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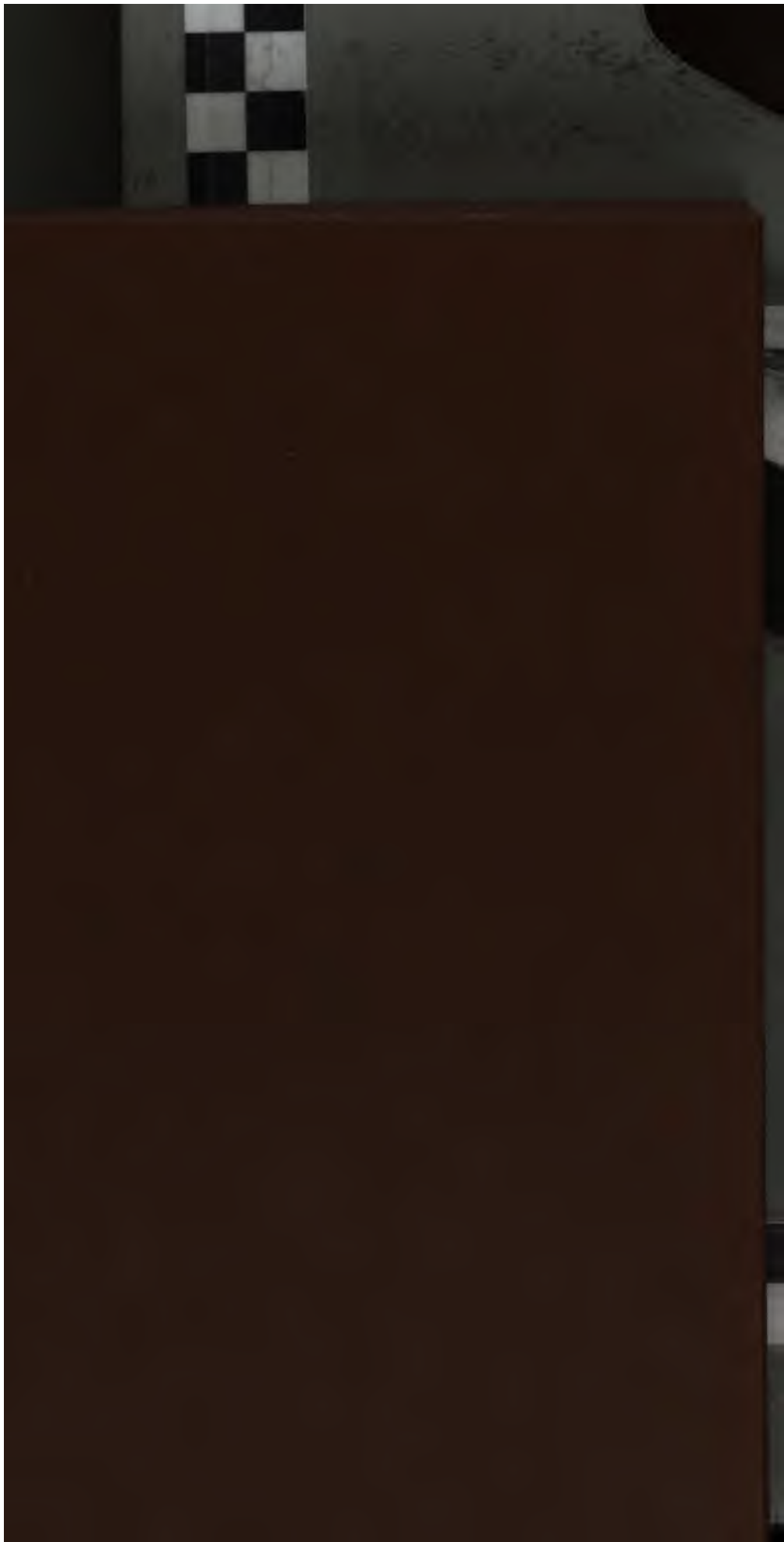
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CROSS REFERENCE EXPERIMENTS FOR
MARK TWAIN.

BY JAMES H. HYSLOP, PH.D.

We have devoted some space to these experiments in the *Journal* (Vol. XI, pp. 4-38) and wish here to report the detailed record with some discussion of its details not feasible in the summary of the *Journal*. We shall not repeat the summary of the evidential incidents, as the Notes will suffice for explaining the evidence and no scientific reader will desire to stop with a mere summary of them. These incidents were limited to the more striking facts of the record, or at least such as indicated their character on the provision that they were true. The discussion here must take account of those features which may even be better evidence than the incidents, which exhibit their meaning at least superficially and require only to have their genuineness proved to give them scientific worth. The more recondite facts require analysis and defence in many instances, or at least an elaborate explanation of their liabilities and of their articulation with the provable evidence, and a detailed report is the only thing that can give them their due place in the whole. To bring out their meaning I shall have to summarize the general character of the record, but without detailing the incidents in such a summary. I shall assume that the reader by this time will take something for granted, especially since the Notes will clear up any real or apparent mistake that may arise from abbreviated accounts of the record as a whole.

The problem was determined for us by the following facts. Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings, who had been connected with the work of "Patience Worth," found another psychic through whom "Patience Worth" manifested also, and then was sup-

planted by a personality claiming to be Mark Twain, the celebrated humorist. This was by means of the ouija board. Mark Twain thus purported to dictate the contents of two volumes in the form of stories. Each of the participating ladies, Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays, had a hand on the board. Otherwise it would not work. Mrs. Hays, who was the chief psychic in the work, had read some of Mark Twain, had expressed the desire to have him communicate, had a keen sense of humor herself and also a tinge of melancholy somewhat like Mark Twain. Mrs. Hutchings had read some of Mark Twain before the stories were written. Thus in the interest of Mrs. Hays in Mark Twain and in her sense of humor and melancholy, as well as her reading, there were the ideal conditions for explaining the product as subconscious fabrication or fiction. There was no recognizable intrinsic evidence that Mark Twain was the source of the stories, apart from the judgment of the expert in his writings. The general hypothesis of subconscious production was so strong as to nullify, in part at least, any hints of his influence upon details, unless it were provable that these could not have been known by the ladies.

The consequence was that the case could be decided only by cross reference experiments. You could debate forever the liabilities on either side of the normal or supernormal explanation and come to no conclusions. But if test experiments by cross reference should show the presence of Mark Twain in both the cross reference experiments and in allusion to his work the case would take on a favorable presumption at least in so far as supernormal information in the cross references might sustain it. This record is the result of just such experiments and must speak for itself in regard to details. The summary alluded to above gives the important evidence and we have here to examine the data as a whole and especially the non-evidential material and the dramatic form in which it comes.

Owing to the fact that this record was undertaken for cross references with a work written in St. Louis and purporting to come from Mark Twain, our problem divides itself into two aspects. The general problem is the authorship of the two books, *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts*, and the source of the present record. Superficially at least they claim to have the same source.

But they are separate products and each has its own evidential question. The first is whether there is adequate evidence that *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts* came from Mark Twain and the second is whether the present record came from him. In the first of these problems we have to decide the claims between secondary personality and spirits and in the second we have to decide whether the personal identity of Mark Twain is proved, assuming that impersonation by the same personality might take place in both instances. There can be no doubt about the fact of supernormal information delivered through Mrs. Chenoweth and the only question that remains is whether it was Mark Twain that delivered it.

In estimating the claims that the stories were from Mark Twain the first question to be asked regards the knowledge of Mark Twain's work that the two ladies may have had. If they had never heard of him and if they had never read any of his writings, the primary interest in the phenomena would be decidedly strong. There would be something unusual to start with, tho we should have to raise the question whether, after conceding the existence of supernormal phenomena, there was evidence that the material had the source superficially claimed for it. That is, we should have the additional issue to decide about impersonation, after conceding the spirits were implicated in the product. But unfortunately the case is not so clear. Both ladies knew something of Mark Twain and had read some of his works. This fact must handicap a spiritistic interpretation at the outset, and it becomes necessary to ascertain the exact knowledge which the ladies had of Mark Twain. I give below the statements of both ladies on this point.

"Prior to the beginning of our work, via the ouija board, with Mark Twain I had read very little. Since that time I have studiously avoided reading anything from his pen, because I did not wish my own mind to interfere with the work of transmission. I know very definitely just what I had read.

"In my girlhood I found a tattered volume of 'Innocents Abroad' and read as much of it as I could find. Many of the chapters were missing entirely, and in some cases there was only a page or two of consecutive text. I did not even know who the

author was, but I liked the humor immensely. It was years afterward when I learned what I had actually been reading.

"I read all of *Huckleberry Finn* and the *Gilded Age*. (a) These are the only Mark Twain books I have ever read through. When the *Autobiography* was published in the *Associated Sunday Magazine*, I obtained the first installment with the *St. Louis Republic*, and read it with delight. Then we ceased to take the *Republic* and I saw no more copies until one day I came across a scrap of old paper in some packing, and I found the story of Mark Twain's attempt to play billiards on a very poor table. I have no idea of what the magazine was, as the date was missing. There was about half a column of the text.

"For awhile when I was in poor health and suffered with insomnia, I used to read promiscuously everything I could lay my hands on; but I did not have access to the magazines that published Mark Twain's stories. I know the plot and theme of some of them, having seen the picture play of 'Pudd'nhead Wilson' and listened to some Mark Twain stories as narrated by my friends.

LOLA V. HAYS."

"My reading of the works of Mark Twain, before I began to sit with Mrs. Hays for the transmission of *Jap Herron* and other posthumous works of Mr. Clemens, is as follows: Random parts of *A Tramp Abroad*, all of *Tom Sawyer*, and the short stories, *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, *An Eskimo's Romance*, *Is He Living or Dead*, *How to Tell a Story*, and *The Jumping Frog*. I read part of *Captain Stormfield's Diary* and part of *Traveling with a Reformer*, and his defense of Harriet Shelley.

"After we had finished transmitting *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts*, I read as much as I could find of the *Autobiography*, parts of *Following the Equator* and all of *The American Claimant*. I was looking for parallelism in our work.

EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS."*

(a) By Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner.

* A further statement from Mrs. Hutchings is worth quoting. "In my childhood I read some scraps of 'A Tramp Abroad', and later I read two or three of his short stories. My reason for reading so little of Mark Twain is worth stating, in case you should be challenged on this point. It is this:

"When I was a girl in Hannibal (b) our greatest man was looked upon as

This makes a pretty clear record for the sceptic in regard to the general question and only minute details would ever overcome the impression created by the statement. There is a foundation of general knowledge indicated in this reading that would hinder a sceptic's conversion, even tho he might not be able to sustain a theory of subconscious production. I think readers of the two volumes would not see Mark Twain in them, unless they were minutely acquainted with his work and style of humor. I must say of my own reading of *Jap Herron* that I would not have suspected that Mark Twain had any part in it. But then I knew practically nothing of his work. I read his *Innocents Abroad* perhaps forty years ago when I was young and his *Tramp Abroad* thirty years ago, but remember very little of either of them, save two or three incidents. I would not be a competent judge of the relation between his posthumous work and what he wrote when living. But it is certain that it would require competent judges to decide whether there were real traces of the man who is claimed for the authorship. In any case the evidence of it is only superficial, while the previous reading of the ladies creates a presumption in favor of the sceptic which it would require much evidence in the study of his works, *ante mortem* and *post mortem*, to remove.

But there are two or three things that the sceptic may legitimately be asked to explain on a theory of subconscious influence of previous reading on the part of the two ladies.

a coarse humorist. My ideal in those days was Shelley or Matthew Arnold. When I began to write, I once visited Gen. Lew Wallace. The first thing he said to me was: 'Coming from Mark Twain's town, I suppose you are trying to imitate his style.' I was indignant. I was not trying to imitate any one. After that I refused to read Mark Twain *for fear he would influence my style.*"

(b) The fact that Mrs. Hutchings when a girl lived in the town where Mark Twain's boyhood was spent would certainly make him of interest to her, and, if *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts* were subconscious products, could easily have been the predisposing cause of his selection as the purported author. Just so, I have wondered whether a lady named Shatford, who had consciously written poetry, and began automatically to write verses claiming to be dictated by the spirit of Shakespeare, was not subconsciously steered in the direction of his name by the resemblance of her own to Stratford [and Shakespeare].

But in the case of Mrs. Hutchings, if the automatically written books in which she was the chief visible agent could be proved to be in some sense and degree casually related to Mark Twain, it might well be that his attention to her, after his death, was attracted by the fact not only that she had psychical power, but that she had lived in his town.

The first of these is the question as to which of the ladies is responsible for the result. The Ouija Board will not move for either one of them alone. Both must have their hands on it to get any result whatever. This ought not to be the case with subconscious action as we know it in normal and abnormal psychology. How the two subconscious minds could co-operate to produce a single and systematic unity will be a problem for the sceptic quite as perplexing as believing in spirits. We do not know of any such product. That the subconscious of two minds should join harmoniously in the use of their memories, when they had not read the same books of Mark Twain, is not to be lightly believed and yet the sceptic would seem to be compelled to adopt that hypothesis to justify his general theory. But he can produce no other proved example of such phenomena to justify the hypothesis in this instance and he is not entitled to urge it without evidence. If the books are a mosaic of incidents selected from the various works of Mark Twain we might suppose that each mind dominated at appropriate moments to get the incident through, but this would still leave unexplained why a hand of each lady was required to be on the board and we would still have an example to produce of such phenomena in a case that had no flavor of spiritistic influence to support it. In any case the joint action of the two minds would be necessary to explain the result and that supposition requires proof as well as any other.

The second point for the sceptic to meet is equally important. The slightest comparison of the two books with Mark Twain's *ante mortem* works will prove beyond question that the *post mortem* work is not a *reproduction* of subconscious memories. Plot and story are not memories of Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings. The sceptic must distinguish between *reproductive* and *fabricative* secondary personality, or subconscious data, in order to make out any case whatever. It is clearly against him on the hypothesis of reproduction, and he has not yet made out a proved case of the fabricative type, tho there may be cases of it so far as I know. It is not any more impossible than normal fabrication in fiction. But the theory dismisses the hypothesis of reproduction and assumes an imaginative faculty by the medium of the two ladies. It is certain that the sceptic cannot use the hy-

pothesis of subconscious influence from prior reading of Mark Twain upon the work as presented and it will be clear that a minimum of reproduction is defensible, while fabrication would have to bear the burden of proof. It would be more plausible, without knowing the facts, to accuse the parties of doing the work consciously and of talking about the ouija board merely to mystify the public. But as it is so easy to refute this view, the sceptic must explain the supposed junction of two subconscious minds and the absence of all apparent reproduction of memories in the products. Subconscious fiction by two minds using automatism as the means to their common end is as new as and much more complicated than spirits to account for the facts, and as an hypothesis requires evidence as well as any other explanation.

But I freely concede that there is not adequate scientific and positive evidence, at least in the present stage of our investigation, for the theory of instigation by Mark Twain in the work of the two ladies, taken by itself. It was the clearness of this fact that made it necessary to try cross reference to settle the question. Sceptics and believers could debate the issue interminably on any other basis, with the facts before them that are shown in the reading of the two ladies. Predilections in regard to the general theory would decide for the most part the attitude of most minds one way or the other. But the balance might be decided by Mark Twain reporting himself through a psychic who knew nothing of the two ladies, who knew nothing of the books written under his alleged auspices, and who had known little or nothing about Mark Twain himself. Such was the situation with Mrs. Chenoweth.

I have the privilege of bringing sitters unannounced and do so in all instances where I wish test experiments, and in nine years' work I have made but one or two exceptions to this policy. In this instance, I intimated to no one that I was to have such experiments, and concealed the identity of Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings absolutely from Mrs. Chenoweth. Each lady was taken separately and admitted to the séance room only after Mrs. Chenoweth had gone into the trance and given her exit before Mrs. Chenoweth came out of the trance, so that she did not even see either at any time. They remained almost absolutely

silent throughout the sittings, sitting behind Mrs. Chenoweth, who could not have seen them had she been in a normal condition, tho she actually had her eyes closed and was in a trance. I, of course, attach little value to the trance myself, but as some do give it weight I am careful to state the exact conditions prevailing. Under them the record came with all its details bearing on the identity of Mark Twain.

Mrs. Chenoweth has a right to the statement of her own knowledge about Mark Twain and his work. When I questioned her regarding him I was surprised to learn that she had not read anything about him and knew nothing about his family, indeed not knowing he had a family. She also did not know that he wore a white suit customarily. She stated that she had not read any of his works at all, tho probably overhearing *Roughing It* read when she was a child too young to understand anything about it. All that she knew was that they laughed a great deal when it was read. Her own personal statement is as follows:

“About *Roughing It* by Mark Twain. I have never read it, but when I was quite a small girl, I think in the grammar school, but it may have been in the primary grade, the book was read in the family, and I recall the intense interest and laughter which the older members of the family had over it. I may have heard some of it read, but the only thing I recall is the title and the laughter.”

Some months after these experiments, however, Mrs. Chenoweth obtained from the library many of the works of Mark Twain and read them.

Accepting the statement of Mrs. Chenoweth regarding her ignorance of Mark Twain, there is little ground for applying subconscious reproduction on her part in the records of her work, and the case, with the precautions against knowledge of the ladies and their work, stands a strong one for supernormal information regarding the work in St. Louis. It establishes a unity between the phenomena at both ends of the line, and this regardless of either telepathy or spirits as the explanation. But we cannot account for the work in St. Louis by telepathy and we cannot account for the work in Boston by secondary personality, while the spiritistic theory will account for both without any such

complications as would be involved in the supposition of secondary personality in St. Louis and telepathy in Boston. We have already seen what difficulties are involved in the hypothesis of secondary personality or subconscious reproduction or fabrication in St. Louis and these would have to be encountered over again in the attempt to conjoin it with telepathy to account for the Boston records. Then it is certain that many of the data in Boston, such as the appearance of Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, Henry Ward Beecher and others would not be explicable by telepathy from any of us, while secondary personality would not account for the cross references with some of them. On the whole then the spiritistic theory is the only simple one to be applied with any confidence or rationality. The evidence points to that as the only reasonable hypothesis.

But in saying that spirits are the explanation of the phenomena I do not mean, as I have not meant in other reports, that all statements come unmixed from the sources claimed. While I make Mark Twain the cause of what purports to come from him, I do not mean that every word or statement is transmitted from him unmixed with other influences. Most people assume that, if we are communicating with spirits at all, the total result is or must be the pure product of the mind assumed. This is not the position maintained here. It is not necessary to assume that any part of the record comes from the communicator claimed except the verifiable incidents involving supernormal information. We have to resort to outside minds to account for them on any theory. It is assumed that the subconscious of the medium will color and modify the message in transmission and it is also assumed that other minds, perhaps many of them at the same time, may be involved in affecting the communications. For those who have critically studied the records it is perfectly apparent that the result is a compound, always at least of two and perhaps three minds, the communicator, the control and the subliminal of the medium, and often of other assisting minds. If we knew the exact conditions affecting the communications we could perhaps unravel the various elements in the compound, and we should at least understand better why the result is a composite one. At any rate, when we say spirits we do not assume that we have the one mind of the communicator, solely responsible for the

product. We rest the case on the indubitable evidence and then ask for time to decipher the nature and meaning of the non-evidential data.

I do not discuss this record as primary proof of the spiritistic hypothesis. That theory I here take for granted as sufficiently proved by other records and by the total mass of facts collected. The primary interest in this record consists in two questions. The first is the meaning of the cross reference with the work in St. Louis purporting to have been done by Mark Twain. The second is the limitations under which the phenomena occur, limitations which can best be studied at present in connection with cross references.

In regard to the first of these questions the evidence for the fact of cross reference is, at least superficially, clear, and collectively it would seem conclusive. But the meaning of it is the important thing. This refers to theoretical possibilities beyond the special case. Here we have a record of material purporting to come from a well known man that will not by itself stand the test, at least the severe scientific test, for its genuineness and authenticity. The sceptic with the two books alone could have his own way with the hypothetical explanation, whether he could give any evidence in his support or not. He could fall back on subconscious knowledge with perfect impunity. He might have to exaggerate the information of the two ladies and ignore the difficulties already discussed to maintain his position. But he is quite capable of that, and as embarrassment to the believer in spirits is with him the chief end of life he will not scruple to emphasize previous knowledge and to evade or gloss over difficulties. The reader who will not or cannot do his own thinking will consult "safety first" and take shelter under the banner of the sceptic, while the believer in spirits must go away with feathers drooping. But the supernatural in the experiments for cross reference will offer him a defence, one which cannot be ignored. If the facts offer a good reason to believe that Mark Twain, or even the same personality that worked in St. Louis, is behind the phenomena, the whole theory of secondary personality is altered, as it was in the case of Doris Fischer, tho in this instance we do not have obsession with which to deal, at least obsession of the unwelcome type. Here again we have a group

of phenomena which lacks the credentials of a spiritistic source and has at least some of the credentials of subconscious production, and yet when cross reference is applied it turns out to have a source, or evidence for a source, which superficially it hitherto had not possessed from a scientific standpoint. Accepting the spiritistic interpretation, the fact at once establishes wide possibilities as to similar cases. They do not prove that all such cases are spiritistic, but they dispose of sceptical difficulties in the special instance and make it inexcusable not to reckon with similar possibilities in other instances.

The real question is whether we have the right to call the case under review one of secondary personality at all. Secondary personality involves dissociations, obsessions, or invasions of various kinds against the normal life of the individual. They are perfectly noticeable and are subject to the physician's care and treatment. The individual in one stage of our civilization would have been called insane and only more careful diagnosis has resulted in terms which save the normal life of the patient. Now there are no traces of any such conditions in the lives of Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings. They are perfectly normal people, in so far as mind, behavior, and general conditions of life are concerned. No invasions upon their lives take place by anything abnormal. Mrs. Hay's mediumship is voluntary and never on tap except when she wants it and she would not be distinguishable from a normal person during it. She has no trance and no symptoms of one that are noticeable. If you speak of secondary personality in connection with her phenomena it must be by sufferance and by stretching the ordinary limits of the term. I have here conceded it only for *ad hominem* purposes. I am arguing with the man who would so describe the case and he has no escape from the consequence of tolerating that view. He can purchase leverage for keeping secondary personality out of the spiritistic column by insisting that there is none such in the work of the two ladies. But he cannot escape trying subconscious reproduction or fabrication, if he wishes to evade the spiritistic hypothesis. We have seen what difficulties he must encounter in entertaining even that, but he has no other resource. For all logical purposes in the case subconscious reproduction, or fabrication, is the same as secondary personality. Psychologically

also they are closely related. Secondary personality always involves dissociation and subconscious invasion of normal life is also a measure of dissociation. The only difference between the two sets of phenomena is the matter of systematic organization in one and apparent caprice in the other. Secondary personality is simply systematic or organized dissociation, and ordinary dissociation is only unorganized secondary personality. Between the two extremes we have every grade of one or the other, so that logically the case is the same for both in the discussion of the spiritistic hypothesis and the area of its application. We may concede fully that Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings are not cases of secondary personality, and they are certainly not this in any accepted meaning of the term in psychiatry, and yet the resolution of their phenomena into spiritistic ones shows the possibilities of resolving all similar non-evidential phenomena into foreign invasion and adds one more case to that side of the balance which suggests spirits where we should not suspect them independently of cross reference. No matter what classification you give the St. Louis phenomena you have the essential fact that they are not scientifically adequate to prove the influence of Mark Twain in the production of the books,—at least in the present stage of our inquiries and with the necessarily rigid standards of evidence which we have to employ, they are not scientifically adequate. That inadequacy is the important point and its character has to be supplemented by evidence which will offset its limitations. This evidence cross reference gives and displaces any classification of the facts you wish to entertain.

The second question, I have said, concerns the limitations of the evidence obtained for the spiritistic theory. This problem is connected with all the work of all mediums and satisfactory discussion of it has always to be postponed until the first issue, namely, the existence and communication of spirits, has been decided. Cross reference offers a good opportunity to discuss it, whether we can solve it or not, because it shows us, in a measure at least, both ends of the line. In ordinary communication we have this side and the other side. In one we know everything, so to speak, and in the other we know nothing but the fragmentary and confused messages received. We have to conjecture everything else. But in cross reference we have a differ-

ent situation, tho we also have all that characterizes the first example. We remain more or less ignorant of what goes on beyond the veil in both cases, but in cross reference we have a double situation. We have *two other sides*, so to speak. We have the other side of the veil and also the other side of a situation transcending normal knowledge of the medium and also representing alleged supernormal knowledge which may or may not involve intrinsic credentials of this supernormal. We do not have to reckon with the spiritual side of the case as the primary condition of studying the phenomena. We have a set of data which we naturally suppose might be repeated through another psychic and we have a distinct whole with which to reckon. In ordinary communications we have no superficial proof that the fragmentary and confused messages are the whole. Cross reference may determine whether they are or not. But in such work as that of Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings, we have a distinct whole to begin with, whether it be a fragment or not of what occurred on the other side, and it remains to see how much of this whole can be repeated or intimated through another psychic.

If the cross reference involves something very fragmentary as compared with the whole, there is fair evidence that the story is itself fragmentary of a larger whole beyond the reach of the first case. And this will be true even tho the subconscious of the two ladies represents a part of the story. There is no evidence that this subconscious affected the story substantially, tho I have no doubt that the limitations of language and habits of thought on the part of Mrs. Hays at least affected the result, but probably not to supply much of the contents, probably Mrs. Hutchings's mind supplied less or none of it. But whether they furnished any amount or a large amount, if the material coming in cross reference is a mere fragment of this, we have a fair index of the difficulties of putting messages through. It matters not what those difficulties are or whether we understand them or not, they are evidently there when the cross reference does not reproduce the message as a whole.

Readers of the story *Jap Herron* and of the present record will quickly discover how little of the story is reproduced through Mrs. Chenoweth. Only the fact that such a story had been written, its name and the name of one or two other characters in it

came through Mrs. Chenoweth. But there were characteristic touches of Mark Twain's identity that came through Mrs. Chenoweth and more or less coincident with things indicated in the story. But there is no escaping the fact of an extremely fragmentary nature of the communications regarding it. The difficulty, especially in getting the names through, was evident as well as avowed, and we have a sample of what it is to secure adequate cross references in any instance. There is apparently no trouble in getting the stories through Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings. The books read like finished wholes and such they are. There is nothing fragmentary in their appearance. But we must remember that they have been edited by Mrs. Hutchings and that the Introduction to *Jap Herron* shows how the material came and it involved the same pauses, hesitations, mistakes of spelling, sometimes confusion between the message and the subconscious of Mrs. Hays, and various indications of difficulty, whether great or small, that are manifested in mediumship generally, and the book was edited to make the story readable for the public rather than for the study of the case psychologically. The same course with Mrs. Chenoweth's record would make very different reading, as can be illustrated by omitting the confusions and summarizing the meaning of the efforts to give names. Consequently, in spite of the appearance, in an edited account, of a systematic and complete whole, the separate cases have their evidence of difficulty and confusion, whether this be the same or different in each case.

Tho we can see that there is difficulty in communicating, and this without relying on cross reference to determine it, just what the difficulty is we cannot so easily decide. We are too apt to bring to the judgment of the case the ideas we have when we communicate normally with each other. Whatever the difficulties of normal intercourse—and they are many as is illustrated in the consequences of not having the same language—they do not ordinarily prevent clearer discourse and more general agreement than we find in the attempts at cross reference with discarnate spirits. There are evidently difficulties in addition to the need of a common language, but just what they are, except as remote analogies show us, is not easily determinable. It may be sufficient, however, in the present stage of the investigation merely to know the fact, as it suffices to institute reasons for

withholding dogmatic objections to the fact of communication. Curiosity about it may be justifiable, but not ridicule against the alleged fact.

One important apologetic circumstance may be mentioned. The objects in the two sets of experiments are different. In one the object is to write a story. In the other the object is to prove personal identity and connection with the first center of communication. In ordinary parlance, however, we do not find such a difference so seriously affecting the messages. Most people would think, and perhaps excusably so, that, if Mark Twain had written a book at one center, he could come to another and say so and even tell something of the story. This is just what would occur in our common intercourse. But we cannot forget that the conditions for intercommunication with a discarnate world cannot be assumed to be like our well known methods of terrestrial communication. If they were, the objection might hold, but the mere fact of disembodiment suffices to make them quite different and we must reckon with it in the use of our judgment about the facts. If we secure evidence of any cross reference at all, we know that the communication has taken place at both centers and that justifies urging patience with the imperfections and real or apparent discrepancies.

Moreover the communicators themselves distinguish between subjects and between mediums in their explanation of the difficulties involved. We may not easily see why a difference of subjects would affect the result, but when the communicator makes the claim, tho we may not be justified in proclaiming it as a dogmatic truth, we do require to pause and investigate into the claim made. In proving one's identity we have to be more specific in thought and language than in general discourse, and there is evidence throughout years of work with Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Smead and Mrs. Chenoweth that specific things give more trouble in transmission than general ones. This is not indicated merely in the case with which general and non-evidential ideas are expressed, but it is just as noticeable in the evidential incidents. The more general they are, the easier they are mentioned, and the more specific and individual they are, the more difficult to get the important details. For instance, it is easier to speak of a ring or a watch than it is of a special diamond ring or a

special gold watch. The more you descend into differential details affecting the conclusiveness of the evidence the more difficult usually is it to get the specific features transmitted. In a general story this does not hold. A variety of incidents may fit the situation as well as any one, but not so in a specific memory affecting personal identity. Hence we may well expect the difficulties to be greater in the work of Mrs. Chenoweth than in that of Mrs. Hays. Indeed the communicator recognized this fact and definitely indicated that the process was quite different in each case and said he had only to *think* in the work of Mrs. Hays while he had to do more in that of Mrs. Chenoweth. What the difference is remains to determine. But the allegation of it suffices to make us suspend hasty judgment about the whole matter and to await further investigation for solving the problem.

