, if it had been followed, would have made of Roosevelt another Washington or Lincoln—the best beloved man of this generation—instead of what he is today.

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Mr. Halpern can predict and transmit advice from the spirit world without being thrown into jail for the crime. He can afford to say at *any time what is given him to say*.

Therefore, he can afford to do the *human, helpful work* he is trying so hard to do—and with such disheartening results.

I advise every reader of "Spiritualism's Challenge" to send for a copy of "I Predict." Read it carefully. For I haven't told one-fiftieth of what there is to tell concerning these amazing spirit messages. And perhaps some of its predictions may help *you* personally—even though the rulers of this country contemptuously ignore them.

Chapter XIII

HOW THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS TRIED TO SPIRITUALIZE HUMANITY

IN all the history of spiritualism perhaps no mediums have ever been so harassed, persecuted and bedevilled as were the two brothers Davenport, born in Buffalo, New York, in 1839.

As early as 1846, two years before the outbreak of raps and thumps in the Fox family, Mother and Father Davenport were more or less constantly disturbed by what they described as "snaps" and "loud crackling noises."

However, after the Fox manifestations the two brothers and their younger sister Elizabeth began to experiment by putting their hands on the table. Very soon, not only were loud and insistent noises heard, but automatic writing was developed which conveyed information on subjects that could not possibly have been known to these young boys and their sister.

Shortly after this phase had been evolved all three children were levitated, and floated in the air above the heads of those in the room. Hundreds of people in Buffalo witnessed these strange happenings.

Finally, knives and forks danced in the air, lead pencils were seen to write—sometimes in broad daylight, musical instruments floated in the air, played by invisible hands, direct voices were heard and materialized spirits appeared.

The communicating intelligences then instructed the boys to visit various cities and hold public seances, with the idea of weaning the dogmatic away from their skepticism, and give them an opportunity to embrace the truths of spiritism

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—just as, some years later, Katie King was instructed to do. In which effort, by the way, the boys were almost as unsuccessful as was Katie herself.

In 1857 the Davenports appeared before the professors of Harvard University, who were even more thick-headed and recalcitrant than the majority of them are today. And quite as loath to accept the facts of spiritistic phenomena as are the present day incumbents—judging by the reception accorded the mediumship of “Margery” and others.

However, these patriarchs of '57 worked their ingenuity overtime, perfecting tests effectively to prevent the Davenport upstarts from playing ducks and drakes with their scientific hypotheses. They finally settled on a plan that seemed inspired with what our English cousins would call a “little bit of all right.”

The professors bought five hundred feet of new rope, bored a couple of dozen holes in the cabinet, set up in one of their rooms, and then hog-tied the boys to the chair and to the cabinet in a manner that has been described as nothing short of brutal.

After the rope had been lashed in and out of all the holes in the cabinet and 'round and 'round the boys and the chair on which they were seated, the knots were further tied with linen thread.

Then one of the investigators, Professor Pierce, took a seat in the cabinet between the two brothers.

WHEN THE SPIRITS RAISED CAIN

Immediately afterwards a spirit hand was shown, protruding from the cabinet window, and a veritable din was created by tambourines and bells which were rattled and rung in the professor's face.

It is only fair to say that Pierce was a cool-headed and determined individual. For every time the tambourines and bells stopped for breath, as it were, Pierce ran his hands over the rope fastenings, to see if the boys were still there.

Finally, the spirits got tired of this amateurish nonsense and, in the twinkling of an eye, released the boys from their bindings. When the cabinet door was thrown open, a few seconds later, the ropes were found to be ingeniously twisted around the neck of the professor.

And yet, even after all this, the Harvard scientists made no report. They said nothing—and they never recanted one word of their story.

After several years of public appearances, attended by thousands—the greater majority of whom were enraged by manifestations which kicked their bigotry in the face, and gave the lie to all the stupidities they professed concerning the future life and its status—the Davenports conceived the idea of going to England.

They felt—or they were impressed by their guides to believe—that in a land where thinking had been practiced much longer than in America, a kindlier reception might await them, and a readier acceptance of their psychic propaganda could be expected.

So to England they went, challenging the materialism and skepticism of a fair percentage of English brains, reeling to the heady wine of Darwinism, as served by the indomitable Huxley,—and a much larger percentage of the soddening ale and porter of Presbyterians and Church of Englandism.

Amazing were the results the Davenports produced, in the presence of the thought-leaders of the Empire. The brothers roused public attention as it never had been roused before—or since—on the subject of psychic phenomena.

Even J. N. Maskelyne, the Joseph Dunninger of England—vociferous, publicity-seeking, blatant and egoistic—was forced to say: "Certain it is, England was completely taken aback for a time by the wonders presented by these jugglers."

He further adds: "The brothers did more than all other men to familiarize England with the so-called Spirit-

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ualism, and before crowded audiences and under varied conditions they produced really wonderful feats. The hole-and-corner seances of other media, where with darkness or semi-darkness, and a pliant, or frequently a devoted assembly, manifestations are occasionally said to occur, cannot be compared with the Davenport exhibitions in their effect upon the public mind."

THE MEDIUM'S MENACE

Later, however, when the success of the Davenport's had excited the deep hatred and malignancy of the conjuring fraternity—as physical mediumship always does, the world over—Maskelyne, with true Dunningerish effrontery, claimed to have exposed the Davenports.

As a matter of fact, Maskelyne's alleged exposure was nothing but a tissue of transparent lies. For never, in all his double-dealing career had he been able to duplicate, under identical conditions, any of the phenomena produced by these brothers.

Still, the magicians of that day, like the prestidigitating gentry of today, made more noise, got more newspaper support, and created more sympathy for themselves and commendation for their faked exposures than Jesus Christ Himself could have possibly neutralized.

Even if He had once more walked on the waters, cured the lame and the blind, and been again resurrected *in spirit* from the dead, He would not be believed.

In touring the English provinces, and in Liverpool, Huddersfield and Leeds, organized mobs stormed the halls, rushed the platform, broke the cabinet and manhandled the Davenport brothers so seriously that they were forced to cancel all engagements in England.

On many occasions these mediums—perhaps the greatest in their particular phase the world has ever known—lived in actual danger of their lives.

Mr. Randall, in his "Biography" of the Davenports
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DAVENPORT BROTHERS TRY TO SPIRITUALIZE HUMANITY

tells us that they "were compelled to endure horrors baffling description, for no other offense than trying to convince the multitude that they were not beasts that perish and leave no sign, but immortal, deathless, grave-surviving souls.

"Mediums alone are capable of demonstrating the fact of man's continued existence after death; and yet (strange inconsistency of human nature!) the very people who persecute these, their truest and best friends, and fairly hound them to premature death or despair, are the very ones who freely lavish all that wealth can give upon those whose office it is merely to guess at human immortality."

It's a mad world, my masters.

THE MAD MAGICIANS

Admittedly, the most implacable and vitriolic among all the foes of spiritualism are the professional conjurers. In discussing the claims of certain of these flea-like contemporaries of the Davenports Sir Richard Burton, one of the best informed orientalists that ever lived, had this to say about the Davenports.

"I have spent a great part of my life in Oriental lands, and have seen their many magicians. Lately I have been permitted to see and be present at the performance of Messrs. Anderson and Tolmaque. The latter showed, as they profess, clever conjuring, but they do not even attempt what the Messrs. Davenport and Fay succeed in doing; for instance the beautiful management of the musical instruments. Finally, I have read and listened to every explanation of the Davenport 'tricks' hitherto placed before the English public, and, believe me, if anything would make me take that tremendous jump 'from matter to spirit,' it is the utter and complete unreason of the reasons by which the 'manifestations' are explained."

Hamilton, greatest conjurer in France, writes "The phenomena surpassed my expectations, and the experiments are full of interest for me. I consider it my duty to add that

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they are *inexplicable*." There are *some* honest, truthful magicians in the world, after all.

Finally, it may be asked and in all good faith, what particular good is accomplished when spirits bang tambourines, swing trumpets, ring bells, tie and untie ropes, float their mediums around in the air, materialize entirely or in part—or, in fact, do any of the seemingly inconsequential things that occupy so much of their seance time?

The best answer to this question that I have ever come across was written by Mr. P. B. Randall, biographer of the Davenports, when he said:

"The fault lies not with the immortals, but in us; for, as is the demand, so is the supply. If we cannot be reached in one way, we must be, and are, reached in another; and the wisdom of the eternal world gives the blind race just as much as it can bear and no more. If we are intellectual babes, we must put up with mental pap till our digestive capacities warrant and demand stronger food; and, if people can best be convinced of immortality by spiritual pranks and antics, the ends resorted to justify the means. The sight of a spectral arm in an audience of three thousand persons will appeal to more hearts, make a deeper impression and convert more people to a belief in their hereafter, in ten minutes, than a whole regiment of preachers, no matter how eloquent, could in five years."

To me, this seems unanswerable.

Chapter XIV

HONEST AND DISHONEST MEDIUMS

I have repeatedly emphasized throughout these pages my belief that only about seventy-five per cent of mediums are to be trusted. Among this high percentage are a relatively small number of crooks and charlatans—fattening on the fears and hopes of the deluded, who put their faith in these thieves and jackals.

Most of the others are either poorly-developed, or else grossly incompetent. These dilettantes, however, may be perhaps an even greater menace to the acceptance of spiritism and the general progress of the movement than are the preying parasites.

For the parasites are usually clever enough to “put on a good show,” while the bunglers and groppers merely insult the intelligence of honest investigators with their inept and inconclusive efforts.

There is, however, still another class of mediums who contribute their quota of ammunition to the enemies of spiritism. These comprise the mediums who—sometimes for many years—may produce perfectly amazing phenomena—psychic manifestations that convince even the most skeptical of scientists—only to resort later—and often for no apparent reason—to the cheapest and most flagrant deception.

Some of the stupid tricks these mediums practice would be laughable if they did not—because of the enormous publicity given their exposure—jeopardize the integrity of the very structure upon which acceptance of the truth of psychic phenomena is based.

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THE STRANGE CASE OF PALLADINO

Perhaps the best known example of this conscious or unconscious duplicity is to be found in the incredibly fantastic career of Eusapia Palladino, who demonstrated her really remarkable powers before scores of men and women, known and respected wherever science is studied.

Merely to name these scientists, their scholastic attainments and their contributions to our sum total of knowledge, or their professional connections, would require at least two full pages of this book. But here is the story.

In 1888 Professor Chiaia, of the University of Naples, introduced Palladino to the scientific world. This was in an open letter, addressed to Professor Cesare Lombroso, perhaps the greatest criminologist the world has ever known.

Chiaia wrote Lombroso: "Either bound to a seat or firmly held by the hands of the curious, she attracts to her the articles of furniture which surrounds her, lifts them up, holds them suspended in the air like Mahomet's coffin, and makes them come down again with undulatory movements, as if they were obeying her will. She increases their weight or lessens it according to her pleasure. She raps or taps upon the walls, the ceiling, the floor, with fine rhythm and cadence. In response to the requests of the spectators, something like flashes of electricity shoot forth from her body, and envelop her or enwrap the spectators of these marvelous scenes. She draws upon cards that you hold out, everything that you want—figures, signatures, numbers, sentences—by just stretching out her hand toward the indicated place.

"If you place in a corner of the room a vessel containing a layer of soft clay, you find after some moments the imprint in it of a small or a large hand, the image of a face (front or profile) from which a plaster cast can be taken. In this way portraits of a face taken at different angles have been preserved and those who desire so to do can thus make serious and important studies.

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"This woman rises in the air, no matter what bands tie her down. She seems to lie upon the empty air, as on a couch, contrary to all the laws of gravity; she plays on musical instruments—organs, bells, tambourines—as if they had been touched by her hands or moved by the breath of invisible gnomes . . . This woman at times can increase her stature by more than four inches."

It was not until three years later that Lombroso—thoroughly skeptical and rankly materialistic—availed himself of his confrere's invitation.

LOMBROSO'S CONVERSION AND WHAT IT LED TO

After two seances with Palladino, Lombroso, converted, wrote to Chiaia: "I am filled with confusion and regret that I combatted with so much persistence the possibility of the facts called Spiritualistic."

Then, followed seance after seance, before scientists who racked their brains for new and improved methods of controlling the medium, only to be forced to agree in the main with the statement made by Sir Oliver Lodge, in his report to the English Society of Psychical Research, concerning the Palladino seances, conducted at Professor Richet's home.

Sir Oliver wrote: "However the facts are to be explained, the possibility of the facts I am constrained to admit. There is no further room in my mind for doubt. Any person without invincible prejudice who had had the same experience would have come to the same broad conclusion, viz.: that things hitherto held impossible do actually occur . . . The result of my experience is to convince me that certain phenomena usually considered abnormal belong to the order of nature, and as a corollary from this, that these phenomena ought to be investigated and recorded by persons and societies interested in natural knowledge."

Howard Thurston, perhaps the most noted magician in America, who, with the aid of his assistant, controlled

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the feet and hands of Palladino in a good light, tells us: "I witnessed in person the table levitations of Madame Eusapia Palladino . . . and am thoroughly convinced that the phenomena I saw were not due to fraud and were not performed by the aid of her feet, knees, or hands."

Thurston offered to donate a thousand dollars to any charity if it could be proved by *anyone* that the levitation of the table was not produced by Eusapia, *without any resort to fraud or trickery*.

Thurston is that rare bird among magicians—a sincere and honest man, as was also his famous predecessor, Keller, who freely admitted that the phenomena-producing powers of true psychics far transcend the capabilities of even the most adept of conjurers.

EUSAPIA FALLS FROM GRACE

Finally, after twenty odd years of investigation—with results ranging from mediocre to miraculous—an American reporter asked Eusapia bluntly if she had ever been caught cheating.

Eusapia replied ingenuously: "Many times I have been told so. You see, it is like this. Some people are at a table who expect tricks—in fact, they want them. I am in a trance. Nothing happens. They get impatient. They think of the tricks—nothing but tricks. They put their minds on the tricks,—and I—and I automatically respond. But it is not often. They merely will me to do them. That is all."

Even though Eusapia may not have understood the basic principles of mediumship suggested in her reply, she nevertheless spoke more truthfully than she knew.

During this visit to America—late in life, depleted in health, and with her powers waning—Eusapia resorted more and more to trickery—so obvious as almost to excite ridicule.

She was generally discredited, amid the "thumbs down"

of the superficial and unbelieving multitude. Because she had been caught cheating it was vociferously asserted that she had *always* cheated. And that a number of the greatest scientists in Europe, who had written books and monographs about her phenomena, were merely self-deluded crackpots, who really should be cutting out paper dolls in some psychiatric ward, instead of spreading stupidities.

Palladino's fall from high estate was manna and honey to the churchmen, mince pie and ice cream to the magicians, and an invitation to the dance to the psychic-hating world at large.

Nevertheless, Lombroso, in his classical study of Palladino "After Death—What?" stoutly defended his conclusions, even though he admits Eusapia's late-year deceptions.

He says: "Many are the crafty tricks she plays, both in the state of trance (unconsciously) and out of it—for example, freeing one of her two hands, held by the controllers, for the sake of moving objects near her; making touches; slowly lifting the legs of the table by means of one of her knees and one of her feet; and feigning to adjust her hair and then slyly pulling out one hair and putting it over the little balance tray of a letter-weigher in order to lower it. She was seen by Faifofer, before her seances, furtively gathering flowers in a garden, that she might feign them to be "apports" by availing herself of the shrouding dark of the room And yet her deepest grief is when she is accused of trickery during the seances—accused unjustly, too, sometimes, it must be confessed, because we are now sure that phantasmal limbs are super-imposed (or added to) her own and act as their substitute, while all the time they were believed to be her own limbs detected in the act of cozening for their owner's behoof."

I have dwelt thus in detail on Eusapia Palladino's checkered career, inasmuch as she offers a clear-cut example

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of a psychic truth, which all students of spiritism should recognize.

This truth is that the nature and the quality of a medium's potential may increase and flower into something almost awe-inspiring—something that discloses an ever-growing beauty of soul.

Or it may sink into deeper and deeper depths—attracting to itself, so to speak, only the crawling things of spirit life. Or finally, it may wither and atrophy, becoming more and more attenuated, until it flickers out like a guttering candle.

In these circumstances it may well be possible that even a great medium, finding his mediumistic powers waning, might be tempted to resort to fraud, hoping for an early rehabilitation of his pristine powers.

Home—perhaps the greatest medium that ever lived—tells us that once, for an entire year, his mediumistic powers were taken away. After this period, they were returned in even fuller plenitude.

What a medium of lesser integrity than Home might have done under such a calamitous hiatus can well be imagined. Especially when it is remembered that the majority of mediums—particularly the passive variety—are no more capable of earning their living in any other gainful capacity than our little Boston bull would be of wangling a living out of a wintry northern wilderness—if she had to depend upon her food-providing powers alone.

ARE MEDIUMS RESPONSIBLE?

To the materialist, and to those whose livelihood is threatened by any general acceptance of spiritism, as well as to the superficialist whose brain is muscle-bound—and who will believe anything told him in a loud voice or in a screaming print—mediums caught in deception are frauds—*and always have been* frauds.

No matter how much genuine phenomena has been wit-

nessed through the agency of finally-discredited mediums, or how many one hundred per cent evidential messages have been delivered by them, they are—in the cement-encased minds of the pooh-poohers—flagrant fakirs.

They contend, with a withering finality, that the only thing wonderful or unexplainable about the entire matter is that these fakirs could have “gotten away with it” as long as they have.

It never occurs to them to analogize the proposition, and argue that if a man comes home in a drunken delirium and cuts his wife’s throat, he must have been coming home deliriously drunk and cutting his wife’s throat all his life.

The only thing unique about the matter is that on one or more occasions he happened to get caught, in the midst of his sadistic revels.

They might also contend that if a girl, in the white flame of passion, is seduced, she must have been a prostitute ever since she wore pinafores.

Or if a banker absconds with the depositors money, he must have been doing this ever since the state was stupid enough to give him a charter. Which would suggest the natural query, how on earth could it be possible that no one ever caught the crook the other six hundred and fourteen times he absconded with his plunder?

WHY SOME MEDIUMS MAY BE BLAMELESSLY DISHONEST

Now, apply this same principle to mediums, who must by reason of their psychic impressibility and extreme sensitiveness, respond to vibrations, suggestions and forces, the very nature of which can hardly be conceived by the majority of people.

It suggests, although from an entirely different angle, the “deed without a name,” which the witches on that barren heath tried to explain to the doughty and ambitious Macbeth.

Remember also that mediumship is an *organic gift*. It

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has nothing whatsoever to do with merit, morals or character. A medium may be a superlatively good instrument and yet be a degenerate, or a potential pick-pocket.

Fortunately for the great cause of spiritism, however, like attracts like. The medium who vibrates on a high plane of honesty and sincerity attracts honest and helpful forces—truthful and uplifting in their work and in their influence.

The medium, whose instincts are base, mercenary and deceitful will attract spirits whose influence is debasing and deceitful—who will deliberately resort to fraud and trickery, “just for the hell of it.”

And then there are mediums who—visioning waning power, loss of prestige, or because of economic necessity—deliberately plan and execute faked phenomena, or impart fraudulent messages.

Yet we, ourselves, may contribute, in no small measure, to this debacle. More particularly if, year after year—as in the case of Eusapia Palladino—we scrutinize the efforts of the medium with suspicion, hostility, or actual disdain.

Conan Doyle defines this situation very clearly when he says, in his splendid “History of Spiritualism,” “There are obvious difficulties which are so grave that they are almost unsurmountable. When a Crookes or a Lombroso explores the subject he either sits alone with the medium, or he has with him others whose knowledge of psychic conditions and laws may be helpful in the matter. This is not usually so with these committees. They fail to understand that they are themselves part of the experiment, and that it is possible for them to create such intolerable vibrations, and to surround themselves with so negative an atmosphere, that these outside forces, which are governed by very definite laws, are unable to penetrate it. It is not in vain that the three words ‘with one accord’ are interpolated into the account of the apostolic sitting in the upper room. If a small piece of metal may upset a whole magnetic installation, so a

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strong adverse psychic current may ruin a psychic circle. It is for this reason, and not on account of any superior credulity, that practicing Spiritualists continually get results as are never attained by mere researchers."

A PLEA FOR TOLERANCE AND FAIR PLAY

Admittedly, many spiritualistic mediums have, on occasion, been caught cheating, when the balance of their phenomena is unquestionably genuine. Nevertheless, we must bear in mind that these mediums, because of the sensitivity of their organisms, are frequently influenced by positive minds, whether incarnate or discarnate.

Under the influence of this suggestion—just as Palladino told the reporter—they often stoop to fraudulent practice, substitution in phenomena, or impersonation.

Remember that most mediums are of the passive variety—channels through which spirit forces may manifest, and therefore, relatively irresponsible for their phenomena or their messages.

Positive mediums, of the type of Mrs. Felicie O. Crossley, of Los Angeles—thoroughly sincere and highly gifted in clairaudience, clairvoyance and clairsenscience—and Arthur Ford of New York, internationally known as a message bearer of dependability, do not permit their organism to become the mere instrument of possessing intelligences.

Mediums of this type and the astral helpers who assist them in "getting their messages through," would not countenance either conscious or unconscious duplicity. In all the hundreds of messages I have heard these mediums bring, *not one* could be construed as fraudulent. Or "manufactured" merely to gratify the desire of either the sitters or the spirits. Or to tickle the vanity or the egotism of the medium. It is a great pity, and definitely a handicap—so far as the prestige and the creditibility of spiritualism are concerned, that this phase of mediumship is not more frequently met, and cannot be more generally developed.

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Remember, mediumship proves to us that there are good and bad, ignorant and enlightened, truth-tellers and liars on the spirit side of life, as well as on this side of the brook.

To secure the best results we should be sympathetic, without being credulous; careful and observant, without being hostile. If these spirits are good we should welcome them as the friends they are. If they are evil we should shut the door on them, just as we would shut our door on any undesirable intruder.

And always mix a reasonable amount of tolerance with our intelligence.

Chapter XV

MANHANDLING THE MEDIUM

WHILE it is true that there are many quacks and fakers among mediums—perhaps almost as many as there are among lawyers, doctors and preachers—it is also true that there is a large percentage of honest, sincere message bearers and psychics, who are utterly incapable of deliberate deception.

Nevertheless, communications which are little more than a tissue of lies are frequently given—and in absolute good faith—by honest mediums. But this is usually because the spirit imparting the message is mistaken in his premises, or in his facts.

For remember, when a liar, thief or scoundrel is translated into the next phase of experience, he doesn't don wings immediately—or at any other time, for that matter. He remains the same liar, thief and scoundrel he was when he was in earth life—until he learns the lessons of decency, honesty and sincerity he should have learned while here.

If the medium, acting sincerely—as the innocent dupe of a mischief-making spirit—transmits messages thus received he is naturally discredited. He loses reputation and clientele. But he doesn't lose his health, or sustain some shock or injury that might be permanently crippling in its effects.

The materializing medium, however, usually entranced, in order to facilitate the utilization of his ectoplasm by the form-molding spirits, labors under a far more serious handicap.

For any drastic change in the conditions under which he must work—such as grasping or tearing at the etheric or

materialized body the medium's guides have developed, or changing the vibratory intensity impinging on the body of the medium by suddenly switching on an electric light or flash—might create a profound disturbance in his organism.

Remember that the ectoplasm and the sensigol gas, from which the materialized entities are built up, is developed largely from the epithelial structures of the medium's body. This material, of which ten specimens were examined microscopically by Schrenck-Notzing, gave the following composition :

"In the first nine preparations examined there are cellular granulated structures, about the size and shape of white blood corpuscles, or mucus corpuscles, and also bodies resembling epithelium without nuclei, and true epithelium. In Preparation No. 10 there were sharply defined nuclear aggregates of leucocytes and clearly marked epithelium.

"The result of the examination of Preparation 10 justifies the assumption that the cellular granulated structures found in other preparations also represent leucocytes whose nuclei are concealed by the granulation, and the unnucleated epitheliod bodies represent epithelium with its nuclei already decomposed."

Thus, with characteristic German thoroughness, Professor von Schrenck-Notzing has proved beyond a particle of doubt the *material nature* of this substance.

In the case of Willie S.—a young Austrian medium, with whom much splendid scientific work was done—Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing was able to show ectoplasm to more than a hundred picked observers, *not one* of whom could afford to stultify himself by denying the indisputable evidences of his own senses.

Among the scientists who signed affirmations as to the genuineness of the phenomena produced were professors and ex-professors of Jena, Giessen, Munich, Heidelberg, Upsala, Tübingen, Freiburg, Basle and other universities,

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together with quite a number of famous neurologists, physicians, chemists, physicists and biologists.

In brief, the most pains-taking study of ectoplasm and its characteristics—both microscopically and chemically—has so definitely established its *material status* that anyone who now denies its existence merely writes himself down as ignorant of all the multiplicity of facts garnered. And entirely incompetent to discuss intelligently any of the phenomena attributed to the utilization of ectoplasm and its combinations in the seance room.

JEOPARDIZING THE LIFE OF THE MEDIUM

Unfortunately it has been found that people of this type, either through ignorance or maliciousness, are those most likely to cause serious injury, (perhaps even death) to the entranced medium, who is connected by what might correspond to an umbilical band of ectoplasm with the entities his guides are helping to create.

As Dr. Gustave Geley, late Director of the Institute Metapsychique puts it:

“During the whole time of the materialization phenomenon the product formed is in obvious physiological and psychical connexion with the medium. The physiological connexion is sometimes perceptible in the form of a thin cord joining the structure with the medium, which might be compared with the umbilical cord joining the embryo to its parent. Even if this cord is not visible the physiological *rapport* is always close. Every impression received through the ectoplasm reacts upon the medium, and vice versa. The sensation reflex of the structure coalesces with that of the medium; in a word, everything proves that the ectoplasm is the partly externalised medium herself.”