The differences between mediums is also an important fact. If a difference can be shown by the records to be a fact, it must have its weight in explaining the difficulty of putting the same message through two different centers. That there is some difference, to whatever it may be due, is apparent to those who have experimented widely. It may be due to the different degrees of development, whatever that may mean, and when one has worked long with any specific case he will discover that some real fact is expressed by the term. But it is not all that affects the matter. We have only to compare the Piper and Chenoweth records to discover an interesting difference between them. Mrs. Piper could usually plunge into specific evidential matter at once and without any great preparatory work. This is not the case with Mrs. Chenoweth. (c) With absolute uniformity, under all controls, she has to give way to general communications, whether genuine or not and whether subliminal or foreign in origin, and it is some time before she can venture upon specific evidential incidents. Apparently the communicator has to take time to secure control adequate to determining specific messages. At any rate, he cannot begin at once with evidential incidents.

(c) It appears to me that there is an exception in the Doris Case (*Proceedings*, XI, 197 seq.). Here the very first thing written after the sitter was admitted was "John E," the first name and middle initial of her father. And after a few more sentences a succession of true and evidential statements began.

After some practice he can communicate more easily, and even this practice has to be repeated after a lapse of time has occurred between his appearances, tho no other communicator has intervened. All this signifies difficulties of some kind, and as they speak of education of the communicator as one factor in the result we may accept it as a probable one. But this is evidently not all. Conjecture from the records would favor the distinction between motor control of the medium's organism and mental control of the communicator's mental states while trying to transmit them. My experience has convinced me that this is an important factor in understanding the difficulties of communicating. I discussed it in Volume IV of the *Proceedings* under the title of the "Associates of Constrained Attention." I need not repeat the matter here. It is only one of the complications in the problem, tho probably a large one, and may be invoked in explaining the difference between the methods employed to communicate through Mrs. Chenoweth and those used to communicate through Mrs. Hays. Granted the difference we may well understand the difference in the results.

It is probable that it will be a long time before we can give an adequate account of the difficulties of cross reference and of communication generally. It is conceivable that we shall never be able to satisfy normal curiosity about it, as we have to possess a better idea of the transcendental world than we now have or are likely soon to have, if we succeed in compassing any such task. In the meantime it is safer to study the facts in the light of their psychology as a more hopeful source of understanding generally. In it we shall at least discover the complications involved, and these will imply difficulties and perhaps at least half explain them.

EXAMINATION OF THE RECORDS.

There were ten sittings in all with the ladies present, each five times. Mrs. Hays came first and Mrs. Hutchings followed with the second five. Those of Mrs. Hays were remarkably good for refuting would-be believers in telepathy. The object of the sittings was to secure Mark Twain as a communicator, but not a sure trace of him came in the first four sittings, and indeed we could say that even uncertain traces were not present were it not

that some allusions which showed that the nature of their work was discovered were such as Mark Twain might have made. But as there is probably always present in such work a group of personalities we may attribute isolated messages to any one. At least they may merely be evidence of supernormal knowledge without any clue as to the personality from which it came. It was only in the fifth sitting that any definite hint came as to the personal identity of Mark Twain. There was evidence enough of the supernormal, but not of any special personality as its source.

One would infer from the first paragraph that it was a parent, probably the sitter's mother. But this control only lasted a few minutes when it was changed without evidence of identity. The first sentence of the second control was the remark that the sitter was a light, meaning a psychic, and in a few moments it was apparent that the control was the grandfather who was said to have a lady with him. He described her as "my little girl" which would mean that it was his daughter and the mother of the sitter, confirming my conjecture regarding the identity of the first control or communicator. The communications continued during the sitting either from or about relatives and no hint of what I wanted, not even the remotest, tho playing around her mediumship and its type, but confining the messages to phenomena not connected with the ouija board and the Mark Twain stories. At the second sitting the first communicator claimed to be the sitter's guide and thought I did not know there was such a person. When I expressed my belief in such things the communicator went on to indicate the sitter's clairvoyance, but showed apparently total ignorance of the work about which I wished information. When I asked if she had done any work, after this guide had referred definitely to her visions, the communicator distrusted my query and told me I knew well enough that she had done work of a psychic nature. When I explained that I wanted it as evidence the communicator accused me interrogatively of playing a game on her. I saw at once indications of a conflict and had to begin to pacify the personality, who showed in his or her reply that there was no comprehension whatever of my problem, tho Mrs. Chenoweth knows it well enough in general. The reply of the communicator was wholly at

variance with the knowledge of Mrs. Chenoweth and revealed the assumption that I had only to believe what was said. There was no appreciation of the need of proof, but some reluctance to satisfy my desire for evidence. Possibly from a side remark of some one with the communicator he or she caught the idea that I wanted cross reference, but did not realize its nature as evidence. When I explained further its value, the reply was a disavowal of being "a trouble maker," which was, in fact, a virtual confession that he or she was regarded as such. Assuming that there was a conflict between separate groups for control of the case, I saw why Mark Twain had not appeared, tho it is not easy to explain satisfactorily why, at least to those not familiar with the complications of the problem.

It is quite possible that the subconscious of Mrs. Chenoweth has something to do with determining the communicator, if not in all circumstances, possibly in first attempts. It might be that the mere habit of admitting immediate relatives may affect the attention and thus cause the rapport of the communicator who can attract that attention. I have no proof of this hypothesis and do not advance it as more than a possibility. I have seen in two other instances more direct evidence of the influence of attention in producing rapport and the instances make it necessary to be on the alert for its operation always. But whether attention and the habit of hearing from relatives or guides affected the admission of communicators, this was what occurred and it resulted in excluding what I wanted, tho the sequel proves that I need not to regret it, as the phenomenon told against the hypothesis of telepathy in the case. However, the main point is the suggestion of conflict in the case and that would explain much both in the work of Mrs. Hays and in the sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth at first.

This second sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth was on the morning of May 29th. In the evening I held a sitting with the two ladies together at the hotel, using the ouija board, and of course Mrs. Chenoweth was neither present nor knew anything about the fact. Mark Twain reported at once and explained, without suggestion from me, that he had tried to make himself visible to the psychic in the morning, but that "other controls were too strong" for him, and then spontaneously remarked that "it is going to be a

fight." This confirmed my suspicion of a conflict and as he had evidently not succeeded in attracting the attention of Mrs. Chenoweth's control or subconscious, if I may repeat my conjecture, it was evident that this conflict had to be dealt with before we could secure what I desired. But the third sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth did not remedy matters. The relatives still occupied the field, tho there was distinct evidence of a conflict. In one passage an allusion to the "foolishness of fun," in connection with a reference to Christ, reflected evidence of Mark Twain's personality, tho not his presence as the communicator. Some one evidently at variance with his objects had been operative in hindering his work, at least in the present instance, whether consciously or unconsciously. Then, with some evidence of a conflict with this very communicator, an intrusion occurred in which apparently another personality got control, the change not being indicated by me in the record, and protested that he or she would not hurt the girl, calling some one "a little fool," whether referring to an antagonist on the other side or to me.

At the next, the fourth sitting, the relatives still occupied the time with more definite evidence of the work that I wanted mentioned, tho without evidence of the presence of Mark Twain. A vague allusion to the ouija board was made and a perfectly definite reference to records made in the work elsewhere, with other evidence that the Mark Twain group was beginning to overcome the antagonism of the relatives, tho this would be apparent only to those who studied the detailed record carefully. The definite statement was made that there was "a double group around the lady" and the statement confirmed the hypothesis of a conflict, apparent in the very nature of the communications. In the midst of it Jennie P. appeared and I seized the opportunity to say that, while evidence of the supernormal had come, I had no hint of whence it came and had not received any hint of what I wanted. She explained that there had been some secretiveness on the part of some of the communicators and that the aim was to develop the sitter more fully for her work. The secretiveness was apparent, but the purpose not so evident. Jennie P. then gave way to some who evidently tried to mention the ouija board, as I interpret the attempt to write the word "Machine," not completed, tho it might be a confusion in the attempt to write

the name "Mark," which is a mere conjecture. The communication ended with the name Mary.

On the same evening, May 31st, I had another sitting with the ladies at the hotel. Mark Twain at first explained that he had tried to communicate his name in the morning, and complained that the medium called him "Mary!" If it were not for the fact that Mrs. Hays knew what had occurred in the morning, we should have a sure indication of what was attempted in the word which I have interpreted as an effort to write the word "Machine." Without her knowledge the statement that he had tried to give his name and the medium called him "Mary," we should have to interpret "Mach" as an effort to write "Mark," as I conjectured was possible. But we got nothing nearer than that in the morning sitting and I had to urge Mark that the next day would be his last chance to get his personal identity recognized.

The next day at Mrs. Chenoweth's it was apparent that the relatives had been retired into the background. Mark Twain began with the first two letters of his name and then went on to describe the general nature of his work with the ladies, tho not very clearly or successfully. There was a great deal of confusion, probably due to his knowledge that it was his last chance with the sitter and to his want of practice in controlling Mrs. Chenoweth. However this may be, he did not succeed in getting his name until the subliminal recovery came. He then made it perfectly clear, tho accompanied by some confusion on the part of the subconscious about Mark Hanna. From this point on there was no more apparent conflict with others in the group about Mrs. Hays. Mark Twain and his group occupied the field during the remainder of the experiments.

The chief point of interest in all this dramatic play, mingled with much evidence of the supernormal and some of the personal identity of Mark Twain, is the weakness of a telepathic explanation. After all that I have previously said about the absurdity of telepathy in this field it may seem unnecessary to continue antagonistic discussion of it, but there are still those who advance it, and it thus becomes important to point out every situation that is embarrassing to its advocates. Mrs. Hays was thinking hard of Mark Twain in all of the first four sittings and

wished him to come, knowing that this was the object of the experiments. But no definite hint of him came until I rather curtly indicated that things were not going rightly. Telepathy makes a poor showing in such a situation, and indeed but for indolent and credulous scepticism it would not be necessary to mention it in connection with the subject. Whether you think spirits are necessary to take its place makes no difference, telepathy is not applicable.

Mrs. Hutchings followed with five sittings and there was no interruption by her relatives, at least in any such manner as to suggest any conflict of purposes. Her mother communicated, but in conjunction with Mark Twain. The communications proceeded smoothly all the way through, tho several other personalities took part and will have to be discussed briefly here. But having eliminated the conflicting elements with the opposing group about Mrs. Hays the way was clear for what followed, and Mark Twain established his claim to being more than a humorist and to having communicated literary matter through the ouija board by the labor of the two ladies. The details of this evidence will be found to have been explained in the Notes and it suffices here merely to call attention to it. The two problems that confront us mainly are the additional communicators and the fragmentary nature of the messages.

There are four of these communicators that require special notice. They are Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Ingersoll. The special reason for giving specific attention to them is that they figured in cross reference with the two ladies. It was not emphatic or especially significant, but they were all more or less connected with the work of Mrs. Hays, Charles Dickens before Mrs. Hutchings began her work with Mark Twain.

Washington Irving responded in St. Louis to the call of a friend of Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings and so far as known his appearance there was in no respect evidential. He appeared to have no systematic part in the work of Mark Twain. Not so in the work of Mrs. Chenoweth. In this latter he claims more or less by inference to have been a helper and advisor in the work of Mark Twain in St. Louis. There is nothing, however, in the cross reference to prove this. All that we find is some

evidence of his personal identity through Mrs. Chenoweth. Accepting Mrs. Chenoweth's statements about her ignorance of the man and his work, an ignorance which was not entire, we may assume some probabilities that the messages transcended subliminal information normally acquired. The notes will show two or three things that are evidential regardless of her testimony, but they hardly suffice to prove his identity to the sceptic who is not moved by any amount of the supernormal. To those, however, who are not ignorant of the problem and of evidence the constructive characteristics of the man will have much weight. Yet it was not his intention to prove his identity and I doubt much if any one well known as he was and who died as far back as 1868 could prove his identity by personal memories of a trivial character or in any way outside the characteristics of his literary work. No living person would know the personal incidents. His object however was to help Mark Twain to get through certain messages, perhaps because he had been himself a part of them in St. Louis. There may have been a secret motive on the part of the controls to give him experience in methods of communicating so that his help in the future in similar emergencies might be more serviceable. The Emperor group avow this frequently as one of their reasons for admitting certain communicators. However this may be, the record makes it psychologically clear that he was present as a helper, whatever other purpose may have been involved. There was apparently more than the usual difficulty in getting his name through, except that when it did come there was not much confusion about it. But I had no suspicion for some time as to who it was, tho the mention of a title to any one of his works would have suggested it. Possibly it was as difficult to get one of these titles as his name, tho *Rip Van Winkle* came with less difficulty than his name but not without effort.

There was less evidence of the identity of Charles Dickens than of Washington Irving, unless we can give unstinted value to one incident. There was an extraordinary intimation of one fact that bore on his personality. But once before had Mrs. Chenoweth yawned in her subliminal recovery and my knowledge of any unusual behavior of the kind has led me to suspect that it had its psychological counterpart in some fact of the com-

municator's life. Events occurring in the last moments of death very frequently reproduce themselves in the trance or the subliminal recovery, most frequently in the latter. Hence this yawning when Charles Dickens purported to communicate led me to suspect that he had been very tired near death and examination of his biography, which Mrs. Chenoweth had not read, proved that this was a fact. She was fond of the man's writings and read many of them, but not Foster's life of him, where his weariness before death happens to be mentioned. It does not suffice, however, to prove his personal identity. The allusion to his having finished the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood* through a medium at Brattleboro, Vermont, was also a most striking fact. I had asked the communicator if he had any knowledge of it, recalling only Edwin Drood, and the reply was fairly prompt and clear. I had supposed, when I asked my question, that, of course, Mrs. Chenoweth had heard about the story of his having finished it after his death. I had heard it some years before, but did not know any details. To my surprise, tho Mrs. Chenoweth knew that he left an unfinished novel and that its name was "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," she had never heard that he had finished it through a medium. She had even refused to read the unfinished work because it was an unfinished one. Neither had the President of the National Association of Spiritualists heard of the finishing of the work through a medium. But a friend found the book for me in the New York Library with the name and home of the medium who had finished the story. I then found several others who had known the book and a few who knew something about the medium. If we could be absolutely sure that Mrs. Chenoweth had never heard about the book and forgotten it, the reference would be a fairly conclusive piece of evidence for identity. Mrs. Chenoweth's interest in Spiritualism and associations with people of that belief makes it quite possible that she might have casually heard about the work and medium, and that, lacking any special personal interest in it, she might have forgotten it. But there is one thing against this. The spelling of the name "Brattleboro" as "Brattleborough," which is the English way of spelling such names, is not consistent with the ordinary knowledge of Mrs. Chenoweth. All intelligent people in this country, and most others, would

most naturally spell the word as "Brattleboro," as that is the usual spelling of names so pronounced in New England.

The chief interest in knowing whether the mention of the place at which the work was finished through a medium is in the question whether the incident of finishing it was a genuine one. Testimony as to the character of the medium in the case is divided. Some make him an honest man and one person testifies to some dishonesty in business which would prove him to be wholly untrustworthy in character, tho he does not pronounce any verdict as to his mediumship. But if the statement made through Mrs. Chenoweth be free from subconscious implications it would matter little what the character of the man was, tho it would not make his work genuine. The evidence for the supernatural would be striking and have some weight in the problem. It is at least interesting to find that a similar work to that of Mark Twain is thus vouched for, and we can only wish that the evidence were conclusive.

The one unimpeachable incident, as against subliminal memories, is the cross reference with a group connected with Mrs. Hays; that is, the alleged appearance of Charles Dickens in some of the earlier work in the west connected with an associated group. But this may be a chance coincidence. There are no associated facts to guarantee it. It is merely interesting to note that two humorists, Washington Irving and Charles Dickens, are associated with Mark Twain, or claim to be associated with him. The manner in which some such help is apparent here, and apparently needed here, tends to support the claim. There is evidence of interchange of ideas and mutual knowledge of what went on in St. Louis and this is just what would take place in any system of co-operation to produce the result. For instance, the allusion to the building of railways by Charles Dickens who had seen some of our unfinished railways and the relation of such operations to private property and the resistance to them by the community. Not only did this happen as an incident in the life of Washington Irving, inciting the natural opposition of a man whose home and æsthetic environment were affected by it, but the same general incident was one of the features of *Jap Herron*, except that this time it was rivalry between places for a railway. It is not stated in the communication that the incident was one

in the book, but it is a coincidence that the subject should figure in the communications at all, and the fragmentary nature and misunderstanding by the control or the subconscious of many or all messages would naturally distort any effort to make it accurate. At any rate, the evidence of co-operation in the production of the work is apparent and the hypothesis is sustained by evidence of subconscious coloring on the part of the medium. For instance, modern slang with which even Mark Twain was not acquainted, having come into use since his death, appears in many messages. To overcome this or the domination of the subconscious might require the active co-operation of many minds, a view supported by the clearest indications that two or more personalities were often necessary to get a simple message through. Why this is so I am not concerned to conjecture, but only report the fact of it.

There is no apparent reason for the appearance of Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Ingersoll, except that they were mentioned in some of the work in the West as being present together. It is interesting to remark that they were warm personal friends in life, a fact not known to Mrs. Chenoweth, so that there is a coincidence in this fact. But there is no other apparent reason for their appearance here than the facts mentioned. Beecher was the intermediary for some important remarks about getting Mark Twain to understand clearly what evidence I needed for proof of his part in the work. The fact is that very few people among the living have the slightest knowledge of what scientific evidence is in this problem, and it is quite as clear in many cases of attempt at communication that as many of the dead are equally ignorant of it. It is probable that they have to be told and instructed by the controls. It is thus quite conceivable that Mark Twain had supposed that his book was adequate evidence of his communications. But we have seen the totally false assumption involved in this. He seems to be wholly unaware of the influence of the medium's mind on the work, tho this statement must be taken with some discount, as there were evidences in the transmission of the book that he was conscious of interferences on the part of the medium's mind. But he was apparently not conscious of it in the sense that it affected the problem of evi-

dence. He resented the interference with the contents of the work rather than with the evidential bearings of the disturbance.

There were other intruders also, but they did not represent well known personalities and hence have only a psychological interest here. One or two of them, however, give better evidence of this needed co-operation than did the more well known personalities. In the last efforts to get the name of the book and some hint of its contents, one personality came who could communicate with more apparent ease and fluency than others, and who distinctly disavowed any importance in his personality. He was not desirous even of proving his identity, and seeing that his work was to help in getting evidential matter pertinent to the main issue I did not press for his identity and he confined his effort to the matter in hand. It was the best type of evidence that some sort of assistance had to be rendered to Mark Twain in order to get through the desired message, and in sustaining this view he confirmed the claims made by the more celebrated personalities. It may be remarked also that this need of help and co-operation is not the natural view of Mrs. Chenoweth. She thinks that each spirit does his own work, and while she believes or knows that the "guide" or "guides" are present she does not conceive them as directly necessary for getting the message through. She does not think of them as intermediaries.

FRAGMENTARY NATURE OF THE MESSAGES.

The fragmentary character of the messages was often or nearly always superficially evident in the Piper phenomena. Unfinished sentences, the interjection of a significant name in the midst of an incomplete sentence, or a significant word, indicated incompleteness on the surface. This is very rarely, if ever, manifest in the work of Mrs. Chenoweth. The sentences are usually complete, as if there was an effort to preserve the integrities of the language and good style. You would not suspect from the superficial appearance of a paragraph that there was any confusion in the communications. But a knowledge of the actual facts which are evidently meant reveals a very different status of things very often and we may suspect legitimately enough that the same fragmentary character prevails even when the message seems most complete. We can discover this feature only

by knowing what the actual facts were which the communicator was trying to transmit, and often the nature of the message makes perfectly clear what the communicator meant. This fragmentary character of the messages once established we have a basis for inference as to the limitations affecting the possibility of communicating at all. We can make this evident only by examples.

The first instance of this came toward the end of the third sitting. I saw evidence of a conflict in the second sitting, and in the sitting with the ladies the night before this third sitting Mark Twain intimated that it would require a fight for him to get through. One group about Mrs. Hays seem to be of the religious type, at least so much would be inferred from some things that occurred, and in the struggle for Mark Twain to get through there was an allusion to "Jests" just before a change of control. Apparently while another person was trying to control the situation this word was forced through and then the allusion to Christ in the sentence "but Jesus is a power" was an indication of an antagonizing influence who did not like "the foolishness of fun," which was the dominant note of Mark Twain's work. The immediate statement, evidently made to the communicator, "I will not spoil the girl, you little fool," showed the controversy that was going on between parties on the other side. The struggle was to get Mark Twain into rapport with the medium. Here we come as near as is usual with Mrs. Chenoweth to incomplete sentences. Rather they are incomplete thoughts. The struggle that had been predicted had now begun between the family group with its ambitions and the Mark Twain group with its literary object, and only a fragment of the thought of each comes through, just enough to distinguish the type of each. The religious type does not want any fun and the secular is bent on its mission of humor, and each succeeds only in getting a few words through bearing upon the situation.

It is true that, in this instance, the actual facts have to be conjectured from previous knowledge of the subject and the conditions affecting it. While there is enough of the supernormal to suggest all that is going on the facts are not verifiable by the living and hence the illustration chosen is not so good as may be desired. But it was important to notice it because it embodied the conflict which was apparent in the situation. The communi-

cator who followed at the next sitting showed that the conflict was an unnecessary one. He showed how the religious purpose of the work could be fulfilled without interference from the other type. It was a reconciling influence, and it brought about a condition in which the tendency was toward what I wanted. But the confusion was still great, and if we take the allusion to "sounds," "voices," "music" and "notes" to be what Mark Twain later said was meant by the reference, namely, that he had his own family in mind because it was musical, this latter reference makes very clear the exceedingly fragmentary character of this passage. It is too long to quote, but of itself it has no meaning whatever. I was a little impatient with it because I supposed the communicator was trying to tell me about the St. Louis work and there were neither "voices" "music" nor "notes" in it. What the communicator was trying to do was to mention the living member of his family who is a musician and married a musician. He was evidently trying to say something that would identify him personally rather than as author of the book. He effected this better later when he mentioned the daughter by name. There was here, however, not the slightest indication of what he meant and I supposed the whole matter was confusion pure and simple, guessing at the nature of the work done in St. Louis, as I had that in mind. But for the later statement that he had his family in mind when he mentioned music, I should not have had a clue to what he was driving at. But with this explanation the whole passage is perfectly clear, pertinent, and intelligible. No one can tell how much I failed to get. All that we can be sure of is that the subject of his family and music were the ideas in mind probably with all the associations affecting his personal identity as connected therewith and the desire here to reveal it.

It is probable that a similar fragmentary message is found in the attempt at the end of the sitting to give the name of the implement used in the work and possibly his own name, tho that is not assured. There is at least an interesting confusion. The communicator is trying evidently to mention the ouija board and confuses it with the planchette, as the description indicates. He first says: "A long thing with pencil . . . no something to work with, not just like this which I work with here, but similar.

I tried to make something to look at." Then came "Ma" and "Mach," which I interpreted as an attempt to write the word "Machine," which would have been at least approximately correct. But in a moment I was told that he was trying to give a name and I soon got *Mary*. That evening at a sitting with the ladies Mark Twain said, referring to Mrs. Chenoweth, "I whispered my name in her ear and then she called me Mary." If this explanation had come through Mrs. Chenoweth it would have more weight as Mrs. Hays had been the sitter with Mrs. Chenoweth in the morning and knew what was said. But the passage was too confused for anyone to suspect this interpretation of it and so the allusion has some, but not conclusive weight. At any rate, it is the only possible indication that he was trying to give his own name while the passage unmistakably refers to the ouija board and it had to be interrupted very suddenly to take up the name. And there is no indication that there is an interruption for this purpose except the answer to my question as to what he was trying to do, in which he said: "Write a name." This might apply to the name of the ouija board as well as to the name of himself or a person, and I so understood it at the time. The later explanation through the ouija board with the ladies indicates clearly enough that it was his own name that was meant, an explanation that we cannot accept with positive assurance for the reason intimated above. Accepting it, however, we have an abrupt break in the communications and perhaps some confusion between the name "Mark" and "Mach" for "machine" that would be quite intelligible. This is especially so when we note that the pictographic method was employed by the communicator. He interrupted his description of the board by the statement: "I tried to make something to look at," evidently attempting to have the control or the subconscious interpret the symbol and to give the name. The general idea of a *machine* was conveyed or inferred and at once the effort began with the name, the intervening thoughts being lost or not received by the control or the subconscious. If the statement made at the sitting with the ladies was due to the interpretation of the effort in the morning by Mrs. Hays, then the passage refers only to the ouija board but the name *Mary* becomes unintelligible on that supposition, since the first three letters are those of the name

Mark, and the pictographic method might well give rise to this illusion. But it is clear that we have only fragments of what the communicator was trying to say. The description of the ouija board and his own name, with some associates, are the ideas to be transmitted, but only the barest outline of the former comes and a mistake for the latter. If all messages were as confused and as fragmentary we might well be skeptical about any revelation purporting to come from a spiritual world.

The next illustration of fragmentary messages is the attempt to give the name of the book. It took several weeks to get this completed and when it came we had no more evidence of its contents than that it was about the "doings" of Jap Herron. This was exactly correct, but it gave no idea of the specific characteristics of the story which would have been much better. One has only to read the story and to compare it with what came here to find how meager is the account of it received through Mrs. Chenoweth. The name of the story, the name of the father of Jap, and the single word "doings" to characterize the work are small pay for the effort and are indubitable evidence of fragmentary messages, made indubitable by the fact that we have before us the whole of the other end of the line, so to speak, in so far as the material claimed to come is concerned. What the larger happenings were beyond the veil we do not know. But if the book *Jap Herron* is as fragmentary as the messages about it, we have a lesson in the interpretation of messages from the dead, especially when we consider that the book is probably as highly colored by the subliminal of Mrs. Hays and possibly that of Mrs. Hutchings as any message could be through Mrs. Chenoweth or Mrs. Piper.

The first attempt to give the password is perhaps another illustration of fragmentary messages. The communicator began with a reference to the need of passports in a strange country and described fully enough the process on shipboard, with which he was no doubt well acquainted when living, of putting passengers through an examination, and talked all about the subject, and this suggested to me to ask for the password which I did, and he soon remarked that this was what he had in mind all along. I had not suspected it, except as a general attempt at proving identity, which could best be established by the pass-

word. If he actually had in mind the password all the while he was singularly incapable of giving it direct and succeeded only in playing around it in the most remote way.

The incidents purporting to prove Mark Twain's identity to his daughter show a decidedly fragmentary nature. The first was a reference to a ring as follows:

"I want to write about a ring * * * a ring that was mamma's. I think she [referring to his living daughter mentioned by name a few minutes earlier] knows to what I refer, left and I had it and then left it when I came here. * * * It was not of so much value as it was a matter of sentiment to us, and was worn for some time by her. It was taken off and I had it. Remember it?"

The plain implication of this, apart from the ambiguous meaning of the word "Mamma," is that the ring was his wife's and that he, Mark Twain, had it after her death and that the living daughter wore it awhile and laid it aside. But inquiry of this daughter resulted in the statement that she knew nothing about it and that the incident had no meaning to her. When I brought the subject to the communicator later, explaining that the incident was not recognized by the daughter, the reply, indirect because it was by the control or helper, was: "It was not the daughter of his wife, but his wife and her mother. It would have been better if he could have put it through without the misunderstanding, but when you consider that the wife is his close companion in this work you will see how, in the effort to transmit, the wrong person was referred to."

As soon as the daughter had failed to recognize any meaning in the incident, I suspected that the matter related to his wife and her mother, but I did not hint this at the sittings and this correction made the fact essentially a new one, and through a sister of Mrs. Clemens I learned that Mrs. Clemens's mother had by special bequest left a beautiful emerald and diamond ring to her daughter Mrs. Clemens, and that she constantly wore it, but the sister thinks she lost it. Now this story coincides in most details with the facts as told and corrected in the record, but it shows that there was considerable distortion in the transmission and that we got the facts originally only in fragments with some im-

plications wholly false. It is easy to see how the control or subconscious of the medium should mistake the relationships of the facts and express the message as understood. But in any view of it the incident is fragmentary until corrected and it is a good one to show what the liabilities are in all cases.

Another incident is almost as good as the one just described. It was as follows: "It is to speak now of some foot trouble—that is, some little difficulty which was his in the last years of his life, when he could not walk as much or as well as he used to, and it was a source of annoyance to him. It was not simply growing old, but something had happened to his foot which made it necessary to be more careful in walking and in the choice of shoes, and as he had always been a great walker, very active and interested in all things out of doors, it was more or less of a cross to him."

The daughter refused to reply to inquiries on this point. But his biographer, who knew him as well or better than his own family, replied that the story as told was not accurate, but that Mark Twain had always suffered from tender feet that made it important to be careful in the selection of his footwear. He had been a great walker and was fond of out-door life, but the incident as told gives a false impression of the facts and yet plays suggestively around the truth.

These are all instances in which we can prove with some clearness the fragmentary nature of the messages. This is because we can compare the message with the verifiable facts on this side. There are many others which are apparently as fragmentary as these and no doubt are really so, but we cannot be so sure as to what was really in the mind of the communicator to determine the degree of fragmentariness. It will be clear to readers that they are fragmentary, but we have to conjecture what was in the mind of the transmitter. This view of the reader, however, will be confirmed by the instances in which the fragmentary character has been proved, and we may assume with some safety that all messages whatsoever are probably mere fragments of what is in the communicator's mind.

INFLUENCE OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

I have always recognized that the subconscious affected the

messages, but I have never discussed the extent to which it does so. I have had to content myself with calling attention to sporadic instances of it and its limitations in the notes. Nor can I enter fully into the matter here. I can only take up some illustrations to show that it is a factor and that it does not exhibit the range of influence that might be inferred from the extravagant view of its powers that prevails in some quarters. That it colors the messages is proved by the language, which is largely that of Mrs. Chenoweth in her normal life, at least in regard to certain terms that are important ones when any question of technical meaning is concerned. No doubt the control is a factor in the language, but the control uses the terms which characterize the medium's normal life, and we might find it impossible to determine what is the medium's and what is the control's in the mixture of both, tho we might often also fix upon special words that are not the medium's and that would naturally be those of the control. For instance, French is sometimes used that is natural for Jennie P., who claims to be French, and not natural to Mrs. Chenoweth who never studied it, tho knowing a few words of it. But whatever extensions there may be beyond the normal usage of Mrs. Chenoweth, it is certain that any close study of her language would reveal more than any individual record would suggest of her own natural language in the messages. Hence we have to start with the assumed, or even proved fact, that the subconscious is a factor in the result, and being the vehicle for its transmission, it would naturally act as colored glass to affect the appearance of whatever is seen through it.

But conceding this does not imply that the content, the thoughts, are supplied or originated by the subconscious. There is a tendency with believers and sceptics alike, whether laymen or scientific, to suppose that the subconscious must be eliminated from genuine spiritistic messages. Whatever these people assume about the necessity of freeing the messages from all coloring of the subconscious, this is not the view maintained here. I start with the assumption, concession perhaps we may also say, that the subconscious is the medium or vehicle for all transmission of messages from the transcendental world and with it the concession of any amount of intrusions except that which unmistakably shows a foreign origin. What it is always necessary to

keep in mind is that the primary thing to be eliminated is the influence of normal consciousness and its interpretating faculties on the imagery, often symbolic, in which foreign messages have often to be clothed. The object of the trance is not to exclude the *function* of the subconscious from the process of communicating, but the *contents* of its normal memories and interpretations from the messages transmitted. This is the object, whether we have a trance or not, and it only happens that the trance excludes more of these contents than the normal state. If the normal contents and processes of the mind could be dissociated as well in the normal state as in the trance, there would be no reason for the trance, but it happens that the trance more frequently establishes this dissociation than the normal state. We probably never wholly dissociate the organic habits of the mind because we have to retain sufficient of its functions to secure the delivery of messages. But we may secure a degree of dissociation between *function* and *contents* to purify the messages somewhat of the coloring which normal processes would give them, especially if the mode of transmission involves symbolic methods. That is what we mean by trying to eliminate the subliminal from the results. We mean contents when we say this and do not distinguish or recognize that the functions of the mind, the subconscious, have to be retained in the process of communication, tho it may be our desire to eliminate these as much as possible and to retain only the organic automatism of the body to transmit messages as mechanically as we are supposed to do in normal life.

But with this admission that the subliminal is a factor in the result, we want to see what the extent and what the limits of its influence are. We do not find any but the most general indications of its influence in the deeper trance. It is in the subliminal recovery that we get hints of its influence on the contents of the messages. In the deep trance there is only the language that betrays its influence while the fragmentary nature of the messages shows the limitations of that influence. The subconscious seems as much an obstacle to communications as a vehicle for it.

There was one illustration of the dissociation desired in the deep trance and that showed at the same time that the subconscious was aware of sensory stimulation at the same time. A

similar phenomenon occurred two or three times before. During the automatic writing when another than Mark Twain was communicating, Mrs. Chenoweth suddenly broke out orally with the statement: "What is the matter with my ears?" putting her left hand to each ear, as if annoyed by some sound. I detected no external sound and the sensation may have been an auditory hallucination due to the receipt of some impression from the other side. But on any theory the auditory functions were sensitive and appreciative of some stimulus while the automatic writing was going on with messages uninterruptedly and without apparent disturbance. Here the auditory functions were dissociated from the motor and if responding to external physical stimuli, showed that the dissociation had not gone beyond that of eliminating the influence of the mind on the motor system transmitting the messages of the communicator. We have thus indications that the subconscious, in the indirect field at least, is alert and active, but also dissociated from the process concerned with transmission at the time.

The next instance is a most important one and occurred in the subliminal recovery of the fifth sitting, the last of those for Mrs. Hays. It is in this state that the controls, when desperate, make their strong effort to get proper names. Apparently they knew, tho I had not hinted it, that this was their last chance to establish a coincidence with the sitter, and the experiment was an unusually long one, longer than would have been the case, no doubt, if they had had other chances to do the work. They began with "Ma" and then stumbled about in all sorts of ways trying to spell the name Mark. They once got "S. M." which represented the initials of *Samuel*, his real name and *Mark*, his assumed name and equivalent of Samuel. Then came "M-a-r-t-k" spelled out, and with the previous "S" the subliminal apparently suspected that it was intended for "Saint Mark," and then the statement was made: "It's not Mark." After further and prolonged effort stumbling about the name "Mark" was written with the finger in the air a letter at a time and I refused to pronounce it aloud. Then came: "Could it be Mark?" spoken and I said nothing and the voice repeated: "Could it be M-a-r-c," spelling the last. I thought that Marc Hanna (*d*) was probably

(*d*) Though usually written "Mark Hanna," the name of the late Senator from Ohio, as given in "Who's Who," was Marcus Alonzo Hanna.

intended and said: "No, go ahead." But it was given up and in a few moments Mrs. Chenoweth recovered normal consciousness, or rather a borderland condition, when she asked: "Do you know any woman named Harry? No, a woman is not named Harry. Do you know a woman named Hannah?" I did not deny this, but remarked simply that I understood what it meant. Early in the effort I got the expression "Two Marks," which I understood, and the next day the communicator said "Two Marks" was correct, which fact I knew.

Now the first point is that readers will note that Mark Twain's assumed name was clearly given in the expression "Two Marks," as he assumed it from his experience as a pilot on the Mississippi River, an expression used in marking the plummet fall in measuring the depth of the water. (e) But I would not hint that this was correct when given and the work went on with the effort to get it more fully or in the usual form. I have said that apparently the subliminal suspected that the attempt was to name Saint Mark. But this is a conjecture and depends for its assurance on the source of the denial. If the denial was transmitted from the communicator, he was anticipating what was possible or was aware of what was actually going on in the subconscious and wished to divert it from its error. This implies that it was suspected clearly and that the illusion had to be removed from the other side. If it was a denial by the subconscious, while it implied that Saint Mark was more or less suspected, it also implied that it had no confidence in the possibility. In either case the interpretation passed across the field of the subconscious.

But it was the confusion with Marc Hanna that was the most significant indication of subconscious interpretation and coloring. I suspected it when the name "Marc" was spelled out, but I did

(e) On pages 95-97-, 163, of "Life on the Mississippi," Mr. Clemens tells of the leadsman's cries, by which he announced the depth of the water, "Mark three!—half twain!... Mark twain," etc. And on pages 496-498 he narrates how he came to fix upon Mark Twain as his pen-name. Of course it means *Mark two*, which is practically "Two Marks" reversed. As I understand Dr. Hyslop's interpretation, the subliminal, not understanding "Mark Two," in an attempt to get Mark Twain through, struggled to make it intelligible, and did so by supposing that "two Marks" were referred to.

not have any assurance until the marginal or borderland state referred to the "woman by the name of Hannah," when my inference was confirmed, tho perhaps not proved. But the next day Mark Twain himself said in the automatic writing during the deeper trance: "To think that any one could take a Connecticut Yankee for an Ohio Statesman. To think a man of my superior hirsute growth should ever be mistaken for the bald and baby face of him who ruled a President." Here I had unmistakable evidence that Marc Hanna was meant in the subliminal reference to "Marc" and the "woman by the name of Hannah." Mrs. Chenoweth knew little about Mark Twain, never having read his works, and thus probably was little disposed to conjecture that he was meant.

The main point, however, is not merely that the subliminal may color messages, but also that its powers are clearly limited. (1) It was itself confused about the name as shown in the marginal state by its being taken for that of a woman. (2) There is no evidence of dissociation between the subliminal and the marginal state, so that we have not clear proof that the subliminal definitely thought of Marc Hanna, tho you may quote what Mark Twain said the next day to prove that it did. However, this may be answered by the hypothesis that it was a conjecture of Mark Twain either from reading my mind or from discovering the probabilities of the names "Marc" and the "woman Hannah," just as I had done. (3) The clear interpretation of the trance personality, Mark Twain, shows dissociation between the subconscious and the trance, so that we have clear proof either of subliminal limitations or that it did not have any suspicion of the name "Marc Hanna" at all, tho this depends on the question whether Mark Twain was only conjecturing the meaning of the phenomena or had direct and assured knowledge of what was going on in the subconscious. In any case, however, we have proof that the subconscious has decided limitations in its activities, and that is contrary to the usual assumption of its great powers. Besides it illustrates what I said about the significance of deepening the trance, which is to diminish or eliminate the influence of the subconscious on the contents of messages. We see distinct evidence here that the subliminal interpretations can be correct and overcome by the trance personality

in the deeper trance and in overcoming it minimize its influence on results.

In the subliminal, or rather the borderland stage, of the same day on which the confusion of the previous day was corrected, the medium said: "I got Samuel today." As a matter of fact we had not received "Samuel," but "Sam" in the automatic writing of the deep trance, showing that it was interpreted by the subconscious and carried over into the marginal state, or that the subconscious refused or failed to write the whole of it when received. At any rate the subliminal got it correctly and carried it over, tho it apparently obtained no further meaning for it. There was no hint of its connection with Mark Twain.

One interesting illustration of this influence and at the same time of its limitations is the failure of the subconscious to catch the message which I told Mark Twain I wanted delivered through the ladies in St. Louis. I told him to tell them I was a cabbage head. In a few moments the subconscious in the recovery asked: "Who is a vegetable?" Here only the most general idea was caught and my identity not at all. The subconscious was evidently fairly well suppressed and the absence of any reactions at all usually rather tends to prove, along with this clear proof of limitation, that it is completely dissociated usually. It also throws light on the greater ease in getting *general* than in getting concrete concepts, and the prevalence of general messages when the effort is to get specific ones.

This is all the distinct proof that the sittings show of the influence of the subconscious and it is good testimony to its limitations in the whole problem. Note that this influence is admitted in the specific cases, but the absence of it in most instances shows that dissociation is usually definite and that only a fluctuating condition, in connection with the trance or the subliminal recovery in the transition from the deep trance to the subliminal, gives rise to any influence of its contents at all. There may even be moments or periods when its functions are suspended, at least for all but the language, and even this may not be a contribution of the subconscious, if the "guide" or control has saturated his or her mind with the language of the medium. In any case we have such limits assignable for the subconscious that the critic must accept the burden of proof for the large powers which he

usually attributes to it. He cannot find evidence in these records of any such powers of memory and interpretation as he is wont to assume.

INVOLUNTARY MESSAGES.

There is not much proof of involuntary or unconscious communications in these records. There are a few things that suggest it. For instance, the tendency at times to give his real name when trying to give his pseudonym. "S. T.," we have seen, came while trying to give Mark Twain the "S" being the initial of Samuel. Then attempts to give the name Jap Herron resulted a few times in the letter B, which was the initial of the first of two names which constitute the title of the second volume dictated through the ouija board. (f) It is possible that the passage about passports when the avowed object was to give the password is an indirect and involuntary message. But they may all be due to the rapid transmission of ideas which come in so fragmentary a form as to lend apparent support to their being involuntary. We must not mistake crowding for evidence of non-purposive transmission. Such messages are merely suggested by instances in which it becomes clear that the communicator is really trying to say one thing, but succeeds only in getting something else through. One of the best illustrations of this, as well as the influence of subconscious interpretation, is the incident about "Saint Mark" and "Marc Hanna." Here it is clear what the communicator was trying to say and also what he got through. The same phenomenon is apparent in many other cases, but not so clear or evident. In the present stage of our investigation it can only be a hypothesis to be supported by the general estimate of a large number of instances in which it appears as the natural one.

CONCLUSION.

The primary problem which we set out to investigate was the question, Did Mark Twain write *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts*? The claim that he did so is apparent, but the evidence under the circumstances and apart from the experiments with Mrs. Cheno-

(f) "Brent Roberts."

weth is not sufficient to satisfy scientific scepticism, whatever the verdict assumed in these experiments. This main problem, associated as it is with the experiments with Mrs. Chenoweth, resolves itself into several distinct issues. (1) May not subconscious fabrication and memories on the part of Mrs. Hays or both Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings account for the phenomena connected with the production of the books? (2) Assuming that subconscious production has its difficulties or is unsatisfactory and that their origin is in a foreign mind, is that mind a living one and the process one of telepathic tapping of that mind? (3) Assuming that telepathy cannot be maintained by any evidence, is that foreign mind a discarnate person impersonating Mark Twain? (4) Is the discarnate personality of Mark Twain the source of the books? (5) Does telepathy apply to the supernormal information obtained through Mrs. Chenoweth? (6) Does the evidence obtained through Mrs. Chenoweth support the belief that it is from Mark Twain? That is, does it prove or sustain the claim of Mark Twain's personal existence and identity? (7) Is the personality manifesting in the work of Mrs. Chenoweth the same as the personality manifesting or claiming to manifest in the work of Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings? (8) If the personality is the same in both places is it the real Mark Twain, or is it some discarnate personality masquerading under his name in both instances? (9) Will not the simple hypothesis that it is Mark Twain personally, a surviving spirit, be the less complicated one to account for all the facts, with such adjunctive hypotheses as the need of a medium and assistance from other discarnate spirits may require? That is, with legitimate explanations and qualifications is not the spiritistic hypothesis the most rational one in the case as a whole?

We have already discussed the first of these hypotheses and tho we had grounds to show what its difficulties were, we had no distinct proof that the subconscious of one or both of the ladies had no part in the product. Viewed alone and apart from the cross reference experiments the verdict of the sceptic could not be overthrown, even tho he be unable to prove his case. As long as he contented himself with it as a working hypothesis awaiting more conclusive proof, he would only be avowing ignorance that throws the burden of proof on the other side. The second

hypothesis; namely, telepathy from the living, has no rational claims whatever. There is not one iota of evidence for that in the whole affair. The theory of subconscious fabrication is a thousand times stronger and has the conditions of the ladies' knowledge of Mark Twain's works to support it, and these would exclude the right to apply telepathy as well as spirits until evidence was adduced for one or the other. Telepathy as an explanation of the books has absolutely no standing whatsoever in any scientific court. The third hypothesis assumes the spiritistic theory as proved and merely questions the personal relation of Mark Twain to the work, and the sceptic would dispute a discarnate impersonation as readily as the existence and influence of Mark Twain. Consequently we are left, apart from the experiments with cross reference, to the question whether or not Mark Twain is behind the work claiming him as its source.

The fourth theory offers an opportunity to study the question. To sustain independently; that is, without evidence from cross reference, two things would be expected and perhaps required. (1) Incidents not known to the two ladies, Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings, and illustrative of the personal identity of Mark Twain. (2) Psychological characteristics of mind and literary characteristics of style either not known to the ladies or not imitable by them even with their reading. The latter of these would be important but not proof, especially under the circumstances, and the former would at least be excellent evidence of the supernormal.

In regard to the first of these conditions there is not an incident in illustration of personal identity in the volume *Jap Herron*. There is no attempt whatever in the volume, on the part of the communicator of it, to prove his personal identity, so that the first condition of satisfactory evidence is not fulfilled, at least such evidence as most people would most naturally expect. In regard to the second condition opinions might differ. The present writer saw no recognizable evidence of Mark Twain's characteristics in it. But, as already remarked, he is not a competent judge of these, since his reading of Mark Twain was so slight and so long ago that he would not detect niceties of style in his work, especially when he had to eliminate the influence of subconscious memories on the part of Mrs. Hays and

Mrs. Hutchings. Mrs. Hutchings, however, edited the work in such a way as to exclude the elements irrelevant to the story, but puts many of them in the Introduction which shows how the work came, and so implicates it in psychological questions of mediumship and automatism as to indicate without a doubt that you have to reckon with the problem of the supernormal whether you have the kind of specific evidence for it that you desire or not. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, the biographer of Mark Twain, who knew him perhaps better than any other living person, and to whom I showed the volume for a judgment writes, marking various passages in the Introduction, that some of them show characteristics of Mark Twain and some of them do not. Of the book itself as a whole he says that in neither thought, nor style nor management does it show a trace of Mark Twain.*

* The full statement of Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine is as follows, omitting only a personal remark or two at the end of his letter:

BRONXVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 4th, 1917.

DEAR PROF. HYSLOP:

I am sending "*Jap Herron*" today, a book which I have read with a good deal of interest, both for what it claims to be, and for what it is.

1. Throughout the introduction, where we are supposed to be brought face to face, as it were, with Mark Twain personally, I have made marginal comments. Some things are quite like him in this part; some are not. For instance, Mark Twain was profane and direct, but he never used slang of any form. In life he never would have used the expressions "Cut it out", "Get busy", "Don't knock my memories", "Somebody handed you a lemon", etc., etc., never in the world. He detested all slang, and he never called his "autobiography" "Memoirs". The things I have marked as "like him" are not strikingly so, but he *could* have said them, altho they all seem imitations of him rather than the man himself.

2. When we come to the story itself, we have plain sailing. Mark Twain in life could never have written a line of it. It is the work of one with an *orderly* talent of not a very high class, whereas Mark Twain possessed *disorderly* *genius* and of the first water. It is a good little story on the whole—too good in its general balance and careful direction for Mark to have written, but without one atom of that originality which blazed out of every page and paragraph that Mark ever wrote on this earth. Mark Twain never wrote a page that one familiar with his work could not identify as unmistakably his. His "*Joan of Arc*" was published anonymously in *Harper's Magazine*, but when the first number appeared the author was recognized by readers everywhere. In the whole of "*Jap Herron*" there is not a line characteristic of the Mark Twain we knew here. If he is writing like that in his new life, he has lost personality or has gone to seed. There are errors of chronology and color which Mark Twain would not have made, but these are minor things, except as they go farther to show that Mark couldn't have written the story. No Washington press has been used for newspaper work, even in the remotest Ozark town, for at least forty years, and this was one in use when automobiles had come to Bloomtown, say ten years ago.

There is no likelihood that the St. Louis work would convert the average sceptic, especially the type which assumes without knowledge or inquiry what the conditions of communications are. From the standpoint of that work and the usual assumption of the conditions affecting communication with the spiritual world this verdict would seem conclusive against the presence of Mark Twain. But we shall show what qualifications this verdict must have. In the meantime it is clear that the evidence is not what is usually expected and what would be conclusive, if it were present.

How does it fare, then, with the cross reference experiments? They indubitably prove the existence of supernormal information and this excludes subconscious and normal knowledge on the part of Mrs. Chenoweth from the explanation of the facts. It is clear that the fifth hypothesis will not explain the facts of these records. Telepathy of any rational sort is excluded because

To conclude, I do not think Mark Twain had the least thing to do with this story. If it came per ouija, as claimed, it came from some impersonating spirit who had a story to work off and wanted to get a hearing by using Mark's name. If I were a callous doubter, I should say it was the work (conscious or unconscious) of one of the ladies at the ouija board.

Sincerely,
ALBERT B. PAINE.

If it were absolutely essential that the distinctive characteristics of Mark Twain should appear in a work of this kind, the verdict would at least appear very embarrassing to the Spiritualist. I fully expected this sort of conclusion from every one who reads the book and knew Mark Twain, and had we neither other evidence of his connection with it nor warrant to allow for the distorting influence of the medium's mind there would be no appeal. But whatever view the editor holds is based upon the assumption that personal characteristics are very rare in such products. Words and phrases of that type occasionally get through, but they are not prevalent, and there is overwhelming evidence in the Piper and other cases that the subconscious of the medium colors and distorts the messages transmitted, as it would when normal information was given to it. But I consider this point later. The story may implicate more minds than the medium's and Mark Twain's.

The reviewer of *Jap Herron* in the *New York Times* treats the book with the same fairness as Mr. Paine and says, speaking of Mrs. Hutchings:

"Her long description of how the story was written and of the many conversations they had with Mark Twain through the ouija board, contains many quotations of his remarks that sometimes have a reminiscent flavor of the humorist's conversation." But the same reviewer regards the story as inferior to Mark Twain.

I did not know the facts and the ladies were not present at the sittings at which they were given. Besides, even if I had known them, the dramatic character of the whole process with the complex phenomena of co-operation on the part of other personalities suffices alone to dislodge the claims of telepathy, as does the limitation of the process where that hypothesis should have applied easily. Indeed I do not regard it as deserving serious consideration. With telepathy excluded the only question is whether the personal identity of Mark Twain has been proved. In regard to that question I would say that, if the data were the first ever obtained in behalf of spirits, they would not be adequate. But as the evidence for spirits collectively taken suffices (in my opinion) to prove it in general, it does not require much evidence to prove the personal identity of a new case, especially if the facts offer no alternative hypothesis to explain any part of them, and there is nothing to bring Mark Twain's personal identity into question here. With this accepted it is only a question whether the personality of the Chenoweth records is the same as that of the books *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts*. Tho the books do not show it in their contents, the various incidents of the Chenoweth records and statements not published in the books, as well as the supernormal connection between them and the claims made, make any other hypothesis untenable. If the personal identity, then of Mark Twain is satisfactorily proved in the Chenoweth records and the personality for the books is the same as the case is inevitable, and the easier theory is that of spirits and of Mark Twain as the author of the books as well as the source of the communications through Mrs. Chenoweth. It is the only hypothesis that gives any unity to the phenomena. While impersonation, so far as the evidence goes in the St. Louis work, might be conceivable and even preferable, it not only assumes spirits to start with, but cannot explain what happened with Mrs. Chenoweth without assuming what the records actually disprove; namely, a conception of personality far larger than any evidence either with the living or the dead supports. So I attach no serious weight to the theory of masquerading spirits.

It remains, then, only to explain the real or apparent discrepancy between the absence of all evidence for the identity of Mark Twain in the books and the claims made in the work of

Mrs. Chenoweth, as well as the cogent force of the cross references. The sceptic will claim, with some plausibility at least, that we must have evidence of Mark Twain's personal identity, either in personal memories or in literary characteristics, reflected in his alleged work. This demand I shall concede on one condition: that the sceptic shall show to me that the conditions of communicating are what this assumption makes them. If the mode of communicating is as simple as most people suppose; if it is as simple as in normal life—and this in fact is not simple but appears so; if it involves the same kind of access to the mind or organism of the medium as our own consciousness has to our own organisms, there would be some plausibility in the expectation that a man ought to reflect his personal characteristics and language in his communication from the spiritual world. But this is very far from being the case. The influence of the medium's subliminal and the fragmentary nature of the messages, as well as other difficulties, decisively prove this, and we do not grant any essential or specific resemblance between our own intellectual intercourse and that with spirits. The sceptics cannot make the assumption that they are alike or even analogous. The pictographic process, wherever it prevails, sets up a final barrier to any such hypothesis. The conditions affecting communications with the dead effectually exclude the probability that characteristics of style, language and the ordinary accessories of intercourse will manifest themselves at all, or more than very rarely. They certainly do not show themselves in the work of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Smead and Mrs. Chenoweth, so that the believer in the spiritistic hypothesis does not have to expect or to insist on resemblances of style and expression in the results. The medium may act as colored glass to modify all that is transmitted through it. We know how stories change as they pass through different minds, and in all this work the thought passes through the minds of the medium and the control at least and often several others before the sitter gets it. In this interfusion of personalities the personal characteristics of the communicator are easily lost.

It will thus be seen that we do not require to satisfy the expectations or demands of the sceptic. It is true enough that, if his expectations were satisfied, the case would be all the stronger,

but so complex are the conditions affecting results that he is not entitled to assumptions that prevail under conditions very different from what we have here. He must face the theory as it is stated and defended, or prove that the process of communicating is as simple as he assumes in his objections to the theory. I take it for granted that he is not in for proving a theory of this process, but until he proves his assumption to be the correct one, he may be thrown out of court for not meeting the hypothesis which is defended against him. At any rate, the theory of communication under difficulties, as explained in the previous discussion and in all reports on this subject, with subliminal modification of messages, will explain all the facts, and no other hypothesis accomplishes as much. The burden of proof rests with those who maintain subconscious fabrication or telepathy and not with the believer in spirits, who is defending known and rational theories.

I must call attention to an important factor in the problem. The sceptic cannot insist simultaneously upon the influence of Mrs. Hays's reading upon the story of *Jap Herron* and the fact that the story reflects none of the characteristics of Mark Twain. If the story has none of the characteristics of Mark Twain, as Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine asserts, Mrs. Hays's reading had no influence on the story. Her subconscious had a poor memory or fabricating power. It is not the large thing that psychic researchers and others have contended for. On the other hand, if her reading of Mark Twain was a factor in the result, it should show in the story. The subconscious should either have reproduced her reading or have fabricated in the style of Mark Twain. It has done neither. Sceptics are therefore in a dilemma. They must abandon one or the other alternative of these claims. The one theory that accounts for the facts assumes that Mark Twain is behind the phenomena, but not able to transmit his thoughts in their characteristic integrity, and acting merely as stimulus, while the subconscious of Mrs. Hays acts on its own stores without appropriating any results of her reading of Mark Twain, while other personalities may be assisting. She is stimulated either to fabricate, since fiction is fabrication, or to transmit. She fails in the latter and so the critic will have to say the work is the former, while the work itself, if critics and sceptics

are correct, does not reflect the influence of Mark Twain, whether transmissively or reproductively from her reading. You will have to assert that his characteristics are present in order to make the product a result of subconscious action alone, while the cross reference gives excellent evidence that he is present tho it does not prove that the book is transmitted from his mind alone. The alleged presence of Washington Irving and Charles Dickens, both humorists, may be the clue to the difficulty, supposing that they, and even a dozen others, may have been helping. In the Piper case, for instance, the messages were always colored by the mind of Rector as well as the subconscious of Mrs. Piper, and I have had the claim made in the work of Mrs. Chenoweth that a message was the result of a whole group of helpers.

The really important matter, however, in this conclusion is not the fact that *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts* are from Mark Twain, but that products which have no internal evidence of such a source are proved by cross reference to have this, a spiritistic origin. We have been so accustomed to remain content with the hypothesis of dissociation, secondary personality, or subconscious fabrication, when we do not suspect fraud, that we have not thought it worth while to pursue inquiries further. But the evidence that non-evidential cases superficially regarded have a transcendental source is a revolutionary result for psychology in many respects. We do not know how far such a conclusion will reach. We have not data enough to form a generalization or to diagnose spiritistic probabilities in similar cases, until we experiment farther and on a wider scale. But this instance of Mark Twain adds another to the list of cases which we have tried by cross reference, and it encourages the belief that the influence of discarnate spirits is indefinitely larger than has been suspected. It is another instance in which the internal and superficial evidence, or absence of evidence, is wholly inconclusive for scepticism, and shows that we cannot rest secure in doubt when confronted by similar cases of automatism. When we have found all that we have actually experimented with yielding to the spiritistic interpretation, we must prepare for the possibility that spiritistic agencies are a thousandfold more operative than orthodox philosophy and psychology have ever dreamed. We can no longer sneer at the theory because the case intrinsically

supplies no safe proof of its appearance or claims. In spite of these, cross reference furnishes the needed proof and we may have what may amount to a constant influence of the transcendental world on the living when they are wholly unconscious both of its existence and of the tremendous influence which it may be exercising on the evolution of man. Such a view at present can only exist in the scientific imagination, but such evidence as we have shows it operative at least in a limited sense. But when each instance that shows no intrinsic evidence of its influence yields by cross reference the conclusion which points in that direction, we cannot easily hold the imagination and understanding of men from indulging a general belief. If it is proved in one or in ten instances—and we can probably point to as many—psychology must accept the challenge and ascertain the extent to which such influences operate in the life of the race.

PART II.

Detailed Record.

The first record is explained in the Note preceding it by Mrs. Hutchings as an experiment when I was present, and as its contents have some relevance to what follows in the experiments with Mrs. Chenoweth it has a place in the present Report. Then follow the records of the experiments with Mrs. Chenoweth.—Editor.

[Record of messages received on Thursday, March 8, 1917, in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hutchings, 3667 Shenandoah Avenue, Saint Louis. There were present, besides Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings, Dr. James H. Hyslop of New York City, as a guest, and Mrs. Lola V. Hays, of Saint Louis. The material here recorded was received during the half-hour beginning at 11:40 A. M., Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings at the board and Mr. Hutchings recording. The question marks and exclamation points were received over the board; other punctuation supplied as demanded by sense. Words received from the board are from longhand report. Questions and remarks by persons present were taken in shorthand:]

When I was a small boy they brought good boys in to perform, but my folks told me to stay out to play. So, as we have company, I am called to perform: so how d'ye do, Hyslop. I used to have doctrines and images. Livy was a good Christian, and sang songs about mansions in the sky. One day I asked Livy if these mansions would have modern conveniences. Livy said, "If you don't change, you won't need furnace heat"; but Livy jested. But heaven is not a line of straight-built houses. We don't need bedrooms nor beds: the freed spirit has no materiality to rest of weariness—Goodness, Emily, you are getting into the primer class.