Sometimes this built-up substance is extraordinarily sensitive, appearing and disappearing like lightning. Therefore, it follows—and for very good reasons—that if the materialized entity be roughly grasped, or if the lights are

suddenly turned upon it, the spirit will quickly dissolve—the ectoplasm snapping back into the body of the medium with all the force of a giant rubber band.

Such an accident happened to Frank Decker some time ago, when one of the members of the group, in attempting to secure the curtain over a window which had not been properly closed, accidentally drew the curtain aside, permitting the light from a bright arc lamp in the street to strike full upon the body of Mr. Decker.

Immediately the medium uttered a groan of pain. His stertorous breathing stopped, as though he had suddenly collapsed from shock, sustained during a surgical operation.

For a tense minute there was dead silence. This was finally broken by Patsy's voice. He said sharply: "Keep your seats, everybody, and don't be afraid. The medium will be all right. We'll take care of him."

We all breathed a little more freely after this assurance. Then, after a long moment, Patsy requested me to come up and take the medium's pulse.

There *wasn't* any pulse, either in the radial or in the carotid arteries. And no sound or sign or respiration. This fact was confirmed by Dr. Maurice Sturm and his surgical nurse, who were at the seance.

After what seemed to be a minute or more the pulse gradually returned. It was of a fibrillating or fluttering character, about fifty to the minute, with a blood pressure in the neighborhood of ninety. A shallow respiration, of about ten to the minute, was then heard and felt.

Finally Patsy, who was "standing" right by the chair, in some way unknown to us caused the pulse and respiration to cease again, after which he brought it up once more.

This juggling with pulse and respiration was repeated two or three times, until Dr. Sturm and I begged Patsy to restore Frank to consciousness and functional normality, which he did. After coming out of his trance condition the medium suffered a severe attack of vomiting. Then, for

forty-eight hours afterwards he was in a state of great debilitation. In fact, it was almost a week before Decker was himself again.

Not all mediums, however, are as fortunate as Decker is, in being protected by guides of such extraordinary ability and understanding. Otherwise this young man's experience might have resulted much more seriously than it did.

FORCED RETIREMENT—FROM INTERFERENCE WITH MEDIUM

Madam d'Esperance, one of the greatest and most versatile mediums of the nineteenth century, spent the latter part of her life in a state of wretched ill health, brought about by shock, sustained through an attempt at "exposure."

An injudicious researcher forcibly seized Madame d'Esperance's little entity, Yolande, the charming spirit of an Arab girl—almost as well developed as was Katie King.

In the last chapter of her very splendid autobiography, "Spirit Land," Madame d'Esperance expresses clearly how sensitives may suffer from the attacks of the ignorant. She warns us that: "They who come after me may perchance suffer as I have done through ignorance of God's laws. Yet the world is wiser than it was, and it may be that they who take up the work in the next generation will not have to fight, as I did, the narrow bigotry and harsh judgments of the 'unco' guid'."

Harry Boddinton, writing in the London, England "Psychic News" gives us in some detail an account of this experience. He says: "On one occasion Madame d'Esperance told me she felt someone grab at the drapery that was forming, and continues, 'At first I did not understand it, but as the sensations of being drawn downward continued, it flashed across me that a spirit had materialized behind me and at that moment someone had grasped it and was drawing it from the cabinet.

" 'In horror I cried to my friend (her hostess) who was sitting beside me, that someone had grasped the form, but

she only moaned and leaned heavily against me. In an instant all was confusion. I angrily ordered the delinquent to loose his hold of the white drapery, but it was not till the order was repeated with a threat from the others that he obeyed.

“ ‘Order was restored and the meeting brought to a close. My friend was taken to her room, which she was scarcely ever able to leave again, until the welcome end came and she was relieved from her sufferings, not the least of which lay in the knowledge that they had been caused by the act of her own son.’ ”

It may be of some interest to state here that Madame d'Esperance possessed the same encyclopedic gift of knowledge displayed by May Vanderbilt Pepper.

In fact, one phase of her mediumship was even more astounding than that of Mrs. Pepper. For while she readily answered, by automatic writing, questions dealing with almost every branch of science or literature, many of her answers were written out in beautiful *German* and scholarly *Latin*, languages concerning which Madame d'Esperance had no knowledge whatsoever.

Also, when she gave her demonstrations in materialism she would frequently sit *outside the cabinet*, in complete control of all her faculties—just as did Dr. Robert Moore, whose work I eulogized in a former chapter. In this way she could clearly see the spirits that had been built up, in part, from her own ectoplasm.

The little Arab girl, who was the innocent cause of shock sustained by Madame d'Esperance, together with her subsequent illness and forced retirement, was a truly lovely spirit—judging from the photographs taken of her.

Madame d'Esperance describes her in this way: “Her thin draperies allowed the rich olive of her neck, shoulders, arms and ankles to be plainly visible. The long black waving hair hung over her shoulders to below her waist and was confined by a small turban-shaped head-dress. Her

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features were small, straight and piquant; the eyes were dark, large and lively; her every movement was as full of grace as those of a young child, or, as it struck me then when I saw her standing half shyly, half boldly, between the curtains, like a young roe-deer."

LOSS OF WEIGHT BY MEDIUMS DURING MATERIALIZATION PHENOMENA

As another evidence of the formidableness of the huge masses of ectoplasm sometimes extruded from the body of the medium, consider the experiment's made by Dr. W. J. Crawford, Extra-Mural Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering at Queen's University, Belfast.

Dr. Crawford conducted an extensive series of experiments from 1914 to 1920 with the medium, Kathleen Goligher. The results of his painstaking work are incorporated in three books: "The Reality of Psychic Phenomenon," "Experiments in Psychic Science" and "The Psychic Structures at the Goligher Circle." These books have probably done as much as anything ever written in helping to establish psychic science *as* a science.

Crawford paid particular attention to the ratio of loss in the weight of the medium, and the corresponding gain in weight of the ectoplasmic entity that had been developed.

Dr. Crawford found that the medium usually lost from ten to fifteen pounds during a sitting, which weight was immediately restored to her when the ectoplasm had retracted.

On one occasion the loss of fifty-two pounds was recorded on the auto-registering scales.

However, in the experiments with Horatio Eddy, recorded by Colonel Olcott, one of the materialized entities, an Indian squaw, by the name of Honto—was weighed four times. These four different weights registered eighty-eight, fifty-eight, fifty-eight and sixty-five pounds—and all during the same evening.

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Honto, when measured by Colonel Olcott, proved to be five feet three inches in height, and would ordinarily be expected to weigh in the neighborhood of one hundred and thirty pounds.

I emphasize these facts in order to impress upon the reader the serious danger of catapulting even a considerable fraction of such masses of ectoplasm back into the body of a medium, by dragging at a trumpet or snatching it out of a spirit's hand, by seizing and attempting to hold any of the entities materialized, or by suddenly flashing a light into the room.

When the ectoplasm, disturbed by these drastic actions, flies back into the body of the medium and impinges on the mucous surfaces from whence it has its egress, the result may be a severe hemorrhage, profound shock, or even such disturbances in the nervous equilibrium as may bring about life-long invalidism, as it did in the case of Madam d'Esperance.

HOW ARE WE TO PREVENT FRAUDS WITHOUT INJURING THE MEDIUM?

Granting then that any radical interference with the orderly processes by which physical phenomena are produced may cause serious injury to a medium, what should be our attitude respecting his concededly supernatural activities?

Obviously, we cannot insult our own intelligence by the exhibition of stupid gullibility, and accept as true, phenomena that almost make us doubt the evidences of our own senses.

A person would be unfair to himself, and equally unfair to the medium, who would not insist on some adequate control of this medium during his seances. Or demand from him some authentic record of past demonstrations, done in the presence of competent observers, and under strict test conditions.

MANHANDLING THE MEDIUM

However, when a medium like "Margery" is searched by a physician, fastened in a box or crate, with only her head and arms protruding—both her hands being held securely—and then her brother Walter, in spirit life, whistles, jokes with the professors and grave and reverend seignors present, in direct voice, and produces his well-known demonstrations in telekineses, any person of ordinary intelligence and only the usual amount of obstinacy should admit that these demonstrations are not produced by legerdermain.

When Frank Decker is stripped naked and, in the presence of members of a branch of the New York Society for Psychical Research, nailed in a box, with only his head protruding—or else sealed in a heavy, canvas mail-sack, head and all—and nevertheless levitates several trumpets simultaneously, produces two or three voices—either direct or through the trumpet—and develops or helps to bring about, physical phenomena of an astounding character, there can be no doubt as to the ability and the sincerity of such a medium.

When Schrenck-Notzing or Professor Charles Richet—working at different times and places—bring the medium Eva C., into their laboratories naked, or else previously stripped, searched and clad in a skimpy garment belonging to one of the ladies present—and yet are privileged to cut a lock of luxuriant hair from different female entities, materialized in their presence by Eva C., there can be no question of honesty and factual evidence.

And so with thousands of similar experiences, equally well attested and equally well controlled—experiences which have converted millions to an acceptance of the fundamentals of spiritism. And which have caused Dr. Hans Driesch, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Leipzig, during the course of a lecture at London University in 1924, to say "The actuality of psychical phenomena is doubted today only by the most incurable dogmatist."

Granting that the medium has established credibility, he

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should be given a "sporting chance" to do his best—without let or hinderance.

Those mediums who have not established a reputation for honesty and credibility should be fastened, hand and foot, to a comfortable chair — preferably with adhesive. For it is just a bit difficult for the medium to untie a two-inch strip of adhesive tape with his teeth, and then after he is through hoodwinking and bamboozling the sitters, fasten it in its original position again on wrists and ankles.

And also, while we are about it we might fasten a strip of adhesive over the medium's mouth, in order to silence any contention that two or three voices, talking or singing together—perhaps in some language utterly unknown to the medium—could emanate from some chronic attack of ventriloquism afflicting the psychic.

It would seem that to demand more than this from a medium would have no greater justification than to demand that all priests should be obliged to say mass for the repose of the soul, or administer the last sacrament, while standing on their heads.

Or that all judges should render decisions in an improvised recitative and aria, while accompanying themselves on a harp. Or that all investigators should eat their meals while thumbing their nose with the right thumb and a lot of wriggling fingers.

In any event, the point to be emphasized is that, when we presume upon the courtesy and kindness of our spirit friends, we should conform to the requirements laid down by them.

And we should carry with us into the seance room that most human and universal of all admonitions, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

Chapter XVI

WHY CAN'T I RECEIVE MESSAGES MYSELF?

THE question is often raised, "Why can't I receive messages from my loved ones myself? Why do I have to go to a medium, who doesn't know my dear ones, nor care a rap about what they mean to me? It seems that if they could come to *any one* in the world they would come to me."

There are two answers to this question. The first answer is another question. The question is why can't you *communicate directly* with those you wish to address, and dispense with such stupid circumlocutory mediums as the mail, telephone or wireless telephone, telegraph, radio, heliograph, drum or flag signaling, semaphore, the deaf and dumb alphabet and Braille system, in order to communicate with one another?

The second answer is *you can* communicate directly with your loved ones. That is, you can, if you will equip yourself to receive these communications. And if you *happen to be a medium*, even though an underdeveloped one. But remember that *true* mediums are *born*, not made. And that very few persons—perhaps not more than one in one hundred thousand—has *real* mediumistic ability.

These relatively few individuals may be *trained* or *developed* for mediumship. Yet if they lack the *innate mediumistic quality*, they might try as well to grow another pair of ears as to grow into mediumship stature.

However, each of us is psychic, even though very few of us are mediums. And as psychics we can all develop spiritual faculties, by using the methods proven most effective.

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These psychic powers are *inborn*—common to every man, woman or child of normal mental development. Under certain conditions they can be developed so that we can hear clairaudiently, see claivoyantly, and feel clairsentiently.

And right here we might pause to observe that a very considerable percentage of those who *claim* to be mediums, and who are generally recognized as mediums, have no mediumistic power whatsoever.

They are merely *psychics*. But they enter no trance condition, nor are they controlled by any intelligence outside of their own psyche.

Yet many of these psychics do quite remarkable work at times. However, in the main, this is done by tapping the reservoir of the subconscious, by telepathy, by highly developed intuition, and by employing a lot of good common horse sense and a well-rounded knowledge of human psychology.

Obviously, the work of these psychics does not necessarily prove survival of personal consciousness, nor the ability of the discarnate spirit to communicate with those on this plane.

MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT

As a rule, the great majority of well qualified mediums have had to "sit" for a long period of years, and sometimes give up many hours of time each day, before they came into their full power. Indeed, many mediums have found it necessary to continue their development, even after they have gained national recognition.

Jim Riley, to whom I have several times referred as the greatest of all materializing mediums, sat across the table from his patient wife for almost six months before he and his wife ever got even the slightest encouragement from the "other side." Yet Riley developed an absolutely spectacular faculty for turning ectoplasm into a startling simulacrum of solid flesh. And for bringing to a thrilling

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semblance of life those long dead and gone—who greeted, caressed and fraternized with loved ones and friends who knew them in their earth life.

Dr. John Myers—photographer of “spirits extras”—hadn’t the slightest idea he was a medium until he went, one evening to a spiritualistic meeting, at which the medium was reputedly the most competent spirit photographer in England—if not on the Continent. This medium asked Dr. Myers to sit with a certain group. It was then Myers discovered that he also was gifted with a phase of mediumship, through the aid of which he was able to impress upon a photographic plate, never before exposed, the faces of spirits, as well as the photograph of the one sitting.

Nevertheless, Dr. Myers found it necessary to sit patiently for several months, in order to develop the mediumistic power. It was well worth while, however. For today Myers is considered the world’s greatest photographer of spirits—giving up his time, his energy, his very home and home-life—which was, next to his dear wife and daughter the most precious thing on earth to him—in order to progress the cause of spiritism.

USE CARE IN CONTACTING THE OTHER WORLD

However, if you really desire to become a medium—granting that you possess mediumistic potentialities—you must approach this goal in the proper frame of mind. Remember, you are entering a field hitherto unexplored by your earthy senses. And in so doing you must become subject to its laws.

You must go as a suppliant—with humility and love—not as a conqueror, demanding proof. You must forget yourself, and seek to contact only with the best. And right here, we might emphasize that while “home development,” or “sitting alone,” have frequently brought about astonishingly satisfactory results, you may be taking a foolhardy risk in throwing the doors of your consciousness wide open

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to any disembodied intelligence who may chance to be attracted by your invitation to come in and make himself at home. And whom you may find it much easier to attract than to get rid of.

Unless you are certain that you are protected by guides who will see to it that no interloper harms you—or obsesses you—you had better not hang out the “welcome sign” to every ghostly thug and gangster who may drift into your psychic aura.

If you wish to develop mediumistic powers you had *better sit with a medium, in his developing class*, where guides of intelligence and power may guard the portals of your psychic chambers, and keep poltergeists and mischief-making spirits at a distance.

These are a few of the things we must learn when we start on the path of mediumistic development. Then, when the intelligences on the the next plane find that we are truly and duly prepared, worthy and well qualified, we may communicate directly with those in the other world.

Until that time, however, we must be content to find a good medium, and talk to our loved ones through him or her, just as we would use the telephone, telegraph, radio or postal service in order to communicate with these same good people, were they still on the earth plane.

Chapter XVII

BLUNDERING BIGOTRY

TO the average person—unused to reasoning from cause to effect—it seems utterly fantastic and almost unbelievable that churches throughout the world—particularly the Christian church, which *teaches* immortality—should harbor such implacable enmity toward spiritism—which *proves immortality*.

The mythical Man From Mars, if told of the stupid persecution and unreasoning hatred practiced by bigoted enemies of spiritism, would probably laugh the buttons off his vest. Or else he might burst into tears of pity, to think that, in a world in which philosophy had long since outgrown its swaddling clothes, such Mad Hatter antics could exist.

Examined superficially, it would seem there could be no *possible* cause for the antagonism against spiritism, exhibited by the established church of *any* religion that taught there is a God and a future life.

Indeed, it would seem logical that the *only* people who could be expected to hate spiritualists should be the *materialists* and the *atheists*. And possibly those who might be ardent proselytors for *agnosticism*, as I myself was for many years.

Logically, it should be only disbelievers who might be entitled to persecute spiritists, fine their mediums, or throw them into jail, ridicule those who profess belief in the continuity of life after death and communication with the discarnate. Or who might attempt to hammer their convictions through the thick skulls and into the ossified brains

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of those too stupid, too prejudiced or too feeble-minded to see the truth. Or to recognize it if they could see it.

"PROOF STRONG AS HOLY WRIT"

Yet it is not the materialist, the atheist, the infidel or the agnostic who berates spiritism, who anathemizes it, who passes laws that foster bootlegging of what *should* be the most freely given knowledge in all this world—definite *proof of a hereafter*.

It is *not* the infidel, the god-scoffer, who forces millions to conceal their convictions, and make them almost ashamed to acknowledge their belief in *a proved* hereafter—not a hereafter *taken on faith*. Or on the word of priest, minister, rabbi, bonze, muezzin or guru—who has no more *real* knowledge of the hereafter, and our status in the hereafter, than I have of Babylonian heiroglyphics or stellar astronomy.

It is not the atheist who pooh-poohs proof, "strong as Holy Writ,"—garnered by the serious labors of thousands of competent investigators. It is not the infidel who points the finger of ridicule at Flammarton, Lodge or Lombroso. It is not the agnostic who cackles derisively at Crawford, Schrenck-Notzing, Crooks or Conan Doyle.

It is the priest, the minister, the holy man of almost every well-established religion—and of every hair-splitting denomination within these religious organizations.

The very men who *should be* most interested in finding out all they possibly can about the future life and proclaiming these truths from the house tops, who are most anxious to stifle and strangle spiritualism, its facts, and its proven revelations—the very men who profess to teach the Law—*handed down by two* spirits—Moses and Elias—to a man, Jesus—stoop to *any* lie, *any* deception, any quibbling or equivocation, in order to discredit the truths that come to spiritists, direct from those who, of all the people in the

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universe, are the *best qualified to know the truth—the spirits themselves.*

THE PROSTITUTION OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH

However, it would seem that some of the fulminations of the religious fanatics are self-condemned, by their own insulting diatribes. For instance, one Father Bernard Vaughn says:

“To my thinking, one reason above others for not entering into spiritualism and practising it, for not attempting to stretch the thin veil dividing this side from that, is the fact that a scientific man like Sir Oliver Lodge should be bamboozled by spirits travestyng and personifying the human soul gone under. Do you know, my brethren, I have just as much right for saying that the trance communicators and controllers and spirits that come and rap out nonsense and tap balderdash and show themselves in vision—I have quite as much right and reason for saying they are Satanic spirits as he for calling them human souls.”

The Catholic Church bans the reading of all spiritualistic literature or books dealing with psychic phenomena. Rarely does anyone ever see a priest or a bishop in a spiritualistic seance—unless perchance he is adequately disguised.

So the fulminations of these zealous morons proceed from that “plentiful lack of wit,” of which Shakespeare spoke. For how can one deliver any intelligent opinion on a matter he avowedly has never studied or investigated?

Lord Alfred Douglas once wrote a letter to the *Sunday Times* in which he said: “As a Catholic I am forbidden to take part in a spiritual seance under pain of mortal sin, nor have I the least temptation to do so. But before I became a Catholic, I occasionally dabbled in Spiritualism, and my own experiences were quite enough to convince me that the phenomena are sometimes perfectly genuine, and perfectly unaccountable except on a supernatural basis.

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"The Catholic Church allows that it is perfectly possible to obtain supernatural results at spiritualistic seances. It does not deny the phenomena. But it utterly denies that the 'spirits' which give communications are the souls of departed mortals. The phenomena of Spiritualism are, the Church teaches, produced by devils and evil spirits. Their object is to deceive and betray the human race. Continual indulgence in Spiritualism leads to madness, folly and despair, and the loss of real faith."

THE LAMENTABLE RESULTS OF DROPPING AN INFANT ON ITS HEAD

When I read stuff of this nature I am overwhelmed by a mingled feeling of pity and contempt for the one making the statement. It would seem impossible, in this 20th century, that such colossal ignorance could exist. As to the charge that these phenomena are produced and that these messages are brought by devils and evil spirits, I want to say right here that whoever makes this statement is an ignoramus, undoubtedly suffering from some depression of the tables of the skull, perhaps sustained during infancy, when his nurse inadvertently dropped him on his head.

When anyone asserts that my two dear brothers and my father—who bring me messages of tender affection and sage council from time to time—and my good mother—as sweet a saint as ever lived—are devils from hell, I tell him he lies in his false throat and the truth is not in him.

And as for the "nonsense and the balderdash" these dear spirits bring, some of the finest ethics I have ever heard, some of the loftiest philosophy of life—relating to both here and the hereafter—have emanated from these same "Satanic spirits."

BELCHERS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ALSO

As proof that the Holy Catholic Church has no monopoly in bigotry and ignorance and that belching at spirit-

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ualism is a more or less universal accomplishment, consider the Rev. L. A. Ewart, Vicar of Earls Barton, near Northampton, England.

We are told by the "Psychic News"—perhaps the most important spiritistic newspaper in the world—that, preaching from the text in Deuteronomy which refers to wizards and necromaneers, Ewart made these amazing statements:

"Spiritualism takes advantage of those who are weak and morbid with trouble.

"There is not a lunatic asylum in the world where there are not torn and bleeding victims of Spiritualism. If you put your hand into this evil influence it will lead you down to darkness—eternal darkness—where Spiritualism holds an everlasting seance."

There were other statements in a similar strain. Ewart's hearers were told, "All the wonderful things performed by Spiritualism have been performed by sleight of hand and rank deception."

Then the parson went so far as to say that he "never knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had a healthy nervous organization," and added that "Spiritualism is a marital and social curse."

The Editor of the "Psychic News" comments on this manifestation of an "antic disposition" in the following vigorous pungent manner:

"The Rev. L. A. Ewart," he says, "is paid a salary by the Church in order that he should minister to the spiritual needs of his parish. He is abusing his pulpit and his Church by the falsehoods he has uttered in a building which should be used to lead people to an understanding of spiritual things.

"If he believes what he said, then his ignorance is so appalling that he is not fit to be a clergyman of the Church of England. If he does not believe what he said then he is guilty of infamous conduct.

"He could not substantiate any one of the statements

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he made. His religious teachings are founded upon the spirit return of Jesus of Nazareth and the psychic happenings that centered around him in Palestine two thousand years ago.

"His criticisms of Spiritualism, if they were true, are equally applicable to the psychic happenings of the early Christian Church.

"Whilst the Vicar of Earls Barton could not produce one case of lunacy attributable to Spiritualism alone, it would not be difficult to produce cases of scores of lunatics incarcerated in asylums through religious mania.

"The Rev. L. A. Ewart is a disgrace to the church which he professes to serve. At the present time in London, a group of Church of England clergymen are holding services in a church, addresses being given by a medium in a trance. This fact alone is a complete answer to the Rev. L. A. Ewart."

ENCOURAGE THE PIONEERING CLERGYMEN

It is gratifying to know that not *all* Church of England clergymen are suffering from petrification of the brain and ossification of the heart. In fact, these particular clergymen are pioneering a movement that might well be adopted by Rev. John Haynes Holmes, and others among liberal religious teachers in this country.

Such a movement, conducted on a nation-wide scale, might contribute in no small measure to the rescue of the church from its present spiritual degradation.

It might drag organized religion from its mire-bed of worldliness and materiality, and inject a little humanity and decency into its collapsed arteries.

It might resuscitate some of the living spirit of the ancient days and purge away what Conan Doyle calls a "lip service and an external reverence to an outworn system which has been so tangled up with incredible theologies that the honest mind is nauseated at the thought of it."

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OUR OWN PROTESTANTS STAND CHEEK BY JOWL WITH CATHOLICS AND CHURCH OF ENGLANDERS

While we are distributing cow-itch and boquets of poison ivy to the Catholic clergy and the Church of England gentry, let us not overlook the fact that our Protestant divines—with relatively few exceptions—are no less vitriolic and vituperative against the spiritists than are the Catholics and the Episcopalians. For instance, in "The Christian" we find this wildeyed piece of rhetoric:

"Granting for the sake of argument, that some of the alleged Spiritualistic phenomena are genuine, would we really wish to subject our holy dead to the will and whim of a medium, and the clumsy and undignified expedient of 'table-turning'? Would we not rather agree with Joseph Conrad that it is intolerable to suppose that the august dead are at the mercy of the incantations of Eusapia Palladino or Mrs. Piper?"

Commenting on this remarkable lucubration, J. Arthur Hill, in his splendidly rounded work "Spirtualism—Its History, Phenomena and Doctrine"—a book, by the way, that should be carefully read by every honest-minded man and woman says:

"We would, indeed; and we do not suppose anything of the kind; nor does any Spiritualist known to me.

"Spiritualists make no claim to be able to 'call up' any particular spirit. They seek to give good conditions, the chief of which is a quiet passivity and harmony, and leave the initiative to those on the other side. However greatly we may differ from the Spiritualists, no antagonist who has investigated or even read in the most elementary way can make such absurd statements about the dead being liable to 'the will and whim of a medium' or 'at the mercy of the incantations of Eusapia Palladino or Mrs. Piper.' Spiritualists know well enough, and say so continually, that they have to take what comes. Results cannot be commanded. Such criticism as the foregoing almost makes one despair.

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Instructive criticism is always welcome, and there are many points at which Spiritualism is open to attack; but this necromantic charge is sheer, unqualified, abysmal ignorance, and it is astonishing and depressing to find people in responsible positions exerting their influence to the utmost of their power in a definite direction, on a subject which they obviously know nothing about."

Mr. Hill has here made a clear and concise statement of *just what a medium can do*—and *just what he cannot do*.

To one who knows spiritualism, its literature and its phenomena it seems curious, not to say fantastic, to note that, respecting the authenticity of message bearing, or telekinesis, levitation, materialization, or psychometry, the most positive denunciation and the most jocose belly-laughs usually proceed from those who *admittedly have never read a book on the subject, or attended a single spiritualistic seance*.

THE UNBELIEVABLE EFFRONTERY OF RELIGIOUS INQUISITORS

However, there is something of even deeper and more fundamental importance than these slight deviations from normal mental functioning that radiates from denouncing divines and persecuting priests.

And this is the fact that the *entire structure of Christianity is built upon transfiguration, spirit communication, mediumship of an almost transcendal order, and psychic phenomena* of every conceivable variety.

How it is possible that any man of even a thirteen year old intelligence, or whose I.Q. averages fifty per cent or better, could read the Bible and the works of the early Fathers—in which there are upwards of *four hundred direct references* to phenomena, known and understood by every spiritist—and denounce spiritualism?

How can any man, who doesn't have to move his lips while reading, and who can *understand* the meaning of the

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words he reads, conspire to punish those whose credo consists in the acceptance of the *very facts* that are supposed to cornerstone his faith?

I should like, were it possible, to ask every priest and minister in Christendom, and all who profess to believe in Christ and his teachings, to read their Bible, and the classical religious works of St. Augustine, St. Clement of Alexandria, Hermas, Origen, Irenaeus, Tertullian, Cleophas and others.

Then I would ask them "What do you suppose Irenaeus meant when he wrote: "We hear of many brethren in the Church possessing prophetic" (i.e., mediumistic) "gifts, and speaking through the spirit in all kinds of tongues and bringing to light for the general advantage the hidden things of men, and setting forth the mysteries of God."

No words could more adequately describe the functions of a medium of a certain type.

Tertullian tells us in his "De Anima": "We have today among us a sister who has received gifts on the nature of revelations which she undergoes in spirit in the church amid the rites of the Lord's Day, falling into ecstasy. She converses with angels (advanced spirits) sees and hears mysteries, and reads the hearts of certain people and brings healings to those who ask. 'Among other things,' she said, 'a soul was shown to me in bodily form, and it seemed to be a spirit, but not empty nor a thing of vacuity. On the contrary, it seemed as if it might be touched, soft, lucid, or the colour of air, and of the human form in every detail'."

Do you honestly believe that this great teacher was suffering from paresis, or from some hallucinatory disorder when he wrote this simple and direct account of what every spiritist recognizes as trance mediumship, as healing power, as etherialization—or perhaps partial materialization?

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THE MEDIUMSHIP OF CHRIST

Read St. Matthew, Chapter 17. Then, if you believe this record is authentic—ask yourself “What form of insanity am I suffering from that makes me cling to Christ and his teachings, and yet persecute and revile the only people in the world who *really accept* these teachings as true?

Here are the first thirteen verses:

1. And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart,

2. And was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.

3. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him.

4. Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.

5. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.

6. And when the disciples heard *it*, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid.

7. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise and be not afraid.

8. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only.

9. And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead.

10. And his disciples asked him, saying, Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come.

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11. And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things.

12. But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them.

13. Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist.

THE MEANING OF THESE STATEMENTS

Do you realize that these inspired words describe the transfiguration of a Master Medium—a perfect instrument, through whom Moses and Elias were able to materialize, and through whom these High Intelligences were able to communicate, acting as messengers from the great Central Force itself?

Do you know that verse 8 “And when they had lifted up their eyes they saw no man, save Jesus only” meant that Moses and Elias had delivered their message, and then had dematerialized?

Do you know that casting out of devils, healing the sick and the halt, walking on the water (levitation) prophecy and divination, the “gift of tongues” (possessed by many famous mediums) and many of the miracles performed by the Christ have been done times innumerable by psychics, the world over?

Do you know that the resurrection of Jesus was nothing more or less than the *full materialization* of his spirit, clothed temporarily in the flesh, and in the habilaments this same spirit wore in life?

And that when St. John said “This is now the third time that Jesus shewed himself to his disciples, after he was risen from the dead,” St. John meant that he had thrice been blessed by contact with the materialized form of Jesus

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IS THE SPIRITUALISTIC BASIS OF CHRISTIANITY LOST —OR DEAD?

Now, I would like to ask those who preach Christ, and Him risen, who believe that those who give account of Christ's ministry on earth were truthful men, why they believe that Christ—and at least a score of other high spirits, mentioned in the Bible and in the books of the "Fathers"—could materialize and communicate with those in the flesh, and at the same time deny that Jim Riley, May Vanderbilt Pepper, Bert Wells, Patsy, Silver Bell, Dr. Banks, John Benton, Katie King, or my two brothers, and my mother and father *cannot*, and *never have done* likewise?

By what right do they assume to say that the prophecies of Christ and the Biblical prophets are right and justifiable, while at the same time they provide sneaking spies to catch, and ignorant judges to punish mediums who prophesy in *exactly the same manner* today?

Why should we be asked to accept as true the many prophecies found in the Bible, as well as in other religious and secular works—down to Emanuel Swedenborg's time—and deem it a crime for Pearl Young, Felicia Crossley or Ethel Post's guides to prognosticate events, sometimes quite as important as many happenings predicted by the seers of bygone ages?

DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY

I submit that this is not fair treatment. It is not even *intelligent* treatment. For spiritism and its teachings may be able to do far more for humanity than humanity can ever do for spiritism. Those on the other side go right on with their spiritual evolution, whether we curse them or caress them.

I am thoroughly aware of the fact that within the ranks of the spiritualists, there are thousands of frauds and fakirs. This is deplorable. It is more—it is *damnable*. It is an outrage against every law of decency and humanity.

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The prostitute and the gangster are infinitely more to be respected than is the mercenary wretch who exacts a fee for a parcel of lies, or a slatternly piece of slight of hand. These quacks should be thrown into jail and kept there, with perhaps an occasional bastinado, as a reminder of the detestation felt for them by all decent people.

The arrant knavery of such human scum exercises a potent influence in retarding the general acceptance of the truth of spiritualistic philosophy.

Ye, the fact that there is a large percentage of quacks among professional spiritualists is no reason for putting all of them in the class of moral lepers, to be made the objects of ignorant or malicious police persecution.

As I have before stated, there is a large percentage of quackery in the medical, the ministerial and in the legal profession also. Yet, no effort is made to put these thugs and thieves in the Bastile, wherever and whenever found.

We bespeak for spiritism a free right to investigate. Psychical research is as scientific as biology, quite as justifiable, and infinitely more important. "The least justifiable attitude," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "is that which holds that there are certain departments of truth in the universe which it is not lawful to investigate."

"Prove all things and hold fast to that which is true," said the wise man of old. This advice is just as practical today as it was in the days of the patriarchs. And it always will be.

Chapter XVIII

MAGICIAN'S MADNESS

THE inherent enmity between the wolf and the dog is proverbial. They may, on occasion, lie down together. But this is usually when one or the other of the animals is dead.

A somewhat similar enmity exists between magicians and spiritualists, except that, in these instances, the enmity usually exists only on the part of the magicians.

This touching forbearance, however, may be due to the fact that spiritualists have become so meek and lamb-like—from repeated cuffings and drubbings, administered by the magicians—that many of them seem to be suffering from a well-developed case of masochism.

For rarely or never do they protest, or make any attempt to defend themselves from the blatant charges made by magicians, to the effect that most of them are frauds, liars, cheats and blacklegs, while the balance are merely dumbbells and nitwits.

The sadistic treatment of mediums by magicians seems to have originated with J. M. Maskelyne, celebrated English conjurer, whose vituperative denunciation of the Davenport brothers I have mentioned in another chapter.

This lip-lashing, however, began only after Maskelyne had found that the phenomena produced by these remarkable mediums made his work seem trivial and childish. And after he learned that the public exhibitions of the Davenports affected the reputation of magicians generally, in addition to drastically curtailing their earning powers.

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Of course, Maskelyne's initial eulogy of the Davenports—in admitting that "they produce really wonderful feats," was promptly forgotten when magician's madness developed in him.

So, like many others among his eel-like and slippery brethren, Maskelyne turned a complete back-somersault, and lied like the prestidigitating Pierriot he was.

The pernicious example, instigated by Maskelyne has, with some splendid and upstanding exceptions, been adopted by magicians ever since his time.

HOW JOSEPH DUNNINGER PLAYS JACK-THE-GIANT-KILLER

Perhaps the most riotously active among medium-manglers of this day and age is Joseph Dunninger, on whose shoulders the mantle of Houdini is draped so artistically as to leave nothing but Dunninger's ears sticking out.

It needs but the barest mention of anything smacking of sympathy for psychic phenomena and wham! Dunninger's extraordinarily alert and agile publicity man lands him, with all four feet, on page one of every newspaper this side of Alaska.

Here the earnest and ambitious jongleur fulminates and froths at the mouth, lashing the poor spiritists with the scorpion scourge of scorn. Occasionally he winds up his Brobdignagian bluff by offering to present ten thousand dollars to any spiritist who can produce phenomena that he cannot duplicate while standing on his head, and with one hand tied behind his back.

He bleats with sympathy for Crooks, Lombroso, Lodge, Flammarion, Conan Doyle, and the hundreds of physicists, doctors and scientists, all over the civilized world who have permitted themselves to be befuddled and bamboozled by tricky scheming spiritists for the past ninety years.

The daughty Duninger can sing this song of hate, and secure for himself advertising that would cost him a hundred thousand dollars—if he had to pay for it at space rates.

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Demon Dunninger's diatribes are unanswerable. For the lay newspapers—because of religious affiliations and their ingrown policy of prejudice—print only Dunninger's side of the story.

This is one important reason why spiritualists, generally, have a well-developed inferiority complex. They have been kicked around so long and so enthusiastically—and very frequently by those who never have investigated a medium of any standing, or read a really serious book on the subject—that they take most of their meals from the mantle-piece.

As I have stated before, just because a certain percentage of those who call themselves "spiritualists" are arrant knaves, sneak-thieves and liars, it doesn't follow that *all* mediums fall into a like category. Any more than all magicians should be classed as thimble-riggers and pick-pockets.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN TO BELIEVE THIS

However, there is one piece of transcendentalism no dead or living man has ever seen, detailed by Dunninger, so that all who run may read.

In the New York Evening *Journal* Dunninger psychologises an adolescent-looking interviewer and gives him a post-hypnotic suggestion to write the following brilliant statement: "Prior to the test the Wizard From The Bronx (This is what the *Journal* interviewer dubs Dunninger) examined the spiritualist's cabinet and detected a small knot-hole. So he coiled several feet of wire and concealed it in the heel of his slipper. Wearing only a bathrobe—and the slippers—he entered the cabinet, tossing the robe outside.

"When the room was darkened, Dunninger simply took the wire from the heel of his slipper, poked it through the knothole and manipulated it around until he had hooked the trumpets.

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"Then, lo and behold, the trumpets appeared to be floating in the air!

"It's easy when you know how—as Dunninger does."

CHALLENGING THE WIZARD OF THE BRONX

Now, I'd like to secure \$100,000 of the same kind of money Dunninger uses for betting purposes—and furnish him with all the wire he can wrap around his neck—let alone put "in the heel of his slipper"—and bet him that he can't "poke this wire through a knothole in the pitch dark" and manipulate it around, until he had hooked the trumpets.

I would be willing to triple this bet, and wager that the "Wizard of the Bronx" could not sit, even in *all* his clothes and a buffalo overcoat to boot, and with a whole bale of wire for his armamentarium, do his "*Lo and behold, the trumpets appeared to be floating through the air*" stuff.

Even if he were Buffalo Bill himself he couldn't do it. For the trumpets are made of aluminum or other smooth metal, tapering to a megaphone mouthpiece. They weigh from eight to ten ounces apiece, and there are no hooks or protuberances to which the most adept prestidigitator could fasten even a sucker.

To believe that anyone could, in the pitch dark, with "several feet of wire," perhaps as thick as the E string of a violin, lasso two or three bulky trumpets—utterly lacking in any means for attaching the thirty or forty feet of wire needed for lifting purposes—and then "float the trumpets in the air," one must be just a bit unusual. He must either have softening of the brain, senile dementia with hallucinations, or else he must be just a plain damn fool.

THE DECKER-DUNNINGER CONTROVERSY

On several occasions Dunninger has had some very interesting sessions with Frank Decker, to whose phenomena I have referred at considerable length in these pages.

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men in the air and hold them thus suspended, while one might count a slow fifty. And I agree with Decker in this.

Here is another interesting example of how Dunninger "crashes" the newspaper pages. I believe it is also from the *New York Evening Journal*, but am not sure.

MAGICIAN SAYS EDITOR HAD GHOSTLESS ASCENT

*Levitation of O'Neill Wasn't Supernatural, Dunninger
is Sure, and He Promises to Duplicate
Feat in Daylight*

Joseph Dunninger, by profession a magician and by inclination an exposé of so-called spirit phenomena, took sharp issue recently with John J. O'Neill, science editor of the *Eagle*, who published an account of how he was levitated, or lifted into the air, by a "ghost."

It wasn't a ghost that lifted O'Neill, said Dunninger. It was human and perfectly natural agencies that did it, possibly aided by the workings of the O'Neill imagination in the dark. And just to prove it, he said, he would come to the office of the *Eagle* and repeat the whole stunt—guaranteeing not to use any ghostly device.

No Light—But No Shins!

The levitation, as reported by Mr. O'Neill, took place at a seance in the darkened headquarters of the Spiritual and Ethical Society, while a dozen persons sat on chairs arranged in a circle around him. He was raised about three feet in the air and while thus suspended kicked back and forth and was unable to locate any shins. Frank Decker was the medium.

"John," said Dunninger, "is one of the finest boys I know, but it is my opinion that he was deceived. Of course, I wasn't present, and I cannot tell you the mechanics of a performance I didn't see. But I don't believe he was lifted by any supernatural forces.

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"It might have been the old air-plane game, with which I have seen a 200-pound man lifted four or five feet in the air, with the use of nothing but the finger tips. And stage magicians have been doing levitating in the light for years. At any rate, you get Decker there and I'll duplicate anything he does."

Mr. O'Neill said, however, that he was lifted and dropped, and that no natural forces he could think of could account for the experience. "It's certainly a phenomenon," he said, adding:

"I am frank to state I am unable to explain Decker's phenomena on the basis of known facts, rules, principles of procedure known to physics, mechanics, optics, physiology or related sciences."

It may be of interest to note here, however, that the levitation of a person from the floor, does not necessarily prove *spirit activities*. It may prove only the activity of *certain psychic and magnetic powers*, more or less developed in all of us.

However, when one is lifted from the floor, as O'Neill and I have been—and as scores of others attending Decker's seances have been—by an *entity who talks and walks*, and who lifts a two-hundred pound man from the floor and holds him at arm's height—the lifting power is not *psychic force or animal magnetism*. *It is the work of a materialized spirit.*

If Dunninger wants to duplicate anything that Decker does, let him materialize a spirit—preferably one that has no shins to kick.

In this connection, as is almost needless to say, no further effort was made by Dunninger to show the *Brooklyn Eagle* people just how this particular "trick" was done.

And for two very good reasons. First, Dunninger could not duplicate this phenomenon; and second, because he had again "gotten away with" another five thousand dollar piece of publicity. And he is far too clever a showman to risk

inevitable failure by attempting what he knows is to him an impossible feat.

As an example of the fair play and decency any medium might expect at the hands of the average magician read this:

HOUDINI'S SPIRIT NOTE O.K.—BUT
INCOMPLETE

MESSAGE RECEIVED AT SEANCE FAILED TO CARRY POST-
SCRIPT—DUNNINGER SAYS ORIGINAL HAD BEEN
MOVED IN HIS FILES

By JOHN J. O'NEILL
Science Editor of The "Eagle"

The mesage from the late Harry Houdini given by Frank Decker, the medium, to Joseph Dunninger, the magician, at the Crescent Athletic Club seance Friday night, proved to be authentic, Mr. Dunninger stated yesterday, after finally locating the original in his files. The message as given, however was not complete and the original had been misplaced in his files, he said.

The complete message was:

Little Rock, Dec. 14, 1923.

My dear Dunninger:

Will be back in New York for a few days.
Hurt my right leg. Am laying off. Regards.

HOUDINI

Don't know your address, as my address book is in New York.

The part beyond Houdini's name was not given at the seance. Dunninger said he had been unable to locate the original message to verify the spirit version of it because it had been removed from the position in his files where he

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placed it among Houdini's letters and had been returned to a place between photographs.

LETTER WAS MOVED

"I do not know who misplaced the letter or why it should have been moved, but some one besides myself has handled it and was aware of its contents.

"I do not say or even suggest that Frank Decker handled it, but the fact remains that the knowledge of the contents of that letter was not exclusive with the so-called spirit controls. I have no envelope for the letter and I do not know how I received it. It may have been handed to me by a second person."

Frank Decker, when informed that Dunninger confirmed the message, said, "I was sure the message was correct as my spirit friends never deceive me. But I wasn't so sure Dunninger would admit it, even if he did find the letter.

"I swear I never touched any of Mr. Dunninger's files and I had nothing to do with any one who knows about them" said Decker.

Knowing Decker, as I do, and knowing Dunninger by his words and deeds, as I do, I would be willing to gamble my thyroid and pituitary glands against a crocheting outfit that Decker is telling the absolute, unvarnished truth.

NOTHING REMARKABLE ABOUT THE READING ANYHOW

Yet here we might pause for breath, and observe that there is nothing in the reading by Decker of the only part of Houdini's letter that contained any information of importance.

I have heard many thousands of questions or messages read, *verbatim et literatim*, and logical answers and advice given, *before the envelopes containing the questions or messages were ever opened*.

Indeed, only within the past few weeks I have heard Felicie Crossley, famous California medium, read at least

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two score of such questions—and *without making a single error*—as was evident when the envelopes were opened and the questions read and verified by the writers.

And on evening last winter, I heard Arthur Ford—greatest of all message bearers since the days of May Vanderbilt Pepper—give first and last names of one hundred and nineteen different persons—who had travelled across with Charon, anywhere from two months to forty years ago—identifying them in an absolutely evidential manner. Even to their approximate height, the color of their hair and eyes, and their appearance generally.

It might be well for some ambitious magician to practice up on Arthur Ford's technique a little, so that he could do it to the satisfaction of any competent group of psychic investigators—if any such group ever became silly enough to ask him to do this. It's really very simple. As Hamlet has said, on another occasion, "'Tis as easy as lying."

HOUDINI A MALODOROUS MEDIUM

Houdini, the greatest magician of this last generation, was great only in his professional work. In his persecution of spiritualistic mediums he was exceedingly small and brutally unfair.

Perhaps the outstanding instance of this dishonesty occurred in connection with his attempted expose of "Margery." And the controversy between himself and Mr. J. Malcolm Bird, Research Officer to the American Society for Physical Research, which followed.

The account of this will be found in Mr. Bird's fascinating little book "Margery the Medium" (published by Small, Maynard and Co.).

Here are a few excerpts from this well-considered work, which seem to prove conclusively that Houdini was tarred with the same inky brush that has besmirched so many other magicians.

"I shall not comment extensively on Houdini's version
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of the Margery seance action, obtained in his presence. He witnessed numerous manifestations for which he could offer no other explanation than that I had done them. Inasmuch as he would not grant their validity, he was forced to advance this explanation.

"During the seance in which the bell-box rang, a photograph was made which showed the relative positions of all hands and feet, the box, etc.; as well as the proportions of the box. When Houdini came to advance his elaborately artificial explanation of how this ringing had been engineered, he found that the photograph did not fit in at all. So he drew a little pen-and-ink sketch, altering the size and position of the box and completely falsifying the record by this means.

"I will not repeat here my account of the details of the fraud which Houdini attempted against the medium on his second visit. Suffice to say that somebody tampered with the bell-box so that it required about six times the usual pressure to ring it; and that *somebody* planted in the medium's cage, a long jointed ruler with which it might have been attempted to ring the bell. I charged Houdini with these offenses, in print and to his face and he never offered any defense. His own conduct of the seances was such as to prevent any positive evidence from being obtained as to who was actually guilty; but it was abundantly plain that Margery could not be—she had no opportunity."

It was during this seance, as may be remembered, that Walter, as soon as he had manifested, announced positively that there would be no demonstration at that time.

He is reported to have said "Open the cabinet, and you will find, in the corner of the box, a folding rule, slipped in there by Houdini for the purpose of discrediting the medium. Houdini will claim after the seance, that my sister concealed this rule in her vagina. Whatever demonstrations in telekineses may be produced Houdini will claim were caused by the manipulation of this ruler."

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Then he added, addressing Houdini, "You get the hell out of here. And don't ever come back again!"

Needless to say, the seance broke up in most admired confusion. This, however, is only a characteristic trick, common among the greater majority of magicians, who will resort to any means whatsoever, no matter how contemptable, in order to discredit a medium.

That Houdini learned the error of his ways shortly after this deplorable episode has been told in some detail by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in describing how the code words were brought through Arthur Ford and his guide, Fletcher, to Mrs. Houdini.

Conan Doyle concludes the account in these words: "This man is coming now," said Fletcher, "the same man who came the other night. He says that I am to say 'Hello, Bess, my sweetheart!' He comes because he wants me to repeat, the message, and finish it for you. He says that the message is in code that you used in one of your secret mind-reading acts. He wants you to tell him whether it is right or not."

"Yes it is," said Mrs. Houdini tremulously.

"He smiles and says 'thank you' and that he can now go on," said Fletcher. "He tells you that you are now to take off your wedding ring, and tell them what Rosabelle means."

Mrs. Houdini at once sang a little jingling love song which centered upon the word Rosabelle.

"He says 'I thank you, darling'," said Fletcher. "And he adds that the first time he heard you sing that was in the first show you acted together years ago."

Mrs. Houdini agreed.

"Then he smiles and shows me a picture, and draws aside a curtain and says 'I draw the curtain so'."

This appears to have been some part of their private stage ritual, for the wife at once repeated, "*Je tire la redau*

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comme ça." It was none the less very appropriate to that curtain of death which he had just removed.

"And now he says that the nine words beside 'Rosabelle' spell a word in our code, and that the final reading was '*Rosabelle, believe.*'

"Is that right?" asked Fletcher. Mrs. Houdini burst into tears. "Yes, it is right," she said.

Then Houdini wound up by a final confession of faith.

"Tell the whole world," he said, "that Harry Houdini lives, and will prove it a thousand times more. I am breaking through the chains now, and making my last escape. Tell all those who lost faith because of my mistake, to lay hold again of hope and to live with the knowledge that life is continuous."

What have the Dunningers and others of their stalwart clan to say to this statement from the great Houdini himself? And what comment have they to make regarding the gracious letter sent to the press by Mrs. Houdini, while the dogs were still baying at the heels of Mr. Ford and his gallant spirit friend, Fletcher?

MRS. HOUDINI'S PROOF OF SPIRITISM

Here is the gist of the letter:

"Dear Mr. Walter Winchell:

This letter is not for publicity. I do not need publicity. I want to let Houdini's old friends know that I did not betray his trust.

I am writing you this letter personally because I wish to tell you emphatically that I was no party to any fraud.

Now regarding the seance. For two years I have been praying to receive the message from my husband; for two years every day I have received messages from all parts of the world. Had I wanted a publicity stunt I no doubt could have chosen any of these sensational messages. When I repudiated these messages no one said a word, excepting

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the writers, who said I did not have the nerve to admit the truth.

When the real message, *The* message that Houdini and I agreed upon, came to me, and I accepted it as the truth, I was greeted with jeers. Why? Those who denounced the entire thing as a fraud claim that I had given Mr. Arthur Ford the message.

However, when any one accuses me of *giving* the words, after my beloved husband and I labored so long to convince ourselves of the truth of communication, then I will fight and fight until the breath leaves my body.

I have gotten the message I have been waiting for from my beloved—how, if not by spiritual aid, I do not know. In conclusion, may I say that God and Houdini and I know I did not betray my trust. For the rest of the world I really ought not to care a hang, but somehow I do, therefore this letter.”

Sincerely yours,
BEATRICE HOUDINI

A CHALLENGE TO AMBITIOUS MAGICIANS

And while certain ambitious magicians are still functioning on all two cylinders it might be interesting to have them duplicate the physical and psychic phenomena produced by Frank Decker under conditions identical with those in which Decker worked when Mr. C. Edward Davenport wrote this statement.

“Mr. Decker tonight demonstrated his mediumship before Miss Spencer, Mrs. Davenport, Mr. Dunninger—the psychic investigator—and myself, at the home of Miss Spencer. While partly controlled by Miss Spencer, and *Mr. Dunninger securely holding his arms and hands*, the trumpet levitated and delivered to me an independent voice, which I recognized. Also the trumpet circled among us—There were caresses and patting of hands and faces, also

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the slapping of backs by invisible forces, greatly impressing us all."

C. EDWARD DAVENPORT

It would be extremely interesting to know *why* the blatant Dunninger did not denounce Decker on this occasion—when *he himself* acted as chief control. Or why he didn't, *then and there*, duplicate the phenomena, witnessed and heard by this exceedingly intelligent group of people.

To me, the answer is very clear. First, Dunninger knows that neither he, nor *any other magician*, can reproduce these phenomena. And second, he wouldn't dare attempt his usual bluff and bluster with a really intelligent group of sincere and honest investigators.