[Emily (Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchings—Mrs. C. E. Hutchings) had asked for a repetition of some words not clear. The doubtful points were all cleared up after Dr. Hyslop had gone. The two ladies were much out of practice, and possibly the presence of an expert investigator made them a trifle nervous.—C. E. H.]

I have too much talk; but you don't want to repeat until your words are chewed dry of pungency.

(Mrs. Hutchings: All right, Mark, I'll do my very best.)

Let me talk to the visitor. He is thinking.

(Dr. Hyslop: All right: what am I thinking about?)

You are questioning.

(Dr. H.: Questioning, yes,—about what?)

Wondering what I have left of earthy earth to stick to me on the record of accuracy?

(Dr. H.: Why have you never come to me, Mark?)

You never tried hard enough.

(Dr. H.: Did you ever try to do it?)

The washing of the Lusitania drowned Mark. Too many trying to tell their last experiences. But, Lord love you, I could tell you a watery tale of my first voyage,—somewhat seasick and rocky, but interesting. Believe me, Hyslop, I felt worse than I did when I sailed the Styx. But ask me.

(Dr. H.: Any question?)

Yes.

(Dr. H.: Mark, you did come to me once.)

Yes; but you didn't hold on to me.

(Dr. H.: Yes. Do you know why I did not?)

No.

(Dr. H.: Do you know whom you mentioned there? You wanted somebody.)

Was it in 1913?

(Dr. H.: No, I don't think it was in 1913. You mentioned some one there that you wanted to see.)

For awhile I was wild to establish myself.

(Dr. H.: Yes, that is correct: you wanted to identify yourself, and there was a friend that you mentioned and wanted. Can you name that friend?)

I have always wanted to bore into Howells's head that I am hovering around. That was that time I sent him a message.

(Dr. H.: Yes; all right. That is correct. Well, he would not come.)

No,—woodenhead.

(Dr. H.: You made some mistakes, so Howells said, about the incidents you gave me to prove your identity.)

If he had come, I would have made him remember.

(Dr. H.: I understand, Mark, that you often remembered things that never happened: how about that?)

Much exaggerated.

(Dr. H.: Yes, I tried to get Howells, but he would not come, so I had to give it up.)

I loved that man—I wonder why. I never knew that he had an impenetrable skull.

(Dr. H.: I think he thought it was not respectable enough to go to a medium.)

Yes.

(Dr. H.: Now, you made an illusion to something that was not a habit of mine. Do you remember that?)

[There was a long pause, the board remaining still for some minutes.]

Say, Hyslop, I am going to tell you that I have made Howells write things he didn't mean to.

(Dr. H.: Now, this habit which you said I didn't have you said you did have.)

Must have been either lying or smoking.

[Prolonged laughter followed this answer.]

(Dr. H.: Well, it was smoking.)

[Dr. Hyslop then said to us that he had an appointment to keep, and must be going; that he had to see a man and "try to steal his pocketbook."]

That shows that the Psychical Society has a head with brains.

(Dr. H.: When you can, I want you to come to me again.)

Thanks; and it will be within the month, preferably a Wednesday and before nine A. M.

(Dr. H.: That's all right. Will you bring Patience Worth with you?)

Say! Listen, man! No. Ask me something hard but legitimate.

(Mrs. Hutchings: Have you a last word for Dr. Hyslop?)

Keep your eyes peeled for me, and remember this word, Sesame. That spells the secret.

(Dr. H.: All right. Good-bye, and thank you, Mark.) [About 12:10 P. M.]

[After Dr. Hyslop had gone, the three others sat and asked Mark to repeat a few doubtful passages. The first was in the early part,— "But heaven is not a line of straight-built houses." The record had it "mine." Mr. Hutchings asked the meaning. Mark said:] Pshaw, Ed, line is sense.

(Mr. H.: He was ridiculing my stupidity.)

Yes; but forgive me.

(Mr. H.: You didn't need to ask forgiveness. I was stupid.)

C. E. HUTCHINGS.

3/8/17

EXPERIMENTS WITH MRS. CHENOWETH

All notes are by Dr. Hyslop except such notes and additions to notes as are prefixed by a letter or double letter of the alphabet enclosed in parentheses, which are those of W. F. Prince, the present editor.

Mrs. C., J. H. H. Mrs. Hays. May 28, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Sigh. Long pause and sitter admitted. Long pause, reached for pencil and pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

Near [written with pause after 'N'.] to you dear child near and so glad to make a start in the work that shall bring us together as

never before. We are trying to make the situation plain to you for there have been so many times when our presence has been a matter of recognition only as an indefinite longing and a somewhat indefinite consciousness of an unseen presence.

I am trying to keep mys . . . [pencil ran off pad.] self from over anxiety and there are those with me who will help for the need is great. [P. F. R. twice and pause.] [1]

[Change of Control.]

[Began in very large script.]

The [read 'She'] The Girl is a light. The girl lady
(Yes I understand.)

and her sensitiveness is a matter of interest to you and us and there are several people who will help to give the answer to her queries as to why and how and when and I see the future of the work begun in a way that was not understood open up as soon as possible to a greater degree. [2]

1. There was no clear hint of the identity of the communicator in this brief passage. The expression "dear child" would suggest a parent, but it does not indicate whether father or mother. Both are dead and are more distinctly suggested later, but what is said is quite compatible with the hypothesis that some other friend, relative or guide is responsible for the message.

2. The first statement of this communicator is a direct hit. The sitter was a psychic or "light", as the term is employed here, and as Mrs. Chenoweth had not seen her at all, the hit is all the more pointed, tho no one would suspect her being a "light" from looking at her. The use of the term "Girl" is also significant in the light of later developments. It is the term that the group of controls or communicators in her work use to denominate her. It is noticeable that the term "lady" is also used here and it tends to show that "girl" was spontaneous, and as it is not the habit of Mrs. Chenoweth so to call sitters the use of the term coincidentally is all the more important because more or less evidential.

It was a good hit to say that "her sensitiveness was a matter of interest" to me, for it was decidedly so, as the nature of the facts proves. The rest of the paragraph is characteristic of the situation, but not specially evidential, tho knowledge of the sequel will enable readers to understand its pertinence without explanation in this note.

The sequel shows that the allusion to "several people who will give the answer to her queries as to why and how and when" was correct. A group of personalities is involved in the communications and their statements were more or less necessary for a correct understanding of what went on in the phenomena. The sequel also shows that there was an intended future to the work.

The man who is so near to her in relationship is most eager to write and will do so. I do not think it is the father but another a little removed Grandparent [Pause.] I mean the father's father.

(I understand.)

Over here (Yes.) and a lady who is with him and who speaks of this lady as little girl my little girl and who has tried on several occasions to communicate Understand. [3] [g]

(What method is used?)

a personal effort to impress in the work and on [read 'one'] on another occasion an effort to write through another hand for her help. There is a gift which the lady possesses of her own not especially psychic and yet emphasized by the spirit. I cannot see yet in what way it is emphasized but will do so.

(All right.) [4]

[Pause.] Hands and vision sees things sometimes

(I understand.)

and wishes to see now. Understand.

(g) Communicators in the Doris case [*Proceedings*. XI] tended to call the sitter, though she was about 25 years old, "child" and "baby". The fact was that her mother, who was a communicator both in that series and previously at the sitter's home, had often called her by both terms, and it would agree with Dr. Hyslop's surmise to assume that they borrowed the terms from her.

3. Both father and grandfather of the sitter are deceased. Such value as the implication has is determined by the fact that Mrs. Chenoweth did not see the sitter and had no suggestions from appearances to help.

The lady referred to is probably the sitter's mother who also is dead and has made her presence felt or known often enough.

The reference to the lady who "speaks of this lady as little girl" tends to prove that the lady mentioned is the sitter's mother and it might explain why she was called "girl" by Mark Twain, as he was helped by the sitter's mother.

4. My question was not answered immediately. Evidently the communicator wished to finish his or her statement first. The remark that there had been an effort "on another occasion to write through another hand for her help" is irrelevant, but involves a cross reference which is not verifiable though probable enough, as the lady has seen other psychics. The gift "not especially psychic yet emphasized by the spirit" is not indicated, but if it means her power to write stories it is correct, but it is normal and there is no indication or evidence of foreign influence in the exercise of it. But from what occurs in the phenomena of the ouija board in her normal state it is entirely possible that outside "emphasis" is given: for the lady has had no training for literary work. What little work of the kind she has done has been in response to her need for means to live.

(Yes.) [5]

and has written some of these experiences down to make clear to some one else that they occurred, see.

(Yes.)

and they are not co-incidents but real effort on the part of a group to use the power which is resident [read 'sensitive' doubtfully] resident in the lady. No need to fear that any harm or unsettled conditions will arise.

(I understand.)

for there is a real purpose in it all. There is a mother yes [to reading] a mother who is quite concerned about this condition but she is not here with us. I do not know whether she is in your life or ours yet—Will find out later.

(All right.) [6] [h]

Is there some one who is a friend over here whose name begins with E—

[I looked at sitter and she shook her head as not recognizing.]

It sounds like Elizabeth.

(Not recognized.) [Sitter shook her head.]

I think it is an Aunt.

(All right.) [Sitter nodded assent.]

5. "Hands and visions" describe accurately enough the kind of phenomena manifested by the lady. She has clairvoyant visions and the work which suggested the present experiments is with the ouija board which is probably meant by the language here.

6. It is not clear what is meant by the statement about writing "some of these experiences to make clear to some one else that they occurred." This would be true of the main work and while a meaning could be assigned to the statement it is not important as evidence.

The description of the other work as "not co-incidents", implying that the visions are, is correct. The nature of the work and the results of the present experiments show very clearly that there was a purpose in all of it.

Her mother is dead and phenomena noticeable with her at times show that her mother is influencing her. Later statements in this record confirm this fact. It is curious that the control was not sure whether she was on that side or this. The statement, however, accords with important phenomena in another case.

The control never directly cleared up the alleged uncertainty about the mother's being dead or alive. But it was tacitly cleared up later by messages that proved that she was dead.

(h) See Note 94.

and it may be that the name was not used in its entirety but a part of it.

(All right, get it if you can.) [7]

I want to tell [read 'let' doubtfully] tell you that she is a very pretty and sweet looking person and there is a child here too. The child is not very old and seems to hover [N. R.] hover around the sitter boy yes a boy. Is there a little boy who is connected with her [written 'his' and so read, but hand pointed till corrected.] who has been here a little while.

(Yes.) [Sitter nodded assent.]

and he is so dear and full of love and is allowed full [read doubtfully] yes full sway of his own will. [8]

I wonder if you realize how very psychic this lady is

(Yes.)

and how much depends on the way the gift is unfolded for her—She should not have any nervousness about it for it will come along as naturally as any other gift. She also has musical [pause] inclinations [read 'intimations'] inclinations at times. It is not like a musical student but like an inflowing power at times [pause] times.

[Subliminal.]

(I understand.) [9]

7. Mrs. Hays had an Aunt Elizabeth, but did not know whether she was living or dead at the time of the sitting. Mrs. Hays was less than seven years old when she knew this aunt. The aunt moved to Oregon and she never saw her afterward. Her pictures show the description of her to be correct.

Inquiry by Mrs. Hutchings of a living brother of Mrs. Hays shows that this Aunt Elizabeth is still living, and may have been referred to by the mother as a means of identifying herself through the testimony of this living sister of herself. The same source, the statement of Mrs. Hays's brother, shows that she was called "Lizzie", which may have been meant in the reference to the possibility that the name may "not have been used in its entirety." But it is noticeable that the record asserts she is dead which we find not to be the fact. Later an aunt is referred to again, but it is not there stated whether the reference is to the same person or not, tho its context implies that she is dead, as it is stated here. It is possible that the reference to her by name gave rise to an error of identification in the mind of the control or of the medium and that this carried itself over to the later allusion.

8. Mrs. Hays lost a boy, stillborn, in 1907. Ten years is not a long time, but the expression "a little while" usually means less than this.

9. The sitter is not musical, but is passionately fond of music. At times

[Pause and sitter left the room.]

I heard what you said. [Evidently referring to my whisper that I would see the sitter down stairs just before she left.]

[Pause.] Tomorrow I must tell you about the Rector's robbery.
[Pause and awakened.] [10]

Mrs. C., J. H. H. and Mrs. Hays. May 29th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

Long pause. Sitter admitted, hand reached for pencil while she entered the room and began writing at once without any pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

Now you want to make me tell about the way I make her see things don't you.

(Yes.)

I do not know as I can tell you all you want to know but I will try.

I do not mean to make her nervous ever but I know I do it sometimes but she should not care for it is a good thing to be able to see things and people will know more about things when they see more. I do not think she is imagining do you.

(No, I understand.)

I think her nerves are all right if she does not get scared. I want her to see good people and good visions good visions and clear ones and I will not hurt her one bit.

(Well, who is this?)

I am not her grandfather. He came before but I am a guide ha ha.

(All right.)

she gets musical impressions and strains of it like clairaudient phenomena. One of her immediate ancestors, now dead, was a musician.

It is particularly true that "it is not like a musical student", as the sitter has no inclinations to study music and the impression does not seem a normal one to her. From my experience with these phenomena I would regard it as an instance of the transfer of a strong characteristic from the communicator, as her ancestor was an able musician.

10. At an earlier sitting I had brought up the question of the robbery referred to and hence the allusion here is not evidential. Some statements had been made about it previously.

You did not know there was such a person did you.

(I believed it.)

Well I am it and I am glad to come here for now I shall have some help and she can do some good things for herself and others. I touch her head and her forehead and she sees and then she could do what you want write you want write.

(Has she ever done any work?)

Yes why do you ask that when you know that she has.

(I want the work described here for the value of it as evidence apart from her.)

What kind of a game are you playing on me.

(I am not playing a game at all. I am merely trying to prove what does not yet seem clear in the work.)

You mean you want me to tell you what I have done at another time through her.

(Yes exactly.)

I think I understand but if you don't believe what I do through her why will you believe it now.

(If it can come through this light or lady here asleep it will have what we call more evidential value.)

Yes I am not a trouble maker. I only want to help her all I can and when I use her hands I want to prove what I am here for. I can make the noise too. You know the sounds I mean to make for her at home. on the paper. [Distress and pencil fell and pause.]

[When reference was made to what I understood to be raps I whispered to sitter, asking if she had ever had raps. She shook her head and I said nothing.] [11]

11. This is a remarkable sitting, tho it does not indicate this superficially. The sequel will show that it forecasts some conflict which took place before the sittings concluded. There is an evident consciousness on the part of the communicator that he or she might be taken for an intruder and some fear that his or her removal will be required. Later the communicator whom I wished stated through Mrs. Hays that there would be a conflict for him to get through here. This is adumbrated here, tho the evidence for this is only the character of the messages which have betokened the same condition in other efforts. Note the ignorance of what is necessary for evidence. This "guide" of Mrs. Hays had no other conception of it than that getting through Mrs. Hays was all that was necessary. Mrs. Chenoweth normally knew better than that. Moreover it is interesting to note that the communicator I desired showed distinctly later that he had not realized what was necessary to prove the case.

[Subliminal.]

See, see. [Pause. Opened eyes and paused.] I feel so sick.
[Pause and awakened.]

Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Hutchings and J. H. H. May 29th, 1917. 9 P. M.

[Ouija board work. Both Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays held each a hand on the board and Mrs. Hutchings read the letters as indicated and I took the notes.]

[Ouija board made circles, as it always does at the beginning and at pauses. I shall indicate this by the usual mark for a pause.]

T [Pause.] Yes this is Twain and I am interested in the effort to rescue Mark Twain from the grave, for you know, Hyslop, that Mark Twain was not wishing to be a corpse while mentality and the soul survived. This morning I stood beside you trying to intrude myself within the vision of your phys . . . psychic but other controls were too strong for me. [Pause.]

It is going to be a fight. [Pause.] You know that this is a big issue. It means more than you can think. Hyslop knows the meaning. The world must realize that man does not put off mentality with mortality. [Pause.] [12]

(Mark, do you know who came this morning?)

A small dark man with a [pause] stooped back.

But the important thing to remark is the evidence of friction between the personalities about Mrs. Hays which was indicated fully enough before we got through these experiments and the fear that it was my "game" to take the present personality away. Similar personalities often get this same impression when I get into contact with them here. The allusion to making "sounds too" characterizes that type of guide or influence.

12. It is, of course, not possible to verify the statement of Mark Twain that he had tried to make himself seen at the morning sitting, as it purports to be an event on "the other side". But he was seen later. "It is going to be a fight" is the intimation of the conflict mentioned in the previous note. It explains why I did not hear from him at once. Tho Mrs. Hays was the auditor of what occurred through Mrs. Chenoweth the phenomena were wholly unintelligible to her. Consequently there is no evidence that the reference is subconscious only, tho there is no way to refute that view.

The reference to the importance of the subject is characteristic of all that I have seen of Mark Twain's attitude through Mrs. Chenoweth, but that might be affected by the general tone of my work about which Mrs. Hays knew nothing, except perhaps in the most general way.

(What relation to Mrs. Hays?) [Mrs. Hutchings remarked that he always called her Lola and I corrected my question accordingly.]

I judge a relative of her father's. He was foreign.

(Why did he come?)

I do not know. He annoyed me. [13]

(Were the Emperor group there?)

One. If there had been the united forces. I would have been recognized.

(Will you communicate tomorrow?)

I am trying with all my efforts.

(All right, I want you to get there tomorrow.)

It is not my fault. I walked all around and thought I touched you repeatedly.

(Can you make the light see you tomorrow in a white suit before the sitting?)

I have been with your psychic all day trying to get into her vision. There is a persistent control. [Pause.] I thought that you would see, certainly feel my touch.

(Mark, I never had a psychic experience in my life.)

[Pause.] But you should have felt at least a cold breath against your back. [14]

(No I never did.) [Pause.] (Do you remember what word you gave me in St. Louis to give as a sign?)

Yes. [Pause.] Sesame. [15]

(You got it through at another place. Do you know how it appeared to me?)

13. It is not possible to verify the statements about this personality, unless the fact that Mrs. Hays's immediate ancestors were foreign, a fact, of course, not known to Mrs. Chenoweth, would render it probable.

14. Later Mrs. Chenoweth did see him dressed in white, but not the next day. The reference to touching me and making me feel a cold breath coincides with what purports to occur in other cases. Mrs. Hays may know this, but it can be accounted for here only by imagination on her part or by the reality of the effort on the part of the communicator.

There is a persistent control in the case of Mrs. Chenoweth, a fact which Mrs. Hays was not familiar with, as she does not seem to have any such control, tho it is a fact. She assumed that each communicator was responsible for the phenomena.

15. In St. Louis Mark Twain gave me this word "Sesame" as his pass word and I wished it here as a suggestion of my desire for a cross reference.

[Pause.] It slipped in where you didn't expect it.

(Yes, that's correct.)

But it was held up.

(What do you mean by 'held up'?)

Couldn't follow.

(Do you mean that you couldn't follow my question just now?)

No, the message couldn't be developed as you thought.

(Yes I think so, but do you know just how the medium gave it to me?)

[Pause.] Under great difficulties as there was confusion in controls.

(Yes I think so.)

There were not less than six different [pause] struggling controls. [16]

(All right. Do you remember communicating with me before that?)

Yes. (Where was that?) At Emily's. (I mean long before that?)

[Mrs. Hutchings remarks that it was before I heard from him in St. Louis.]

Yes where we were trying to get Howells. I think that we should have kidnapped that wooden head. If I could only talk to that man ten minutes, he would be convinced beyond doubt and that would prove something that all his philosophy could not explain.

(Yes that's right. Now do you know the light or lady through whom you sought Howells?)

Not well.

(It was the light that we saw today.) [17]

16. I had in mind Miss Burton through whom I got the password "Sesame" a day or two after I left St. Louis. I got nothing else from him there and the description of the facts at that place is accurate enough and wholly unknown to Mrs. Hays, tho she knew that I had gotten it somewhere. It was evident that it came with difficulty through Miss Burton, as there has always been evidence of difficulties in communicating through her. I do not know whether there were six controls there or not, but the manner in which the messages came would indicate confusion such as is intimated here. I got my messages there by visible letters written in the air in fire, by oral automatism, by clairvoyant visions, and by automatic writing. All but the last were more or less interfused tho alternating with each other. Mrs. Hays knew nothing of this, as I had told no one of the facts.

17. Howells was mentioned at the home of Mrs. Hutchings in my St.

Yes. [Pause.] J. P., J. P.

(All right. Go ahead.)

Do you understand? (Perfectly.) Yes, you know where the difficulty is.

(In recognition you mean?)

Yes, J. P., J. P. (Yes.) [Pause.] Hodgson [Pause.] wants to help me through. He is helping me.

(All right. I understand.) [18]

Earth recognition from Howells would be wonderful, not only for me but for all Spiritualism.

(Yes I believe it.)

I know it.

(I tried to get him to come, but he would not.)

And yet I know that he will come to it.

(Yes, but I fear only when he gets on the other side and loses his "wooden head.")

[Pause.] I hope not, for there are enough wooden heads that stick on after dissolution. [19]

Louis sitting, but Mrs. Hays knew that fact, and knew also that I had heard from Mark Twain elsewhere, but I did not say where. It would have been a safe guess to say "here" and through Mrs. Chenoweth, but the statement was made as coming at "Emily's", which was true, but contrary to all good sense by the subliminal. Mark Twain had called Howells a "wooden head" at that sitting and Mrs. Hays knew the fact. "Not well" is correct enough, as he came but once through Mrs. Chenoweth. I blurted it out because I knew it was a safe guess and I wanted to see what other reactions would take place.

18. "J. P." are the initials of Jennie P—— as she usually signs them in the sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth. Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings knew nothing of her or that she employed her initials in this way. It is interesting to remark that Mark Twain seems to know nothing of Mrs. Chenoweth, but only of "J. P." This would accord with some things I have observed in other instances; namely, knowledge of controls and no knowledge of the person through whom the message actually comes. Confusion between control and medium may be natural, tho not necessarily a universal fact. The mention of Hodgson here was pertinent, tho not evidential. Mrs. Hays knew that I was associated with his personality in my work.

19. This passage has no evidential incidents, but the statement that there are "enough wooden heads that stick on after dissolution" coincides with what has been said through Mrs. Chenoweth about "fools" on that side and with thousands of statements through other mediums about the condition of many minds there. Mrs. Hays is not specially familiar with Spiritualism, tho possibly familiar enough with it to account for the occurrence of the statement here.

Yes I know that. Will you try to give the name of the two books I have written, so that they will come through the light tomorrow afterward?)

I am trying with all my strength. I know how it means much. (Yes as evidence.)

It would be the greatest triumph of Spiritualism, but you know we are hampered we are.

(Yes.)

It is notable. [read 'not able'] No [pause] notable. [still read 'not able'] No [pause.] Lord, learn to spell. Notable that in a mortal form leaves the body its force is weaker.

(Yes.)

It should not be so. The spirit freed from trammels should have troubles. But it has.

(I understand.)

Sometimes it seems that the freed spirit has fallen between prison walls.

(I understand.)

[Pause.] Without egotism I say that the recognition of Mark Twain would be the greatest thing that has come.

(Yes I understand.)

So, Hyslop?

(I think so. I want you to get through as soon as possible. When I can call for you after the friends go home.)

Yes, I want to forward the work.

(What work?)

Spiritualism. [20]

(You mean what) [Board started to work.]

The recognition of mind over matter.

(That's Christian Science.) [Said to watch reaction.]

No, I mean the survival of mind after matter, not . . . no, Christian charlatanism.

(I understand.)

20. All this is characteristic of the Mark Twain personality in the work. Mrs. Hays, but not characteristic of him in life, as he was rather silent on the subject then. It is quite conceivable that the attitude toward it here is that of both the normal and the subliminal of Mrs. Hays. In fact, I happen to know that she places this estimate on the work, not knowing that it is not mental.

Read what I wrote about Christian Science.

(I have seen it. It's neither Christian nor Science.)

No. [Pause.] Great literature, extremely voluminous and unilluminative. [21]

(Yes, I believe it [you].) [Pause.] (Have you seen a friend of Dr. Hodgson with him on that side?)

I have been coming with Hodgson.

(All right. I mean another friend.)

[Pause.] Yes.

(Can you give his name?)

Don't joke. You know that James allways [always] works with Hodgson.

(Yes, that's right. I merely want some evidence, but it happens that it was not James that I had in mind.)

The light man?

(I never saw him in life, and don't know whether he is light or not.)

He is much lighter than either of the others and handsomer.

(Do you know his initials?)

[Pause.] I will try for them.

(All right.) [22]

[Pause.] What became of the light who nearly got me for you?

(I don't catch the meaning of that.)

She tried to bring me through.

(I don't recall anywhere the ...) [Board began to work.]

J. P., J. P. [23]

(I know J. P.) Yes. [Pause.] (This other person often comes with J. P.)

Yes. [Pause.] Hodgson claims that I am selfish, that he only

21. I seized my opportunity here to mention Christian Science because the idea expressed was so near that and because Mark Twain had written a book on it during his life, and both ladies knew the fact. But I wished to watch the reaction. It was quite characteristic, but not evidential.

22. I had George Pelham, or G. P. in mind and him I knew neither lady knew about. The allusion to James was pertinent, but could be guessed and was not what I had in mind.

23. I had not yet told the ladies what "J. P." meant. It is possible that it was she that helped to bring him through Mrs. Chenoweth some years previous to this. The use of "she", indicating the sex, is a good hit, as the ladies did not know whether "J. P." stood for a man or a woman.

sought the light, but that I am only trying to identify myself, but I am allso [also] seeking recognition for thousands who have a right to communicate intelligibly. Why should communication cease just because mortality ceases to spoil our lives. Immortality is an inheritance from our creator. Did he create us immortal, clothed in mortality, allow us a span of time, then to cast us into oblivion? Man, it is heresy to God. [24]

(All right, Mark. I hope you will push through tomorrow.)

[Pause.] Hope it strong.

(All right.)

[We ceased for a few moments and some question arose in answer to which I explained that the communicator might not see the physical body, but only the soul of the individual, and so that he might not see the physical body of the light in any case, so that there would be difficulty in recognizing the same light or medium. This led to continuing the experiment.]

The strn ... no, strongest proof of immortality is mortality. [Pause.] Why should the body live and die otherwise.

(Don't you catch my idea when I say you see soul of the living on the other side or from the other side?)

Your point of explanation is that immortality, soul is visible.

(Yes, is the body visible?) No. (I understand.)

When we have put off mortality we have no more to do with it.

(Yes I understand.)

All souls, quick or [pause] afloat mean the same to us.

(I understand.)

24. This passage is not at all natural or characteristic of Mrs. Hays. We cannot say how far it is true or characteristic of Mark Twain, as it refers to events on "the other side", except the statement about Dr. Hodgson. Interpreting the statement that he "sought the light" as importing his search for truth or light on the problem, it is quite correct and a fact not known by Mrs. Hays. Clemens was trying to identify himself by characteristic writing, but I do not see any special reason for charging him with selfishness in doing it. The exact meaning of the accusation is not clear and it is not natural for Mrs. Hays to make it of him, as she has no point of view that would suggest it to her mind. The argument about immortality is not characteristic of Mark Twain, so far as his works are concerned. He might have held such a view, but it is more likely to be the philosophy of Mrs. Hays herself. She believes in survival, as she could hardly help doing from her other experiences.

And we see the soul at all times, but the body has no meaning for us.

(Yes I understand. That's right.) [25]

[Pause.] The Bible inspired says when you have put off this mortal and put on immortality you are . . . Remember it, Hyslop?

(Yes.) The quotation. (Exactly.)

So they read it at the last rites off [of] Mark Twain. And only he and the souls who looked on appreciated it.

(Yes I believe it.) [26]

(Mrs. Hutchings: What did you do to my arm, Mark, just now?) I passed.

(Mrs. Hutchings: Mark, my right arm puckered up with goose flesh. What caused that?)

[Pause and no reply. Sitting ceased with complaint of Mrs. Hays that her arm was numb.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Hays. May 30th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Sitter admitted. Long pause and reached for pencil.]

25. The statements about the invisibility of the physical body coincides with many incidents in the work of Mrs. Piper. The Imperator group seemed not to be aware of the physical body, but only of the astral *fac simile* of it. That is apparently the doctrine held here. I put my query to see what the reaction would be. Also the statement about "all souls quick or afloat" has an interesting coincidence with what occurs elsewhere. Mrs. Hays does not know enough about the phenomena to put the case in this way. Her reading has not brought her into contact with the literature generally and indeed I have not myself seen the statement made in publications of any kind, but only in unpublished records. It means that spirits cannot tell the difference in appearance between living and dead souls, tho they can tell them from each other and that one is living and the other dead. Some of my work with cases of obsession confirm the doctrine taught in this passage.

26. The quotation from the Bible is not evidential, but it is pertinent to the issue he was discussing, as St. Paul, who is thus quoted, had the same idea of the matter, and that may have been well enough known by Mrs. Hays, but she did not know its relation to the resemblance of the "quick and the afloat."

The statement that the communicator and other souls were the only persons who appreciated this passage, said to have been read at his own funeral, has the characteristic humor of Mark Twain, tho Mrs. Hays's sense of humor which is very keen is perhaps quite capable of producing it.