They might make public the abortive results of his efforts and thereby slip a burr under the tail of his ruthless and rapacious hobby horse.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T WANT HIS DOG KICKED AROUND

To me, or to any of the really sensible and informed people I know, this report seems a beautiful piece of evidence.

"I have had readings from many mediums for more than 13 years. My nephew, William Ellsworth Dederick, was usually mentioned as William. But I had always called him Ellsworth. About two weeks ago I came to Mr. Decker's circle, an absolute stranger. When a voice spoke in front of me I said, "Is this for me?" It said, "Yes, it's Ellsworth." As a test he said, "Do you remember what I said to the man who was going to kick my dog? I said, if you kick that dog I'll kick you." That is exactly what he said. Another time Ellsworth told me through a medium in New Jersey that he would run his fingers through my hair. The next night I was at Mr. Decker's circle when fingers were run through my hair and my head patted. The next night I was told through a New York medium that

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Ellsworth was the one who patted my head. Not one of the three mediums knew each other, and only the first one—the one in New Jersey—knew the test was to be made, and I was careful not to let her know of Mr. Decker's circle, where I was going."

LOUIS R. DEDERICK

Of course Dunninger and his crew might explain this demonstration by saying that Mr. Dederick, during a fit of temporary insanity, *thought* he heard his nephew call himself "Ellsworth." And shocked into some show of surprise by this, inadvertently ran his own fingers through his own hair, thinking his own head belonged to someone else.

While this might seem just a bit complicated it is a much better explanation than many offered by magicians in even more direct and convincing experiences, on which they collected a couple of thousand dollar's worth of grade A advertising.

It might also be interesting to hear from anyone else in the fact-juggling fraternity as to just how Decker could manipulate two trumpets and ventriloquize two different voices simultaneously—one at each end of the room—a feat so unbalancing to Mr. Goadby's nerves as to cause him to write this:

"I was impressed at the trumpet seance held at the New York Section Rooms, Hyslop House on March 5th, by this, particularly: that it seemed to me that I heard two trumpets going at once—one at each end of the room."

ARTHUR GOADBY

Member of The American Society of
Psychical Research

Or, better still, how Mr. Jackson, in his *own home*, happened to hear three spirit voices speaking at the same time to *three different people*. Can Decker ventriloquize in three voices at once—and often in foreign languages, with which he has no acquaintance?

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Here is the honest statement of an honest man. What trumpery evasions or quibblings can explain these?

"Having sat in circles with Mr. Decker on three separate occasions in my own home, among the many interesting phenomena, I was most gratified by hearing, on two of these occasions, three spirit voices speaking simultaneously to three different people in the circles. On one of these occasions two of the trumpets were marked with distinctive phosphorescent paint and could be seen in front of two of those being addressed."

ROLAND V. JACKSON

Member of The American Society of
Psychical Research
Garden City, N. Y.

THE TRUTH IN MATTERS MASONIC—A SACRED CHARGE

I would also like to enquire just how magicians would interpret the beautiful experience here narrated by Mr. Paton.

"On Wednesday, April 3rd, 1929, I attended a scientific gathering at the residence of Maina L. Tafe, 255 West 33rd Street, New York City, on which occasion a trumpet circle was held with Mr. Frank Decker (unknown to me), the medium.

"A remarkable demonstration of ectoplasm occurred, and spirit voices communicated with each of the eight sitters, mentioning incidents of a personal nature, recognized by each individual, and known only to themselves.

"My father announced himself as 'J. Howland Paton' the name by which he was christened, but not generally used by him during his earthly existence, he being usually known as 'James H. Paton'.

"He referred to an incident in January 1913, when I was installed as Master of Eureka Lodge No. 243, F. and A. M. and welcomed him as Past Master of Citizen's Lodge No. 628 to a seat with me in the "East" as being one of the proudest moments of his life.

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"This of course was unknown to the medium(not a Mason) or to any other present, but myself. This incident can be verified by the minutes of Eureka Lodge on that occasion.

"I have been seeking 'Spiritual Truth' for some time, and thanks to Mr. Frank Decker and his genuine mediumship, I am convinced I have found it beyond any question of doubt, for which I am indeed grateful and happy."

ROBERT PATON

Member of the American Society of
Psychical Research

155 W. 47th St., New York City

A TEST FOR EVEN THE MOST ADEPT MAGICIAN

Again, I would like to ask whether there is anyone in the world—assuming that he is in his right mind—who can say that he has never heard of a prestidigitator of whose work this was said:

"There were many impressive demonstrations of Mr. Decker's mediumship in the four times that I have sat with him. Three trumpets speaking at once, touching three people simultaneously and the positive identification of my son, through telling the certain pet names on two occasions that no one but myself had any possibility of knowing. The personality of my boy was unmistakable."

MAUDE LEAKE JACKSON

Member of The American Society of Psychical
Research, Garden City

I might state, at this time, that if anyone doubts the willingness of Decker to submit himself to any restriction that will not actually endanger his life he might read this endorsement.

"I have attended many of Mr. Decker's seances with very interesting results. I think him of great value to the

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cause of Psychic Research because of his cheerful willingness to sit under conditions of complete control."

GEORGE MCDERBY

Member of The American Society of Psychical
Research, Princeton, New Jersey

OF WHAT POSSIBLE USE IS SPIRITISM?

And finally, we hear again and again the query from some half-baked materialist, or from some medium-baiter with a mission, "Of what possible use is spiritism? What can it teach us? We are the same jackasses after we hear all these things and have all these experiences that we were before."

If there lives a person with soul so dead who cannot thrill to the touch of a vanished hand, a kiss from lips that are dust and the sound of a voice that is stilled, here on this plane, we must, in all sincerity, say to him "For you, there is nothing in spiritism. You may have to come to the realization of its truth in long years of loneliness and separation from loved ones—granting that there is in you the capacity for love and affection."

Nevertheless, most normal people would be glad if they were able to say with Miss Mildred Peter:

"I have come to know that there is not only a future life, but that all life progresses, and that things as we go on become more beautiful and wonderful if we follow the way of truth and love.

I have had very convincing evidence that I was communicating with my own dear ones who have passed over to the next plane of life and with whom I was, of course, anxious to contact.

I have also come to know and love the spirit teachers who come through."

Or to say, with my friend, Matilda Levy, and her good husband:

"Many of our dear ones came with such love, called our

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names, and touched us with the trumpet lovingly. Our dear Annette touched us with real warm small hands, and later gave us each a daffodil out of a vaseful that a friend brought in yesterday and said 'these are for Annette.' Annette said tonight, 'These are my flowers.' God bless this medium for bringing us this joy tonight. There's much more to this than we can tell."

MATILDA LEVY

Member of The American Society of Psychical
Research

626 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Or to know positively—not by any exercise of an utterly *unsupported faith*, or a hope that only too many millions regard as futile and foundationless—that life is eternal, and that we shall see our dear ones again.

When you shall have had many such experiences as Mr. Whitman has had you will know the difference between absolutely definite phenomena and the shuffling child's play of the magician.

No conjurer in the world can produce this:

"Two voices at once—three trumpets touching the sitters in different parts of the circle at the same moment. Fingers lifting a hand of the sitter, at the instant that Mr. Decker spoke from across the circle, attest genuineness."

R. B. WHITMAN

Member of The American Society of
Psychical Research

ACTUAL AND CONCRETE PROOFS

When we develop sufficient intelligence to admit that the phenomena produced by spirits are genuine—and, as Conan Doyle says, on page 100 of his "American Adventure," "No one but an ignorant fool could deny that"—we may arrive at the thanks-be-to-God attitude of being able to state:

"Mr. Frank Decker called at my rooms tonight and gave a 'seance.' My sister-in-law and myself were the only

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ones in the circle. Mr. Decker was an entire stranger to us, and not a word was dropped as to whom we expected a message from.

"I can truthfully say that my departed wife came through and conversed with me for about 30 minutes and gave me evidential and *concrete* proofs that I was *actually* in contact with her."

E. V. JELENKO

Member of The American Society of
Psychical Research

41 E. 86th St., New York City

One of the greatest of all England's many fine mediums, a man who is known and respected all over the world for his scholarly lectures and his splendid message work is Mr. Horace Leaf. Here is what Mr. Leaf wrote in Decker's "Remembrance Book."

"In memory of an interesting and impressive seance with Frank Decker. I controlled Mr. Decker's hands and feet and held his head in my lap during the time some of the voices spoke and can testify to the fact that they were quite independent of Mr. Frank Decker."

HORACE LEAF

Here is another letter that carries the stamp of heart-felt sincerity.

"Your work at Stamford was the most wonderful demonstration I have ever witnessed and I have been sitting with various sensitives for many years. The general power was quite remarkable and my own manifestation gave me the greatest pleasure of my life.

"For over forty-five years I have wanted to get some kind of a message from my father who passed over in 1890. I have never had even an inkling of a message by any usual methods, but last night I got a materialization and direct voice of my father who shook my hand, hugged me and

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patted me on the back so loudly it could be heard by every body.

I was duly grateful as I had been told through many channels that he was on such a high plane of vibration that he could not "tune down" to ours. It was overpowering.

"Patsy gave some remarkable fundamental explanations of the upper sphere which were very clear and understandable.

May the God of Love continue to endow you with your rare ability to make possible such conclusive demonstrations of the certain continuity of existence."

ECKFORD C. DEKAY

Here is an interesting experience in which Maina Tafe, well known medium participated.

"My first sitting with Mr. Decker had remarkable results. The sitting took place on a Friday evening. My mother came through and gave me evidence of something that I knew nothing about. I wrote to the party involved, Miss Tafe, and the following Sunday she verified my questions, thus proving the sincerity of the medium. Miss Tafe and myself will be very glad to give further information if requested."

MAINA L. TAFE

MATILDA LEVY

E. JEAN PARTRIDGE

It seems absolutely improbable that Mrs. Duncan could have imagined this:

"Unusual and remarkable manifestations occurred. Materialization of one not human to either the medium or any one present. I clearly saw this form. Tests were very unusual and accurate."

MRS. GEORGIA DUNCAN

44 Ellsworth St., Portland, Me.

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MAGICIAN'S MADNESS

Here is a message from the best known, best loved and—because of his prominence—the most cordially hated medium of the past decade.

“Life is like a bird on a bough,
The bough breaks and the bird flies away.”
My very best thought,

JOHN SLATER

Love to “Patsy.”

Away back in 1929, when Decker was, so to say, a fledgling in this work, and only about one-tenth as well-developed as he now is, he received the following communication from Mr. J. Malcolm Bird.

I was hoping that Mr. Bird would arrange to again test Decker, and witness some of the astounding phenomena we have been seeing lately, but I am afraid that prejudice, developed in the Society, may deprive Decker of this pleasure and satisfaction.

However, he asks me to say that he is ready and willing at any time to put himself at the disposal of the Society, and be subjected to any tests they may exact.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH, INC.

FIFTEEN LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK

March 8th, 1929.

My Dear Mr. Decker:

You have in your possession a statement from me, dated January 21st, 1929, with reference to the phenomena observed at three seances which you gave at Hyslop House at that time. Since then I have attended three further seances, and I wish to add the following to what I have already said:

It was unfortunate that on the occasions of most rigorous control there was little or no action, but I

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am quite aware of the general possibility that such outcome may be attributable to the medium's physical condition or to the unaccustomed controls. In two seances held without control, we obtained some phenomena of extreme interest: particularly simultaneous phenomena of the same sort or of different sorts in widely separated quarters of the room, and directed contacts of the sitters without any preliminary observation that was evident. In the nature of the case one hesitates to make too definite statements about uncontrolled phenomena obtained in darkness, and in the nature of the case such phenomena cannot be final. But my impression at the time was that I could not be confident that normal means would have been sufficient for the production of all that was observed; and I think you ought to have this statement, modifying in some degree the final sentence of my previous one. I hope we shall be able to go further as a result of further seances.

Very sincerely yours,

J. MALCOLM BIRD, *Research Officer.*

Now we have a beautiful message from Mrs. John Myers, and her lovely daughter, Jeanette.

South West Psychic Centre,
Spencer Park,
London, S. W. 18

I have much pleasure in stating that tonight I have had wonderful evidence of "Patsy" being with me today, my daughter can also testify same. God bless you, Frank Decker, and your wonderful guide. With love,

MRS. JOHN MYERS
JEANNETTE MYERS

London, England.

And finally, if any feather-brained skeptic denies the possible advantage of a knowledge of and a belief in spiritism,

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MAGICIAN'S MADNESS

let him put himself in the position of this good friend, back in 1930.

"This is to certify that my study and development under Frank Decker was the means of keeping me from jumping out of the 29th floor window after a great disappointment."

I am withholding the name of this gentleman. However, anyone sufficiently interested to check on this may see the original, in my possession.

In the face of all this, and countless thousands of other amazing evidences of spirit manifestation, spirit guidance and help, does it not seem almost fantastic that there still exist men and women—countless millions of them—to whom the very name "spiritism" is anathema?

However, we must remember that civilization—as we know it in this epoch—only began with the Cromagnon man—a brief twelve thousand years ago. So physical evolution has been an exceedingly slow process of development. Mental and spiritual evolution promises to be an even more leisurely process.

In God's good time even magicians may become more intelligent and human. But it's going to take quite a while yet.

Chapter XIX

SPIRITUAL HEALING

FROM earliest recorded history Spiritual Healing has been recognized as a factor in preventing death and in relieving illness. The earliest priests were almost invariably medicine men, as well as religious servitors, and up to the time of Hippocrates were the *only* physicians.

These priests healed by incantation, by purging and vomiting the patient (pretty good treatment, too) and by prayer, fasting, diet, ablution, exercise and sweating.

They believed—as so many medicine men of barbaric tribes believe to this day—that disease is in the main a manifestation of the presence of demons, devils or evil spirits, who have taken up their residence within the body of their victim.

Priestly incantation consisted chiefly in making things decidedly uncomfortable for the invading demon, by beating tom-toms and shouting, as well as by burning stink-pots, and raising smoke smudges for his benefit.

The persistence of this superstition is still seen in the censor-swinging activities of the Catholic clergy, and in their attempts to “ban” a spirit and clear out a haunted house, as well as to drive any malign influence from the neighborhood of the altar during “divine service.”

Naturally, most men and women who have had any training in the sciences, and who claim to be able to think clearly, regard these ideas and the activities associated with them as mere evidence of childish credulity. They feel that, in this enlightened age, this is really an unforgivably stupid form of superstition.

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I can sympathize with this conviction, for I too in my callow materialistic youth, have laughed to scorn the assumption that mischievous or malicious discarnate intelligences might, under certain circumstances, produce serious physical or mental disorders.

With Buchner's "Force and Matter" under one arm and Haeckel's "Riddle Of The Universe" under the other I have ridiculed the contention that any spirit—from Jesus Christ down to Old Aunt Maria—could help clear the debris from this "muddy vesture of decay" we now inhabit, or remove from the mind the psychic poison that turns normal mental reactions into the weird ravings of dementia, the murderous frenzy of mania, or the pathetic despair of melancholia.

ADMITTEDLY THERE IS A REASON FOR DISEASE AND MENTAL ABNORMALITY

No intelligent person can deny that there is a *reason* for most of the ills to which flesh is heir, if only this reason could be determined. We know that when a person is inoculated with a specific germ—as for instance, the plasmodium of malaria, the spirochete pallida of syphilis, the gonococcus of Neiser, he will develop malaria, syphilis or gonorrhea—just as surely as he would drown if he were to be submerged for five minutes. Or smashed into a pulp if he were to leap from the roof of the Empire Building.

We know that scores of other germs produce their characteristic diseases, if the phagocytic activity of the blood is low, or if the subject is deficient in resisting power.

We know that an improperly balanced diet—especially where there is a deficiency of certain vitamins or mineral salts—will inevitably produce rickets, pellagra, scurvy or other disorders, specific to the lack of these particular substances.

We know that if the endocrine glands do not function normally, if certain fundamental laws of hygiene are vio-

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lated, if the vertebrae of the spinal column are out of proper alignment, if there are any foci of infection anywhere in the body, certain definite disorders may develop.

We know that, with medicine and surgery, dentistry, osteopathy or chiropractic, properly refracted lenses, obedience to the common laws of hygiene, the avoidance of excesses in every form, colonic irrigations, physio-therapy and electro-therapeutics, miracles in healing may be produced.

Also, as I know from long experience with the method, wonderful results may often be obtained in functional and neurotic conditions by the use of psycho-therapeutics or hypnotic suggestion.

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY

We have also proved in innumerable instances the truth of the old Latin dictum "*Mens sana in corpore sano*"—"a sound mind in a sound body." And are curing thousands of cases of mental derangement by clearing up focal abscesses and infections in the body, and by what Dr. O. M. DeLaney, a really gifted surgeon, of New York City, calls "*Pasteurization of the blood*"—raising the blood and body temperature to 102 to 105 degrees, and keeping it at this fever heat for an hour or more at a time.

By the use of this most advanced of all methods of healing many forms of infectious disorders can be cured. And in an astonishingly brief time.

Certain of these pathological conditions—such as general paralysis (from softening of the brain) Nieserian infections of years' standing, arthritis and neuritis, sleeping sickness and numerous other chronic or incurable disorders—respond to this hyperpyrexia ("high-fever") treatment, as it is called, in an amazing way.

However, notwithstanding all the miracles of healing performed in this world every day, there still remain other miracles in the healing of the sick, the halt, the maimed or

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the blind that cannot possibly be accounted for, or duplicated, by any form of medical, surgical, psychological, or vibrational treatment with which we are now familiar.

There still remain the thousands of cases, for whom no scintilla or hope had been held out by even the most eminent physicans, but who, nevertheless, recovered their health or their reason through some miracle of prayer or divine healing.

It is begging the question to say that these results are brought about entirely by the influence of suggestion. For many of these people, thus healed, were in a coma when the prayer was raised at their bedside. Indeed, in instances within my own knowledge, Divine aid (which is only another form of spiritual healing) was invoked in a church, in a gathering of friends held miles away from where the patient lay dying, and on one occasion in a city, half way across the continent.

There is no possible explanation for the subsequent recovery of these death-destined patients in hypnotic or therapeutic suggestion—unless we are to admit that the suggestion was telepathically conveyed.

However, I believe it will be readily admitted by anyone, experienced in therapeutic suggestion, or familiar with its psychological underlying processes, that such suggestion, *given directly* to the patients—as was done, in effect, by doctors, nurses, family and friends, in their cheerful and encouraging attitude toward these sick ones—would have had an infinitely more potent effect than suggestion which might come through the tenuous and space-dimmed paths of telepathy.

THERAPEUTIC SUGGESTION OF NO AVAIL IN THESE CASES

Even the most positive form of therapeutic suggestion would have been of no avail in these cases. I may be permitted this opinion because I have had considerable experience with hypnotic suggestion in the treatment of func-

tional and nervous disorders. Therefore, I know the limitations of this method. It is merely a matter of getting the proper degree of receptivity, and giving the necessary suggestions, in a sincere and convincing tone. Therefore the results secured by one hypnotist are quite as effective as are those obtained by any other hypnotist.

Admittedly, in all conditions where the autonomic (or sympathetic nervous system) is at fault, gratifying results may often be gained. Particularly if the patient can be "put down" into something deeper than a mere hypnoidal, or pliantly receptive condition, and much nearer the cataleptic state.

However, while these nervous and metabolic disturbances frequently respond most satisfactorily to suggestion, no conservative psycho-therapist—from Braid, Moll, Charcot or Liebeault down to our contemporary neurologists and psychiatrists who use the method on occasion—would contend that a patient, suffering from a pathological condition—due to germ invasion, or to degenerative cell changes—could expect any material help from suggestion.

Nevertheless, the three patients to whom I have referred, made a complete recovery from what any informed physician would emphatically state was an *absolutely incurable* condition.

The first of these patients was in the final stages of pneumonia, muttering in full delirium. His pathetic and futile picking at the bed clothes presaged the last scene of all in this tragedy we call life. Except for the death rattle, he showed every sign of imminent dissolution.

An old priest, who had baptized him thirty odd years before, and who had later confirmed him, had that morning given him the last rites of the Church and said the prayers for the dying at his bedside.

Yet, an hour or so later, and without the slightest apparent reason, the fingers, so feverishly busy, loosening the last strands that bound the man to this plane of existence,

quieted down and rested without further movement on the quilt.

The incoherent mumbling ceased, after a sigh, the hurried, gasping respirations gave way to a deep, rhythmic breathing. In a few minutes the eyes opened, and within an incredibly short time recognition came into them. Followed then a bewildering speedy recovery.

We learned afterwards that, at the very moment old Charon turned his boat back to the dark shore, the priest who had that morning given this patient his passport for the long outward voyage, was on his knees, before the altar, praying to the Virgin Mary and to his patron saint, Saint Joseph, to interpose and cancel the necessity for using the passport at this time.

THE DIABETIC WHO WAS CURED BY A SPIRIT DOCTOR

The second case I personally investigated had been pronounced hopelessly incurable by at least a dozen doctors. He had suffered for a number of years from diabetes mellitus ("honey urine") a grave and usually fatal condition.

This man had an exceedingly high percentage of sugar in the urine, (an average of 4%). There were several huge carbuncles and a number of boils on his body. He had finally sunk into a profound coma, from which bicarbonate enemas did not seem to arouse him. (This was a year or two before insulin was discovered).

The physician in attendance had told the family that it was useless for him to call again, as everything that medical science could possibly do had been done by him and the doctors with whom he had consulted.

This man's family and many of his friends happened to have been spiritualists. Informed of the patient's condition, they quickly gathered at the house of one of the members of their group.

After prayers in a darkened room by the leader of the circle, the spirit of one of their guides—a famous physician

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during earth life—was invoked. Through the trumpet the decarnate doctor informed the devoted band that he would do all he could for their friend—and *his* friend.

I was afterwards informed that within a few hours this patient had come out of his coma and that he was once more rational. Inside of a week his boils and carbuncles had completely healed and his urine was entirely free from sugar.

I checked on this at the time. Several years afterwards I was told by the doctor who had attended this hopelessly stricken man that there has never been any return of his pathology.

HOW THE MANIAC WAS CURED BY SPIRIT MINISTRATION

In these two cases there was a *definite pathology*—evidenced by clinical, microscopical and chemical examination. No intelligent physician could possibly claim an hysterical etiology (or cause) for these groups of symptoms.

What the healing spirits did for these men was *direct* and *specific*. No possible hokus-pokus, no matter how elaborate, could account for these results.

The third patient, however, was a mental case. She was afflicted with suicidal and homicidal mania, following a year or more of melancholia, traceable to the death of her child.

Everything the most skillful psychiatrist could possibly do for this woman had been done. Until finally she had to be committed to an asylum, in order to prevent her from harming herself, or some member of the family.

Two sisters were spiritualists. They lived in Indianapolis, Indiana. When they heard of their sister's commitment to an insane asylum they were almost frantic, believing as do many people, including myself, that incurable insanity is infinitely worse than death.

Immediately they sought aid among those of their faith. Nightly meetings were held by their little group. The heal-

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ing guides—in this case, two Indians—were petitioned to do what they could for this woman.

It is interesting to relate that what they did was exceedingly well done. For, within a few months after this woman had been committed, with the most hopeless possible prognosis, she was discharged as cured, and has remained so ever since.

Of course it is barely possible that, despite the deplorably unfavorable prognosis of the alienists, the woman might have made a spontaneous recovery. And that the apparently favorable ministrations of the Indian medicine men at this time were merely coincidental with this spontaneous recovery.

My own conviction, however, is that to the Indian guides—and to the Great Source of all being, of which they are but humble instruments—belong all credit for this remarkable recovery.

One of two physician friends, however, (physicians are notoriously materialistic and super-skeptical) have contended that the rehabilitation of this mental patient was unquestionably due to suggestions—given by the doctors and nurses at the institution.

To which I reply that a maniac is impervious to suggestion. The only possible suggestion that could be of any value in these mental cases would be suggestion given under hypnosis. And no *insane patient, much less a raving maniac* can be hypnotized. At least not by the Braid, Nancy, Charcot, or any other method with which we Occidentals are familiar.

For in order to induce hypnosis a certain quiescence and receptivity must be secured. This cooperation is *not possible* when the patient is mentally deranged.

ALL GREAT PROPHETS SPIRITUAL HEALERS

Most of the great religious leaders—as well as many
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prophets of renown—were gifted with the power of spiritual healing, or else they had such reputation.

Now it is an old adage that where there is much smoke there must be some fire. And inasmuch as all races of men—from the highly intellectual Greeks to the Bushmen of Central Africa—from the voodoo priests of Haiti to contemporary men and women of the highest intellectual standing—believe in, or actually practice, metaphysical healing—there can be no doubt of the verity of this phenomenon.

Even the sacred shrines and so-called holy-places contribute their weight of evidence to this contention. The shrines of St. Anne de Beaupre and of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Keblah, sacred to Mohammedans the world over, the banks of the noisome Ganges, scores of churches, wells and other places have been set apart by men everywhere as the scene of innumerable authentic miracles.

Even that beautiful fictional presentation, "The Miracle Man"—produced on our stage and screen a few years ago—it is now conceded, has a solid foundation in fact. For "miracle men" of this general type may be found, at times, in all parts of the civilized and uncivilized world.

We shall not, in these pages, consider the indubitable powers, and the evidences of spiritual healing, performed by the Master Healer, Jesus Christ, and to a much lesser extent, by certain of his disciples.

That Christ possessed miraculous powers of psychic healing, that He was able to suspend the laws of gravitation—in walking on the water—and that He was thoroughly familiar with the technique of highly advanced mediumship—is evident to all who have ever studied the New Testament in the light of modern psychic research.

SCIENTISTS NOW BEGINNING TO ADMIT THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUAL HEALING

Materialistic scientists have, naturally, been loath to admit the existence of any healing power—apart from

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medical means, or the influence of auto or hetero-suggestion. Nevertheless, there are so many thousands of well-authenticated experiences, attesting to the value of prayer, to divine intervention, or to the healing by supernormal-intelligence, that even the most skeptical scientist now concedes the possibility of *some* healing force, outside of the body, and apart from any known medical or mental process.

We, who know so little of life, and even less of death, should be chary of assuming a dogmatic attitude respecting the possibility of spiritual healing. If the soul has a conscious existence after death—as has been thoroughly established by the careful investigations of such men as Baron Von Schrenck-Notzing, Cesare Lombroso, Sir William Crooks, Sir Oliver Lodge, Camille Flammarion, and scores of other scientists of highest reputation, it is not unthinkable that discarnate spirits might be *profoundly interested* in helping to maintain life in an organism that has not yet completed certain useful earth-life activities. It is highly credible that these intelligences might well attach themselves to some medium who has achieved success in this particular line, and aid him in this work.

GIFTED SPIRITUAL HEALERS EXTREMELY RARE

Such mediums are, of course, extremely rare. Yet, under strictest test conditions, they have shown bewildering powers in diagnosis and extraordinary accuracy in prescribing the particular form of treatment that ultimately brings about a cure. One old spiritualist healer, a medical man, named Dr. Pomeroy, whom I have before mentioned, had marvellous success in curing thousands of patients, given up as incurable by some of the best men in this part of the country.

Dr. Pomeroy combined spiritual with therapeutic healing. However, he relied entirely upon clairaudient messages received from his guides for his almost infallible diagnosis.

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The healing of mental cases by psychic means sometimes offers an extraordinarily interesting study. To illustrate, Dr. Carl Wickland and his wife, of Los Angeles, California, have had astounding results in apparently curing hundreds of cases of insanity, of various non-degenerative types. These spiritual healers believe that insanity—*when not due to a syphilitic gumma or to softening of the brain*—may often find its cause in the obsession of the individual by evil spirits. The function of these healers and their spirit guides, or aides, is to drive out these evil spirits—as Christ was reputed to have driven out demons during his earth pilgrimage.

Dr. Wickland, in his "Thirty Years Among The Dead," gives a detailed account of the method pursued by himself and his wife in ridding an obsessed individual of the entity who has dispossessed his original ego, or personal spirit. Everyone interested in psychic phenomena and its various manifestations should familiarize himself with Dr. Wickland's account of his experiences with those poltergeists and possessing entities.

It may here be stated that these doctors and their friends contend that by their method of removing obsessions, half the insane asylums of the world could be emptied of their inmates.

It is believed by many who have witnessed the results that it would be well worth while to test out this treatment, under strict scientific observation. If it should prove even one-tenth as marvelous as it has been thought to be, the method should be adopted immediately and put into general use.

WHAT PROFESSOR HYSLOP THOUGHT OF OBSESSION

Dr. James H. Hyslop, in his "Life After Death" tells us that "It is only stupidity that does not see the connection between our modern spiritual healing and that of the New Testament."

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He accepts obsession as being "the supernatural influence of a foreign consciousness on the mind and organism of a sensitive person," and goes on to say: "Any man who believes in telepathy or mind-reading, cannot escape the possibility of obsession. Accepting such a phenomenon, he assumes the influence of an external consciousness on another mind. Hence, if you once grant the existence of discarnate spirits, the same process, namely telepathy from discarnate minds, might exercise and have an influence on the minds of the living, provided they are psychically receptive to such influences. It is only a question of evidence for the fact. I regard the existence of discarnate spirits as scientifically proved, and I no longer refer to the skeptic as having any right to speak on the subject. Any man who does not accept the existence of discarnate spirits and the proof of it is either ignorant or a moral coward."

In which conclusion I must heartily agree with Dr. Hyslop.

DR. TITUS BULL DISCUSSES OBSESSION

Dr. Titus Bull, eminent physician, careful and analytical investigator, former Trustee of the American Society for Psychical Research, intimate friend and associate of Professor Hyslop and President and Director of the James H. Hyslop Foundation, has specialized for many years in the treatment of obsession.

These patients came to him in the course of his psychiatric work. Many of them he was able to help in a most gratifying way.

In his "Analysis of Unusual Experiences in Healing in Relation to Diseased Minds," Dr. Bull says:

"There is much to be uncovered, especially in relation to spirit obsession as a factor in the causality of psychoses and neuroses; for it seems that spirit obsession is more complex than one would at first suppose. An obsessing personality is not composed of the soul, mind and will of one dis-

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embodied being, but is, in reality, a composite personality made up of many beings. The pivot obsessor, or the one who first impinges upon the sensorium of the mortal, is generally one with little resistance to the suggestions of others. He or she, therefore, becomes an easy prey to those who desire to approach a mortal in this way, which seems not to interfere with the acquisition of vicarious satisfaction through reactions of the physical body to any and all of the obsessing group. As time goes on more accretions are gathered in this process until finally a mortal in such a plight may become completely submerged. . . .

"It would seem that obsessors have three major points of impingement; namely, the base of the brain, the region of the solar plexus and at the center governing the reproductive organs. As there are three major points of impingement, it may be assumed that there can be three composite groups, each starting with a pivot entity. What satisfaction is to be gained in this way includes the whole gamut of human emotions, and what a clamor there must be in such a group, whose individual members care little for anything except their own gratification. The truth of this last idea will be understood by studying the reactions of a mortal in such a plight. Moreover, one has but to go into our institutions of the insane to find many who are completely submerged, to the point of loss of their identity. . . .

"There are other types of individuals who may, or may not, become obsessors through the machinations or wiles of others. Some are those who pass out of the body and seem not to understand what has happened to them. Would they not be readily influenced to attempt to contact physical reality through the avenue of obsessing possibilities? Once having been successful, would such an one not struggle to continue his advantage—not fully realizing, perhaps, the danger to himself nor the harm being done to the one obsessed. . . .

"One can visualize the difficulty in convincing a person

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that he has made a transition when he continues to feel his physical pangs. It would be still more difficult if this same one had previously accepted the idea that death, through the act of faith, ended all pain to be followed by a life of bliss. This situation is not a figment of the imagination, but from experience, real and tragic."

NOTHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT SPIRITUAL HEALING

My good friend, Felicie O. Crossley, of Los Angeles—who is one of the best informed and most intelligent, as well as one of the most gifted of contemporary mediums—is herself a psychic healer, and a diagnostician of no mean ability.

Mrs. Crossley has given me some account of her conception of the *modus operandi* of spiritual healing, which seems to be soundly-reasoned and well-considered.

She says: "There is nothing occult or supernatural about spiritual or mental healing. The same principles are applied chemically by the academic physician as the metaphysician uses mentally. The fundamental of all healing is merely the changing of the mental attitude of the patient and the chemical constituents of his body—in other words a changing of his mental and physical vibrations.

"Modern science has confirmed the age-old occult teaching, that all physical life is differentiated only by rates of vibration or rates of molecular motion.

HOW NEGATIVE CONDITIONS LOWER BODILY VIBRATIONS

"Negative states, such as doubt, worry, fear and mental depression lessen the intensity and uniformity of the bodily vibration, and if persisted in, will bring about a pathological disturbance in the body atomic structure. They affect the mind and lead to nervous breakdowns. Thus the the significance of the phrase: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

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"Spiritual or mental healing supercede, because their process involves the higher vibrations of life, deal with those forces which create and sustain life. Jesus called this great life-giver the "Father," and said: 'It is not I, but the Father within me which doeth the works.' Though spiritual healing was first considered as a science by Andrew Jackson, the father of Modern Spiritualism, (in 1846), and later by Quimby, who introduced the subject to Mary Eddy Baker, healing by the divine law of thought transference has been known and practiced for thousands of years.

WITHOUT THE MIRACLES OF SPIRITUAL HEALING CHRISTIANITY MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN KNOWN

"Jesus would not have attracted the multitudes who followed him were it not for his healing powers. His three years' ministry is replete with wonderful healing demonstrations. He admonished his disciples to "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."

"Yet, when modern practitioners of spiritual power perform wonders in casting out devils, or obsessing spirits, heal the sick and afflicted, even those physicians who profess Christianity life a scornful eye-brow, and it is not uncommon for them to gather together, as the Pharisees did concerning Jesus, seeking to destroy their privileges.

"Unbelievers declare the days of miracles ended with the Christian era—unmindful that God's laws are absolute and eternal."

MEDICAE DIAGNOSTICIAN AND MESSAGE BEARER

Another little lady, in whose work I am greatly interested—for I foresee in it enormous possibilities for good—is my friend, Mrs. Harry Oliver. Mrs. Oliver is a medical diagnostician of extraordinary accuracy. So far as I know, however, she has no healing power whatsoever.

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She seems to get her impressions through some form of psychometry—as she frequently touches the patient—probably to come in closer vibrational harmony with him—thereby intensifying the impression. She herself claims, however, that she *sees* the aura of the organ affected, in a color different from *its normal hue*.

Be that as it may, if Mrs. Oliver can tell a physician—as I have seen her do repeatedly—just *what* organ or organs in the body are affected—giving, at the same time, some helpful information concerning the probable pathology involved—the doctor will be enabled to cope with the situation much more efficiently than he otherwise could.

I have known Mrs. Oliver to dignose tumors, both benign and malignant, long before any objective symptoms were apparent to the medical man.

I have seen her point out unerringly the cause or causes of certain chronic metabolic disorders. Proper treatment, directed to these abnormal functioning conditions, usually resulted in clearing up the condition.

I am hoping that, some time, a committee of clinicians might make a thorough investigation of these diagnostic indications, and establish *just what* percentage of her findings are dependable.

Mrs. Oliver's very accurate message bearing seems to focus around a form of automatic writing, received with lightning-like rapidity, and in a series of apparently purposeless scrawls.

One would gain the impression that she uses the pencil merely as some clairvoyants might use a crystal—for purposes of concentration.

Nevertheless, out of these seemingly meaningless conglomeration of pencil scribblings, she will occasionally point out fully formed faces or forms. Just as when we were children we used to find hidden faces in the picture of a tree or shrub. It is all very interesting.

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DR. ALEXIS CARREL—COURAGEOUS SCIENTIST

Perhaps the most courageous, the most far-reaching and the most important contribution to the cause of psychic phenomena in this generation is the frank and straightforward statement by Dr. Alexis Carrell—great surgeon and scientist of world-wide reputation—now connected with the Rockefeller Institute.

Dr. Carrel is the winner of the Nobel Prize in 1912—a brilliant research worker, a daring and original thinker and a man of unimpeachable mental integrity.

And yet it is safe to say that about four out of five members of the medical profession would be only too happy to cut his throat—or else have him permanently incarcerated in an asylum, where he could babble his heresies to padded walls. And no longer disturb the “scientific” fundamentalism of a sturdy army of thick-headed skeptics.

In fact, Dr. Carrell hints at such a possibility when he admits that “the equilibrium of his intellect will be doubted,” but protests that he only pleads for further investigations of “temporarily unexplainable facts.”

For not only does this honest investigator accept telepathy and clairvoyance as subjects for scientific study, but he also states his belief in such abnormal conditions as ecstasy in mystics and the miraculous “cures” achieved through prayer.

Respecting telepathy and clairvoyance Dr. Carrel says, in his “Man the Unknown” (Harper and Bros.):

“Clairvoyance and telepathy are a primary datum of scientific observation. Those endowed with this power grasp the secret thoughts of other individuals without using their sense organs. They also perceive events more or less remote in time and space. This quality is exceptional. It develops only in a small number of human beings. But many possess it in a rudimentary state. They use it without effort and in a spontaneous fashion. Clairvoyance appears quite commonplace to those having it. It brings them

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a knowledge which is more certain than that gained through the sense organs. A clairvoyant reads the thoughts of other people as easily as he examines the expression of their faces."

However, the Fishbeins, Pollocks and Jastrows will find absolutely conclusive evidence of paresis in Dr. Carrel's statement that human ills—even such definitely pathological states as cancer—may, under certain conditions, be cured by prayer or other supernormal means.

And not in a *year or ten years*, but *almost instantaneously*.

Dr. Carrel has written a brave and fearless book. The hat of every spiritist in the world is doffed to him today. May he live to see universally adopted the truths he enunciates.

Chapter XX

A SPIRIT MATERIALIZES A FULL SET OF TEETH AND A PULSATING HEART

ON the evening of October 8th, 1935, during a seance with the medium Frank Decker, a spirit was materialized who demonstrated the possession of a full upper and lower set of teeth, a firm, resistant body, a solid chest wall, and the simulacrum of a rhythmically pulsating heart, which was carefully auscultated by myself and two other doctors, present at the time.

So far as I recall there is, in the literature of psychic phenomena, only one well-authenticated reference to the heart having been auscultated and the pulse-rate taken.

This occurs in a Report by Sir William Crooks, which appeared in the *Quarterly Journal Of Science*, of which Professor Crooks was at that time editor.

The Report concerns itself with the mediumship of Miss Florence Cook, and with the materialized spirit of "Katie King," perhaps the most amazing entity who has ever been permitted to appear to mortals after her evolution to that more kindly and infinitely more interesting life across the Border.

Sir William tells us: "Having seen so much of Katie lately, when she has been illuminated by the electric light, I am enabled to add to the points of difference between her and her medium which I mentioned in a former article. I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals so far as their bodies are concerned. Several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's.

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"Katie's height varies; in my house I have seen her six inches taller than Miss Cook. Last night, with bare feet and not tip-toeing, she was four and a half inches taller than Miss Cook. Katie's neck was bare last night; the skin was perfectly smooth both to touch and sight, whilst on Miss Cook's neck is a large blister, which under similar circumstances is distinctly visible and rough to the touch. Katie's ears are unpierced, whilst Miss Cook habitually wears earrings. Katie's complexion is very fair, while that of Miss Cook is very dark. Katie's fingers are much longer than Miss Cook's, and her face is also larger. In manners and ways of expression there are also many decided differences.

"On one evening I timed Katie's pulse. It beat steadily at 75, whilst Miss Cook's pulse a little time after was going at its usual rate of 90. On applying my ear to Katie's chest, I could hear a heart beating rhythmically inside, and pulsating even more steadily than did Miss Cook's heart when she allowed me to try a similar experiment after the seance. Tested in the same way, Katie's lungs were found to be sounder than her medium's, for at the time I tried my experiment Miss Cook was under medical treatment for a severe cough."

Our experience, to my mind, was hardly comparable with that of Sir William in one respect, although it was even more interesting in another.

Professor Crooks was vouchsafed the inestimable privilege of *seeing* Katie King, in fair ruby light, while he listened to her heart and chest sounds, whereas in our experience with Mr. Decker's entity, we could only *feel* the materialized form of the spirit, and hear his heart sounds.

Also we failed to detect any of the respiratory sounds—so interestingly described by Professor Crooks, in his comparison of the chest sounds of Katie King and the medium, Florence Cook.

On the other hand, I was privileged to note definitely the presence of a full upper and lower set of teeth, ap-

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parently perfect in anatomical construction and normal alignment, as well as what seemed to be the normal secretion of the membrane of the oral cavity and the salivary glands, which, as I recall, Professor Crooks did not observe in Katie King. Therefore, so far as I have been able to ascertain, this experience is unique.

The facts are these.

WILL THE CHILD BE A GIRL?

We were a small group—three ladies, four gentlemen and myself. Two of the gentlemen—Dr. M. H. Blatt, of 72 McKibben Street, Brooklyn, New York, and Dr. Maurice A. Sturm, of 237 West 74th Street, New York City and Miami Beach, Florida, were physicians.

Two of the group—an elderly lady and her son—had never before attended a spiritualistic seance. And yet, greatly to the surprise of our group of experienced sitters, these two received a half dozen or more messages from identifiable intelligences, who gave them some highly evidential information.

One spirit, the mother-in-law of the young man, informed him that his wife's pregnancy—the outcome of which gave him much concern—would terminate successfully, and that his child would be a girl.

This prophecy we hope to check in two months, or more.

Another entity, the spirit of a Mason—an Arabian—who had been on the Other Side many centuries, came to Dr. Blatt—who never before had had this particular experience—and identified himself evidentially by giving him the true signs and tokens of Master Mason.

Dr. Blatt then asked this Mason of olden days if he would greet me in the ancient manner, which he did—giving me those grips and passwords which definitely established his status and affiliation.

After a number of almost equally interesting manifestations, Patsy, Frank Decker's little "Door Opener," came

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over to me and said "can you think of anything else we can do for you folks, Doc?"

I answered "You know, Patsy, that for more than a year I have been trying to get you generous people over there to materialize for us a spirit with a set of teeth. And a heart that we can listen to, as Professor Crooks listened to Katie King's heart."

Patsy hesitated for a moment. Then he said "Well, that's a big order. But I'll see what Dr. Stoddard says about it."

Dr. Stoddard, it will be remembered, is the old alchemist—chief of a group of spirit scientists who utilize Mr. Decker's mediumship—and who develop sensigol gas and amazingly fragrant perfumes, which often permeate the seance room, and who, from time to time, rock the entire building with the vibration they produce, as psychic demonstrations of controlled force.

A MIRACLE IN MATERIALIZATION

Possibly fifteen minutes had passed since my talk with Patsy, and the subject of our conversation had temporarily slipped my mind, when Bert Wells, in his beautifully modulated voice, spoke to me:

"Will you please stand up, Dr. Bowers," he said.

I arose from my chair, and stood waiting. After what seemed a minute or more my right hand was taken by a fully developed human hand and carried upward to a height of several inches above my head.

It was then brought forward until it encountered the materialized face of an unusually tall spirit. As my fingers, under the guidance of the entity, slipped down over his symmetrical features, my index finger passed over his upper lip and directly into his open mouth.

Quickly I ran my finger over the teeth in the upper left jaw, noting that they seemed to join a natural gum tissue, with its smooth palatal margins. Then to the right medial

surface of the condyle of the mandible. Then over the labial and lingual surfaces of the lower teeth—noting as best I could in this hasty examination that the molars, bicuspid, canines, laterals and incisors seemed to conform in anatomical detail with the structure of normal teeth.

I then said to the spirit “Will you please bite my finger?”

The spirit bit down gently on the index finger I had in his mouth.

“Harder, please,” I said, and immediately he clamped his teeth on my finger for a few seconds with sufficient force to produce the maximum of bearable pain.

“Thank you. That’s splendid” I said, and withdrew my finger, which I found covered with what seemed to be the normal mucoid secretion of the oral cavity.

I deeply regretted at the time that I had no slides with me, on which I could have preserved a few smears of this secretion for microscopic examination.

And also see whether this examination would disclose the same epithelial and mucous cells and other structures which were found by Schrenck-Notzing, in his studies of excised particles of ectoplasm. But perhaps I may have this opportunity at some future time.

However, in order to corroborate the fact that there *was* a secretion—or something *exactly like* a secretion, in the mouth of this spirit—and that I didn’t *dream* this experience, or induce in myself a hypnoidal state—I afterward wiped my moistened finger on the hand of Mrs. Evelyn Sutta, a lady of considerable experience in matters pertaining to psychic phenomena, who sat on my right. This lady confirmed the fact that the fluidity or viscosity of the moisture I smeared on the back of her hand seemed identical with that of normal saliva.

During all this time Decker lay in a profound trance condition, punctuating his breath occasionally by stertorous interludes.

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I now quote from a report by Dr. Meyer Blatt, skillful surgeon and gynecologist—a man obliged necessarily to make accurate observations—believing that his statement may carry some confirmation of my own findings.

Dr. Blatt says:

“I LISTEN TO THE HEART OF A MATERIALIZED SPIRIT

“The rhythmic heartbeat of a materialized entity was heard by myself and others on October 8th, 1935, in a materialization and trumpet seance given by Mr. Frank Decker.

“Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, one of the group present, had asked for a demonstration of this character, speaking to “Patsy” one of the spirit guides controlling Frank Decker.

“Within a short time, Dr. Bowers was requested to arise and listen to the heart. After listening intently Dr. Bowers stated that he distinctly heard the heart-beat of the spirit.

“I was then requested to stand up and walk several paces forward toward the entity, but not to touch the spirit with my hands, because the difference in the rate of vibration between the entity and myself might result in shock to the medium.

“I bent slightly forward so as to hear the heart-beat. As I did so, my head was grasped by two hands, one with finger-tips resting on my head, the other holding my chin. The grasp of these materialized hands was of such a character that my head was held almost as though in a vise.

“Then I felt the right side of my face being pressed against a chest wall. This chest seemed to be covered by some material that felt like heavy gauze, although Dr. Bowers thought this substance felt more like the hair on a male chest. My face and right ear were pressed against this gauze-covered chest. The chest seemed to be of a barrel-shaped nature. There were no respiratory movements.

“However, I distinctly heard the heart beating as rhythmically as any heart I have ever listened to, although the

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muscle tone seemed to be weak, as one would hear in a myocarditis. Except for this one defect I heard a perfectly normal apical systolic and diastolic heart sound.

"Dr. M. H. Sturm, another physician present, was then requested to listen to the heart-beat of the entity and he confirmed these findings."

HOW JIM REILLY EXPLAINED THE BEATING HEART AND THE TEETH

Later in the evening, our good spirit friend, Jim Reilly "came through" and asked how we liked the demonstration they had produced for us.

I answered "Jim, it was marvellous! A perfectly amazing materialization! Who was the entity who was materialized? He didn't speak at all, you know."

Jim answered, "The spirit you examined was my old control, John Benton, who has joined our group. John couldn't talk to you, because it would use up too much of the force required to keep his materialized form together."

Then I asked, "Jim, could you tell us how this pulsating heart could be materialized? The heart sounds were absolutely perfect. Yet it would be incredible to believe that you folks materialized a circulatory system and some form of fluid that was pumped from the veins and propelled from the auricle into the ventricle, and from thence into the aorta and the arterial system."

"No, Doctor," Jim broke in. "We didn't do that. There isn't any blood, or any circulatory system. We just make a duplicate of a heart out of ectoplasm, and cause it to contract and expand so as to produce sounds, identical with the systole and the diastole of a heart beat. That's all."

"Well, that's enough, Jim" Dr. Blatt commented. "But tell us what were the teeth made of. They weren't made up of pulp, dentine and enamel like ordinary teeth, were they?"

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"Oh no, Doctor," said Jim. "They were just made up of chemicals that we collect and fashion into shape."

"Jim," I asked. "Would it be possible some time, for you folks to persuade John Benton to materialize the simulacrum of a pair of lungs for us, and let us listen to the respiratory sounds, as Professor Crooks listened to the respiration, or whatever it was, in Katie King's lungs?"

"Sure we can" Jim replied. "One of you bring a stethoscope next time you come, and we'll see what we can do."

Dr. Sturm, Dr. Blatt and myself are looking forward eagerly to this experience.

DR. BLATT AND I LISTEN TO RESPIRATORY SOUNDS IN THE "LUNGS OF A MATERIALIZED SPIRIT"

About three weeks after this amazing experience on December 5th, Dr. Blatt and myself were accorded the privilege of listening to the chest sounds of a fully materialized spirit.

One group of investigators was sitting in the inky blackness, when Patsy came over to me and touched the stethoscope lying in my lap.

"What's this thing you've got here, Doc " he asked, in his breezy way.

"It's a stethoscope, Patsy," I replied.

"What are you going to do with it?" he demanded.

"We hope to be able to listen to the lungs of John Benton, if the guides can secure sufficient power to materialize him for us tonight," I responded.

"Well, I'll tell 'em," said Patsy, "and we'll see what we can do."

Inside of ten minutes Jim Reilly came over to me and said "Please stand up, Doctor, and let me have the stethoscope."

I passed the 'scope to Jim. After a few moments he said, "All right: Now put the ear-pieces in your ears and

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let me place the diaphragm for you. But don't move. And don't touch the spirit."

While a few members of the group sang very quietly, to raise the vibrations, I listened intently.

Jim moved the diaphragm over the chest wall, eliciting distinctly the familiar friction sounds, caused by passing the diaphragm over the hair of the chest.

Finally, he stopped it over his heart—which demonstrated beautifully clear heart sounds.

"Jim," I said, "this is a great heart-beat tonight. But won't you please move the diaphragm up nearer the apex of the lung?"

Jim followed instructions and, with the rhythmic rise and fall of the chest walls, caused by the inspiration and expiration—or by a simulacrum of this—I distinctly heard the characteristic sounds of pulmonary respiration.

I then snapped the ear tubes out of my ears, handed the stethoscope to Jim Reilly, and requested that he give Dr. Blatt an opportunity to check on this.

Dr. Blatt noted the pulsation of the heart very clearly. Also the friction sounds of the stethoscope being moved over the chest hair.

However, he detected only two full respirations, accompanied, of course, by what seemed to be a perfectly normal expansion and deflation of the chest walls of John Benton—who "died" more than forty years ago.

Here is some contemporary corroboration of Professor Crooks' experience with "Katy King."

DR. BLATT CONFIRMS THIS REPORT

Here is Dr. Blatt's report of this amazing experience:

On December 5th, 1935, I brought my stethoscope to another seance given by Mr. Decker, as his spirit controls had promised to allow us to auscultate the lungs of a materialized entity.

I gave the stethoscope to Dr. Bowers before the seance

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began. When the entity was materialized, Dr. Bowers first listened to the heart and then auscultated the lungs, stating what he heard as he listened.

The stethoscope was then handed to me by a spirit hand. Placing the ear-pieces in my ears, I allowed the stethoscope to hang down, by leaning slightly forward. Almost immediately I felt the instrument grasped and heard it placed against an object.