[Automatic Writing.]

Oh how glad we are to have this time to do our will and help her to understand just how we may [written 'nuiy'] come at home and give the light to those who doubt. It takes some faith to keep working when there are so many things against us but the one fact remains that the sights are [read 'and'] are from a normal connection between her and us and the anxiety is to help overcome prejudice [Prejudice] and ignorance and get a better hold of her organically also that we may help her in health as she needs some upbuilding and then all will go merily ['merrily' and read 'merely'] merrily forward to that full and complete unfoldment which will give her the joy which is always the result of good service to the world.

The nervous states are only when there is some effort to make a connection and it fails for the time. [27]

I am not the one who came yesterday and by that you will see that there is a group of us some who desire to use this opportunity to give light to the world and some who love [N. R.] her ... love her for the relationship she bears to them.

I am anxious to speak of the work which may be done through her and as it is done here the writing I mean. And I suppose you know about the sitting for the manifestations by her the sittings at home. I refer to where the clairvoyance is shown.

(I know of sittings at home and would be glad to know who it is that comes in them.) [28]

Yes we know you were after that for the identification must be given through another source as there is so often a play of imagi-

27. The lady's health is not at all good, and as Mrs. Chenoweth had not seen the lady the statement here could not be the result of inference from appearance and in fact appearance might not suggest delicate health to any but a physician. She is a "nervous" person, taking that to mean tendencies to neurasthenia, but they are not superficially noticeable. Whether the condition is due to the cause named is not verifiable, tho it is true that her work is not always equal.

The remainder of the passage is pertinent and characteristic of the situation and not inferrible from anything known by Mrs. Chenoweth.

28. I knew of the Mark Twain sittings "at home". At this time I knew nothing of the sitter's clairvoyance, but learned that it was a fact afterward, and that she had done this sort of work before the Mark Twain experiments began. I put my question to turn things in the direction I desired.

nation [read 'magnetism'] imagination [and pencil pointed to word read 'magnetism'] to contend with not always in the mind of the girl but within the minds of the others and all that is so much material to be sorted over before we can get to the real expression but the man who comes often and wishes to speak talk and give some idea of what goes on is a person of some activities who has been over here awhile but knows the father of the girl. Understand what I mean.

(Yes I understand.) [29]

You know about the father do you.

(Not personally.)

and his lack of interest in these phenomena and such manifestations as have come. Well all this is changed now, and interest is growing but there has always been a sort of fanatical [read 'fundamental' doubtfully] belief ... fanatical ... in certain lines which made it impossible for him to be clear about these things.

(To which do you refer, the father or the other?)

the father which I think the girl will understand

[I looked at sitter and she shook her head.]

and now all this is changed by the new light but still there is so much to question and to wonder [N. R.] about ... wonder. [30]

I want to know if you know anything about a kind of trance [written slowly and with apparent difficulty.] semi trance state which comes her. (No, she does not know anything about it.) [Sitter shook head.] It seems to be just before a normal sleep as if between waking and sleeping when there is no vision but a feeling of slipping off into space but rather queer sensation accompanying it—

29. This passage shows a perfect recognition of what I wanted, but it is conceivable that the subconscious could infer as much from my question and habit of seeking for cross references. But the use of the word "girl" is not natural on that supposition, as it is what she is called by Mark Twain in his work through her, a fact, of course, not known to Mrs. Chenoweth. The allusion to a "man" as a "person of some activities" is pertinent to what I wanted and, of course, not known to Mrs. Chenoweth. But it is not specific enough to assure us that it was Mark Twain that was meant. He died some years ago, so that the statement is accurate as far as it goes.

30. Mrs. Hays's father died in 1906, and Mrs. Hays does not know how much interest he had in this subject, but says that she has reason to believe that he had some interest in it, tho nothing that was special.

(Yes.) [Sitter nodded assent.]

It is the first stages [stages] of trance which will help in her definite work but her nerves will not allow the hastening of the process so everything seems to be as nearly normal as possible. [31]

There is an Aunt who is very [N. R.] much ... very ... interested in the work. She helps the prophetic mind that word prophetic visions which will grow stronger. Is that not a matter of knowledge.

(Yes it is.)

and I see another state when the older lady comes the one whose hand ['hand' but not read.] is ... hand is sometimes seen as if put forth to help. You may not know about the manifestations that take almost definite form in the dark.

(No I don't.) [Sitter shook head.]

like the kind which is felt by her on [read 'or' and pencil pointed till corrected.] the head the forehead yes [to reading.] and Jests [slowly written with difficulty.] are made [32]

31. Mrs. Hays does not go into any trance for her work. She can give no meaning to the statement of the record, and from my own observation of her at work there is certainly no trace of a trance. It is likely that there are the first stages of it, tho not traceable to her own consciousness. I did not try for anæsthesia, as I had no opportunity. This would decide whether initial features of the trance are present. I found evidences of numbness in her arm when working the ouija board and that is indication of at least incipient anæsthesia and trance, but it may extend no further than the arm and not affect the field of vision and self-consciousness. Mrs. Hays does not detect any sensations or special feelings preceding the coming of Mark Twain. But Mrs. Hays states that she has been in a semi-trance, a sort of abnormal condition between waking and sleeping.

32. There is no indication here regarding the identity of the aunt mentioned, whether it is the Aunt Elizabeth or another. But Mrs. Hays has many premonitory and predictive incidents in her work as a clairvoyant. She has never seen a hand, however, in the dark and recalls no manifestations such as are mentioned here.

It is evident that an important confusion occurred just at this point. The allusion to "jests" was pertinent to the work of Mark Twain and not to the work of the other communicators at this stage. As the lady herself has a keen sense of humor it might be natural to refer to it in this fragmentary way, but it would not have the excuse of confusion or an immediate change of control which apparently took place. In any case, however, the allusion to "jests" suggests a possible invasion of the Mark Twain personality.

[Apparent Change of Control.]

but J e s u s is a power. J e s u s power * * comes to overcome the foolishness of fun. [Pause.] I [pause] will not hurt you [N. R.] you. I will not spoil the good [smile very distinct.] power you little fool.

(Who says that?) [33]

You little fool.

33. I assumed that the reference to "Jesus" was caused by subliminal confusion connected with the allusion to "jests" just before. But it seems that it is possibly due to the conflict between two groups, one that wants her to take the religious aspect of the problem and the other the humorous. Apparently we are getting near at this point to the nature of the work, but it is exceedingly fragmentary and confused in the reference, and soon changes to the influence of a personality who does not like the way things are going for her. The conflict is quite apparent here, and justifies the statement made by the Twain personality through Mrs. Hays the evening previous. Cf. Note 12.

In a letter explaining the confusion and difficulties connected with the earlier work, when the effort was made to eliminate the usual controls and to get Mark Twain at the ouija board, Mrs. Hutchings says: "I am about convinced that Mrs. Hays has a group of controls who want to make her pious at the expense of everything else. They seem to take advantage of all these terrestrial unpleasantnesses to disgust her with the Mark Twain work. You will never know what I endured the last two months of the work on 'Brent Roberts'."

This explains the evident religious tone of the tendency here, and the conflict which became evident before Mark Twain became master even at this place.

In a later letter there is further evidence of this conflict in an incident which occurred at one of the sittings with another person than Mrs. Hutchings involving an interesting cross reference. I quote Mrs. Hutchings's letter to me:

"When there is a reasonable prospect of 'getting somewhere' with this ouija board work, Mrs. Hays works at it eagerly; but usually I have to coax her to the sittings, and she tells me that something takes hold of her back whenever she thinks about it. In the case of that Mrs. May, of whom I told you, she tried to sit at a table and also with the ouija board, the index spelled—under the hands of another medium—the words: 'Mamie must not try to use anything mechanical. It spoils her vision.' I asked her once to sit with me, and she did it, to please me, but became nauseated at once and had to give it up."

Mrs. Hays, as remarked in Note 5, is clairvoyant and here the conflict is marked between the controls that want clairvoyance and those that want the ouija board. It throws light on the first few sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth. Cf. Note 41.

(Who says that?)

Me.

(Who are you?)

Little fool's friend. You think I make [a] fool of her, don't you.

(I don't know who you are.)

I hep [help] her to see good. My [read 'things'] my name
[pause] B [Pencil fell and reinserted.]

(Stick to it.)

[Oral.] No, no.

[Writing.] lossom. [Indistinctly written and read 'Blossom']

[Pencil fell, pause and eyes opened. Sitter left room and Mrs.
C. awakened as sitter went through the door.]

[Normal.]

What did you say?

(I spoke the last thing you wrote.)

Blossom? Did you say it very loud?

(Not specially.) [34]

It sounded awfully loud.

After the sitting, Mrs. Hays told me that soon after the apparent change of control and about the time the reference was made to foolishness she saw a curly yellow haired girl standing near me and apparently trying to touch me with her finger. She also saw a man dressed in white. But he was simply floating, as it were, in the air but was only dimly seen.

Just before the communicator alluded to the sitter's experience in incipient trance, Mrs. Hays felt herself getting very sleepy and she made all the effort she could to prevent it. But it was my question which startled her and completely awakened her.

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Hays. May 31st, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Pause, sigh. Long pause and sitter admitted and reached for pencil.]

34. Mrs. Hay writes that she knows nothing of any one by the name of Blossom. From its connection I would suspect that it was some little guide or even one that might be trying to invade the field. But there is nothing that would assure us of this interpretation.

[Automatic Writing.]

Please don't be afraid of me. I will only help to make the love of God more plain to the little lady by proving how the cruel sense of separation when death comes is only the walled [N. R.] in ... walled [delay in reading.] w [read.] in consciousness of self centered humanity and that the moment there is a crevice [read 'service' doubtfully] in the ... the wall ... crevice ... the light of God may shine through and glimpses of the heavenly kingdom may be given.

I know she will be better and stronger and more filled with the divine power when this mediumship is allowed to express itself in a clear way and every time fear or doubt intrudes upon the mind there is illness or its companion woe nervousness as you know.

I am not a minister although I may write like one but I am with her mother.

(In what way has her mediumship expressed itself?)

In the power to see and to know what is going on. [35]

(There is very little of that as compared with what I brought her here to find out.)

I know that and I was about to tell you more of the gift the real gift with the hands which has been a part of it also and then the other form which you wish to have the guides who do it explain to you.

It is not specifically a thing which needs spirits as explanation and yet the manner and lack of previous knowledge or experience helps to make that interpretation one to be believed. [Sigh and groan and control broke down. Pencil fell and reinserted.] [36]

35. There is no indication of the identity of the present communicator, and as in the work through herself there seems to be little appreciation so far of the need of this. There is no way to confirm the statement about the cause of her nervousness, tho my knowledge of the subject would lead me to say that such a cause is conceivable and is suggested by other cases.

While seeking information about the "Aunt Elizabeth" Mrs. Hutchings accidentally came across an incident that might throw light upon this communicator. An ancestor of the mother was driven out of England for preaching heresy, according to the statement of Mrs. Hays's brother, and he came to this country where he is reputed to have preached so powerfully as to leave behind a legend that he had influenced Thomas Jefferson to write something into the Declaration of Independence. The legend is not authenticated, but it might explain the disclaimer of being a minister.

36. There is either confusion here between the Mark Twain phenomena

[Change of Control.]

y ... [pause] You want to hear about v ... voices.

(No, not at all.)

a n d s o u n d s

(No, not at all.)

which come at times in confused state. I have to finish what I start or lose my hold.

(I understand.)

and that was why I kept on after you answered me.

(I understand. What was it she did with her hands?)

I will get to that in a moment after I ask about this distant confused sound as of many voices heard from afar. Think that over and recall an incident when the sounds reached her. [37]

Now for the work with the hands and the quick dextrous [read 'stertorous' doubtfully] dex ... [read.] action of fingers and the writing which I made concerning the gift gift it is of ... [P. F. R.] M [pause] M ... [pause.]

(Go ahead.) [Thinking that a name was coming.]

[Pause.] Mu [purposely not read.]

(What are the two letters?) [Thinking the 'u' might intended for 'a' tho it is perfectly clear.]

and those of her own normal writing or it is obscure to which there is reference. The sitter has done some literary writing, but this is not clearly indicated, the allusion to work with her hands not being adequate, though fitting so far as it goes. It is correct that spirits are not required to explain it, and probably the earlier reference to work "emphasized" by spirit influence was to this same thing. Cf. Note 4. But the whole of the passage is not clearly indicative of this. The statement that the guides will explain it to me and that spirits are believably connected with it would suggest the Mark Twain work, especially if we assume that the critical attitude toward it was due to awareness that it was not evidential. At any rate the interpretation is not perfectly clear.

37. In regard to voices and sounds Mrs. Hays writes me: "I have heard voices in my sleep many times. For several years after my mother's death, I would dream of her advice in such small matters as sewing clothing for the children—something she always did for me—and in planning any large job of preserving, baking, etc., all things I had to learn after her death. I learned to preserve through this advice."

As to raps she says she has heard them only once and this was the evening before the death of her daughter.

M u s . . . Mus . . . Ma . . . [P. F. R.] M a k [pause] ing. M . . .
[pause] d d d [pause] no not d * * * * * [apparent attempts at
'L' or 'F'] [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

n o t e s.

(Yes, some one made notes.)

[Pause.] not as I said but another who is here a lady who seeks
to use the girl for an expression.

(What is that 'M' for?)

M [pause] e [?] [N. R.] for the thing she does. M o . . . [P.
F. R.] M u s i c.

(No, not at all. It has nothing to do with music.)

M u s i n g s M u s i n g s.

(No, it has nothing to do with that.) [Pencil fell and fingers
snapped and two pencils rejected.] [38] [i]

38. This passage, tho an exceedingly confused one, is very interesting. Assuming as I did that it referred to some events in the family of the sitter and learning that an ancestor had been a musician, I at first supposed that it was a confused attempt to communicate something in that connection. But a later statement by Mark Twain cleared up the matter. At the sitting of June 2nd, two days later, he said, "when I tried to write about music the other day, I had in mind my own family, so musically inclined, but with the usual absence of good sense you misunderstood me." Here was an explanation of what was in mind in the allusion to "voices", "sounds", "music" and "notes." The daughter is a musician and married a musician and the communicator was trying to say something that would identify himself to the family and to myself as well, tho I did not know any of the facts at the time. But only the barest fragments of what he had in mind came through, not enough to intimate even what he wanted to say. If the subconscious got only a mental picture of the communicator's mind the description was meager enough and evidently selected the special features of it. The "dexterous action of the fingers" alluded to is evidently to playing on a piano, tho I supposed it a reference to the rapid use of the ouija board. The husband of the daughter is a skilled piano player. Supposing that the communicator was trying to tell about the St. Louis work I impatiently denied that what was said was relevant, not knowing any facts that would make the allusion to music pertinent and anxious to have something relevant come. Cross purposes between communicator and myself were no doubt a cause of the confusion, but I had no hint of the important matter on which I wanted light and deliberately signified my dissatisfaction in this way. It brought Jennie P. to the fore at once and while no explanation of this confusion occurred at the time, it availed to change the current of events. "Mak" and "Md" are evidently for "Make" and "Made."

[Change of Control.]

It is about time I took hold I think for they get weak as they begin to write but I think they will get on soon. B

(Wait a moment. Nothing to the point has occurred since the lady came.)

[Pause.] Anything more you want [N. R.] to . . . you want to say.

(Not at present.)

I was just about to say that I did not forget that the W— case was not settled and there there [N. R.] there had been such confusion here that I did not dare to undertake to do what I promised. [39]

It is strange that there seemed to be any lack [read 'look'] lack of clear evidence for each one of the group seemed ready to make some effort to give clear evidence.

(Let me explain. Some facts and statements are clear coincidents, but we have not had the slightest idea from whom they come and there is no hint whatever of the important things we wanted to know.)

I understood that you were disappointed and I was trying to find out what the matter is. Sometimes there is a feeling on [read 'or' as written.] the . . . on . . . part of those who are doing some specific things to keep as much to themselves as possible for fear of a loss of contact with the one to whom they are attached and it takes some arguments [read 'acquaintance'] arguments and experiments to prove to them that all is right.

No one is the least to blame for such an expression but I thought I could [read 'would'] could bring [written 'bng'] to the matter a spirit of cooperation and that is why I am here. These are people and they can not be forced [N. R.] forced to do anything

(i) Not only Clara, but her sister Susy, who died before her father did, was a singer. It may be mentioned, also, that Mark Twain himself had knowledge of piano playing, and used to sit down occasionally and strum a composition, as his biographer, Mr. Paine, tells us. Who knows what struggling memories roused by association with the question "What did she do with her hands," wrought the confusion in the message noted by Dr. Hyslop?

39. The "W— case" refers to the robbery at the "Rector's" house of which mention was made before. Cf. Note 10.

they simply [read 'supply' as it was written 'suply'] simply have opportunity and can or not do what is expected. [40]

I know how you want to make the time count because it is so valuable but the real effort is to unfold the sitter to a greater degree and a little disappointment for a time will not make as much difference as to force [N. R.] force f. . . [read.] into expression a person who would lose through that forcing a contact much desired.

Now to return to what I see, myself. There is a double group around the lady and there seems to be a fear [read 'few'] fear that she will not keep on with them if the matter is settled and known to be spirits. I think this is an entirely erroneous idea but it exists. [41]

There has been some work done and some records of that work carefully made and there is with it a very dextrous that is the word they used but I call it as they did dextrous movement, which was quite out of the ordinary for one of her type understand. [N. R.] Understand.

40. This answer to my statement of the situation is a very interesting one. It is very pertinent and exactly to the point. There was certainly concealment of some things and the previous feeling after my attitude toward the case, as indicated in the sitting of May 29th, showed traces of a conflict and these are repeated here by Jennie P. Cf. Note 11. The fear of losing contact suggests some things going on in the spiritual world that do not always reflect themselves in the communications as here. It is interesting to note that the reference of Jennie P. to her desire to secure coöperation while reflecting consistently the general policy of the Imperator group of personalities and that of Mrs. Chenoweth, also is evidence that this coöperation has not been obtained in the case of Mrs. Hays, and that confirms the statement made by Mark Twain through Mrs. Hays that there would be a fight for him to get through here. Cf. Note 12.

41. The sequel showed that the statement about a double group about her was true. The conflict that arose about Mark Twain getting through and the statement made through the ouija board about the same matter made this true on any theory of the present message. The course of events in the messages through Mrs. Chenoweth supported the same conclusion.

We cannot verify the last statement, as it relates to conditions exclusively on the other side, but it represents a perfectly rational view of the situation for many mediums. Many people will not listen to anything purporting to come from spirits and no doubt it would affect the personal affairs of many clairvoyants to be known as spiritistic media. Mrs. Chenoweth is not familiar with this fact. There has been no expressed fear of this in the work of the two ladies.

(Yes.)

and in it they [there] was a result which was purely physical physical in the sense of accomplishment which puzzled and yet was plain enough to see. Something done I mean and done quickly. [42]

(What was it exactly?)

Do you think I am going all around the subject just [superposed and not read.] just to write.

(No.)

I am seeing it as fast as I can for there for there is a certain secretive element about it which you ought to understand by my manner.

(I didn't see it.)

What is the matter with you. don't you know that we are as anxious to get this through as you are.

(Let me explain. Yes I know that, but I always notice that, unless I speak, you get away from the subject before I know what you are talking about.) [43]

42. There were most careful records made of the Mark Twain work. It is evident here that the reference to "dextrous" movements is to the manner of doing this work, which, as I have explained, involved rapid action with the ouija board. The evident meaning of "dextrous" in this connection tends to show that the former use of the term pointed in the same direction and that the diversion of the thought into music gave the wrong impression of the intended meaning. Perhaps the correction of "music" into "musings" was not far from the correct meaning, as the stories of *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts* may be called "musings", at least in a stretch of the term. But there is no assurance of this. The actual pertinence of the allusion to music, whether related to Mrs. Hays, by a deceased relative, or to Mark Twain whose daughter married a musician might indicate confusion of two separate things.

It is evident in this passage, however, that the writing is intended, but the vision of it, so to speak, by Jennie P. is not clear. She does not even suspect that it is work with a ouija board. She seems to have caught the idea that the result was physical, which it was, tho connected with normal automatism. But she got no farther.

43. Seeing that it was not clear I asked for a more exact description, but it only led to a half-suppressed reproach on Jennie P.'s part for expecting too much or not recognizing that she was doing her best. As soon as I explained the effect of not intruding on such occasions she suddenly gave up the control and the communications became direct instead of indirect and pictographic, no doubt with the expectation that they would be more specific and clear.

[Change of Control.]

You know what was put into the hands to work with.

(Yes, if it can be mentioned here it will be evidence.)

a long thing s ... stic [k] [N. R.] pencil with ... no some thing to work with not just like this which I work with here but similar similar. I tried to make something to look at. [Pause.]

Ma ... Ma ... [pause] no ma [?] [Long pause and P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

Ma c ... Ma ch ... Ma c. I cannot do it.

(What are you trying to do?)

Write a name. [44]

(All right. Stick to it.)

M [pause] a [pause] Ma in [Main.] [Purposely not read.]

M * * [evidently 'ary' and not read.] [P. F. R. Distress.] Ma r y

No not Mary but Ma i k * * [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it. You will get it.)

M * * [apparently 'ot'] m * * y [scrawl.] M d s ... [purposely not read. P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.) [45]

[Pause.]

[Subliminal.]

* * gone. [whispered.] [Pause and opened eyes. Sitter left, pause and awakened.]

44. "A long thing" and "work not just like this but similar" are approximations to the desired statement. "Mach" is evidently for "Machine", which would be correct so far as it goes: for it is close to ouija board and also suggests why the work was said to be similar to this of Mrs. Chenoweth's and yet "not just like it." The identification is not complete, but taken with previous vague and correct hints it is tolerably clear what is meant.

At the same time the statement that he was trying to write a name and ended with that of *Mary* shows that there is some confusion. He may have thought that he had clearly enough indicated the ouija board and went on to give his name. That this was his intention seems to be shown by what he said in the evening at a sitting with the ladies; namely, that he had whispered his name in Mrs. Chenoweth's ear and she called him *Mary*. This might have been a subliminal interpretation of Mrs. Hays.

45. Main and Mary are probably attempts at the name of Mrs. Hays's mother, which was Marie. It is possible that the "Ma" which terminated in the word "Machine" was a confusion for this, but it is not provable, especially that it was relevant to the effort to name the ouija board.

Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Hutchings and J. H. H. May 31st, 1917. 9 P. M.

Ouija board.

[Pause and circles for some time, index being moved very slowly.]

After all we must have evidence. When they put what was left of Mark Twain in the ground they were satisfied with the evidence. There was no need of science there, Hyslop.

(No, that's right.)

The cross references were perfect. When the bills came in they tallied. The doctor, undertaker and florist furnished perfect cross references. [Pause.] But you see that the road of a respectable spirit is beset with perils. [Pause.]

I mean well by you, but I am having a time jogging the elbow of your medium. [Pause.] I whispered my name in her ear and then she called me Mary. [Pause.] But we will get it across yet. [Pause.] [46]

Hodgson is interested but he says he never was interested in my stories and don't think I will do much for the world by trying to write more. [Pause.] But Hyslop, why don't you ask me that question you are turning over. [Pause.]

(I had no special question, but I did have an interrogating state of mind.)

Yes.

(I understand Hodgson's point exactly. Does he understand why I am seeking the cross reference?)

He knows that it is a big thing for him as well as myself.

(Yes, can he explain why it is good for the cause?)

46. Mark Twain's humor is apparent here, tho not specially excellent or clearly applied to the case discussed. The allusion to "cross references" is quite apt and not natural for Mrs. Hays, tho she probably knows in general what they are without fully appreciating their importance as the scientific man does. There is not a correct conception of what the terms mean. The idea evidently is that of corroboration rather than what we mean by the term. Consequently there is no clear evidence of the supernormal.

Mrs. Hays knew that the name Mary came during the morning sitting, but there was no evidence that Mark Twain was present and *a fortiori* none that "Mary" was a confusion for his name. It is conceivable that "Mar" came, or "Ma" as it did, and that this suggested to the subconscious the completion of the name as Mary. But there is no clear indication of this in the record.

He says that had such an opportunity come to him that he would have considered a millennium was due. [47]

(I understand.) [Pause.] (Who came this morning?) [Pause.] (Beside you I mean.)

J. P., [pause] and the young girl.

(All right. What relation was she to Lola?)

None. [48]

(All right. What was the difficulty about your name? That is what made it difficult?)

[Pause.] The medium caught it, but others thought she did not have it right.

(When you came there long before, you had no difficulty in giving you name or in communicating. Why was it so difficult this time?)

47. So far as I know there is no way to verify or disprove the statement about Dr. Hodgson's attitude toward Mark Twain's writings, but it is certainly characteristic of him to say, assuming that he did say it, that he did not expect much result for the world from writing posthumous works. Dr. Hodgson was rigidly scientific and knew that stories of this kind under such conditions would not be accepted as coming from Mark Twain, and without proper cross references he was perfectly correct in that view. Mrs. Hays knew nothing whatever about Dr. Hodgson except the name. No normal knowledge on her part would account for so characteristic a view that affected his nature so profoundly.

It was also very pertinent to speak of his attitude toward such an experiment as this. While he expected nothing from posthumous stories or books, he knew well enough the value and importance of cross references in such cases, and indeed tried them with reference to the work of Stainton Moses, as no direct value evidentially could be attached to the work of Stainton Moses.

48. I had not yet explained the meaning of J. P. to Mrs. Hays, and readers would not note that anything in the record of the morning sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth would indicate that Jennie P. was acting. But she was one of the controls that came in to do the indirect work, but I had no evidence that a "young girl" had communicated. In fact it was the day prior to this that there was evidence of some young person, apparently seen by Mrs. Hays clairvoyantly. From the standpoint of subconscious knowledge as to the day's work there is no excuse for this message, as there was not the slightest hint of the fact to Mrs. Hays in the record. I can understand the confusion due to the misconception of time which is so common to spirits, but unless the subconscious has the same limitations it should have ventured on another statement.

Because there are too many controls trying to help. [49]

(I understand. Would it be easier for you to communicate, if Lola were not there?)

Try it. I am willing to do anything. I came to help, but I have my chosen workers.

(I understand, but I want to get your name through and a few words about your work before I try to get you when she is away.)

I think that it would be wise for you to try it all one [alone] for the purpose of untangling the controls. The trouble seems to be that many controls are trying to help Lola who may mix the medium. [50]

(I understand, but I wish to take Mrs. Hutchings there to try her also and to have you return with her and I will probably not have time to try alone until both have returned home.)

[Pause.] That is true.

(If I found it best I might try it alone on Saturday, but I would prefer to get your name and something about the work through before Lola stays away.)

Yes, I think that Lola can bring me through.

(Tomorrow?)

I hope so.

(All right. Then I shall try Mrs. Hutchings after that?)

Yes. [Pause.]

49. There was no evidence in the morning sitting that his name was attempted. If "Mary" was a confusion for it the statement here would be correct, and it would not be natural for the subconscious to interpret it in this way, unless the syllable "Ma" had suggested to Mrs. Hays the attempt to give the name Mark, and this may have been the fact. I thought of it myself, tho seeing that "Mach" was intended for "machine." Cf. Note 45.

The explanation of the failure is plausible enough. The evidence in the record is of many "controls" or communicators and this condition would seriously affect the messages. Mrs. Hays neither knew this fact nor has she knowledge of the subject to make so apt a reference.

50. Mrs. Hays does not know anything of the psychology of the subject and would not understand the pertinence of this reference to disentangling the controls by staying away from the sittings, unless she had herself learned it by supernormal experience, and that is conceivable. "Mixing the medium" is a conception common to the work of Mrs. Chenoweth, and not known by Mrs. Hays from any normal reading of the subject. The controls of Mrs. Chenoweth have often explained confusion in this way.

(I hope also that Hodgson will bring Patience Worth when Mrs. Hutchings comes.)

Yes, but she cannot bring me

(That's all right.)

with Patience Worth. [Pause.] All is fair in science.

(Yes that's right.)

But I prefer that ty . . . oud . . . you would not mix my medium. If Emily can bring Patience, well and good. It will not harm my work, but don't ask her to get both or the work will stop.

(All right, I understand. Then if Patience Worth can come and say a little, giving her name, I can call for her afterward. I wish only to establish the connection between her and Mrs. Hutchings and later I can give her a chance when you are not there.)

[Pause.] I have no objections. [Long pause.] [51]

(Have you seen Dr. Funk?) No. [Pause.] (Have you not met him at all on your side?) [52]

Perhaps. [Pause.] I can tell you that you will have to find on . . . others instead of Patience Worth who is not one but half a dozen. There is no one person writing those stories, but a number.

(I understand. There was no evidence published that any one was writing them, so I wanted to get a cross reference with her to make a point about all such cases.)

51. It was a part of the plan to get Patience Worth by having Mrs. Hutchings take sittings and I thought I might be able to help this, on any theory, by mentioning the fact here, as Patience Worth had manifested through Mrs. Hays. I knew, however, that the Mark Twain personality had objected in my St. Louis sitting to bringing her here, and so I requested that Hodgson bring her. The facts are that Mrs. Hays had contracted a certain hostility to Patience Worth because of certain facts in the history of the case not bearing upon its evidentiality and which it is not necessary to mention here. This would suffice to account for the opposition of Mark Twain to bringing her. This same reluctance is noticeable here, but it is partly overcome in the humorous remark about "all being fair in science" and the later statement: "I have no objections." It is possible that there was a contest between Patience Worth and Mark Twain in the work of Mrs. Hays. Only the record would show whether this is true or not.