I again heard the heart beat, as I had heard it with my ear against the chest wall of "John Benton," on October 8th, 1935. The rhythm was regular—systolic and diastolic sounds clear, although the muscle tone was weak.

After I announced that I had heard the heart beat, the stethoscope was moved and I could hear the sounds of fingers fumbling to place the stethoscope over the lung area. When the instrument was moved over the chest it duplicated exactly the friction sounds, ordinarily produced by moving the diaphragm over chest hair.

I then heard distinctly a clear, deep inspiration sound, as one hears in auscultating normal, healthy lung tissue. The expiration sound was also clear. No abnormal sounds were heard. After a little more fumbling with the stethoscope by the spirit control holding the instrument to the chest wall, the clear inspiration and expiration was again heard.

After this seance, I decided to examine the heart and lungs of Frank Decker, just as Professor Crooks examined the materialized spirit of "Katy King," and compared her chest sounds with those of the medium, Miss Cook.

This I did by first auscultating heart and lungs with my right ear against his chest wall, and then using my stethoscope.

The difference between this examination and that of the materialized entity was marked.

Firstly, the chest wall of Mr. Decker was much smaller.

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The thickness of the ribs less. The resiliency of the chest wall greater, and the temperature higher.

Secondly, the heart muscle sound was strong, with no suspicion of a myocardial degeneration. Both systolic and diastolic sounds were very much louder and clearer, while the heart rate was much faster.

Thirdly, on auscultating Decker's lungs—both with my right ear and with the stethoscope—many rales were found throughout both lungs. These rales were distinctly heard, while the "lungs" of John Benton were absolutely free from any abnormal sounds.

I regard these experiences as perhaps the most unusual I may ever hope to have in this earth life.

Chapter XXI

WHAT DO THEY REALLY KNOW ABOUT HELL?

SOMETIMES it's better not to know quite so much than to know so many things that are not so. One has less trash to carry around with him, to clutter up his mental machinery.

Also he has less to apologize for, in case he should ever bog down too deeply, and feel impelled to extract one or two of his feet from the mud of misconception—or of witlessness.

This is particularly true of those who earn their living by telling their dwindling congregations all about hell and heaven. To make the story more interesting—and infinitely more profitable, to the story-spinners—our Catholic brethren have added a purgatory which has been found to be delightfully remunerative.

Indeed, it may be stated that one of the chief sources of revenue of the Catholic Church derives from its well-reimbursed attempts to pray parishioners out of purgatory and land them safely inside the gates of heaven, where they may be comfortably fitted with wings, provided with harps and seated at the right hand of God.

This, as before intimated, is a highly lucrative "racket" and contributes, in no small measure, to the enormous revenues of the Vatican. And to the maintenance of luxurious Catholic churches, ecclesiastical palaces, "retreats," and the paraphernalia and piffle these exceedingly adroit and specious diplomats have developed, in order to "put on a good show."

For the assumption of *any* definite knowledge concerning the future life by *any* religious organization, or by *any*

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member of *any* religious body, except the Spiritualists, is a form of egotism, expressed in equal parts of fertile fabrication, blustering braggadocio and self-hypnosis.

It is a fantastic compilation of stories, which "awoke from Sleep they told their comrades, and then to Sleep returned again."

For none can tell of the mysterious road our ministry discuss so volubly except *those who have travelled it*, and who have returned to tell of its windings. None can give us any account of the activities, the experiences and the status of those who are living in this dimension, except *those who come back* and tell us all we are capable of understanding, concerning their life.

THE BALLYHOO

Nevertheless, respecting the future life, and the means of entering it under the most favorable conditions, our religious tycoons have charted a fair course, to pursue which, they would have us believe, is as easy as lying, provided one is financially able to command this service.

Keeping out of hell, securing "dispensations" for action otherwise forbidden, and securing forgiveness of sins, and absolution, are merely matters to be adjusted by bargaining, prestige-pressure, lump-sum payments, endowments, or "favors."

I may be permitted to discuss this matter with a modicum of authority, inasmuch as I was born, baptized and confirmed a Catholic, in which delightful state of *dolce far niente* I lived until, in my early adolescence, I stubbed my toe over Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason."

This fortunate accident, as I have stated elsewhere, led me into the voracious reading of Ingersoll, Volney, Voltaire, Haeckel and the materialistic philosophers, as well as the study of comparative religions. Also into the fundamental principles of science, as taught by Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Humboldt and the chemists, physicists, geologists,

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archaeologists, ethnologists, paleontologists and anthropologists of the rich Victorian era.

And finally into the literature of psychic phenomena, and the multitudinous experiences that await one who truly and honestly investigates this phenomena.

Nevertheless, those of my family who still live, adhere to the Catholic faith and follow its teachings. And so, I *know*, from experience as a Catholic, and as a constant associate of Catholics, that masses "for the repose of the soul" are usually paid for in advance. If there is no money available masses will be missing.

I know that most churchly favors have their price. And that fundamentalism and dogmatism are among the most hopeless mental disorders with which any truly honest man can possibly be inoculated.

Old Omar's shrewd observation falls on deaf ears when he says to these people:

*"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd 'I myself am Heav'n and Hell.'"*

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH GRADUALLY COMING OUT OF ITS STUPOR

It is interesting to know, however, that of late years the Catholic Church is awakening from its mental and spiritual lethargy. It is showing some slight interest in acquiring knowledge concerning the things it has been teaching for almost seventeen hundred years, with such bumptious assurance and "I am Sir Oracles, and when I ope' my lips let no dog bark" attitude.

For I know one lady who, by *special dispensation* from the Pope himself, is sitting regularly in a "developing class," and who, I am credibly informed shows great promise of unusual mediumistic ability.

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It is interesting to note that this lady is committed in the dispensation granted her to accept no money for any service she may render in bringing to those with whom she is brought in contact a knowledge of a future life and its blessings.

While the lady does not specifically *say* so, I naturally assume that she will be provided for financially, inasmuch as she has never learned to feed—chameleon-like—on air. Nor could she, with an artful smile and a pinch on both cheeks, reimburse the landlord, the butcher, and all those who still use money as a medium of exchange.

Therefore, one would be justified in believing that the Pope will provide. And that this very intelligent lady need entertain no fear of being utterly dependent upon the ravens for sustenance—a financial arrangement, by the way, which any of a hundred mediums I know would be only too happy to accept.

However, even though I am giving three hearty cheers and a banzai for making possible the development of another medium, I fear that, from a standpoint of consistency, the infallible Pope has shown exceedingly poor judgment. He has proved once more that even Homer may nod occasionally.

For, if this lady to whom he has unbended, is permitted to disseminate the information which *I positively know* she will gather—for I am well acquainted with those spirits who are imparting this knowledge—and if she freely gives these facts to the world, the Pope, and all his prelates, cardinals and priests, and all others who preach heaven for half-wits, hell's fire and damnation, the immaculate conception, eternal perdition to all who have never had a chance to accept the myth of Jesus Christ—as taught by orthodox Christian Churches (who may perhaps have never *even heard* of Jesus the Blessed Medium) will be forced to seek other employment, more nearly adjusted to their present limited mentality.

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TURN THE VATICAN PAPAL PALACES AND SEMINARIES OVER TO COMPETENT LECTURERES AND MEDIUMS

Their occupation, like Othello's, may be gone. Their places may be filled by competent lecturers, capable of presenting *demonstrable truths*, and by mediums, *qualified to prove these truths*.

Their schools of theology will be supplanted by laboratories for the investigation of psychic phenomena. Their instructors will teach the *facts* in connection with ectoplasm and its functions, levitation and its causes, psychic healing, apports and their significance, the utilization of sensigol gas in materialization, psychometry and its relations to matter and vibrational perception, clairvoyance, clairsaudience, clairsenscience, trumpet and independent voice phenomena, hauntings, poltergeists, black magic and voodooism, obsession, rappings and table tippings, crystal gazing, divination and prophesy, seership in its varied manifestations, the true significance of prayer and its efficacy, the education and development of earth-bound entities and their spiritual evolution, spirit paintings and photographs, automatic writing and mediumship of all phases.

And this will be the end of the innumerable profitable enterprises in which the church is now engaged.

For if it could only be generally known that marriage is a man-made institution, based primarily on a biological urge, plus the stimulus of economic determinism and social advancement—what Catholic would pay Pope Pius XI for a special dispensation in order to marry again, while his first wife may still be alive?

A HIGH WATER MARK OF IGNORANCE

Who would be so ignorant and nincompoopish as to attempt to buy masses for the repose of his soul, or the soul of any of his departed relatives, when he is *definitely told by spirits themselves*—who are undergoing this process—that forgiveness of sins *must be earned* by atonement, ex-

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pressed in service either to a *fellow spirit*, or to *spirits here in the flesh*, who may profit by such ministrations.

And who further *knows* that vicarious atonement is a chimera, based upon the mythological premise that the sacrifice of a human being—or an animal—may propitiate an angry god, and bring favor to the anthropoid who is doing the sacrificing—or paying to have it done for him.

If the Pope could be credibly informed that no death-bed repentance can wash away a life's record of vicious living—no matter *whose* blood is used for this purpose, *what* amount of holy oil is rubbed in, or *how* much holy water is sprinkled on the sinner—he would realize that he is only sawing the limb between himself and the golden Tree of Plenty, by helping to provide honest information in connection with the hereafter.

At the same time it might dawn upon him that he is playing around the slippery edges of the pit of spiritualism, into which those who fall are lost—irretrievably doomed to consort for three days longer than eternity with satanic spirits and devils, hardly to be described outside of the pages of Dante.

I am reminded of this because of the fact that in attending the 39th Annual Convention of the General Assembly of Spiritualists, June 20th to 23rd, 1935, I was, during one of the sessions, placed directly behind three well-nourished priests, who wore the usual clerical disguise of the collar buttoned in front, instead of the back.

THE HEAR NOT SEE NOT SPEAK NOT TRIPLETS

These priests sat as impassive as three statues of Buddha during some of the most unusual evidential messages I have ever heard.

They gave a remarkable imitation of those Three Graces—The Hear Not See Not Speak Not Triplets—when I arose to my feet and acknowledge the details of a really

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amazing message which came to me through Raymond Burns.

Mr. Burns gave the names of five different friends on the spirit side of life, identifying them thoroughly. One description, in particular, was extremely interesting. For the young chap who came through had committed suicide, a fact which Mr. Burns mentioned in detail.

Three of these discarnate friends I had never previously contacted. Indeed, they had passed completely out of my objective memory some forty years ago. These facts were stressed in the messages, yet the poker-faced priests betrayed not the slightest token of conscious interest in all this.

Raymond Burns might just as well have been talking Choctaw so far as any evidence of understanding emanated from them regarding the significance of these messages.

I noted this same impassivity in another priest at the Sunday afternoon session. One of the mediums brought him a message with such assurance that I would have wagered one of my knee-caps the information conveyed was one hundred per cent correct. I was further convinced of this because the medium in question had been extraordinarily accurate in all her other messages.

Yet the reverend father displayed only an owlish non-chalance in this communication from a departed soul, who had taken the trouble to come to him. It really was love's labor lost.

However, this indifference may have arisen from the fact that these men were not seriously interested in all this pother. Their minds had probably been made up for them when they were little boys. And now they had neither the initiative nor the willingness to breach the coral-encrusted reefs of a consciousness that had withstood so successfully the fierce batterings of science and common-sense through all their cloistered years.

My friend, Joseph de Wyckoff, is one hundred and ten

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per cent correct in saying: "When one considers the uniform antagonism of the old-established religions and creeds, with their magnificent edifices for worship, their fine schools and seminaries for preparation of ministers and propagandists, their social and benevolent institutions, their extensive missionary work, the wealth and ramifications of their supporters and sponsors, their political influence, etc., all of which Spiritualism woefully lacks, and adds to this a biased and unfriendly press, coupled with the gross ignorance of psychic facts by most of its minions, it is nothing short of marvelous that Spiritualism is able to survive."

"Unquestionably, Spiritualism, as a religion is not popular in many circles. I am inclined to agree with Hannen Swaffer that as such it has no future, but that as a *truth* it will be accepted sooner or later by the whole world."

WHAT RELIGIOUS TEACHERS REALLY BELIEVE ABOUT THE FUTURE LIFE

Of course, we know that there is a wide diversity of opinion among religious teachers as to the future life and its status.

The English Bishop Gore affirms: "We believe for certain in the resurrection of the body." He qualifies this by saying "This does not mean that the particles of our former bodies, which have decayed, will be collected again; but it means that our same selves shall be re-clothed in a spiritual body."

This means, if it means anything at all, that our "same selves" (perhaps Gore may know what he is trying to say) wait around until some implied Judgment Day shall help them to a resurrection in a "spiritual body."

Arthur Ford tells me he has catalogued some seventy thousand books and important monographs on spiritualism, its meaning and its attested phenomena. It would seem, from Dr. Gore's less than elementary knowledge of the sub-

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ject, that he has never read even one of these books or monographs.

Or looked at the pictures of ectoplasm formation, levitation, spirit extras, materializations, or other proofs of spiritistic activities, found in many of these publications.

However, the rain of hypnotic words, and the deft juggling of meaningless ideas, have rocked many unthinking, unreasoning congregations to sleep through all the centuries. It must be admitted, however, that Bishop Manning, of New York, comes very close to professing spiritualism when he says:

"When I enter there (heaven) I shall be myself. This personality, these tempers and tastes, this character that I am forming here will be mine there, I shall be seen as myself, and I shall be judged by what I am, I shall know my dear ones in the other life. I shall see and be seen, I shall speak and be spoken to."

The Bishop is to be congratulated on his cocksuredness respecting the other life, and just what it may mean to him. It might, however, pain the good bishop dreadfully were he to be informed, on arriving in Summer Land, that he has a couple of ten-quart hatfulls of debits to work off, before he can even be *considered* as a possible candidate for heaven.

BISHOP MANNING'S DERELICTION

To give Bishop Manning some little hint as to what may be awaiting him I may remind him now that this thoroughly egoistic statement, made in his Easter Sermon of 1931, is the *only reference*, so far as I have ever been able to ascertain, in which he has ever *definitely committed* himself to a belief in the *continuity of life after death*, and the *persistence of personality*.

However, it is unfortunate that, with all of Bishop Manning's tremendous prestige and influence, he has never amplified this entirely egocentric prophesy (note the I's,

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me's and mine's in his brief paragraph) and told his congregation and his diocese what the average individual—who doesn't wear his halo quite so prominently over his left ear—may expect in *his* future life.

It is also greatly to be regretted that Bishop Manning has never, from his high office, protested against the persecution of spiritualistic mediums. Or openly criticized the terribly unfair and frightfully prejudiced attitude of the press, and the bigoted, misinformed and materialistic superiority complex of the majority of newspaper and magazine writers.

It may also be debited against Bishop Manning that he has never invited Arthur Ford, or any other qualified expositor of spiritism, to occupy his pulpit and tell his people the *real* meaning of heaven and hell, and just what should be done to achieve progress in the next life.

It is also a pity that Manning has never told his audiences anything about telekenesis. Or the lever-like mechanism of the ectoplasmic rods of Crawford. Or the determination of carbon dioxide in the expired breath of a materialized entity, proved by means of the baryta test. Or the fascinating study of "Katie King" made by Professor Crooks. Or give them a thousand other convincing evidences of the continuity of life and of the ability of the discarnate to communicate with us, here on this plane.

It might have had a profound effect on the spiritual status of Bishop Manning in the next world—to say nothing of the impetus it would have given sane thinking, and a *real* knowledge of the future among his communicants.

HOW OTHER DIVINES DODGE THE ISSUE

However, Manning partially committed himself—or else he blundered into—a confession, which is skillfully dodged by many other heaven and hell experts.

Dr. S. D. McConnell, Episcopal divine, would kow-tow to the wisdom of the East for help in the religious ring-

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around-the-rosy. He speaks of an "astral body," omitting even the remotest attempt to differentiate the astral from the spiritual body. Or to explain the important differences that exist between these two psychic "bodies."

Professor Williams Adam Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, contents himself with a simple affirmation of the *survival of personality* without, however, the slightest attempt to explain *what* personality is, *how* it behaves, how it could possibly levitate a piano, or give the grip and pass-word of Entered Apprentice, Fellowcraft and Master Mason. Or do any of the thousand and one things done by spirits in every part of the world every day.

Dr. Fosdick utters "an infinite deal of nothing," when he speaks about the "execution of our social purposes in the Other Life"—without any reference whatsoever to *what* those who live in the "Other Life" have told him about their "social purposes" there, and of the scope and significance of these "social purposes."

Dr. Van Dusen, however, makes Fosdick seem almost a 33rd-degree Spiritualist by comparison with himself, when he confesses his ignorance by twittering: "Concerning the nature of life after death we know practically nothing, save one thing—and we want to know *only* one thing—that it is good."

Would any sane person pay good money for the privilege of descending into the sub-cellars of unintelligence with Dr. Van Dusen, who frankly confesses that he knows *practically nothing*" concerning the nature of life after death, and doesn't *want to know anything*—except "*that it is good.*"

And yet Van Dusen accepts an oleaginous compensation from his deluded parishioners in exchange for this almost pathologic drivel, devoid of even the most elementary knowledge or nebulous experience regarding the future life and what it should mean to Van Dusen's dupes.

There isn't a spiritualist in the world who wouldn't *blush*

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for shame to admit such profound ignorance of matters that have been *demonstrated* and *proved* beyond the slightest question of doubt—not *thousands*, but *millions* of times.

THE RABBI WHO KNEW MAIMONIDES

And, lest it be assumed that our Jewish friends have any more exact or comprehensive knowledge concerning the future life than have our Christian brethren, may I state that I had the pain of listening to Rabbi Jacob Katz, Chaplain of Sing Sing Prison, on Sunday afternoon, June 23, 1935.

The Rabbi spoke before a convention of spiritualists, giving what was represented as the generally accepted Jewish attitude concerning the next life.

Rabbi Katz is the most forceful and dogmatic speaker I have heard in many years. He can say nothing in more words, and with more profound and convincing emphasis, than a Barnum and Baily barker. His words are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Mr. Katz took up three-quarters of an hour of the valuable time of some six hundred people developing the genealogy of Jewish religious belief.

He began with Rabbi Pithecanthropus Erectus—first among the great thinkers—and with *his* ideas of sheol. Then gradually he worked down through the centuries—giving *verbatim et literatim* quotations from a dozen or fifteen other outstanding rabbinical authorities—whose mouths had been stopped with dust ages before Bullfinch wrote his "Age of Fable" or Grimm and Andersen their "Fairy Tales."

What was said by each of these profound Jewish students, so far as the next stage in our spiritual evolution is concerned, was just as inconsequential and outmoded as anything that Aetius, Oribasius, Jondisapur and Avicenna could possibly tell a modern physician about hyper-pyrexia, deficiency disorders, metatarsalgia in relation to scoliosis

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or spinal mal-alignment, or syphilis as a factor in nervous and mental degenerative pathologies.

However, Reverend Katz plowed bravely along—quoting authority after authority, with the proper Hebraic inflection—until finally he came to Maimonides (born in Cordova 1135 A.D., a devoted Talmudian, founder of a short-lived school of philosophy, a dilettante in medicine, and perhaps best remembered for his essay on poisons. He died in 1204).

It seems that Maimonides solved all the really important problems in connection with the hereafter, according to Dr. Katz. Maimonides concluded that the qualities most greatly to be desired in man are service to his fellows and *selflessness toward himself*.

It one could become selfless, the whatever it is that activates him on this plane, would find its resting place in an absorption into the cosmic soul—or something to this general effect.

A FEW FACTS THAT RABBI KATZ FORGOT TO MENTION

About the out-of-the-window levitation of D. D. Home, the “ectoplasmic limb” of Palladino, the wax molds of Dr. Geley, the thumb-prints of the Margery mediumship, the foretelling of the Indian earthquake of 1934 by Mrs. Crossly, and the thousands of other well-attested facts and phenomena of spiritism Katz seemed to be just as ignorant as was Maimonides.

And if he ever read Schrenck-Notzing’s account of what many class as a miracle, Dr. Katz never mentioned it. You’ll find the original in Professor von Schrenck Notzing’s “Phenomena of Materialization.”

“On continuing the sitting, I asked the medium whether some of the plastic material used for the materialization process could be placed in a German-silver box I had brought for the purpose. The box had a well-closing lid and contained a porcelain dish. It had not left my pocket. While

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the medium's hands clutched the curtains and remained distinctly visible, I brought the open box, held in my right hand, close to the curtain, at the level of about a foot above her right hand, while, at the same time, Mme. Bisson held my right wrist. At that moment the other two persons saw three well-developed fingers coming out of the curtain and touching the box. I myself could only see one finger, since I sat too far towards the left. This finger entered the open box on its narrow side and executed several shaking motions. I seized this moment to close the lid and hide the box in my pocket. On examining the dish afterwards in a white electric light I found on the inner narrow side of the porcelain dish, as if stuck to it, two pieces which, under the microscope, were recognized to be human skin.

"Eva's hands, which held the curtains, remained during this experiment visibly under our control. During the final examination no defect of skin could be found either on the girl's hands or her feet.

"It appeared, from a microscopic examination, that the tissue was a piece of superficial epidermis, 16 mm. long, 11 mm. wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ mm. thick. Even a simple magnification shows the characteristic marbling of the skin, and a horny thickening of one-half of it."

Rabbi Katz and Maimonides are mental contemporaries, so far as their knowledge of the future life is concerned. It is greatly to be deplored, because the man has great possibilities, if only he could pry himself loose from 12th century hypotheses and take a little interest in 20th century *proven* facts.

THE ORDINARY RUN OF THE MILL

However, all that I have been saying in these pages is ancient history to most spiritists—even allowing for the utmost in mental decrepitude, eelism or cuttle-fish obscurantism among the ecclesiasts. It is interesting to know, however, that this same combination of stupidity and cupidity

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is also practiced in England. For I read in the "Psychic News" that Dr. R. Craig Dunlop, a Carlisle surgeon, had questioned nine ministers of various denominations in different parts of the country on survival after death.

One parson told him that, though he naturally subscribed to the orthodox teaching about heaven, he really was "not terribly interested."

Another said that he was so busy trying to get his fellows a square deal in this life he had no time to think about the next.

"With the remaining five," said Dr. Dunlop, "I was unable to get them past the hackneyed and quite untrue statement about 'these things being widely hidden from us.'

"Five expressed total unbelief in the possibility of communication with the Other Side, and one gave it as his opinion that all such phenomena were allied to necromancy, and undoubtedly of the devil."

All this represents a fairly accurate cross-section of the ministerial mind.

WHAT SPIRITS THEMSELVES THINK OF THE CLERGY

In this connection it might be well for the clergy to know what spirits themselves think of the matter. Here is part of a message from the fully materialized spirit of William Denton, given in clear view of a score or more people some years ago.

"In my investigations of conditions in the spirit world I find that there are those who do not realize that there is a possibility and a way of spirit return to those yet inhabiting the mortal form.

"I find others who do not care to return. On the other hand, I meet some whose highest heaven is in hunting up the darkened ones and teaching them the way of life and light.

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"I meet some wondering ones who do not realize that they are out of the mortal body, and whom it sometimes takes their guides a long time to lead to a consciousness of their true condition.

"Then, again, I meet some who are absolutely lost and in total darkness because of a false THEOLOGICAL TRAINING. Such go wandering and moaning about in search of a personal God seated on a great white throne, and their Saviour, the only begotten Son of God, sitting at the right hand of God; and great convoys of angels flying in the midst of heavens and round about the great white throne, with golden harps in their hands. They were looking for St. Peter with the key to unlock the gate of heaven for them, as was promised by their priests for the many monetary contributions they had made to their respective churches during their Earth-life, but no St. Peter nor Gate of Heaven were to be found anywhere. From the time they were born until they reach the hour of death they never knew or dreamed of any possible different condition to meet them in the great beyond. These are the hardest of all cases to be led to the real and saving truth and light. They only knew what the priests taught them, and they were greatly disappointed not to find what they were promised.

"But, my friends, words cannot express the trouble and awful retribution awaiting those teachers of false theology who did not themselves believe their own teachings. When they pass to this side of life, they hear those who were their disciples asking them: 'Where is our Saviour you told us about? Where is our God, preached to us? Where shall we find the great city of paved streets, and the golden throne, and the harps of gold, and the city of jasper walls?'

"Often when a benevolent spirit undertakes to teach these their true conditions, he is driven away as the fabled 'Diabolism' the priesthood have taught. All the clouds of false teaching must eventually be rolled away, and those lost ones must be redeemed from their darkened conditions

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by being filled with knowledge and truth instead of the false and darkened theological training of the ignorant priests and pastors."

BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

When I tell people these things—as familiar to me as are my two thumbs—I am often asked "But how can *you* be so sure of these matters? How can you speak so positively about these things?

To this I answer I can speak with *absolute conviction* concerning heaven and hell and spiritual evolution, because I *know* so many, and *have met* so many wonderful souls, who are *living in this state of being*, and who tell me what I am telling you.

I should say that, during the past thirty-five years, I have questioned perhaps five hundred different spirits concerning their present status.

Their discussions of the matter are just as intelligible and concise and coherent as though Mr. Brisbane himself were discussing a series of articles or editorials he might want me to write for him.

As a concrete example, only a short time ago a group of us sat with Frank Decker and Mrs. Ethel Post—perhaps the two best trumpet mediums in the world.

In all my experience I have never seen better and more conclusive phenomena produced. It was on this evening, by the way, that I cut the lock of hair from the head of my mother, fully materialized from spirit life, as I shall describe in another chapter.

During the course of the evening my name was called and an entity speaking as plainly as Mr. Brisbane might speak, introduced himself as George Bowers, of Cleveland, Ohio, who had passed over in the early years of this century.