52. I asked about Dr. Funk purposely to see the reaction. Dr. Funk had given his sign through Miss Burton at the same time that Mark Twain had given his password. The answer to my question is curious and may reflect the inference or imagination of Mrs. Hays, tho it is not impossible that two persons might be present on such an occasion and neither know the presence of the other.

If you could locate the writers of the stories you would eliminate Patience Worth altogether. There would be no Patience Worth but a figment handed by an idle word.

(I understand.)

In the beginning of the stories she was quoted as the writer, but she did not write any of the stories. They came from other lights and go back into the mouths of Priscilla Ann and John Alden. There you will find your story tellers. But you will not find Patience Worth.

(Yes, I understand, but there was a spirit connected with the stories, was there not?)

Yes. Patience Worth told her own story but none else.

(Was she a real person?) Yes. (When did she live?) 1645. [53]

(All right. I understand. Do you mean to say that we shall find some of the stories by John Alden?)

Yes, Patience wandered many years and heard these stories, but they have been transmitted through mediums who know figures of speech that Patience could not know. It is not possible for an illiterate to write literate [?] such as she has employed. [i2]

(I understand. I wanted to see if she could write the same style through the light I work with.)

She has written it for Emily and Lola.

(Yes and that is why I wanted it written through a light that knows nothing about her.)

I think she would follow Emily. [54]

(All right. Then I shall count on it. But I shall want you to come first.)

53. It was the opinion of both Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays, formed from their knowledge of the Patience Worth material, that there were more personalities than she in the product of the book. The published account left the impression that Patience Worth was the source of the whole, but Mrs. Hutchings knew better and her opinion is echoed by Mrs. Hays. Hence there is nothing evidential in this statement. The date is known to both parties from what was said through Mrs. Curran.

The allusion to Priscilla Ann and John Alden was new to both parties. No indebtedness appears to Longfellow's poems in style or thought.

54. The statement about Patience's wanderings is, of course, unverifiable.

(i2) Dr. C. P. G. Scott, the philologist, says the Patience Worth dialect does not represent any stage of the English language.

I shall too.

(All right.)

(Mrs. Hutchings: "I want you to ask him if it will make any difference between him and me, if she comes?)"

You could not help it and I will not be angry. It is all for Hyslop's bone picking.

(Exactly. That is what I want. I am not an angel yet myself.)
No.

(I am engaged in war, you know.)

[Pause.] With scepticism (Yes.) But you will put it over.

(I hope so.) [55]

[Long pause.] Hodgson [pause] says that he is still working as hard as he did with you in life and James says that he did leave that letter.

(Does he know with whom he left it:)

[Pause.] I will have to look him up again.

(All right.)

But not now. He is not here. [56]

(All right. Now do you remember an experience that interested you in psychics.)

[Pause.] Yes, in New York. Before that I had a long talk on the boat coming from England and that started me to wondering if death was the same for cattle and human bodies.

(Do you ?) [Work went on.]

It is a big thought when it hits a man, yes. [57] [i3]

55. Mark Twain rightly described my work and, tho it is not evidential, the "bone picking" has the right ring about it, and the allusion to scepticism characterizes my purpose better than I should expect Mrs. Hays to do, who had no deep interest in the problem either way.

56. The statement that Hodgson is still working with me as hard as in life is true on any theory and represents more than Mrs. Hays knew of him or the work through Mrs. Chenoweth, tho she knew that he had appeared in it. I had told them sometime before the sitting that there was no trace of such a letter of Professor James as was supposed, telling this in answer to a question about it. The statement here is consistent with what has occurred in several instances other than Mrs. Chenoweth.

57. Both ladies knew that Mark Twain had been somewhat interested in psychic phenomena before his death and the answer should have been more intelligent on that supposition than it is. I had in mind his article on "Mental Telegraphy." But I got no hint of this in the answer. (i3) See note q. page 125, misplacement found too late to correct.

[Mrs. Hays here removed her left hand from the ouija board and it evidently broke the control.]

(Do you remember the article you wrote on some experiences?)

[Long pause.] I forget, but I think that it was punk. [Pause.]

(Do you remember what you called it?)

No, but it was intended to be funny.

(No one thought so.)

No. [Long pause, and Mrs. Hutchings remarked that the motion of the board was not his.]

Well, it seems that a philosopher and a thinker is here.

[As the control was evidently lost we stopped.] [58]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Hays. June 1st, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Pause. Sitter admitted. Long pause and reached for pencil. Pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

M [long pause.] * * [almost an 'a', but purposely not read. P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.) [59]

[Pause.] * * [almost an 'a' and purposely not read. Pause.]

You do so much to help me at home that I wish I could make plain to you here what my purpose is. I have only one desire and that is to help the world to a better understanding of the life that is real and vital.

I have written this before in a little different form but it is the same thought which I have expressed. I do not want to harm or hold you but I do want to keep on working and I know quite well the value of this cross reference experiment and agree but do not seem to make the headway I ought and I think you have lost patience with me and that gives me some concern.

(No, no we have not lost patience.)

You feel that I am very slow and stupid but I do not seem to be able to do here what I have readily [read 'already' doubtfully]

58. The removal of her hand from the ouija broke the control of Mark Twain and it could not be restored. The ladies could feel the difference.

59. It is probable that "M" and the undeciphered letter was an attempt to give his name, but as usual it failed.

readily done at the other place. I mean the writing now, that is what I am referring to.

(What have you written?)

The writing through her and the message of some import understand and the language different than this and in a way that I felt would be most helpful because less liable [read 'trouble' doubtfully] liable to be colored by the thought of her through whom I write it.

I made long preparation beforehand to accomplish that and some of the illness [N. R.] illness and nervousness was a direct result of that preparation and I do not find the same elements here to combine but have to reform new ways, that is why I am so slow but I do not wish to be misunderstood as having no interest or as being stupid about the work you wish done.

You would like me to refer to some of the work (Exactly.) which I hve [have] put through on the paper at home.

(Yes exactly.) [60]

and it is with pleasure that I try to do so. The manuscript of which I write is of the type which is philosophical

(Philosophical manuscript.)

Yes [to reading and nearly lost control.] and some refers to past as well as future. understand.

(Not yet. It depends on who wrote it.)

You mean you wish to know if the other members of the group there had part in the manuscript.

(Yes.) [61]

Wait I am going too fast. [Pause.] I know what I am trying to do. [Pause.] My Ma. [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

60. As far as it goes the account of his work through the sitter is accurate enough, but not sufficiently specific to make of it a special point. There was long preparation for it and it was no doubt colored by her subliminal, but we cannot prove the asserted effect of his effort. It was not "put through on the paper at home", but by means of a ouija board. Evidently the accepted reference to writing led the subconscious of Mrs. Chenoweth or the control astray about it.

61. There was nothing philosophical about the work and there is no excuse from the standpoint of the subconscious to assert this, as any telepathic powers would have known better and if it knew that Mark Twain was the communicator or the person about whom the statements turned it would never have attributed a philosophical work to him.

M a * * [scrawl.] so hard.

(Yes, but you will get it.)

Yes I must or be disbelieved. [Distress.] M a [t ?] .. [erased t '] [Pause.] Just a word more about the writing itself.

(Yes.) [62]

the form which is foreign to her. understand.

(Yes.)

and which has had to be revised and made clear to the modern man is a part of my work. Understand and the strange looking abbreviations that is not ... that [not read first time.] is not quite complete sentences [N. R.] sentences.

(All right.)

wefe all made with purpose and to defy the sceptic [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

who might see the mark of study if more completely done.

(I understand.) [63]

M * n [pause between letters.] M o n [read 'Man'] no M o n [No. R.] M o r n [?] [N. R.] Monk [?]

62. There is apparently an attempt to get the name of Myers here, as the sequel shows. But I know of no reason why he should be mentioned in this connection. There is no evidence or claim that he was present in the work of Mrs. Hays.

63. The "form" of the stories is foreign to Mrs. Hays in many respects, at least, but perhaps not in the most general sense. With her reading of Mark Twain, however, and her keen sense of humor it may be possible to question this statement. But the reference to the abbreviations of sentences is a specific point of much value. Mark Twain in his work did abbreviate sentences through Mrs. Hays to save time and energy and they had to be filled out in editing the books. Mrs. Chenoweth could not have known this and I did not know it, until told by Mrs. Hutchings. Whether it was done purposely cannot be proven by other methods than the study of the work.

The allusion to the need of "revision" and to "strange looking abbreviations" is suggestive and perhaps evidential. If it means the abbreviated sentences in which the books were communicated it is a striking piece of evidence. Mark Twain often omitted superfluous words in sentences expecting that the editorial work would fill them in, which Mrs. Hutchings had to do. That he meant this is unquestionably supported by the further explanation of his meaning immediately in the allusion to their being "not quite complete sentences." This is probably what he meant by the "form being foreign to her", Mrs. Hays. We cannot, of course, prove the asserted purpose, which was to "defy the sceptic", tho it is true that this mode of writing does not characterize Mrs. Hays.

(Mons? M-o-m-s ?)

M e * * ['e' not clear or certain. Pause.] * * [scrawl.] [Oral.]
Yes. * * [scrawls.] y y e [pause] M a right. M y e [P. F. R.]
M y ... [long pause.] 3 of us tried to do it.

(Yes, stick to it.) [64]

Imperator told us to go on and let the evidence speak for itself but Myers said each man [neither word read.] for ... each man for himself and that you would know better whom to attribute the [pause] message to and for but he is here in the glory of the effort not only here [N. R.] [P. F. R., distress and hands put to neck.]

(Yes.)

M a g i [pause.] M a [pause] y no Mag ... [pause] n [pause] Chalde. [Struggle and pause with catalepsy which I had to revive.] H [?] H H [66] [j]

64. It is strange that there was so much difficulty in giving the name of Myers. It always comes through easily when he or any member of the Imperator group wishes to give it. But I have noticed that any name, new or old, is always difficult when a new communicator endeavors to give it.

66. I do not know what possible meaning can be given to "Magi" and "Chal", as they do not suggest any name that is pertinent. They may have reference to something else than proper names.

(j) It looks to me as though all the grouping previous to "Magi", was after that word, or rather the word *magician*. Note that after several abortive attempts there was written "Ma is right", that is, so much of the result is endorsed, and no more. The "Magi" following is not corrected.

Dr. Hyslop speaks of "Chal" and of scrawls following, but re-examination shows quite plainly that "Chalde" was written. I cannot think that "Magi * * * n" and "Chalde" are unrelated, whatever the reason for the allusion. Magicians and Chaldeans are familiarly associated in the book of Daniel, where the word is used, not for natives of Chaldea, but as practically synonymous with "magicians."

"Then came in the magicians, the enchanters, the Chaldeans." Dan. 4:7.

"Thy father made him master of the magicians, enchanters, Chaldeans and soothsayers." Dan. 5:11.

It will be remembered that Mark Twain's book "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" has much about Merlin the Magician. There are also references to "magic and enchantments" (p. 265), "soothsayers and prophets and magicians" (309), etc., and direct Biblical references (pp. 96, 137).

There may be some obscure linking by association of ideas between the "magi - - n" and "Chalde" of the script and this book, whether on a subliminal or supernormal plane, but it can be suggested only as a possibility.

[Subliminal.]

Who is Moses.

(I know, but I want another.) [67]

[Pause.] Hm. [Pause.] You want another man, don't you.

(Yes.) [Pause.] (Get his name at all hazards.)

Is it so important?

(It is the most important thing you ever did.)

[Very long pause, perhaps two or three minutes.]

I'm watching for it. [Long pause.] Is that M 2 [or 'two']

Can't see.

(Go ahead.) [68]

I can't see.

(What did you say or ask?) [Wanted 'two'] Can't see.

I don't know. [Long pause with left hand and finger in air and then on lips.] It seems like something I know. [Pause.]

* * [whispered 'M']

(What?)

[Pause.] F [pause] It's F I see. Do you know that?

(No.)

Yes you do. F-a-t-h-e-r [spelled.] a-n-d [spelled.] M [pause] a [pause] s. I don't know. M [pause and both hands put to head and held there for some time. Eyes then opened and closed after pause, and then a smile and a long pause.] Mabel, Mabel. [whispered.]

(What?)

Mabel. [Pause.]

(Spell it.)

It sounds like M-a . . . Ma. I can't do it.

(Yes you can.)

Why do you think so?

(You usually do when you stick to it.) [69]

67. "Moses" is evidently Stainton Moses, but I know of no reason for getting his name other than the possibility of his presence, and that is not assured.

68. "M 2" or "Two", since it was spoken, was an excellent hit, especially as the name had not been given previously. It is correct for Mark Twain. He took the name from the habit of marking the soundings on the Mississippi boats. I knew this and so did Mrs. Hutchings, but Mrs. Hays did not remark it and apparently did not know it.

69. I do not know any reason for the allusion to "Father." "Mas" is

[Pause.] [Two hands over eyes, as if to shut out the light, tho they were tightly closed. Very long pause. Then moved hands about over the eyes. Pause.]

S [pause] T [pause] I can't.

(Yes you can.) [70] [k]

Do you know M-a-r ... and then [pause.] Is it T next. [Pause.] I don't mean Mary or Martha. Just My ... It is M-a-r-t-k. [Pause.] I am getting it partly, am I?

(Yes.)

Is that S before M. It's not Saint.

(No.) [71]

either not intelligible, or is a mistake for "Mar", a part of "Mark." If I had the right to treat it as an abbreviation, I could say that it was the first two letters of his name and the first letter of his pass word. But I cannot assert this. Moreover the "s", being spoken, might have been intended for a capital, in which case it would be the first letter of his real name, Samuel.

"Mabel" is the name of Mrs. Chenoweth's maid and she sometimes utters her name in the Starlight trance when needed for getting out of an embarrassment in the work. There is no other recognizable reason here for the name. It has never occurred in this manner in the automatic writing and hence the reader must note that this is the subliminal and it indicates that there is a close connection between this and the Starlight trance.

70. S is the initial of his real name, Samuel, and T the initial of his last assumed name, as readers will remark, perhaps, without my calling attention to it. But I note it because, if this is the intention it proves abbreviation in the pictographic process. The name was probably flashed as a whole: "Samuel Clemens Mark Twain" and the subconscious caught only the S and the T.

(k) It appears to me that the letters S T are probably for "Saint", an identification of the person soon afterward negated.

71. Evidently the subconscious tried for Saint Mark, and gave it up possibly with the dissent on the other side. The suggestion of "Saint" here invites the remark that the original S might have been an association of the name "Mark" which was not given. But this would be a guess at the process.

(l) The getting of the name, as though it were seen dimly through a cloud, is very interesting.

"Do you know Mar and then—is it T next?" It would have been had not "K" been omitted. Then comes "It is M a r t k." Now we have the first name and initial of the second, except for the same transposition. ["Is that S before M?" could, as we are getting to suspect from many analogous cases, be from a marginal thought of the spirit that S was the initial of the first real name as M was of the assumed name.] In all the subsequent attempts to fix on the last letter of the first name up to success and a sense of assurance, the letters conjectured and rejected are long ones, as "k" the letter

M-a-r ... Can you wait a minute?

(Yes.)

[Pause.] I don't like to be so slow, but ... [Pause.]

(Go ahead.)

T M [whispered] [Pause.] 1. Is that an 1 ? M-a-r. It n't come next I think. [Pause.] M-a-r-l. Do you know 1 ?

(Not quite right.)

It isn't p is it? M-a-r-k M-a-r .. [pause] T. I can't.

(Go ahead.)

It isn't P. M-a-r .. It goes up a little.

(Yes.)

[Pause.] Just a minute. M-a-r ... [whispered.] [pause] f. Please put it plain so I can see. [Pause.] * * [not heard.] b.

(What?)

I didn't say it. It isn't to make it b. It is similar to b. Mar . [pause.] [Smile, shook head, pause.] p [whispered.] It uldn't be it. [Pause.] Mar. ... [whispered.] I'm afraid I can't.

(Yes you can. You are getting it all right.)

[Long pause and lips moved as if trying to speak it. Pause.] M-a ... [Then the forefinger traced the letters 'M a r k' in the r and I did not utter them.] That is all. [1]

(I didn't get it.)

Just one more after M in it.

(Yes.)

Is it Mark? (You think.) Could it be Mark. [Pause.] Could be M-a-r-c.

(No, go ahead.) [I saw Marc Hanna was in mind.]

I can't get more. It is another name.

(Yes.)

I wonder if I can get it. It is A.

(No.) [72]

ught is. They are p, d, f, b, h. The letter sought is said to be similar to b and it is, having the loop above the line and the semi-circular curve on the ght side of the stem.

Then came "M a r k traced in the air, and that is all" followed by, "Is it lark" and some shakiness when Dr. Hyslop did not admit that the name was ght. The process appears to be a visual one.

72. The struggle to get the name explains itself as an effort to interpret the letters pictographically represented.

The guessing by the subliminal at the letter is interesting, because it re-

Can't I get it tomorrow?

(No.)

[Pause.] Why he is here.

(Yes? What does he look like?)

Got a funny name, Mark. [Pause. Finger wrote on the pad, but letters not legible. Pause, opened eyes, paused and closed them again and wrote again on pad, and reached for pencil and one was given.]

[Automatic Writing.]

H H H [Pencil fell.]

[Subliminal.]

Why H. [Pause and awakened very suddenly.

[Normal.]

Do you know any woman named Harry? No a woman is not named Harry. Do you know a woman name Hannah? Do you know a woman named Hannah?

(I understand what that means.) [73]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Hutchings. June 2nd, 1917. 10 A. M.

Before starting into the trance Mrs. Chenoweth told me that she had again found marks on her left arm. They came first on Tuesday this week, the 29th. But they had disappeared by this morning. However Mrs. Chenoweth rubbed the spot and one of them became slightly apparent for a few moments and had the shape of a capital letter H, tho imperfect and fragmentary. She stated, however, that they did not make distinct letters.

flects so clearly the evidence that there is a stimulus present quite different from the reproduction of a memory or guessing at a name by normal processes. The indication of the presence of a picture or hallucination of a letter is quite apparent and it was evidently so fragmentary as to suggest several long letters.

73. When the name "Marc" was spelled out in the subliminal prior to the attempt here at automatic writing, I saw what was apparently in the mind of Mrs. Chenoweth, but would not confuse things by denying it and causing discouragement. It is strange that "H" should be written as it was, because it is evident that the subconscious was not at all aware of the meaning even

[Subliminal.]

[Pause and sitter admitted. Long pause. Sigh, pause and then a jerk of the hand and the hand folded back and over to one side. Pause and reached for pencil.]

[Automatic Writing.]

* * [scrawl or circle. Pause.] * * [same sign as before, scrawl or circle.] M y [pause] M a n ... [P. F. R. and distress.]
(Stick to it.)

manner is not quite what I would have it but will try to do what I may to make clear the work I have tried to do at the other home with the girl.

(All right. Glad to have you do that.)

You know that the effort to make plain the real pupose [purpose] is often hard but still we or at least I am always glad to try for I know the importance of the testimony. [Pause.]

S [pause] S [pause] Sam ... [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

C [distress.] [Pause.] (Go ahead.) C 1[P. F. R. and pause.] Funny man cannot write his own name

(Stick to it. You will get it.) [74] [m]

when it got the name "Hannah." It is possible that the "H" was an attempt to explain that the name was not Hanna, but this we can only conjecture and cannot prove. In any case, it is certain that "Marc" did not clearly intimate what I suspected as known to the subliminal: for it ran off to Hannah as the name of a woman and did not suspect the reference to Marc Hanna. The confusion with Harry is curious and probably reflects dim visual imagery in the process. The sequel to the incident is found the next day. Cf. Note 76.

74. "Sam", of course, is a part of Mark Twain's name and "C1" shows that we got enough of the Clemens to make sure what was coming. It is curious to see the clear indication of who he really was in the remark: "Funny man cannot write his own name", for on all theories of subconscious knowledge and abilities when its knowledge is once obtained, we should have had the name come without difficulty. It is clear from the remark quoted that it was well known to the control who it was, and yet it could not be written.

(m) This may not be the first hint that the "man" was a humorist.

In the third sitting, May 30th, in connection with references to Mrs. Hays's work and experiences, it was written, "and *jests* are made", which was correct so far as *Jap Herron* and *Brent Roberts* were concerned. Immediately afterward another apparent communicator, very pious, came in and said, with

without so much fuss but when one assumes so many titles one must inevitably make a mark in the world of literature even if that literature assumes the ponderous [read 'fondness' doubtfully and to have rewritten.] ponderous ... [read.] bulk [read 'trick' doubtfully] of ... bulk ... Psychic Research

(Yes, go ahead.)

or Christian Science.

(Good.) [75] [n]

seeming disgust. "Jesus power comes to overcome the foolishness of fun." There had not been anything in the previous script of Mrs. Chenoweth to which the remark was applicable.

On June 1st after what appear to be futile attempts to follow "Mark" up with the last name, there was written, "Got a funny name Mark." And yet it is not clear that "Mark" is a particularly funny name, more so than Luke, or Matthew or Roger or Horace, for example.

And now comes, "*Funny man cannot write his own name.*"

In the first citation is the clear intimation that there was a humorous element in Mrs. Hays's home work. The second suggests the possibility supported by many examples of a similar sort, that the effort to identify the Mark referred to as the Mark who was funny—a humorist—fell short in the feeble and questionable remark that the name Mark was funny. And the third citation looks like a verbal mechanism by which the thought that it was funny, that the man could not write his own name, actually comes out as a significant characterization, "Funny man cannot," etc.

75. The reference to "so many titles" is evidently to his double name, and probably the word "mark" in the sentence was a veiled reference to his name, as sometimes occurs. The reference to Christian Science is characteristic, and perhaps evidential, unless the subconscious has caught the name.

(n) Note also the references to "Christian Science and Psychical Research." Mark Twain wrote quite a quantity of matter on the former subject and some complimentary references to psychical research in his "Mental Telepathy." Nor were these simply casual, as he says: "Ever since the English Society for Psychical Research began its investigation of ghost stories, haunted houses and apparitions of the living and the dead I have read their pamphlets with avidity as fast as they have arrived."

Examination of the lists of the English Society for Psychical Research discloses that Samuel L. Clemens was an associate member from nearly the beginning of that Society until his death in 1904. It would not seem an incongruous thing then, apart from any development after arrival in another sphere, if he should be found taking interest and participating in experiments in psychical research.

There seems, from his biography, to be sufficient occasion to incite his interest in psychical phenomena. He had a sitting with a psychic when a pilot, which was more or less evidential and which he reported to his brother

You know H [pause.] art [pause.] ford [P. F. R. after 'Hart']
(Yes.)

place not person. Connecticut. To think that any one could
take a Connecticut Yankee for an Ohio Statesman. [struggle to
keep control as I had to take sheet off.] Joke lost on you.

(All right.)

To think a man of my superior hirsute growth should ever be
mistaken for the bald and baby face [last two words not read.] baby
face of him who ruled [delay in reading.] ruled a President. see.

(Yes, that was the effect of the subconscious memory of the
light.)

That subconscious must be way [read 'very'] way down in the
cyclone cellar not to discover the difference in these two stars.

(I agree.) [76]

Yes [to reading of last word.] the 2 M a r k s my name exactly
fits the case the 2 M a r k s. [Distress and perhaps a slight smile

he had a premonitory vision of another brother lying dead in particular sur-
roundings which impressed him at the time and which was, according to his
testimony, soon after strikingly fulfilled; his wife was cured of a chronic
condition by psychic treatment; later in life a prediction was made concerning
him which he believed was fulfilled; a curious incident relating to the unex-
plained disappearance and reappearance of billiard balls mystified both him
and his biographer, who was present at the time; and just after the body of
his daughter Jean, who died in the bathroom, was taken from the house, he
felt the "cold wind" of which we hear so much, or something like it, while
himself in the draughtless bathroom. He was enough interested in what he
regarded as his own experiences in telepathy to write two articles on the
subject.

76. His old home is named, but as inquiry showed that Mrs. Chenoweth
knew it, it is not evidential. Marc Hanna, of Ohio, was bald and shaven, and
was reputed to rule a President.

Note that there is evidence here of clearness in the mind of the communi-
cator and that he is aware that the subconscious is to blame for the error.
The incident is evidence of intermundane difficulties in the transmission and
that they are not all of them in the mind of the communicator as might
appear to some who are familiar with the theory of Dr. Hodgson that the
communicator is in a dream state when communicating, an hypothesis which
I myself held at one time and had to modify or abandon when I discovered
the pictographic process.

Miss Tubby first called Dr. Hyslop's attention to the obvious reference to
A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.

on face.] Never mind. You know who I am now and it is all right for me. [77]

(I knew it all along, but we stubborn scientific men have to get it on paper.)

I forgive any Scientist except the Christian and that is a matter of principle [read 'precept' doubtfully] principle with me.

(Yes I understand.) [78]

New York I am never quite free from for it held me many times with its interests and when I tried to write about music the other day I had in mind my own family so musically inclined but with the usual absence of good sense you misunderstood me.

(All right. I shall remember now.)

You must know that I have more than one reason for returning

(Yes, what are they?)

and that is that I do not want to be called a dead one.

(Good.)

It is not a pleasing matter to be considered out of the swim [N. R.] swim yes [to reading.] swim so here is where I make my debut not precisely premiere as I have reported before at this very place and I had practiced [N. R.] prac... [read.] some through the hand of the girl but this is as a full fledged operator that I come on the scene and I rather think that Frank Stockton better return again or lose his laurels. see.

(Yes.)

I do not intend to h[a]ve any mere story teller get the best of me if I can make any mark at all—

(I understand.) [79]

77. The reference to "2 Marks" clearly indicates the meaning of his name as explained in Note 68.

78. The manner of referring to Christian Science is very characteristic. He was much in earnest in his book on that subject. But the humor displayed about the matter here is not characteristic of Mrs. Chenoweth.

79. All this is characteristically directed to Mark Twain's identity, tho it is possible that the humor is modified by its passage through the control and the subconscious.

Frank Stockton had communicated through Mrs. Chenoweth and she knew the fact, so that I cannot make a point of the reference to him. Again the use of the word "mark" is probably intended as a play on his name.

Mark Twain had lived in New York and it no doubt interested him

I wonder if you know how seriously I take this matter after [written 'afer'] all

(I understand.)

I have a way of making light of it only that I may better keep hold but it is the vital matter of creation.

(I understand. You are right.)

Quite as vital as the coming to the life you are now in.

(Yes indeed.)

and just as only [read 'any' doubtfully] only a few men make any definite help toward the problems of life generally so there are only a few who return who make definite hep [help] toward the problem of Research. Myers laughs at me and says that I may help in the same ways I worked before I came here.

(Yes.)

Lighten [N. R.] Lighten the burden with a laugh.

(Yes, that's correct.)

so I say it is not a matter for sack cloth and ashes when a dead man rises up and pronounces [read 'promises'] pronounces himself alive in spite of the Coroner's Jury.

(Good.) [80]

I was as much surprised to find I could use another mind as I would have been to try the experiment of hypnotizing a [pause] child to run my errands for me. I knew so little about the active work the machinery of the [pause and distress.] effort but I did know somewhat about the general subject before I came here.

(Tell me one or two.) [Had certain incidents in mind.]

You mean my experiences (Yes.) before death or after.

(Before.)

asserted, tho it was too easy to have had casual knowledge of the fact to exempt the subconscious from a possible part in referring to it.

It is correct that this was not the first time he appeared here, tho Mrs. Chenoweth did not know normally that he had ever appeared through her at all. Nor did she know that he "had practised through the hand of the girl" who is meant by the term.

80. It was well known among his friends that Mark Twain was serious and often disliked to be regarded as always humorous. The humor displayed here must explain itself, and it is characteristically described here as designed to "lighten the burden with a laugh." He probably sayed his own sanity by employing humor to save him from melancholy. Mrs. Chenoweth could hardly represent his inner character so clearly.

I had seen a few things myself. a vision like a mist rising and forming a picture before me and that was clairvoyance.

(Yes.)

And I had been in conversation with some friends who had known about these manifestations. M T [?]

[Pencil fell and much distress. Pause. Opened eyes and sitter left room. Pause and awakened with a headache. I held her forehead a few moments and the headache disappeared.] [81]

[Transitional state.]

I got one name yesterday and another today. I got Samuel today. [82]

Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Hutchings and J. H. H. June 2nd, 1917. 9 P. M. Ouija board.

[Circles.] Well, Doctor, the lead hit bottom, didn't it?

(Yes it did.) [83]

[Pause.] But good gracious, it was some sounding. [Pause.] The interference was thicker than a fog is in the early summer.

[Pause.] It seemed that well meaning controls were going to drown [n2] Mark in his own journey. [Pause.] Talk to me.

(Why was it less difficult this morning than yesterday?)

The fight was won yesterday.

(Were the others present today?)

But silent. [84]

81. Mark Twain was interested in these phenomena, as indicated by the article which I mentioned above. Cf. Note 57. Whether he was ever interested in spiritistic phenomena remains at this writing to ascertain by inquiry. He made no public avowal of interest in them.

I learn from his daughter that he was interested in spiritistic phenomena, tho he spoke of the matter only to intimate friends. [Cf. Note n.]

82. We had not gotten "Samuel" today, but only "Sam", as the record shows. It was clear what was meant, but this transitional message is the first indication of the whole name Samuel.