He said "I know you have never met me, but I know you. And inasmuch as all us Bowers' root in a common

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stock, I thought I'd take the liberty of coming in and having a little chat with you."

He continued, "You know that, while you were born in Boston, your father, whom I have often met over here, and your uncle Henry were born in Stettin, Germany."

I said "That's right, George (one never calls a spirit who may be a distant relative 'Mister'). But how did you come to know about me?"

He answered "Well, I used to be a piano-tuner and I love a good piano. Your wife, who is sitting on the opposite side of the room, has a beautiful Mason and Harlin parlor grand, bought before that firm went into the combine. And before pianos were turned out like Ford trucks. I noticed a week or so ago that it needed tuning. I'm glad she had it tuned yesterday."

I said "That's correct, George. But now that you're here, do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"Fire away," he replied. "I'll be glad to tell you anything I know."

SPIRIT GEORGE BOWERS DISCOURSES

Then followed a ten-minute barrage of questions by myself, and several other members of a deeply interested group, the answers to which I sincerely wish could be pasted in the hat of every recalcitrant cleric in the world.

Briefly, they were to the effect that heaven and hell have no existence, except as a state of mind: that remission of sins and promotion in spiritual life are gained only by consistent worthiness in thought and act, and in helpful service rendered.

Also, that mental medicine and the arts and sciences are cultivated even more assiduously and intelligently on their side of life than on ours, and that nothing on this plane could compare with the facilities for education and training that have been developed in "Summer Land."

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He added that, to consult spirits regarding one's personal affairs—especially on matters of finance or business—is *absolutely foreign* to their scheme of things.

It may even invite disaster. For the spirit, as a rule, knows no more about business affairs, in his changed estate, than he did while on this plane. In fact, he usually knows much less, inasmuch as his attention and interests are centered on things of infinitely greater importance, in his world, than horse-racing, stock-gambling, or real estate speculation.

However, in questions that involve health, the prevention of accidents or serious illness, the exposing of one who is attempting to defraud in business or to cheat in love, helpful suggestions and sage council may often be advanced. To follow this advice may be to prevent death, accident, serious illness, financial or marital disaster, or many other of the "countless shocks that flesh is heir to."

In brief, George Bowers corroborated what I have heard a half thousand times before, and have read perhaps another half a thousand times.

This corresponds with what Rev. Arthur Chambers has said in his book "Our Life After Death," which has run through one hundred and twenty editions.

W. F. Stead's "Letters from Julia," Rev. G. Vale Owen's "Facts and the Future Life," F. W. H. Myers' "Human Personality," Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," Dr. Wickland's "Thirty Years Among the Dead," Lillian Walbrook's "The Case of Lester Coltman" and hundreds of other informative and inspiring works confirm these messages.

WHAT LESTER COLTMAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT SPIRIT ACTIVITIES

Lester Coltman, concerning whose "other life" activities Miss Albroom writes so fascinatingly, tells us: "The interest evinced by earth beings in the character of our homes and the establishments where our work is carried on, is

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natural, of course, but description is not too easy to convey in earth terms. My state of being will serve as an example from which you may deduce others' modes of life, according to temperament and type of mind.

"My work is continued here as it began on earth, in scientific channels, and in order to pursue my studies I visit frequently a laboratory possessing extraordinarily complete facilities for carrying on of experiments. I have a home of my own, delightful in the extreme, complete with library filled with books of reference—historical, scientific, medical—and, in fact, with every type of literature. To us these books are as substantial as those used on earth are to you. I have a music-room containing every mode of sound-expression. I have pictures of rare beauty and furnishings of exquisite design. I am living here alone at present, but friends frequently visit me as I do them in their homes, and if a faint sadness at times takes possession of me, I visit those I loved most on earth.

"It is very difficult to tell you about work in the spirit world. It is allotted to each one his portion, according to how he has progressed. If a soul has come direct from earth, or any material world, he must then be taught all he has neglected in the former existence, in order to make his character grow to perfection. As he has made those on earth suffer, so he himself suffers. If he has a great talent, that he brings to perfection here: for if you have beautiful music, or any other talent, we have them here much more. Music is one of the great moving forces of our world; but although arts and talents are carried to their fullest, it is the great work of all souls to perfect themselves for the Eternal Life."

The buccolic yokel or the semi-sophisticated zany—reading descriptions such as Lester Coltman gives—but which are confirmed by scores of thousands of messages of a similar character—will smirkingly want to know who curries the horse. And do they have running hot and cold

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water over there? And how do they build their houses? And what do they do for building material?

To these questions the student of spiritism can only reply that respecting horse-cleaning and the hot and cold water supply only a Merry Andrew or a nit-wit can answer.

Respecting the building of structures or the simulacra of musical instruments, laboratory equipment and other "material" things, and just how this may be accomplished—I can only say that if spirits can build up the most highly evolved and complex organism in nature—a human body—with power to think, talk and act, why can't they perfect a synthetic house, a violin or a painting?

Why, if they can build up a head of hair—a lock of which may be cut off, examined microscopically, incinerated, and analyzed chemically—why cannot they—working under God's laws, make a tree?

Why, if they can develop perfumes of ravishing odor, and colors of gorgeous hue—repeatedly seen in spirit paintings—cannot they perfect for themselves a simulacrum of a garden—a replica of the one they so loved on earth?

There are more things in heaven, Horatio, that we ever dreamed could be developed.

HOW OUISE VAUPEL SUMS IT UP

Ouise Vaupel, a beautiful soul, an informed spiritist, and a clear and lucid thinker, in one of her lectures had this to say: "You yourself are a spiritual entity, clothed in a material body—all the material world being merely a expression of invisible spiritual force that controls the body. You are an individualized part of the infinite spirit of life—a part of the boundless universe of life, in the body—or in the spirit. . . .

When anyone tells you that spiritualism is a fraud, that those who practice it are charlatans, and those who believe in it are dupes, you may know that either he knows nothing of the subject or else he is deliberately falsifying.

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"When a priest tells you spiritualism is a satanic delusion ask him how he knows this. For Spiritualists know nothing of the devil, as painted by the priesthood. Indeed, there is *really no such thing as an evil spirit*—in the strict sense of the term. There are low and undeveloped spirits—uneducated spirits, and who have not risen above selfish, low desires. But even these undeveloped souls are given every opportunity to rise and unfold, when rightly taught.

"The infinite spirit of all life is good—as the great Masters have told us. Therefore, to declare that any spirit is evil (Satanic) is to denounce the great spirit of life as an evil spirit, of finite power.

"No one has ever seen a *personal* God; or a devil. We have seen ignorant, sick, greedy, perverted human beings—whom we call evil—but who will in time unfold, and know the truth, and cast out of their minds the false gods and imaginary devils that have been persistently suggested to their undeveloped minds and souls.

"Most Gods are the creations of the human mind, created because of a lack of understanding of the laws of life. These God-conceptions have been passed down through the ages to the ignorant.

"However, Spiritualism teaches us that only the knowledge that leads mankind to do good instead of evil can save the human race. Each of us must atone for his own sins by suffering the penalty, according to nature's law.

"Spiritualism is not a religion. It is the *science of life*. And while religion may have brought a hope of immortality Spiritualism has brought *knowledge of the facts, to prove the immortality of the soul.*"

Chapter XXII

IN WHICH I PAT PROFESSOR JASTROW'S ROSY CHEEKS

ONE experience with a spirit-baiter gives a rough idea of the general attitude and the superficiality of those who deny the truth of spiritism.

I had sent a manuscript, culled from various chapters of this book, to Dr. Runes, Editor of *The Modern Psychologist*—for whose interesting magazine I had written a number of articles. The story bore the trickily teasing title "Is Spiritism A Fraud?"

A few days later I met Dr. Runes, who said, "Say, Bowers, you don't think you can get away with that stuff, do you? And persuade really scientific men to take it seriously?"

I replied, "If they are *really* scientific men they *will* take it seriously. Only those who are ignorant of even the fundamentals of psychic phenomena, who are too stupid or too prejudiced ever to investigate the subject in a serious way, or those whose jobs would be jeopardized by admitting the million-times proven facts of spiritism would be other than interested, edified or even elated by the report."

Runes then said "Well, Professor Jastrow says he's going to tear the hide off you and nail it on the barn door, if you print that article. He's one of the biggest men in the country, and has a radio following of a couple of million people."

I said, "I wouldn't care if he was the Pope of Rome or the President of Patagonia. Just tell the peevish professor for me that while he's tearing my hide off I'll be

scratching his back and patting his rosy cheeks. And tell him also that there's *no man on earth* whom I would be afraid to meet either in debate or in the pages of any paper or magazine that will print the stuff as I write it. For the *informed* spiritist is the *only person who really knows anything about the future life, and the status of those living in that dimension.*"

Runes said "All right. But don't say I didn't warn you. I'm going to give a copy of your story to Professor Jastrow, let him answer it, and print your story and his reply in the same issue."

I said "That's swell! All you need to do then is to give me the opportunity of replying to his inanities, and everything will be lovely."

Runes said "That's only fair. And it'll give Dr. Jastrow a chance to get back at you again."

A consummation, say I, for which I am devoutly hoping and praying—as it may give me still further opportunities for sweeping the fog of ignorance from his petrified brain, and from the ossified or immaturely developed brains of those who believe as he does.

And now, if you will turn back these pages and glance through Chapter VI and Chapter XV, you'll see most of the article which Professor Jastrow "criticized." Then turn back to Dr. Jastrow's statement.

REPRINT FROM "THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST"

ECTOPLASM AND PSYCHIC STRUCTURES

By JOSEPH JASTROW

PSYCHICS, like politics, makes strange bed-fellows. There are slum mediums and there are "Metapsychical Institutes." The case of "Margery" is presented in an elaborate, though specious discourse to an academic audi-

ence as an important subject of research. The process of naturalizing the supernatural has occupied the best minds for centuries. The urge to rationalize still finds a strong expression in the pursuit of the same interest, which from cave-man days peopled the world with spirits and found or demanded evidence of their presence.

Ectoplasm is presented as organized cellular matter in the first stages of the production of a living being. Accompanying its formation from the body of the medium are violent muscular actions, groans, and gasps, as if in childbirth, and thus called "mediumistic labor." The theory is expressed in the terms of biology and even embryology; but the data are stumps, rods, limbs, efflorescence, mobile clouds—reminiscent of Hamlet's "much like a camel or a whale."

Strangely enough for a biologically creative energy, the ectoplasmic process can also fashion clothes. "The garments are usually veils and draperies, white, like muslin, or cloud-like." At times—but under lax conditions, particularly when Madame Bisson was alone with the medium and the cameras—there appeared flat faces as if drawn on crinkled tissue or paper; and under still other conditions, full-length phantom-like flat forms duly appareled in modern dress. The modernistic ectoplasmic stage-effect, while losing some of the personal appeal of the old-time materializations, is far more impressive to the scientific mind. By recourse to ectoplasm one may believe in marvels and save one's face.

The glory and repertory of ectoplasm under the artistry of Eva C. and her imitators is presented in hundreds of photographs. Whatever it may be as a stuff, as a theory it created a super-world. A gauze produced a cosmos. Upon it Professor Richet erected a *metaphysics*, transcending all physics and biology and psychology.

It is not Eva C. but Charles Richet who created ectoplasm. She but made the substance, which would have com-

manded slight interest; he made the theory which arrested the world's attention. The theory was a challenge—a challenge of the rightness and adequacy of the laboratories and the concepts of science, which with all their apparatus, method and research, their analyzing, synthesizing, explaining, discovering, never found a trace of ectoplasm or of a psychic structure. Ectoplasm precipitates an issue. Either Eva C. and her ilk are frauds, or the physicists, biologists, and psychologists of our enlightened age have missed the unsuspected climax of their pursuits. In this instance, we must believe one way or the other—and in the other, madness lies.

REPRINT FROM "THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST"

PROFESSOR JASTROW EXPLAINS THE NATURE OF ECTOPLASM

A Reply to DR. JASTROW

(The following communication from Dr. Bowers, in reply to an article which appeared in the August issue of THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST, "Is Spiritism a Fraud?" is offered in an effort to present fairly both sides of the question.)

Professor Jastrow, who is ballyhooed over the radio as "The Herald of Sanity"—which is certainly modest enough to satisfy anyone for whom detoxinizing and psychological treatment is not imperatively demanded—honored me by making a "statement" in connection with an article I wrote in the August issue of *The Modern Psychologist*, "Is Spiritism A Fraud?"

The "statement" was accompanied by three fascinating photographs, reproduced from Jastrow's "Wish and Wisdom" "by permission of the Appleton-Century Co."

Two of these photos were taken from Professor Schrenck-Notzing's magnificent work, "Phenomena of Materialization." The other (from the International News Co., by the way, and *not* "by permission of the Appleton-

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Century Co.), shows Father de Heredia—a prestidigitating priest, with an apparently innocuous face—demonstrating “how ectoplasm is concealed in a false finger and in a comb—both of which objects appear in the photographs of Eva C.’s materializations”—according to Jastrow’s caption under the illustrations.

The first of these photos is obviously “doctored,” as the closest scrutiny of the corresponding photo in my copy of Schrenck-Notzing (Kegan Paul, French, Trubner and Co., London, 1920) shows. No thread connecting the ectoplasmic material with Eva’s mouth can be seen, even under magnification of the heaviest reading glasses.

As regards Professor Jastrow’s nit-witted observation relating to a false finger or a comb which can manufacture faces, capable of being photographed, and heads covered with human hair, which can be cut from the materialized entity, under the absolutely perfect test conditions adopted by Schrenck-Notzing—any one believing this must be suffering from either toxic amblyopia, partial paralysis, or gray atrophy of the optic nerve. Or else from some form of vesania, characterized by delusions and hallucinations.

AGAINST IGNORANCE EVEN THE GODS THEMSELVES STRIVE IN VAIN

The photo posed by de Heredia—who inveigles thousands of dollars yearly out of duped Catholics by his faked “exposures”—is supposed to prove that certain phases of cheap trickery—employed by thieves or rascals masquerading as spiritistic mediums—are the basis of all psychic phenomena.

On first thought the vapid attempts of this proponent of popery to prove that millions of spiritualists are zanies and low grade morons—because they believe in the *proved continuity of life* instead of a mythological hash, founded on faith, and in our ability to communicate with and witness

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demonstrations by those discarnate ones—evokes a certain amount of pity.

One feels an overwhelming sympathy for any man who can read, without awe and wonder, that there are thousands of people in this world, including myself, who have *seen, talked with, kissed and held* in their arms, the materialized spirits of those whose bodies—apart from their teeth and bones—have long since fed the maw of the grave worm or merged with the drifting air above the incinerator chimney.

It is even more incomprehensible when we learn that these troglodytes not only haven't the *slightest desire* to investigate the truth of this matter, but that they vehemently attack the veracity, the credibility, even the *sanity* of those who describe these marvels—and bring with them *overwhelming proof* of the verity of the phenomena.

How else can we explain the bitter animosity of those members of the clergy who laugh to scorn the evidence—presented by many of the greatest thinkers of modern times—to the effect that telekinesis, levitation of human beings or inanimate objects and the bringing into a closed, sealed room of apports—live fish, birds, mice, flowers, coins—even a twenty pound fragment of a tombstone?

HOW BRAYING CAN BE DEVELOPED INTO A FINE ART

There are those who bray at the reports that poltergeists have been persuaded to leave haunted houses; that many insane persons have been deobsessed of an obsessing spirit; that thousands pronounced incurably ill, have been made well; that millions of people have had prophetic warnings or been given helpful advice.

And that glasolalia, psychometry, clairaudience, clairvoyance, clairsience, transfiguration, teleplastics, direct voice and trumpet mediumship, slate writing and communication by rapping and table tipping are, to millions of people facts, as definitely proved as any fact within the realm of knowledge.

Approximately seventy thousand books have been written—a veritable mine of the most important information in the world—giving every conceivable detail concerning the future life—and the phenomena that those now living in that life bring to us.

And yet Professor Jastrow, to bolster up his eunochoid “statement”, drags in by the back of the neck a charlatan priest, with a head like a gnome, who has been telling the world for years that “Spooks are constructed of flimsy gauze, cut to represent a human figure; that all phenomena produced in the seance room is trickery, intended to fool credulous dupes who pay to be bamboozled by this fol-de-rol; and that anyone who believes in this insult to intelligence should have his head examined.”

These may not be de Heredia’s exact words, but they convey accurately his strabismic ideas.

However, I can’t blame de Heredia for attempting to prove that the sneaking vicious tricks of twenty-five per cent of mediums are the stock in trade of *all* mediums. First and foremost, because he uses exactly the same unscrupulous methods himself, as I have evidence to prove, and which I shall unveil in a later book.

And secondly, because he is caught fast in the net of economic determinism—just as are most people who are not financially independent. Under the strain of similar belly-pinching necessity millions of other people become pick-pockets, pimps and prostitutes.

However, if all Catholics in the world knew what we—*who have talked with scores, if not hundreds of spirits* know about life on the other side of the veil—there would be a terrible slump in the demand for red and black robes, rosary beads, holy water and collars that button in the back of the neck.

If all true believers knew that heaven, hell, purgatory, vicarious atonement, the forgiveness of sins and masses for the “repose of the soul” were merely figments of the

imagination—minted from the fears and superstitions of those who must be kept in ignorance of the *real* facts concerning the after-life—every salaried officer in the organization, from the Pope down to Father de Heredia, would be telling Othello to move over and make room for him. Their occupation would be gone.

And this same just fate would face every fundamentalist and mythological romancer in the “religious game.”

A PLENTIFUL DEAL OF NOTHING

And now for Dr. Jastrow. I have neglected him and his pusillanimous pifflings up to this point, because the illustrations with which he embellished my sincere and straightforward article intrigued me immensely.

But now we come to the cream of the jest, dealing with what the editor, in reviewing the epoch-marking “Wish and Wisdom” of Dr. Jastrow’s, calls “aberrations of human credulity illustrating typical failings of the believing mind, which find their clue in the principles of psychology.”

Dr. Jastrow himself, in concluding his classic “statement”—which I understand was originally intended to be an answer to my article—piled Ossa upon Pelion, and with a typical Sir Oracle peroration burps “In this instance, we must believe one way or the other—and in the other, madness lies.”

I assume, naturally, that Dr. Jastrow has made no attempt here to prove *he* was mad. Therefore, I conclude he fatuously believes that I, and all the millions who believe as I do, are mad.

Fair enough! But, as Hamlet has so succinctly stated, I am but mad north-northwest: When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw. (Dr. Jastrow may recognize this, even though he made a terrible mess of “much like a camel or a whale” in his “statement.”)

His “statement,” is probably the silliest and most childish piece of babble I have encountered in the last fifty years.

It seems incredible that a man, so suffused with egotism as to dub himself the "Herald of Sanity," could *possibly* be guilty of so much loose thinking and false statement in one single column of tripe.

THE MAD HATTER WAS A PIKER

If Jastrow ever read my article—which I seriously doubt—he must have been standing on his head, or searching for a sand flea, when he did so. For *not one single reference* has he made to the material I presented.

I referred in detail to the blowing of a harmonica held in the cupped hands, in the pocket and under the foot of Mr. John O'Neill, Science Editor of the New York Sun, by the materialized spirit of Patsy, a gallant little lad of twelve, who is one of Frank Decker's guides. (See Chapter VI, "Patsy Develops Marvelous Harmonica Technique" for full account).

The conversation between Patsy and Mr. O'Neill and the blowing of the harmonica—heard by a score of people—were meticulously described. Yet Professor Jastrow never said a mumblin' word about the matter.

I related a remarkable experience in connection with my fully-materialized brother, Adolph, who was cremated ten years ago. Yet Jastrow never told us how the "glory and repertory of ectoplasm"—if this cock-eyed expression means anything—explained the incident I outlined. (See Chapter VI for details).

Jastrow made no effort to show how "flat faces drawn on crinkled tissue or paper or "flimsy gauze concealed in a comb or a false finger," could produce a *man*—with a body apparently as solid as my own, and with a deep scar in his scalp over the right parietal bone—a man who spoke as naturally as though he were alive in *this dimension*, and in a voice clearly audible by everyone in the room.

He neglected to tell us how Schrenck-Notzing could find cellular granulated structures, about the size and shape of

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white blood corpuscles, or mucus corpuscles, and also bodies resembling epithelium without nuclei, and true epithelium.

How can any man who calls himself "Doctor" ignore the results of microscopical and chemical findings, which Schrenck-Notzing and Richet have so painstakingly set down, or cackle derisively at the reports of these giants of medicine?

No man, with the slightest knowledge of histology, could possibly be so uninformed as to contend that skin tissue, mucous cells, leucocytes, cell nuclei, epithelioid structures and human hair—clipped from the heads of materialized spirits, as I myself have done—could ever be mistaken for fibers, secured from a piece of gauze.

ARTLESS PRATTLE

Jastrow prattles about "gauze producing a cosmos," but says nothing about Dr. Gustave Geley's statement respecting the "physiological rapport between ectoplasm and the body of the medium." (See Chapter XV).

He is cataleptic from auto-hypnosis when the amazing glasolalia of Madame d'Esperance is referred to, and the astounding results of the Goliger studies, recorded by Dr. Crawford, are noted. As a matter of fact I doubt that Jastrow ever before even *heard* of Madame d'Esperance, or of Dr. Crawford's classical work. (Chapter XV).

Instead, he is groping bewilderingly, as one afflicted with protracted adolescence due to persistence of the thymus function might grope—for a reason *why* the physicists, biologists, and psychologists "have missed the unsuspected climax of their pursuits"—if this bilge-water conveys the subtle idea—heedless of the fact that Barrett, Pupin, Lodge, Crooks, Wallace, Lombroso, Ochorowitz, Mueller, Conan Doyle, Schrenck-Notzing, Richet and a thousand other scientists—many of them world-renowned—are "physicists, biologists, psychologists" and everything else in the realm of

exact science, yet fall inevitably into the classification of "madness" into which Jastrow pitchforks them.

Jastrow makes no effort to explain how the materialized spirit of the Indian woman Honto—measured and weighed by Col. Olcott—could be five feet three inches in height and weigh eighty-five pounds, and yet be made up from a sheet of crinkled tissue paper. (Chapter XV).

He sneers at the "Margery mediumship"—conducted by Drs. Crandon and Richardson under perhaps the most perfect test conditions ever devised by psychic investigators.

He never condescended to explain how Frank Decker could be nailed in a box by members of the Psychical Research Society, with only his head protruding, levitate several trumpets and produce two or three voices simultaneously. Or be locked up and sealed in a Government mailsack, and yet produce physical phenomena of an astounding character.

It would seem that only the most intensive study of stupidity could have produced anything so string-halted as Dr. Jastrow's reply to my article.

To answer considered statements and well-supported facts with cheap ridicule and blundering buffoonery should be penalized by two years compulsory study in a kindergarten. This might constitute an excellent foundation for a *real* understanding of psychic phenomena by the "Herald of Sanity."

Chapter XXIII.

STUPIDITY SPREADS TO TEXAS

I HAD always believed that the persecution and expulsion of the high-school instructor, John Thomas Scopes, of Dayton, Tennessee, in July, 1925, registered a new low in human stupidity. However, I am now convinced that I gave Tennessee credit for more fat-headedness and ignorance than this fair state really merited.

For, at that time, the Texas Wesleyan College hadn't forced the resignation of Mrs. Enid Smith—their cultured and highly intelligent Dean—because of her belief in our ability to communicate with the so-called dead.

Nor had the president of this institute—dedicated to the high task of refining and polishing stupidity into lapidarial perfection—proclaimed his ignorance and bigotry so blantly on page one of all the newspapers in the land.

However, while Dayton, Tennessee and Fort Worth, Texas, may diverge widely in certain aspects of advanced education, they unquestionably suffer from the same form of divergent strabismus and microcephalism.

The symptoms are very similar in both instances. Yet it is quite likely that the Lone Star's condition is just a shade worse than that of the Bug-House State. And that she will be picking at the bed clothes and muttering in delirium long before Tennessee finally sinks into the alluvial swamp.

However, to give the devil her due, and diagnose accurately the condition in both of these patients, we must remember that Tennessee merely enacted a State Law in March 1925, which made it unlawful for any public instructor to teach the principles of evolution, or to refer to evolu-

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tion in any manner, unless the reference was accompanied by curses, not loud, but satisfactorily deep.

It will be recalled that the notorious Scopes was packed to the ears with fantastic drivel about evolution which contradicted biological facts—as found in the Bible—that male and female created He them (all except those organisms that sporulate, or subdivide by multiple fission, or that are bisexual) and gave them instructions to go ahead and multiply.

Scopes, that contaminator of the minds of adolescent Tennesseans—many of them permanently pubertial—was obsessed by a ridiculous idea—first advanced by Darwin and Wallace, and subsequently adopted, more or less universally by uncounted millions of so-called intelligent people.

The idea was that all life originated in a unicellular organism—a protozoa—and that Aristotle, Shakespeare, Leonardo de Vinci, Einstein and the Tennessee legislators who enacted the schizophrenic “Hog-Wash and Horse-Laugh Act” were, or are, merely the product of countless ages of progressive change. And that, from the simple to the complex, the homogeneous to the heterogeneous they have spiraled upwards, through a principle based upon environment, the law of selection, survival of the fittest, and the gradual elimination of those with skulls of more than three inches in thickness.