The daughter knows of no experience which the statement here about a "form" and a "mist" would fit.

83. The statement "the lead hit bottom this time" is very characteristic of Mark Twain, as it reflects his life as a pilot. The ladies knew of this life and so I cannot make the expression evidential. (n2) The references to interference by fog and drowning are also pertinent to pilot life.

84. It was true that "the fight was won yesterday." The other influences retired and left the field to Mark Twain, and both ladies knew the fact. The expression "But silent" is an instance of the type of abbreviation adopted by

(All right. I understand.) [Pause.] You referred to a place xday. Do you remember what it was?)

Now if I told you that it would not be worth a tinker's dam for vidence. Emphasize that.

(I understand. Why wouldn't it be evidence?)

Because the ... [pause] r ... [Long pause.]

[Change of Control.]

And so the wise man stirs the long dead embers of Patience's ire to make it blaze again, [pause] and so Patience fain would bake a loaf for thee.

(Is this you Patience?)

No raisens are in my pack for I have I have jourined far, but the loaf is fresh and it will make thy toun ... tung [tongue] to roll its morsel neath and hunger for more. But the wise man saith that his tung [tongue] craveth not sweet morsels lest his thirst make him drunken. [Pause.]

(Are you going to come to me at the other light?)

Patience tried to talk with you amany moons ago. But you chewed the crumbs and spat them out. It is not this that Patience likes to labor that her loaves be bitten into.

(Where was this? I did not notice a trace of it.)

[Pause.] Thou hast a rickety think.

(You said many moons ago. How many?)

[Pause.] How many! Dost thou think that Patience hath only to count moons for one that may not pass again. Patience [pause] did lose her notch stick.

(I remember you came to another light and I asked you two or three times to come to the present one and you never turned up.)

But Patience labors of ... o'er time at her weaving. Patience hath not time to run for tinkling bells.

(It was not for amusement I wanted you, but to prove that you were a spirit.)

[Pause.] And what would that profit Patience, whether her light shone on ... or blazed. [Pause.]

(It is not personal profit we are after, but to help others.)

Patience helped others o'er much and the priase was not Patience's.

Mark Twain and to which reference was evidently made through Mrs. Chenoweth.

(Yes I understand. Where they believed it, but there is a stubborn set who do not believe anything except what we can prove.)

Patience proved herself. Did not the world applaud her coming?

(Yes, perhaps, but not the scientific man. He leads the world today.)

I know not sci [pause] ntific [scientific: slowly spelled.]

(Mrs. Hutchings remarked: "She does not understand that word.)

(I mean by that word those who do not believe without evidence of personal identity.)

What! Do you want the moon tressed to cut hair and strangle herself?

(No, that would not be evidence. However you understand my motive and it is that, if you came through the other light with whom I work, there would be better proof that you were not a product of Mrs. Curran's mind.)

[Pause.] (Mrs. Hutchings: Do you know what he means?) Does he?

(I think I do.)

Patience trail . . . trails her fingers through hair hair for a think.

(Do you understand that I would like you to try at the other light before the moon tressed goes home?)

[Pause.] [Mrs. Hutchings repeated my idea in other terms, saying that I wanted her to report at the other light.]

Patience has spoken to so many lights that she grows asick. It would be easier to go back asleep again am . . . Patience has a buzzing in her ears. 'Tis come hither and hurry the . . . there. What then must Patience do, rush and run like cattle before a storm?

(I don't mean to trouble you, but it would please me to have you make the trial and to . . .) [Spelling began.]

Patience likes sweet words. [Pause.] The thinker man hath a nice spoke. [Pause.] And Patience will try.

(All right, thank you.)

But the paths are filled with briars [briars].

(I believe that. All I want is the same style you use here and did use through Mrs. Curran.)

[Pause.] (Mrs. Hutchings: Mr. Hyslop wants the same words and kind of speech you used.)

[Pause.] Patience can only fill her pail. If the pail leaks, the Patience is not to be blamed.

(I understand. Have you left Mrs. Curran?)

No.

(What are you doing now?)

The new story grows.

(What is the title?)

[Pause.] The siller comes not fast enough.

(Do others help you?)

That is telling secrets. [Pause.]

(Mrs. Hutchings: She does not understand the word 'title'.

What kind of a story is going now through Pearl?)

Patience must not spoil unbaked goods.

(Why would that spoil them?)

[Ouija went off board. Long pause and rest.] [86]

[Change of Control.]

When the sun is peering through the trees and every grass blade whispers of God, then the [pause] vagrant scented breeze brings ... [Pause and Ouija went off the Board.] [Pause.] [87]

[Change of Control.]

(Mrs. Hutchings: Mark, you did not give the sign.) [M. T. in mind.]

It is well with me.

(Mrs. Hutchings: Who is this speaking? Give us your name.)

When science shall establish a line to earth, the buried speech can be heard again and souls can reach and bridge the silence. It is dreadful and the direct fear that separation brings the thought that we can not tell the loved on earth that the lost are not lost, but

86. It has been long since Patience Worth appeared through the ouija board worked by these ladies, but what appears here will explain itself. I had wanted her to come in order to give momentum to my desire to have her come to Mrs. Chenoweth. Note that there is reluctance to conform to my wishes, as if my attitude on her case would offend her. The only reason to surmise this is the opposite attitude of the subliminal of Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings.

87. There is no hint of the personality involved in this more or less poetic strain, but the change of control came too quickly to give a chance to be clearer and more definite.

only dumb, for lack of the speech that we can not get through to them.

(Can you tell who this is?)

My name is [pause.] s ... [long pause] Field.

(Mrs. Hutchings: What Field?)

I forget.

(Stick to it. I think I know. What is your first name?)

I forget it.

(What is your reason for coming here?)

The way was open. I have wanted to come. [To me?] Yes. [Spelled.]

(Will you come to the other light?)

If you will help.

(I shall do that.) [Rested because Mrs. Hays's arm was tired.]

[88]

[Resumed.]

Arah sa. [Sarah] No. [Pause.] Sar ... No [Pause.] It ... I forget.

(All right. Do you know a friend of mine?)

Yes. [Spelled.] [Pause.] u [possibly for 'you'] [Pause.]

James [pause] James H. [Pause.] Yes [spelled.] James H. H. [Long pause.] I think it is James H. [Pause.] I forget. [Pause.]

(What special thing did you do that brings you here to communicate with me?)

I tried to bring you news.

(What news?)

[Pause.] My head hurts.

(I understand. Did you ever meet me personally?)

Yes. [Spelled.] (Where?) In a crowd. (No.) Yes [spelled.] But that last time u [possibly 'you'] [Pause.] where ... Oh my head hurts.

88. This name Field is nearly the correct name of a lady whom I have been expecting for a long time through Mrs. Chenoweth to deliver the contents of a posthumous letter. It is Fielde. But I am not sure that she is meant. Kate Field might be expected, but I should hardly get the admission of forgetfulness from her, as she has been over there long enough to avoid this. The Miss Fielde that I know has been gone only about nine months or a year. Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Hutchings could not possibly know anything about her or her relation to me. I saw her but once years ago and she afterward sent me her sealed letter from the far West where she later died.

(Better stop then.)

[Pause.] I can come to you in the hot time where the cool breeze comes in the window. But my head hurts. [Long pause.]

[Do something for my head.]

(What had I better do?)

Something. [89]

[I then placed my hand on Mrs. Hays's forehead and she at once exclaimed that she felt a sharp pain. After a pause the ouija spelled:]

Yes. [Sitting terminated.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Hutchings. June 4th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Sitter admitted. Pause and left hand put collar about the neck as if feeling cold. Pause, distress and reached for pencil. Pause and P. F. R.]

[Automatic Writing.]

** [scrawls.] C C [pause] 1 [pause] a ... [pause and P. F. R.]
(Stick to it.)

[Pause.] Cl ar ... [pause and read 'Clear'] Cl ar...

[Pause.] Mark here.

(All right. Good morning.)

I thought you would expect me

(Yes I did.) [90]

and I have been studying up the methods of procedure for I must continue my attack here in order to do w [nearly lost control.] what I wish at home. Understand.

(Perfectly.)

It is not a safe thing for a man to go to a foreign land without his passports and I begin to think this is worse than any customs

89. There is too much confusion here to identify the person named. I have a deceased sister by the name of Sarah, but I would not expect this kind of confusion from her, tho it is possible. The failure to finish my name is interesting, as the ladies know it well enough.

90. "Clar" is all but the last letter of the name of Mark Twain's living daughter. The name came complete later. Mrs. Chenoweth knew nothing about her.

[read 'casting'] customs a traveler passes through for passports are not enough, he must give his ancestry and his innermost purposes to a hard headed wretch [read 'writer'] w r e t c h who sits [read 'sets'] in command [N. R.] ... sits in command of the light. by the way why do you call the automatist a light. [91.]

(It was originated by the Imperator group beginning with Stainton Moses and the Piper case and I followed suit.)

It may be to kep [keep] light craft away as the rocks and waves and shoals make havoc with all except strong swimmers.

(I understand. Do you remember the pass word?)

You are referring to work done at another place which was to be repeated here s ... or anywhere if I found myself able to come.

(Yes exactly.) [92]

and I have known from the first that I must get that through in order to prove that I am the same spirit (Yes.) who has been doing some things at home

(Yes exactly.)

Now I referred to passports with that in mind and I intend to make good my plan to help them. You know whom I mean by the girls

(Yes.) [93]

and you know the mother with me who does so much to help the work.

91. Reference a little later shows that "passports" possibly had a more specific meaning than I suspected.

This is only the second time that the word "automatist" has been used through Mrs. Chenoweth. The first time was by Mrs. Verrall who had used it in life, and I am told by Mrs. Hutchings that Mark Twain used it in their work, a fact which neither Mrs. Chenoweth nor I knew. Hence the inquiry by Mark Twain was quite natural.

92. The "s" is the first letter of the pass word, but there is no evidence that this is meant.

93. Here we find the intention, at least the supposed intention, in the use of the word "passports." The word "girls" is what Mark Twain called the ladies in his work with them. I have alluded to this fact before, and Mrs. Chenoweth, of course, knew nothing about the fact.

I had received from him in St. Louis a pass word to be given elsewhere, and if I can accept his explanation of the use of the word "passports" as referring to this pass word, he had anticipated my question, but this is not perfectly apparent in the record, unless we disregard inference or suggestion.

(I don't know her personally. Which mother?)

You know . . . not my mother but theirs here [Pause and sigh.]
with me

(All right. Go ahead.)

and as much interested in this as I am [pause] see

(Yes I see.) [94]

and I want to make clear some other things which were told at
home. [P. F. R.]

(Yes do that.)

[Apparent Change of Control.]

I have never been unconscious of you dear nor have I felt the
separation which death imposes. I have tried to do as I promised.
[I knew [read 'know'] I . . .knew that there was much in this belief
before I came here but it was so entangled [Left hand of medium
put over eyes.] with the superstitions of ignorance that I could not
get hold of what I wished but I wish to have you get what I missed.
Understand.

(Yes perfectly.)

Mamma [read 'Manner'] Mamma here

(Yes. Who else?)

and the child the child [written slowly in larger letters both
times.] who has come to you so often in the past

(Come to me?)

No to her. [Pause.]

[Oral.] My head is dizzy. [Pause.] Just a moment. [Pause.]
[m. [Pause.]

[Writing resumed.] Love you dear. [Pause.]

(Get that clear.) [Thinking the communicator was confused
and had the wrong person in mind.]

Love you dear but that has [95]

94. There is evidence that the mother is helping in the work through Mrs.
Hays. There were some remarkable physical signs of this in the appearance
of Mrs. Hays's face at times.

95. The communicator here was evidently the mother of the sitter, Mrs.
Hutchings. She died of diabetes and for the last months of her life she was
dizzy much of the time, according to the statement of Mrs. Hutchings. Evi-
dently some of the sensations connected with her approaching death are trans-
mitted here.

[Apparent Change of Control.]

nothing to do with the password or the child. I have some friends who have tried to write when I was present. I do not mean here but with the child.

(I understand. Was not some one trying to send a message through you just now?)

Surely and I almost got out of the place. Some one she loved too. [P. F. R.]

(I understand. Stick to it.)

[Pause.] [96]

[Change of Control.]

I will come to you dear. I love you. I love you my dear * * ['s'] * * [scrawl.] S. S. S [pause] not * [incomplete 'h'] mother mother [scrawly.] [P. F. R.] My child. [Distress and pause.] [Add 343.]

[Change of Control.]

* * [probably 'jer'] S C C., S. C. C. understand. * * [child M T w ... [first two letters printed.] [P. F. R. and fingers snapped. New pencil.] [97]

[Change of Control.]

That has been done before but I thought I would make a false simile but could not get it through quite but now I have a word to say about whom I found here when I came. My wife first who was ready to see me and seemed to be expecting me. All was ready and I was at home but the last hours of sleep understand. [N. R.] understand, what I mean by these hours that were neither sleeping or waking but when the spirit was trying to get free a sort of semi [N. R.] semi [N. R.] semi ... half [read.] consciousness and yet not able to talk. Understand and then the softly ebbing tide of life and I was with my wife (Is this Mark?) yes and it was then that I saw how real the life of the spirit was—

96. It is apparent that the intrusion of the mother involved Mark Twain as an intermediary. I saw this in the course of events and put my question to see if I was right.

97. These are almost the initials of Mr. Clemens. They should be "S. C." They were spontaneously corrected later. "M. T." are the initials of his pseudonym.

Then came other friends and among them one close to her who here today. [Distress and pencil fell.] [98]

[Subliminal.]

I'll get the word. I'll get the word. [Pause.]

[Oral Control.]

[Message now spelled out.]

G [long pause.] let the word as soon as I can child and do not disturbed. [Distress.] I am not. [Distress.] I am taking her with me. There are three of us trying to tell you about the experiments which we have been trying and want to give you the best possible for we can * * [not caught: pause.]

I lost it. Give me the last letter you had.

("The best possible we can".)

[Pause.] I don't know whether I can get it [Not spelled.] left hand put over eyes.] [Spelling resumed.]

Make our life w . . . no it is so much happier and more useful the addition of this truth. It is the most beautiful and helpful things which * * [read 'achieve'] did believe most [?] * * tomorrow morning and I will make effort to restrain my desire to look and give the most evidence of what has been going on in the last few months.

(All right.)

[Pause.] What's that C. C. (What?) S. C. C.

(You tell.) [99]

I don't know. Do you know P. T. Barnum?

(Yes, but not personally.)

This spirit knew him. Find out. He calls you that.

(Why?)

Because you got an elephant on your hands.

(That is true.)

He said something else kind of funny. [Pause.] Perhaps an elephant is better than a lion. [Pause, opened eyes, and sitter left and Mrs. C. awakened.] [100] [o]

98. The daughter writes me that this passage conveys no meaning to her.

99. Probably the attempt here is to correct the initials of his name. I infer this from the latter effort which was successful.

100. I have learned from the surviving daughter of Mark Twain that he

[Subliminal.]

Where did the man go?

(I don't know.)

Who is the other man?

(I don't know. You must tell.)

[Pause.] Do you know a boy?

(Yes, make that clearer.) [Sitter had nodded head at my look.]

A little boy?

(Yes.) [Sitter nodded assent.]

[Pause.] Have you got a lady with you?

(Yes.) Has she got a little brother in the spirit? (Yes.)

I see him gone when quite little and he is grown up now. I first saw him a little boy and then grown up like a man. Lovely.

[Pause.] Well, do you know any one . . . [pause] sounds like Sam.

(Yes, who is that?)

I don't know. [Pause.] Wait a minute. Well, are there two Sams.

(Yes.)

One named for the other.

✓(No.)

I know better. [Pause.] [101] [01]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Hutchings. June 5th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Sitter admitted, long pause and reached for pencil. P. F. R., pause and distress and pause again.]

knew P. T. Barnum personally. The reference to him and an elephant is very pertinent, as Barnum not only had the largest show in this country, but always emphasized elephants in his show and was celebrated for one of them. The comparison with my task is all Mark Twain's.

(o) Mark Twain was the "lion" at many a banquet and other occasion. This *could* be the reason for the remark.

101. Mrs. Hutchings lost a little brother, but his name was not Sam. The allusion to "two Sams" here is very pertinent when explained, as it tends to show how fragmentary messages are. They have no relation to the little boy mentioned, except the possible association in the work on the other side.

[01] Dr. Hyslop, guided doubtless by the shake of Mrs. Hutchings's head.

[Automatic Writing.]

Mother here.

(You are welcome.)

and so happy dear to come with the hope that the way will be much lighter and brighter by this association and its consequent renewal of faith and endeavor.

It is not [pencil ran off pad and started to write on table.] hard for me to come nor does it bring sorrow even when we see disappointments and trials for we have a happiness in the knowledge that all experiences broaden and make life more useful as a beginning of the larger expression over here.

(I understand.)

At home where the picture is I often come.

[I looked at sitter and she shook head.]

I mean the picture your father liked so much. [Pause.]

[I looked at sitter and she again shook her head.]

(Make that clear.)

Portrait. [pause] not a painting photograph not large but one kept ** ['near' but not legible.] near at home.

[I looked at sitter and she still shook her head.]

yes you recall a photograph

(Of whom?)

self myself of some time ago. and we often speak of the difference now and then.

C [pause] C1 ... a C1a ...

I have tried to work with you too and have been with father when [read 'where'] he ... when ... tried to communicate at home.

(What was the nature of the work?)

I refer to the writing [slowly written with difficulty.] board understand

(Yes, what were you writing?)

and the effort to make clear our part in the communications.

(What were you writing?)

said "No", supposing that the reference was to her brother and another person. But there is no difficulty in assuming that the subject changed at "Well, do you know," etc. The communicator answers Dr. Hyslop's denial by "I know better." And it appears to be a fact that Samuel Clemens had a nephew, Samuel Moffett, who was named after him.

I hear what you say and I am trying to reply in a definite way. The description of some of the people over here and then the less personal message but more like [distress and pause.] editorial [written slowly.] matter understand
(Yes, go ahead.) [102] [o2]

102. This passage is a most interesting one. Superficially it would imply that he was referring to a photograph at his old home. The attempt to give the name of his daughter Clara would confirm this. But the allusion to the mother of the sitter and the terms of endearment used, as well as the fact that Mark Twain in all the present communications uses the word "home" to denote the home of the sitter, and the reference to the method of delivering the communications, show that the mother of the sitter and Mark Twain are controlling together, more or less after the manner of Jennie P. and G. P. in their tandem methods. Hence the allusion to a picture in the home will be explained by the following facts which I obtained from Mrs. Hutchings after the living daughter found no meaning in the allusion to his picture.

Mrs. Hutchings has a photograph of Mark Twain hanging in the room where the work was done with the ouija board. "This picture," says Mrs. Hutchings, "was made in 1895, when Mark Twain had lost his fortune and was on his lecture tour around the world. It is by Falk of Sydney, Australia, and Mrs. Clemens and Clara were with him on that trip. I happen to know this because I read an account of their arrival in England on the homeward voyage. Susie and Jeanne Clemens, the eldest and the youngest of the three girls, remained at home in Hartford, because Susie was getting ready to be married, and Clara went with her parents around the world. Then Susie was stricken with spinal meningitis and died before they reached home. They were in London when the cablegram reached them."

The latter part of this narrative is important only as explaining Mrs. Hutchings's memory of the relation of Clara to this photograph, and evidently we have here very fragmentary incidents of a large series of memories on the part of Mark Twain when trying to tell about the picture. The reference to his daughter was evidently to identify the photograph among the many that had been taken of himself.

The statement early in the passage about its being "the picture your father liked so much" is evidently a mistake for a reference to Mrs. Hutchings's husband. It was his picture and he gave it to Mrs. Hutchings.

The allusion to the work as being something "like editorial" work is correct so far as it goes, tho not specifically correct. It becomes more definite later where he indicates that it is a book.

[o2] In reading this passage it occurred to me that Mark Twain's wife might be the communicator, addressing her daughter Clara. Thus the "superficial" aspect would be reconciled with the use of the term "mother" and that of "home" meaning the residence of Mrs. Hutchings, assuming, as it is not difficult to do, that she was sometimes present when her husband communi-

and when the work is all completed as it is mostly now. please understand I do not mean we are through but a certain task is about done and there is about that a desire to make you understand that he is satisfied with your part of it. Understand.

(Yes.) [Sitter nodded head.]

for you have both been so faithful and so careful to eliminate all that would mar the beauty of the pure expressions he wished to use.

cated there. This conjecture is so strongly sustained by what Mrs. Hutchings writes me, that her remarks should be quoted:

I know how Dr. Hyslop came to be misled. When Mrs. Chenoweth wrote, "Mother here," we took it for granted that it was my mother. I was not thinking about Mrs. Clemens, and her eagerness to reach her skeptical daughter, Clara Gabrilowitsch. Later on in the sittings, Mark addressed a comment to Clara, and then explained to Dr. Hyslop that he got to thinking about his child and talked to her as if she were present in the room with them.

The incident of the photograph means everything, or nothing, as you view the speaker. If it is Mrs. Clemens, addressing her remarks to her daughter, Clara, it is marvelous. Here is the situation. Neither Dr. Hyslop nor Mrs. Chenoweth knew that there was a photograph of Mark Twain in the room in St. Louis where "Jap Herron" and "Brent Roberts" were written. And at the time I did not know that that particular photograph would be of interest to Clara Clemens.

It was after I came home and read "Following the Equator" that I learned the fact—that this picture was taken in Australia, when Clara and her mother were with Mark Twain. It was a photograph my husband had had before we were married, and he had it framed for me when we went to housekeeping.

Mark would never have referred to Mr. Hutchings as my father—and certainly my mother would not so have referred to him. Mark called him "Ed", which always amused us. My mother called him "Edwin", as he has always been called in the family. It is not true that Mr. Hutchings—even if he had been suggested as "my father"—was especially fond of this picture of Mark Twain. But my husband showed it to a man who knew Mark intimately, a man who was calling at our home, and he said that of the hundreds of pictures Mark had had taken, he liked that one best.

My mother would have known nothing about the Harpers, but Mrs. Clemens would have assumed that they would take an interest in her husband's posthumous work. Mrs. Clemens was a very serious, intensely religious woman, with little sense of humor, and an earnest purpose to uplift the morals of the world. I have no doubt she was in this work. But my mother was a physician, impatient and selfwilled, with intense vitality and a vivid sense of humor. Her name was Margaret, and she registered at the end of the sitting for June 6.

Sincerely, E. G. H.

Thus the pertinence of the picture is double, to the "home"—Mrs. Hutchings's residence, where it hung—and to the daughter, who was with Mark Twain when it was taken, and ought at least to have been particularly interested in her father's favorite portrait.

(I understand, and do you know the name of the ...) [I purposely paused to avoid saying 'book' or anything that would suggest it.)

book. (Yes.) of course I do for was it not a part of the plan over here to have the complete work name title [N. R.] title size description given to you about the make up &c.

(Yes.) [Sitter nodded assent.]

It is not a joke at all but a very earnest endeavor to make an addition [read 'edition'] addition to literature a sort of posthumous work see.

(Yes perfectly.) [103]

and the fact that the style and the form may be well known to you does not make it the less valuable spirit biography [N. R.] autobiography [pause]

(I understand.)

I feel that it is right to have this go on because it will wake up some of the sleeping [delay in reading.] sleeping friends who had no idea of the possibilities of such contact.

I want the love we feel to be the incentive to further effort. Harpers [written and read 'Harper' and then 's' added.] people may help. You will know best what to do about that.

(I understand.)

[Distress and pause.] Mamma loves you. [Struggle to keep control.] [104]

(Do you know who preceded the man who helped you in this work?) [105]

You refer to the spirit who came before him.

103. Mark Twain becomes the dominant control here, after he was helped by the sitter's mother to get through the message about his photograph. He here calls the work a "book" which it was and so corrects the term "editorial." The title, size, description, etc., seem to have been the subject of communication through the ouija board. Note that the mother of the sitter still indicates her presence by interfusing some of her thoughts with his message.

104. Harpers are the publishers of Mark Twain's works, a fact too well known to press urgently as evidence here.

105. At the time of the sitting I did not suspect that the communicator was other than Mark Twain himself. The allusion to Mamma shows that it was the mother of the sitter that was meant.

The mother here intervenes without breaking the control. The language makes this unmistakable.

(Yes.)

Wait a little and I think I can tell you.

(All right.)

how it all began at home if that is what you are after.

(Yes, I think so.)

You know M. T. (Yes.) and you know that he says this is the first time in the history of the P. R. S. work that connected and detailed conversation has been carried on from one place to another and that you must feel patient [pause] to give further definiteness to the particularization of recollections. He does not mean that his is the first case but it is the peculiarity of the work the group has accomplished here that there is a connected conversational record sustained and he had always felt that the cracked and 'marked' to have re-written.] off ... cracked ... sentences that had to be pieced together were like pills taken for liver trouble. Good for the disease but not pleasant to take and he feels much hope about the efforts of the future and is to make use of this opportunity to give his girls the benefit of the help such sustained action gives him power to express.

That is a very long sentence but I hope I have given it the proper rendition as he gave it to me.

(What share can he have in the royalty?)

The share of heavenly percentages. He has practically said that before to them. It is not an inherited gift of scribbling [read 'emblance' to have rewritten.] scribbling a direct and definite use of the law of contact which made it possible for him to automatically write the story of the experiences of J ... [pause] no that is not

I will get it or he will before you leave dear—[Pencil fell and stress.] [Pause, opened eyes, sitter left room, pause and dazed appearance and awakened.] [106]

106. This is the first time that cross reference involved the kind of communications indicated. Hitherto I have had but isolated incidents in such. Here we have something elaborate at both ends.

"The cracked sentences that had to be pieced together" is a fair description of the usual cross reference and represents more than Mrs. Chenoweth knows of the facts, having never seen any of those discussed in the English *proceedings*.

Evidently in this passage the dominant note is the mother's control, though she acts as an intermediary for Mark Twain. My question to know who preceded the man who had helped her shows that I had the correct conception of

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Hutchings. June 6th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Sitter admitted, pause, sigh, pause.]

So funny. I hear music. I hear music everywhere. [Long pause.] A voice singing. [Long pause.] Hm. [Pause.] I see a picture of a little girl, light hair, blue eyes, dancing about singing away like a little [pause] angel.

(Who is it?)

[Long pause.] I think it's the sitter. [Pause.] Is the sitter fair?

(No.)

Fair as a child?

(Well, I suppose so.)

[Pause.] Does she love the water?

(Not much.) [Sitter moved lips saying this.]

I mean the ocean.

(No.) [Sitter shook head.]

Well, it is another child. I see the child dancing about and she is picking up pebbles and shells. [Pause and reached for pencil. Pause, P. F. R.] [107]

[Automatic Writing.]

I have much to say and want to begin as soon as possible for

the situation. I had Patience Worth in mind at the time. But it is evident that the control did not understand my question. She went on to explain the nature of the work done and does this very well. One interesting circumstance is that she clearly indicates that his message came through her. For the meaning of the allusion to "cracked sentences" perhaps Note 63 will help, tho it has simultaneous fitness for other records.

The answer to my question about "royalties" is most interesting, as it contains an exact cross reference. Mrs. Hutchings tells me that, in answer to the same question in St. Louis by the ladies, he gave exactly this reply: namely, "a share of heavenly percentages."

J is the initial of the name of the book, *Jap Herron*. But as this is immediately denied we can only conjecture that he wanted to mention the book in manuscript which had just been taken to a publisher in Boston. But this is pure conjecture and the case will have to remain as it is in the text, uncertain as to its meaning.

107. The daughter states in reply to inquiries that this passage has no meaning to her. Later Mrs. Chenoweth saw a vision of the ocean just as she emerged from the trance. The two pictures are possibly memories of some time at the beach when the children were young, but this is not verifiable.

ime flies so fast. I have wished to give one word at least about the new world where we are and not keep forever harping on the old themes for it is so wonderful and so fair and makes one feel the limitations of the body by the excess of abounding [N. R.] abounding power and space.

I only throw [N. R.] throw that in casually for I do not want to go on record as one who has his head on the ... his face on the back of his head and who can only see things behind him. I never did like to ride backward and this is a sort of backward ride.

(Who is this?)

Same old Mark.

(All right. Go ahead.) [108]

It is because I love my work my power my family that I am keeping up the connection in a natural or supernatural way.

(Good.)

It is because I got interested to see what I could [read 'would'] ... could ... that I began the manifestations and there was an impulse to make this work useful and so there you are with the story and besides I was stumped to it by some of these smart nankies who saw that I might make a record that would help the whole world.

(Good, I understand.) [109]

There is really something more than the personal satisfaction and that is the impetus [impetus] that urges me on. I do not want and did not want the girls to be fooled by every charlatan [charlatan] and [pause] fraud that might think I had paid [read 'part'] paid them a visit and so I arranged for some sign password which would give the clear idea of my presence but this has all been so intimate and real that I have felt [read 'told'] felt the pleasure of association without the stress of [pause] police court methods but I know I must try and get a few more things through to her.

One message is not enough to build [N. R.] a hope on ... build ... any more than one swallow &c.

(Yes.) [110]

108. The living daughter does not recall any dislike of riding backward on the part of her father.

109. The daughter does not recall any use of the word "stump" which would identify her father with its use here.

110. This whole passage characterizes well the work done through the

It is the work I have done away from here which is the important feature and which I desire to push forward. I sometimes find the flow of words very easy to start for her and then sometimes I have to wait [N. R.] wait a little even when she gives me opportunity. I also have tried to do some things when she was away. You may not know what I mean but I think she does.