Naturally, the quick-witted and preternaturally intelligent Tennesseans sensed the iniquitous results of such subversive teachings. They leaped with all four feet to the defense of the Hog-wash and the Horse-Laugh Act when Stopes read a particularly heinous chapter of George W. Hunter’s “Civic Biology” to his class.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION AND CLARENCE DARROW

Perhaps the most lamentable aspect of this unfortunate attack on the inalienable rights of bumptious bigotry occur-

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red when the American Civil Liberties Union appointed a huddle of lawyers to defend Stopes, the Darwinian Dupe.

An additional blow was dealt the Convocation when Clarence Darrow, that "stormy petrel" of the ungodly, volunteered his services in defending the alledged criminal, Stopes.

Darrow was opposed by that staunch crusader William Jennings Bryan, who was put on the stand by Darrow, given an opportunity to express his unshakable conviction that Jonah swallowed the whale, that Adam and Eve, and not the Piltdown or the Neanderthal Man and Woman were our ancestors, and that anyone who didn't accept the mythology and folk-lore of the Bible, in toto, were deaf, dumb and blind. And suffering, in addition, from a mild case of softening of the brain.

Bryan died a few days later from trying to eat a ham and a half a bushel of turnip greens—or some equally filling and nutritious repast.

In the meantime the Judge found Stopes guilty as charged, and fined him \$100. Defense appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the sovereign State of Tennessee.

In January 1926 these Daniels-Come-To-Judgment reversed the decision of the Trial Court—not because the wise provision in the law prohibiting the teaching of evolution had not been violated, but because *Stopes had been overcharged* for this by the trial judge.

He should have been mulcted of only *fifty dollars, instead of one hundred*. And the fine should have been assessed *by the jury, not by the judge*. All of which brings Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee down to date.

However, through this exhibition of sane, conservative and logical thinking, the State of Tennessee got two hundred million dollars worth of free publicity, establishing its intelligence quota as slightly higher than that of Patagonia, although not so elevated as that of Ethiopia.

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WHEN SKULL-SUTURES CLOSE PREMATURELY

However, all this matter dealt with "Where do we come from," and may be considered, more or less, as "water under the bridge." For it really doesn't greatly matter now, *just where* we came from. What is much more important to us is *where do we go from here?*

Popes, cardinals, bishops, ministers, curates, muezins, bonzes and all those, trained to cultivate credulity are either densely ignorant of all definite information concerning the after life, or else they are interested only in the billions that have been poured into their coffers.

Of late years the golden stream has become somewhat attenuated, thank God, and the scramble for rich pickings much more acute.

We have amongst us any number of these exhorters and teachers, the sutures of whose skulls may have united prematurely. This minor deviation from normal anatomical growth reduces the size of their brain pans and the potential contents of these containers.

However, this anatomical prank only renders them all the more fit to become presidents of theological colleges and seminaries, missionaries and monks, chaplains in the wholesale gang-killings of war and similar jobs.

As an instance of the manner in which Nature works, her marvels to perform, consider the recent turmoil in Texas, to which we referred earlier in the day.

We have it on the authority of the Associated Press, as printed in the New York Evening Post. Read it and weep.

"Methodists Oust Girls' Dean For Communing With Dead Woman at Texas Wesleyan College Says She Reached Mother Through Brother"

Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 9 (AP)—Mrs. Enid Smith will resign as dean of women at Texas Wesleyan College

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next week because of her asserted belief that it is possible to communicate with the dead.

"I have conducted experiments myself and know that it is possible," she said, adding a number of students had told her they would leave the college in protest against her requested resignation.

"We don't demand that our faculty members are Methodists," said President Tom W. Brabham, "but we do feel that their views should conform to the broad fundamentals of the Methodist Church. Belief that it is possible to communicate with the dead does not coincide with those fundamental principles.

PRESIDENT PUZZLED

"We asked Mrs. Smith about reports she told a student group she communicated with her dead mother through the medium of her brother," President Brabham said, "and she said God radiated through her. I don't know exactly what she meant."

Mrs. Smith said she was simply a seeker after truth and that she had the broad views of any well-educated and widely traveled person, with regard to spiritualism and evolution.

"I count it an honor, in a way," she said, "that they have asked me to leave. I feel that I am a prophet, far ahead of today's bigotry and ignorance."

Mrs. Smith holds A.B. and A.M. degrees from the University of Southern California, a Ph.D degree from Columbia University and a diploma from the Emerson College of Oratory. She has done special work in the Universities of Chicago and Hawaii; taught in the Springfield Normal School at Springfield, Mass.; held a position as instructor in English and music in a British India training school, and taught science in McKinley High School in Hawaii."

It is deeply to be regretted that Tom W. Brabham couldn't have lived a few hundred years earlier. He could

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have been real chummy with Torquemada, or qualified as a fraternity brother with Cotton Mather, champion witch-hunter of America.

Of course he couldn't understand what the intelligent Mrs. Smith meant when she said that "God radiated through her." He couldn't possibly have known that God is everywhere—even in the *ultimate* of electronic subdivision, and that He not only radiates through Mrs. Smith, but through *every particle of matter in the universe*.

For every minutest particle of matter is merely, in itself, but *one* of the many forms of energy—a peculiarly permanent form.

And correctly so. For this Energy—this Force, of inherent and incomprehensible Intelligence, is *God*—Omnipresent, Omniscient and Omnipotent.

CARRYING THE GOSPEL TO THE HEATHEN

In order to give President Tom W. Brabham of the Texas Wesleyan College, a small modicum of fact, upon which he might cut his deciduous teeth, may I remind him that Dr. Adam Clark, famous Methodist commentator says:

"I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals."

Also that Sir Alfred Russel Wallace, English naturalist and co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection, was a Methodist and president of a Methodist college before he reformed. He not only adopted the belief in the genuineness of the spiritualistic phenomena and the spiritistic explanation of this phenomena, but he also publicly advocated the belief. Wallace tells us that:

"I am as well satisfied of the fact of communication be-

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tween mortals and spirit as I am of the facts of wireless telegraphy."

Sir William Crookes, the greatest British chemist of his time, president of the British Society for the Advancement of Science, spent many months in a careful scientific investigation before he wrote his famous treatise pronouncing the phenomena genuine and attributing them to spiritistic activity. The same is true as to Sir William Barrett, also famous in British scientific circles and also a president of the British Society for the Advancement of Science, who devoted a long time to psychic investigation and published many treatise on this subject.

Dr. Crawford, professor of mechanical engineering of Queens College in Belfast, in his laboratory, with assistants and apparatus expressly devised for that purpose, made tests over many months, and then announced that in his opinion the phenomena were actual, could not be explained by any known natural laws and that he fully accepted the theory that the phenomena were produced by discarnate persons who had lived on this earth.

In Italy, the great Lombroso; also Professor Botazzi of the University of Naples and Dr. Pio Foa, professor in the University of Turin, were forced by the facts, after thorough investigation, to concede unqualifiedly the genuineness of these extraordinary manifestations.

The same conclusions are supported by Camille Flammarion, Professor Richet, Geley, famous in the annals of scientific achievement in France. The list of scholars who have made thorough investigation and without exception have been convinced, could be greatly extended. However, it is chiefly in the United States, where an intensely materialistic and capitalistic philosophy dominates, that this belief is in disfavor in colleges, universities, churches and the press.

It is fair, however, to say that Professor Hyslop of Columbia University devoted much time and numerous books to the effort to convince the American public that the

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phenomena of spiritualism are genuine, that they cannot be explained by any natural law known to the scientific world and that the spiritistic explanation thereof is the true one.

Reverend Theodore Parker said: "I believe spiritualism will be the religion of the future."

Henry Ward Beecher said, "Spiritualism strengthens faith."

Therefore, if the Methodist college wishes to treat this belief as tabu, rejecting association with teachers who believe it, it might not be unfair to call their attention to the fact that as late as 1836 the Methodist Conference in the United States declared slavery to be a divine institution. And if liberation of the slaves did not "coincide with the broad fundamentals of the Methodist Church," they are at least consistent in stigmatizing a belief in spiritualism in the same manner.

All of which should give Tom W. Brabham something to ruminate over.

Chapter XXIV.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. WRIEDT AND FRANK DECKER

I had the great privilege recently of sitting in a seance in which Mrs. Etta Wriedt and Frank Decker jointly were mediums.

Mrs. Wriedt is one of the oldest and most honored among all mediums of this decade. She is a charming, gracious lady of about seventy-five, known to almost every research worker in the world.

Although she lives in Detroit and has lectured and worked largely in this country, she has been abroad twenty-three times, and has sat for hundreds of the most prominent men and women on the Continent.

In England she is especially respected—even beloved—and carries with her wherever she goes a beautiful watch, which came to her through Queen Victoria, who awarded it to the outstanding contemporary psychic.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle mentions her at some length in his delightful "History of Spiritualism" and states that he can corroborate, *from his personal experience*, that he has heard several voices at the same time at Mrs. Wriedt's seances.

Admiral Usborne Moore testifies to having heard three or four spirit voices speaking simultaneously to as many recipients of their messages.

In his book, "The Voices" he quotes the testimony of Mrs. Edith K. Harper a well-known writer, formerly a private secretary to Mr. W. T. Stead.

THE FAITHFUL RECORD OF AN HONEST REPORTER

Mrs. Harper writes:

"After considering a record of about two hundred sittings with Mrs. Etta Wriedt during her three visits to England, of which the notes of the general circles alone would fill a huge volume, were they written *in extenso*, I will try to relate, in brief, a few of the most striking experiences my mother and I were privileged to have through Mrs. Wriedt's mediumship. Looking over my notes of her first visit in 1911 the following details stand out as among the principal features of the seances:

"(1) Mrs. Wriedt was never entranced, but conversed freely with the sitters, and we have heard her talking to, even arguing with, some spirit person with whose opinions she did not agree. I remember once Mr. Stead shaking with laughter on hearing Mrs. Wriedt suddenly reprimand the late editor of the *Progressive Thinker* for his attitude towards mediums, and the evident confusion of Mr. Francis, who, after an attempted explanation dropped the trumpet, and apparently retired discomfited.

"(2) Two, three, and even four spirit voices talking simultaneously to different sitters.

"(3) Messages given in foreign languages—French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norwegian, Dutch, Arabic and others—with which the medium was quite unacquainted. A Norwegian lady, well known in the world of literature and politics, was addressed in Norwegian by a man's voice, claiming to be her brother, and giving the name P—. She conversed with him, and seemed overcome with joy at the correct proofs he gave her of his identity. . . . Another time a voice spoke in voluble Spanish, addressing itself definitely to a lady in the circle whom none of the sitters knew to be acquainted with that language; the lady thereupon entered into a fluent conversation in Spanish with the Spirit, to the evident satisfaction of the latter."

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EXPERIENCE DUPLICATED AT FRANK DECKER'S

I may say that this experience was practically duplicated at Frank Decker's studio, except for the fact that only *three* foreign entities came through—A Chinaman—whom, of course, no one could understand—an Arabian—who spoke the only three or four phrases that Dr. Meyer Blatt happened to understand—and an entity who spoke some Southern European language, which even such polyglots as Joseph de Wyckoff and his charming wife could not make out, but which seemed to be a mixture of bastard Greek and some Italian patois.

Dr. Sharpe, Mrs. Wriedt's chief guide, gave me a message in his burry Scotch which showed his intimate knowledge of the character and intent of the book you are now reading, and admonished me to show no more consideration for the hypocrites and ignoramuses who were attacking spiritism than they consistently had shown and were now showing for us.

BERT WELLS, JIM RILEY AND PATSY ON THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE

A fair share of the credit for the very fine showing made through the united efforts of Mrs. Wriedt and Mr. Decker was due to the unflagging activities of Frank Decker's guides—Bert Wells, Jim Riley and little Patsy—who aided in a yeoman fashion in bringing through a great many entities who seemed a bit confused as to the technic of manifesting.

One of the most interesting experiences, however, in connection with the seance was the meeting between Jim Riley and Mrs. Wriedt.

Mrs. Wriedt, as I have before stated, takes an unusually active part in the proceedings. For she does not go into a trance. On the contrary—wide awake and alert—she keeps up a running fire of conversation with the spirits—identify-

ing them to their friends, and helping them to clarify their messages.

Therefore she is not only able, but is also very willing to talk with any interesting spirits who might come through.

So when Jim Riley "came in" he went up and shook hands with Mrs. Wriedt, at whose house, a third of a century ago, he had given many materializing seances.

The conversation between these two, and the fascinating reminiscences exchanged, were a treat to the listeners. The discussion concerning the scarcity of *real materializing* mediums today was intensely interesting, particularly to myself.

For to see entities emerge from behind a flimsy curtain, in fair and adequate ruby light—fully formed and apparently quite as well equipped with "organs and dimensions" as are all who may be present—is an amazing and inspiring experience.

I have had this experience with Dr. Moore, of whom I have spoken in an earlier chapter. Mrs. Wriedt had it with Jim Riley and his guide John Benton, who was present, and who joined intimately in the conversation.

OUTSTANDING MEDIUMSHIP

A gifted and sincere medium is Mrs. Etta Wriedt, honored by royalty and commoner alike for fifty odd years. And an honest and capable medium is Frank Decker, just coming into the promise of an extraordinary development, if he progresses in the next six years as he has progressed during the seven years in which I have studied him and his work.

In fact, I am even now looking forward to the fulfillment of two predictions respecting Decker made by Jim Riley and Bert Wells.

One is that, before long, Decker will be doing full materialization in a good ruby light, in which these forms, developed through the utilization of his mediumship, will be

quite as *visible* as they now are *tangible*—just as they were with Dr. Moore.

The other is that, when Decker is somewhat further developed and has attained more harmonious relations with his skillful and scientific guides, whose instrument he is, they will levitate him out of one window and bring him back through another window of a tall hotel building.

Just as D. D. Home was levitated at Ashley House Home, in December 16, 1868, in the presence of Lord Adare, Lord Lindsay and Captain Wynn.

At the present time I can attest to the fact that, while in a state of profound trance, Decker has been levitated out of his chair on various occasions, and raised as high as the ceiling, just as was Home, the Eddy brothers and many other physical mediums.

It was a great satisfaction to meet Mr. Daniel Day Walton, Vice President of the American Society for Psychical Research at this seance.

Mr. Walton is an old friend of Mrs. Wriedt, with whose very dependable phenomena he is well acquainted. He also has the highest regard for Mr. Decker and his mediumship, having sat with him a number of times.

I personally, am convinced that there is a great future for dependable mediums in this country, and that, before long, we shall see a tremendously increased interest in the phenomena produced through these gifted people.

When men of the high scientific standing of Dr. Alexis Carrell and the late Professor Pupin, openly attest their belief in various aspects of psychic phenomena, and plead for an investigation of these curious happenings, the case-hardened spiritist may well feel encouraged.

Maybe the light is breaking through—after all.

Chapter XXV.

MY "DEAD" MOTHER BRINGS ME A LOCK OF HER HAIR

On the evening of June 21, 1935, I had an experience which, so far as I can ascertain, has never been duplicated. For in the presence of seventeen people and two mediums—Mrs. Ethel Post and Frank Decker—I cut from the head of my mother—materialized in full form through the instrumentality of these two famous mediums and their efficient guides—a lock of hair.

Nine years ago, after high mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, Pa., we placed mother's body in the ground.

However, it was not long before mother learned to "manifest," bringing messages of love and greeting to us through clairaudient and clairvoyant mediums.

A few years later she began to materialize and use the trumpets at Frank Decker's seances, growing in strength and psychic power steadily. She finally dispensed entirely with the trumpet, and "came through" in independent voice.

Last winter mother manifested in fully materialized form. I have told, in another chapter how she embraced my brother Charlie and myself, and gave us her blessing.

Shortly after this, inspired by the experience of Professor von Schrenck-Notzing, Professor Charles Richet and Madame Bisson—who cut a lock of hair from the head of an unknown or unidentified entity, partially materialized by the medium Eva C—— and by Professor Crooks, who secured a strand of rich auburn hair from the long tresses of the fully materialized entity, Katy King—I asked Bert

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Wells, Decker's "Chief of Staff", if sometime it might not be arranged to let me cut a lock of hair from mother's head.

I greatly desired this experience: first, for its importance as a scientific demonstration of the continuity of life after death and as a distinct contribution to the literature of psychic research; and second, as a precious memento of my dear mother.

Bert promised that sometime, when conditions were favorable, I would be granted this great privilege. He further suggested that, whenever I came to the seances, hereafter, I should bring with me a small pair of scissors, as he could not tell in advance *just when* the "forces" could bring about the exact conditions required for this demonstration.

BROTHER ADOLPH GIVES ME THE SCISSORS

Needless to say, after this admonition, I carried a pair of small scissors in my pocket every time I attended a seance at Decker's.

One night Mrs. Ethel Post, famous trumpet and materializing medium, came up from her beautiful place at Camp Silver Belle, Ephrata, Pennsylvania, to give a seance in Decker's studio.

Expecting, naturally, that Decker's guides would retire in favor of little Silver Belle and Dr. Banks, Mrs. Post's "helpers," I did not trouble to bring the scissors.

When I arrived at the studio, however, I found that Mrs. Post had persuaded Decker to sit with her in a "double sitting." Each of these splendid mediums complemented the other, making a unique and tremendously potent "battery."

After a half hour or more of unusually evidential messages, my brother, Dr. Adolph, came through, and in his quizzical manner said "Hello, Ted, I see you've forgotten to bring your scissors tonight."

I answered, "That's right, Adolph, I did. But before

MY "DEAD" MOTHER BRINGS ME A LOCK OF HER HAIR

I took my seat I saw a pair on Frank's writing desk—directly in back of me. I'll try and get them, if you say so."

Adolph laughed. "Don't bother. You couldn't find them anyhow—in the dark. But here they are."

And in the fraction of a second he thrust into my hands the small scissors I had noticed on Frank's desk.

I said "Thanks, Adolph. What'll I do with them now?"

"Just keep them safe" he said, "until we tell you." And he was gone.

After another ten or fifteen minutes of messages to various sitters in the circle, Adolph came back, slapped me on the shoulder and said "Stand up, Ted."

I arose to my feet. Then changing his position in the lightning-like way in which the discarnate frequently move, he was at my side, guiding me by the right arm toward the center of the room. Suddenly I felt the touch of a firm body, and I heard mother's voice saying, "Edvin, my bye."

"God bless you, Mother," I greeted. "I'm so glad to hear your voice again. And to touch you once more."

MOTHER HELPS ME CUT A LOCK OF HAIR

Mother then took my left hand—I held the scissors firmly hooked in the thumb and finger of my right—and guided my hand until it came in contact with her hair and scalp.

Taking my left thumb and finger in her hand she separated a lock from her heavy mass of hair. Holding my fingers in this position with her right hand, she took my right hand and brought it up to the lock of hair I was holding, and said, "Cut it here."

I then snipped off a lock about three inches in length, comprising perhaps two hundred separate hairs.

Mother said "Keep it always, Edvin."

This request was evidently prompted by a statement I had made, to the effect that I wanted to make a microscopical examination of the hair, establishing its histology

and epithelial cell structure, after which I would incinerate the hair and have its ash examined, and try to prove that its chemical identity is the same as that of the ash of any other human hair.

Mother knew of this intent and pledged me to keep this lock of hair—so strangely obtained—as a priceless relic. Which I shall do, as long as I live.

“I MUST GO NOW, EDVIN”

Then she said, “I must go now, Edvin.” Leaning over, she kissed me on the cheek and was gone.

Bert Wells then took me by the arm and led me back to my chair. Needless to say I immediately expressed my profound thanks to him and to Patsy, Silver Belle, Dr. Banks, my brother Adolph and the dear spirits who had helped bring about this miracle.

Also to Mrs. Post and Frank Decker, splendid instruments, whose finely attuned vibrations made possible this wonderful demonstration.

I may say that two young physician friends, expert microscopists, and myself examined this gray hair the following day, and found it to conform in every respect—microscopically and histologically—with human hair. In fact, it was undistinguishable from another specimen of hair of similar color and texture, which we tested at the time.

Also, when we applied the flame of a match to a few hairs taken from the strand, these burned identically as human hair would burn.

The histological and microscopical aspects of this specimen may be confirmed by any histologist who has in his anatomical makeup a sufficient amount of Doubting Thomas blood to warrant his examination of my precious gift.

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WAS MOTHER?

I may add that since this experience I have been asked several times “How do you know that this entity to whom
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MY "DEAD" MOTHER BRINGS ME A LOCK OF HER HAIR

you spoke and from whose head you cut a lock of hair, was your mother. How do you know it wasn't Frank Decker, Mrs. Post, or some one else in the room?"

To this I reply even if you were blind and you had been led to your mother—who spoke to you in her well-remembered voice, with its Irish accent—don't you think you'd know whether or not it was your mother? And if she were the same entity who had taken you in her arms on several previous occasions and kissed you, wouldn't you be *even more* certain? More especially if she kissed you after you had cut the lock of hair from her head, and said, "Now, you keep that always, Edwin, and don't go and burn it up, as you were going to do?"

Remember, I had originally planned to incinerate the hair, and have the ashes examined, to establish their chemical identity with that of human hair. Mother knew of my intentions—hence her very natural request.

I may add that I was also greatly impressed when my brother Adolph—in form as tangible as my very own, and in a voice quite as resonant as mine, told me it was my mother who was subjecting herself to this very severe test.

And when my good spirit friend, Bert Wells, took me by the arm—after I had cut the lock of hair and said good-bye to mother—and led me back to my seat. And when Patsy and Jim Riley told me afterwards that they, my brother Adolph, Jim Riley, John Benton,—as well as Siver Belle and Dr. Banks, Mrs. Post's guides—were all present, aiding Dr. Stoddard to develop and "fix permanently" this lock of hair.

Further to block iconoclastic criticism, I may add that Decker's hair is almost black and Mrs. Post's is only faintly streaked with gray, while the lock I cut—which I never relinquished, once I felt it between my finger and thumb—was almost white.

Oh, no, it is my mother's hair—or rather a simulacrum of her hair—which reposes in my letter file. Of this I am

quite as positive as I am of the fact that I did not smoke a marahuana cigarette, and while under the hallucinations, stimulated by hashish, advance to the center of the room and cut off a lock of my own hair.

And as I am of the fact that I didn't hypnotize the nineteen people, in the room at the time, into imagining they heard me speaking; and imagine they heard these *three* different voices giving me specific and intelligible instructions during the conduct of this experiment; or imagining they heard me snipping away at that hair with an extremely dull pair of scissors.

However, I confidently expect Professor Jastrow, in one of his incredibly stupid attacks on spiritism—emitted over the radio while impersonating the “Herald of Sanity”—will find some evasive explanation for this experience. This harrangue will sound as though it were a sincere and honest attempt to controvert what I have here stated. Yet it will not answer a single direct statement in this entire chapter. Exactly as with the story in the August *Modern Psychologist*.

I only hope I may live long enough to be afforded the opportunity of presenting over the radio, or in some important magazine or newspaper, even a *fraction* of the enormous mass of evidence, proving survival after death, and the ability of the discarnate to communicate with us on this plane.

At present, however, I am not at all sanguine that this presentation will be permitted for many years to come, if ever.

WHAT PROFESSOR RICHEL MISSED

And now to close the loophole of objection as to Professor Charles Richet's non-committalism respecting the human origin of the lock of hair he—in common with Madame Bisson and Schrenck-Notzing—had secured from the head of an unknown entity very sketchily materialized by the medium, Eva C.

Schrenck-Notzing and Madame Bisson are absolutely convinced that they were dealing, in all these *partial materializations*, with a *human entity*, and not merely with some ectoplasmic projection, externalized from the body of the medium.

Professor Richet, on the other hand—with the same evidence before him, and with the additional evidence supplied by those mediums whose phenomena have been so favorably regarded by Sir Oliver Lodge and others—concludes that “until some approach to proof comes before me, I shall consider the Spiritualist theory as a working-hypothesis, moderately probable, convenient, and perhaps of use for the study of phenomena. That is all.

“Sir Oliver thinks that theory true; I think it neither demonstrated nor even provable. But that will not prevent either of us from trying the same experiments, for neither he nor I make experiments to support or disprove any theory. We observe and experiment in order to know and understand. Whither that research will lead us we cannot either of us guess; but what we are fully convinced of is that we shall accept positively established results, for both of us are ready to adopt, intergrally and resolutely, whatever may be conformable with experimental truth.”

A straightforward honest statement from an honest man!

It is deeply to be regretted that Dr. Richet could not have had an experience similar to mine—which, after the most careful consideration, I feel is unique in all the annals of psychic research.

What could he have said if he could have deliberately planned and executed an epoch-marking experiment, involving the presence of his fully-materialized mother, and the assistance of five or six discarnate entities, whose identity was as definite as is the identity of his own laboratory assistants?

What would he have said if these *Other World* friends had taken him by the arm and guided him to this mother who herself, would take his hands, and by voice and gentle pressure of her materialized hands, direct him to the scalp surface from which the hair should be cut, and tell him *just how much of it to cut?*

And then, before bidding him good-bye, kiss him on the cheek and call him by a name—spoken in this manner only by herself.

Or if he had experienced any of the great things that seem so fantastically *unbelievable* to the great majority of people, but which seem commonplace and usual to most informed spiritualists?

It would be like opening the door into another world.

Yet to me this last experience is merely an additional item of evidence, confirming the certainty that what we call death is only the beginning of a new and infinitely better life.

And that, while we might feel deep regret and a poignant sense of loss in the passing of some loved one, we should not grieve because of their promotion. As well grieve because a worm has broken through its cocoon and become a winged thing—shining in the sunlight.

When we accept the *facts* I have set down in these pages as truths we shall know that death should leave small leisure for grief. We shall realize that the seed of life is encased only for a time in this flesh. And that when it has completed this particular cycle of growth it will blossom into a fuller fruition of being—evolving for eternity in the spiral of ever-growing consciousness.