(Yes she does.) [Sitter nodded assent.] [111]

I always felt as if the day was not quite complete unless we had some little word with each other and I still feel that I want to correct [N. R.] that ... correct [read 'direct' doubtfully] correct that C. C. S S C. C. wrong. S. L. C. [periods inserted each time.] right Understand.

(Yes.)

It was only a slip of the pencil any way but it made a difference in the letter of it.

(Yes I understand.) [112]

I have this word also. I want to say that I am quite as pleased with what has been done in the way of financial affairs as if I had been dictating them for her. She knows that some matters were left in her hands to arrange after my death.

(Who knows that?) [Suspected who was meant.]

My girl [Pause.]

(A little clearer yet.)

daughter (All right. Go ahead.) daughter C

(All right. Do that.)

ladies. He did arrange for a sign, not a pass word, by which he could prove that he was present as against impersonators who sometimes appeared. This was not known to me until after this sitting, and hence not known to Mrs. Chenoweth by a stronger evidence. Note the abbreviation again in the reference to "one swallow, &c." This is not natural to Mrs. Chenoweth. The reverse would be her tendency, as perhaps readers would think.

111. We had some sittings with Mrs. Hays after those with Mrs. Chenoweth, as the record shows, and besides these, after the ladies left Boston, they had some sittings at which Mark appeared about this time. It is not clear that such occasions are meant by the reference here. It is possible that he refers to some experiments when at Columbia City, Mo., just before coming on to Boston. At any rate the statement fits in such a way as to lose evidential value.

112. Here is the correction of his initials to "S. L. C." which are correct. The fact that the mistake was made is against the theory that the subconscious knew the facts. If it did not know them the correction is especially significant.

C [pause] a r [pause.] rie (Carrie.) no not Carrie. Don't laugh at me.

(No, you will finish it.)

Something like it but not it, Understand.

(Yes you can do it.)

Cla ... [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

Clara. (Good.) I intended to do that all the time

(Yes I knew it.) [113]

and I wanted to write some about New York for that city I love for its opportunities. I do not want to come back to live there but I still have some memories of good friends and good work there and while [delay in reading] I ... I love the old home best not the N. Y. home the old home the old home understand.

(Hartford.)

Yes where I had so many treasures and so much happiness and so much pain also but that is where I found myself first [scrawl] yes [to delayed reading.]

I want to write about a ring [read doubtfully] yes Jewel

(I understand.)

a ring which was mamma's. I think she knows to what I refer left and I had it and then left it when I came here.

(I understand.)

and I only refer to it as a more intimate and close thought than * * [ran off pad.] some of the other things I have referred to.

(Who has the ring?)

Don't hurry boy.

(That's all right.)

It was not of so much value as it was a matter of sentiment to me to us and was worn for some time by her. It was taken off and I hid [so written and read.] it ... had it. Remember [pencil ran off pad and not read.] Remember it. [Pause.] Small and pretty [pretty] and not now worn I think. [Control nearly lost and scrawly writing.] [P. F. R.]

113. Clara is the name of Mark Twain's living daughter. I did not know that there was any such person and Mrs. Chenoweth knew as little. She did not know normally that we were hearing from Mark Twain.

The reference to financial affairs seems not to be specially significant to the daughter.

(Stick to it.) [114]

I will try and make this more definite as soon as I can.

(I mean to call for you after the girls go away.)

Yes I knew that and I have arranged my business with Saint Peter so that I can attend [attend] to this little matter.

(Good.)

I want them to go on with the automatic experiments. they are more than experiments. they are experiences and I will see to it that there is more done for publication understand.

(Yes perfectly.)

and if there is any doubt of the possibility of who does the writing let it rest and little by little the evidence will pile up that it is. D [pause] a d [pause] father. [115] [p]

I used to talk somewhat about these things and knew the possibility of the message by spirit presence. I often felt the spirit of my moher [mother] near me.

(Good.)

114. The sequel shows that this message about the ring is somewhat confused. The text would seem to imply that the ring had belonged to Mr. Clemens's wife and that it had been given to her daughter, by inference the present Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, living at the time. But she denied all knowledge of the incident and I later asked for correction and details. The answer will be found in that passage, Cf. Note 249. The correction showed that the ring had been Mrs. Clemens's, and that it had come from her mother. In answering my further inquiries the communicator said that his wife was helping him with the present message and that it became confused on account of that fact. As the message in general was directed to the living daughter and as it might be expected that she would possibly know something about it, the crowding of the thought in comparison with the slow process of communicating it, might lead to its abbreviation. The words, "Remember it" might well justify the interpretation that the living daughter was in mind as well as his own wife and her mother, tho the latter is not clearly indicated in the message.

115. The allusion to St. Peter is pertinent and in the style of Mark Twain. I ascertained later that it was the expressed purpose through Mrs. Hays to write more for publication. Apparently here, however, the object is to surprise the daughter of what he was doing.

(p) Mark Twain was in fact rather fond of joking about St. Peter. Among the last pieces of writing he did was some advice as to deportment on reaching the Gate. "Upon arrival do not speak to Peter. . . . If you must talk let the weather alone. St. Peter cares not a damn for the weather." (Paine, III, 1566.) Granting that Mrs. Chenoweth did not know of the proclivity this passage is significant.

You know after the mother [read 'maker'] mother your mother
mother] left us [read 'as'] ... left us I used to sit for her to
come. I mean sit alone and try to feel her near.

(All right. I'll inquire.)

Yes. [two vertical and parallel lines made twice.] my mark.
the two vertical and parallel lines made again.]

(All right.) [116]

[Pencil fell, sigh and pause.]

[Subliminal.]

I love you. [Pause, opened eyes. Sitter left, eyes closed and
opened again in a moment.]

Do you know any one named Margaret? [117]

[Then awakened and asked me if she had said anything. I told
her she had without telling her what.]

Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Hutchings and J. H. H. June 6th, 1917. 8 P. M.

[Pause.] Well, Hyslop, I delivered the goods didn't I?

(Yes you did.)

But I could not bring Patience Worth because she is hydra-
headed. [Pause.]

(All right. Will she come tomorrow?)

I don't know. I tried but women in the spirit world are still
women.

(All right. I understand.)

I believe that your best way will come through a way that is
etc ... to come.

(All right.) [118]

116. Mark Twain had used circles for his sign with the two ladies and it
may be that he chose lines here for economy of energy in signing his name.

If the statement about sitting for his wife to come to him after her death
true, the daughter knows nothing of it or of his having felt her presence.
He seems never to have mentioned it to her.

N. B. "Two Marks." G. O. T.

117. Margaret is the name of Mrs. Hutchings's mother. While the
daughter of Mark Twain knows a little girl acquaintance by this name, refer-
ence to her would have no importance or pertinence here. As Mrs. Hutch-
ings's mother had communicated before it is more likely that she was meant.

118. Assuming that Mrs. Hutchings's hand on the planchette has little or

[Pause.] Hodgson says it is the most puzzling thing he ever heard of.

(That is, Patience's not coming.)

Not exactly that but her puzzling personality.

(I see.)

[A personal matter is here omitted]

Such a storm will come when the news gets loose about the coup [pause] you have attempted.

(I understand.) [Pause.] [121]

[Change of Control.]

But Patience [pause] cares not to warp a new woof. [Pause.]

(Well, Mark, if you can explain tomorrow at our work just what you have explained tonight, it will be as good as bringing Patience.)

Patience cares not for thy Mark to do her tell. Why forsooth dost they try to tear Patience's threads from the loom? Dost thou not know that many days did Patience work knotting loose thread and is it thy will that thy Mark tear them loose, so that the wise man can say: look upon the tied knots in Patience's woof?

(I do not mean to tear the threads, but to help give your word good evidence for what you claim for it.)

Patience claims nothing. Did Patience not tell a tale that made wise folk gape?

(Yes, but you claimed to be a spirit, and if I could get you at my light it would help to prove it, so that those wise folks could not laugh.)

nothing to do with the messages in the work of the two ladies, this allusion to delivering the goods is evidential. What is said of Patience Worth is not evidential, as the two ladies have definite opinions about the multiple nature of the work passing under her name. The allusion to women as in the record is characteristic humor, but not beyond Mrs. Hays's abilities.

119. [This note by Dr. Hyslop was on the personal matter that it seemed best to omit. It simply stated that it did not seem possible to verify Hodgson's view of the matter.]

120. [This note likewise had to do with the personal matter. It stated that the allegations were correct but not evidential.]

121. It is probable that this statement about the "storm" coming when the new book is printed is correct, but it is easy to anticipate that from the circumstances and the ladies would most naturally expect it.

Patience did run her beads afore the man of God.

(Who was that?)

And he did shrive her of sin.

(That is not to the point. I am not tearing threads, but putting them together to help in your woof.)

Will it help brother? (Yes.) How?

(By showing that you are not a fabric of Mrs. Curran's mind.)

Then thou had'st better ask thy ask of brother.

(He, I believe, does not feel well toward me.)

[Pause.] But he holds the strings.

(What do you mean by strings?)

To weave.

(Well, I do not mean to take them away, but only enough to show that you are the same person.)

Alas! Poor Patience. [Pause.] The cheek that is slapped turns. Why then should Patience give the other cheek?

(Who slapped the cheek?) [Thinking that her statement might be a veiled reference to my criticism of the book.]

Them that write things about Patience.

(Yes, but I wish to show that those who slapped your cheek were wrong.)

[Long pause.] Why did Father John say that I was shrived?

(I don't see the meaning of that.)

[Pause.] If Father John brings me.

[Index ran off the board signifying that Patience had gone. He then talked about her for some time, while there was a rest.]

[Work Resumed.]

(Mrs. Hutchings: Mark, are you back again?)

[Pause.] It is five . . . no eve . . . [pause] it is evident that you will have to take matters in your own hands and bring Patience forth whether she will or not.

(How can I do that?)

With the help of the controls that have stood by you so nobly.

(All right. I'll try.)

122. The passage from Patience Worth will explain itself. Father John is a personality that accompanied her in the work out West, but there is no evidence that he is the personality by that name in connection with Mrs. Chenoweth.

This is not Mark Twain.

(Who is it?)

Margaret. [Pause.]

(Margaret who?) [123]

[Pause.] No not Margeret [Margaret] but J [pause] J [pause]
Oh such a buzzing. [Pause.] J [pause] e [pause] s [pause] s
... no Jenny. Is it Jenny? [Pause.] My head buzzing.

(Jennie P?)

[Pause.] P [pause] Soule.

(All right, I know. That is Jennie P, isn't it?)

Yes.

(You said that then.) [Referring to the previous message.]
[124]

No, did not somebody help me to it? But I can and will help you.

(You will try and bring Patience, then.)

Yes, and sometimes you have to be all it ... little firm. You know that, don't you?

(Yes.)

We have th ... that to do ... no we have had to do that before.
Be firm with some one.

(All right. I know that.)

Yes we know that.

123. The allusion to Margaret is interesting. It had come through Mrs. Chenoweth in connection with Mark Twain, and with a possible meaning there. Both ladies knew this meaning.

124. Neither lady knew anything about Jennie P until after this sitting. I had purposely kept it from them. Note the spelling in this case with the "y" instead of "ie", as it always is with Mrs. Chenoweth. "Soule" is the correct name of Mrs. Chenoweth and it is interesting to see that this is given here in connection with Jennie P, as she is one of Mrs. Chenoweth's or Soule's controls. I had carefully withheld the real name of Mrs. Chenoweth from the ladies for scientific reasons and so they did not know it. Jennie P either wished to avoid giving her real name, in identifying herself, or the name Soule came through as the result of association with her. If it was the latter it confirms a statement made by her through Mrs. Soule that names of personalities may become confused with that of the persons whom they control or for whom they act as guides. We cannot be sure that the latter interpretation is correct in this instance. If she gave the name Soule intentionally it would not confirm it. But if it was an automatism or an unconscious transmission it does confirm it.

[A little conversation on the meaning of this message.]

Yes. [To my interpretation.] [Pause.] Sometimes folks don't appreciate things you are trying to do for their good.

(I believe that.)

Yes you know it.

(Yes I do.)

We could tell things, couldn't we?

(Mrs. Hutchings: She is humorous.) (Yes.) [Pause.] [125]

Mrs. Hutchings: Jennie P., has Mark Twain anything to tell his ls before they go home?)

Jennie P has worked hard for Mark Twain, so now she must Patience Worth right with herself. She is treading a mill.

(I understand that.)

(Mrs. Hutchings: Patience used that expression before.)

[The expression was not understood and I explained that "treading the mill" was to get her salvation.]

Yes, she is being deceived. . . . But I am going to work in this se. It is about time I took a hand. [Pause.]

(That is her expression.) [126]

So now say to yourself that Jenny P will fix it all right.

(All right, thank you.)

In early . . . no I nearly . . . no in early [I nearly] wrote it write instead of right, but I didn't make such a bad mistake, did I?

(No.)

[Long pause.] I don't know whether I can do this tomorrow, t it will be soon.

(All right. That will do for me.)

[Pause.] I always keep my promises, don't I.

125. All this is characteristic enough of Jennie P, tho probably colored the subliminal of Mrs. Hays. The reference to the need of firmness debises exactly the policy often used in getting certain personalities to communicate through Mrs. Chenoweth. Mrs. Hays knew nothing of the fact. e is a humorous personality.

126. The allusion to Patience Worth treading a mill is not evidential. It s been her own account of herself. But the expression: "It is about time ook a hand" is almost verbatim the phrase of Jennie P in the work of Mrs. enoweth whenever she has to intervene to help or to effect some task. rs. Hays knew nothing of it, but readers of the Chenoweth records will all it probably.

(Yes, you do.) [127]

[Index moved off the board.] [We then rested awhile.]

[Change of Control.]

(Mrs. Hutchings: Are you here Mark?)

[Pause.] Mark is getting obsessed with this grubbing for evidence [Pause.] so you had better wait until I have said my say tomorrow. Mark and the controls are going a good gait, Eh, Hyslop. [Pause.]

(Mrs. Hutchings: Should we go to see Kennerly to see about Jap Herron?)

[Long pause.] I don't know. [Long pause.] Guide yourself by your interview tomorrow.

(That's good advice.) [Index went off board.] [128]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. and Mrs. Hutchings. June 7th, 1917. 9 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause, fixed dress about neck. Sitter admitted. Long pause and reached for pencil. Pause and distress.]

[Automatic Writing.]

You will have hard work to understand how much it has meant to me dear to have this time to try out my tests but it is better than monuments far [read 'for'] far better than the things which loved ones do in memory of their dead. I think it would be a fine thing for each one to give his dead friends a chance to express just as the Catholics say mass for the repose of souls.

I am quite serious about this although I have always had to labor [read 'color'] labor about being taken seriously. If I preached my own funeral sermon with tears rolling down my back no one would think I was at all serious about it and some one would begin to cheer for the funny things I was saying but I really have the revolutionary spirit in my bones and it is with me now and I think

127. Jennie P usually keeps her promises and this characteristic of her was not known to either lady.

128. There is nothing evidential in this passage, but it is interestingly relevant. Both ladies knew of the intended interview the next day.

he work I have done at home and shall continue to do will help to revolutionize some ideas of my friends if it does no more.

(I understand.) [129] [q]

I have been with you both all through this time of effort and have tried to give you some help on other matters outside of this work. I want you to know that your mother's face was the first one I saw when my eyes opened here and one by one the dear ones came [pause] visible.

(Whose mother?)

not yours my child and then my own mother.

(I understand.)

whose mother did you think.

(It looked on paper with the context as if you meant the mother of the friend present.)

I see but I meant my wife.

(Good, I understand.)

I knew you would. I get to talking as if I were talking to my own child. It is not because I do not see other people but because I am so anxious to have my own receive as well as others.

(Yes, you are right.)

They wait but it is all right.

(I understand.)

129. This allusion to Mark Twain's seriousness by himself represents the truth about him. There were incidents in his life, according to the testimony of his biographer, Mr. Paine, in a letter to me, when he had gently to chide his audience not to laugh at what he was saying, as he was in earnest. I heard the story of him in which he was reputed to have censured the audience severely, but Mr. Paine denies its authenticity. The incident here, however, is perfectly characteristic and does represent genuine experiences in his life.

Mrs. Hays seems to have impressions that represented the idea expressed here, but not the form of it. She remarked to Mrs. Hutchings, a propos of a remark in my letter to the latter: "You know, I have always thought it my mission in life to bring bereft persons into contact with those who have died."

(q) The article on "Mental Telepathy" was certainly not intended to be funny and Mark Twain expressly complained because some people could not believe he wrote it seriously. But unless he read Dr. Hyslop's mind, I do not see why he must have known that the reference was to that article. The article about his supposititious injuries in the mountains and his treatment by a Christian Scientist indisputably contains "some experiences", and it surely was "intended to be funny." See note i3, page 84.

I have seen the friends of my friend who is here my amanuensis yes [to delayed reading.] You know what I mean.

(Yes I do.)

So does she, see.

(Perfectly.)

and it is with gratitude that I express myself here gratitude that there is an open door when you least expect it. I shall continue [superposed and not read.] continue writing through these girls if I am allowed the privilege and if I am not given the chance I shall knock down a few guards and get on the train myself for I know a good thing when I find it.

(Who is liable to come if you do not come through the girls.)

Oh some of those other spooks [hastily read 'spirits'] spooks I said.

(One especially.)

Yes. You refer to the one who sometimes gets in ahead of me and not now but used to sometimes but it is one who is good and helpful and has helped me.

(Who is that?)

Quizzer [delay in reading.] Quizzer. that's you. I know what you are after. I will try and give the name but I was afar [after] this statement. let me finish it.

(All right.) [130]

I want to repay these girls for their help and patience and so I want to kep [keep] on that there may be something more valuable yet that shall make money as well as reputation. see.

(Perfectly. Perfectly.)

It is only right that the things that make possible the evidence shall be given them [read 'than' and pencil pointed till corrected.] and you and with that in mind I will make further effort. [131]

130. This long passage explains itself and is evidential only as it is characteristic in points that it is impossible to indicate. The reference to me as "Quizzer" reflects the opinion of Jennie P about me, and she may have been helping and interfused her mind with Mark Twain's at this juncture.

It has not been possible to verify the statement about having first seen the face of his wife as he passed over. The daughter knows of no deathbed experience that would confirm or suggest the probability of the statement made here.

131. The purpose to make money out of the work was a part of the business, not known to Mrs. Chenoweth. The matter is put rationally here.

Now I refer to the other matter the man [read 'name'] man can use the hand for the same things I do with her. Do you all some time ago some work done in another way through the not through it but on it a small table where there were someifestations of speling [spelling] out words.

Do you ask that question of me?)

o of her. Something ou j e h (O-u-g-e-h?) O u j i h a [Ouija] chette

She does not recall it.) [Sitter shook head.]

earlier talk talk and plan to get something to make more clear work of the friend. I may not have the name right but it was re I came to do so much.

Perhaps no one told her about it and perhaps you did not get hgh through to make it plain.) [132]

Perhaps. Do you know about her father.

No I don't.)

Nor about the friend who has tried to show the way to the other who came before this one.

Not intelligible.) [Mrs. Hutchings shook head.]

What is wrong. You know two girls one before this one and working for the same thing and the one who came before had e one in this life trying to help her to see some things as well as e them.

(Yes, she recognizes it now.) [Sitter nodded assent.]

And all that is to help in the statement that there is a group of nds organized for this work and that is why it moves on so kly. only when the other spirit tries to make a home run get in [pause] is there is there anything like friction [read edom'] friction—

[I read the last more or less like a question.]

32. There is some confusion here, probably caused by the fact that the rol or subconscious had previously gotten the idea that it was writing that ed as the means of communication. But the communicator had it correct time in referring to the ouija board which he could not spell correctly, Mrs. Chenoweth can. There was work of other kinds before Mark in took control for his task.

The sitter evidently did not understand that the word "planchette" was tantially correct. "Ouija board" was what she would expect and as I not read the writing in a way for her to see what was intended she did atch the meaning.

I did not ask a question. I made a statement.

(I understand.)

and that friction sometimes spurs [spurs] S. L. C. [periods inserted.] to renewed [N. R.] renewed and vigorous action.

(Yes I believe it.)

I am not afraid of any [read 'my' and pencil pointed till corrected.] of the things happening which have sometimes happened in the past when the work had to be put away for a little while. You know when the two forces met—see.

(Yes.) [133]

Greek met Greek and down went one and up came [two vertical and parallel lines made, signifying Mark Twain's sign.]

(Yes, that's right.)

Strange that a smart one like that should not see that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

(I understand.) [134]

I wonder if you know about a spirit who has been gone a long time who thought he would do what he pleased with the little one.

(Don't recall that.) [Sitter shook head.]

an old old spirit who now and then shows such a look of age on her face drawn and worn.

(No, who is that?) [Thinking of Patience Worth.]

sick sick person in this life understand.

(I think so.) [Thinking of Patience Worth.]

and has to be taken away because of the conditions which come with her.

(All right. Give more. Not clear as yet.)

133. It soon became evident that the communicator had in mind Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays, but it is curious that it took so much labor to identify them. If he had only said it was the "girls" it would have been clear, but he went all about Robin Hood's barn to do it. The reference to "two girls, one before this one, and each working for the same thing," etc., indicated it clearly. But it is possible that the communicator also had in mind a group of persons before Mrs. Hutchings came in, and that this caused the difficulty in identifying whom he meant. At any rate there is much confusion and the facts fit all three parties. There certainly was friction occasioned by the situation and it was perpetuated in the work of Mark Twain. This was wholly unknown to me at the time of this sitting.

134. Mark Twain did triumph in the struggle and the description of it is characteristic.

It is not so much evil as bound to her by interests and a case which is not best exercised by contact. I do better. I make light and take away the heavy countenance [? scrawl, but read 'writing' or trial. Pencil fell.]

[Oral.] I won't hurt her.

[Reached for pencil and it was given.]

[Change of Control.]

My girl.

(I understand.)

girl. My girl. I won't hurt her. You think I do, don't you

(I understand.)

I won't. Mother. Mother [scrawly] M * * [Pencil fell.]

[Oral.] Who? [Reached for pencil.]

Father at the hand. [Pencil fell and pause.] [135]

[Subliminal.]

Do you know anybody who wears white clothes?

(Yes, tell.)

[Pause.] I mean a man. (Yes.) Well, do you know a man ... Wait a minute. [Hand quickly reached for my left and held it.] [Pause.]

Do you know a man with him who is not awfully old, but who seems so much darker, dressed darker and sad and might * * [not decipherable.]

135. Mrs. Hays's mother is fairly described in the allusion to a spirit that seemed old in her face. Mrs. Hutchings knew nothing of this but learned from Mrs. Hays the following facts.

"As for the look of suffering and care, that was clearly Mrs. Hays's mother. She told us the other evening that her mother could look woe-begone and miserable, when she was not feeling the least bit ill or unhappy. Mrs. Hays can put on that same kind of facial expression when she wants to get out of doing something distasteful. I have seen her do it times without number when people pestered her to sit at the Ouija Board and transmit for them."

Evidently the mother of Mrs. Hays is meant here, as she was naturally "bound to her by interests", and as she was of a somewhat melancholy nature, like her daughter, the remark of Mark Twain that he was "making light and taking away the heavy worn" feelings, is extraordinarily apt to the situation, though neither known to Mrs. Chenoweth, of course, nor apparent in the text. The reference a little later showing who it was confirms this hypothesis regarding the meaning of the passage.

(No.)

It is not very plain. Wait a minute. I don't know this man in light, but there are two people with him ... Have you got a lady with you?

(Yes.)

Has she got an Uncle in spirit, a young man, awful sad about going out. Sounds like Frank. Do you know any one name Frank?

(No.) [Sitter shook head.]

It is not Franklin, but something like that, Uncle Frank. I think he is a connection in the family. He seems to be. [Pause.] I can't stay. Just a minute. [Pause.] Do you know anything about the white man? [136]

(Yes.)

Wait a minute. It's a book. I see a book open as if I was reading it and it's a ... I'll get it in a minute. It's a ... [Long pause.] Can't see it. [Long pause.] Saints. [Pause.] Wait just a minute.

[Oral Control.]

S-a-i-n-t-s [spelled.] and Sinners. I want to write a manuscript for you: Saints and Sinners. That's a name.

(All right.) [137]

[Pause and eyes opened.] [Sitter left the room and Mrs. C. awakened, and in normal or half normal condition asked me what she said. I did not tell her.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. June 11th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Reached for pencil, relaxed hold, pause and pencil fell. Pause.]

136. Mark Twain is well known to have worn white clothes a great deal. Mrs. Chenoweth told me she never knew how he dressed. The man dressed darker is not recognizable. The allusion to an Uncle Frank had no meaning to Mrs. Hutchings at the time, but she writes me after returning home the following facts.

"Mr. Hutchings had a great-uncle, Frank Hutchings, a noted Indiana surgeon, who died a few years ago. We learned of him only last night, from another uncle who is visiting St. Louis now."

137. This is a prediction for the title of the next book. It was withheld by Mrs. Hutchings from Mrs. Hays.

Hm. [Pause.] They went away.

(Who did?)

The girls.

(Yes, they had to go.)

[Pause.] It's all right. [138]

[Reached for pencil and it was given, but hand relaxed hold on and I changed for another.]

[Automatic Writing.]

M. [Pause.] T.

(Good morning.)

I do not know whether you desire me to go on with the work whether you wish other matters, but I was told to be here at the ning session and I find it easy to use the hand.

(Yes I wanted you as there are two things to be done. First want the names of the books you wrote through the girls, and n some one I asked for. You remember.)

Yes I remember that my evidence was not all in and I said to ir co-conspirators as I came in this is no picnic [N. R.] picnic, n [N. R.] men [read 'menu'] M en. it is a battle and every n mist [must] give an account of his own funeral and after—
(Yes.)

After the funeral what—So here I am to try and give an account myself in my new capacity as [pause] editor from heaven.

(Good.) [139]

I wonder if you realize how good a receiver the little lady is. e got [read as written 'get'] got the right spirit of being sub-
merged for the work

(Yes I know. She is a good receiver.)

which made it easy for me to go on and write as I did. I want get at the real bite [seemed 'bile', as it is so written, but I refused read it.] bite [written 'bute' and not read.] bite ['t' crossed.] the matter as soon as I can.

138. Mrs. Chenoweth did not know that the ladies had gone, tho she might re inferred it.

139. "Co-conspirators" is the first time that expression has been used in work with Mrs. Chenoweth and with the allusion to its not being a picnic" there is appropriate humor. Equally so is the reference to "editor m heaven."

(Yes.) [140]

I only flounder about a little before I strike out to swim.

(Yes.)

[Pause.] You [pause] told me you wished for the friend [pause] who has been mentioned at the other place

(Yes exactly.)

as one who had an interest in the experiment and who helped in a degree to give me assurance at that time. [Struggle to keep control.]

(Yes.)

[Pause.] * * [could be interpreted as 'p' with scrawl.] [Pause.] Just a [pause] little patience. [Pause.] W [pause] * * [scrawl.] no not W that is not it.

(I understand.) [141 [r]

140. It is evident that Mrs. Hays has been a good medium for Mark Twain's work and Mrs. Chenoweth could not know anything about the fact.

141. It was Patience Worth that I had in mind when I asked my question at an earlier sitting about the person who had come before he did through the other light. Evidently the communicator has this question in mind here, and the answer is very interesting. Readers will remark in the Chenoweth records that, when the control or communicator wants to have me wait a little the expression "Wait a moment", or "Just a moment" will occur. On this occasion for the first time in my many years' work the expression is: "Just a little patience", with a pause after "a", and then "W", suggesting that Patience Worth was in mind and that the effort was made to get it in a roundabout way, as has been done in other instances. But the correctness of "W" is immediately and spontaneously denied and later developments would suggest that another person with the initial "W" was in mind and that the denial does not apply to this initial, but to the person suggested to me by it. The situation is equivocal. But if the other person is meant there is no meaning in this connection for the use of the word "patience", and we could but note that it is the first time it has ever been used in such a way and connection. At least there is a most interesting coincidence.

(r) Before the phrase "Just a little patience" there was written a letter which in the text Dr. Hyslop said "could be interpreted as 'P'." It appears to me that he is too cautious in this instance, for nothing but a capital P can fairly be made out of it, in my judgment. It might be a D very oddly made, but is very much more like a P. In that case, while trying to tell who the "friend who has been mentioned at the other place" was, the initial of the first name came through in capital form, then "patience" as part of a sentence, followed immediately by capital W, which was thereupon disowned. It is indeed an odd coincidental combination. It may have slipped through as a mechanism without knowledge that it had done so. This would explain the disowning of W.

* * [scrawls.] [Relaxed hold on pencil and pause.] * * [scrawl]
r '1' [Pause.] R R [pause] R e [pause] c ... [P. F. R.]
(Stick to it.)

[Indian, pause, and Indian. Pause.]

One who is familiar with the work and who knows me and thinks
read 'makes'] thinks this is a great and important affair. [Long
ause.]

J [or scrawl.] [pause.] * * [scrawls or imperfect 'J' each time.]
Pause.] C C C [Pause.] I [pause] m p e r a t o r tells me to
ake no mistake if I can help it for it is his purpose to [distress.]
ave this as strong as can be for the world's approval.

(Just what I want.)

You know [pause] E ... [long pause.] * * [circular scrawl.]

* ['E', tho scrawly, and P. F. R.] [Pause.] [142]

[Subliminal.]

What are all the letters? [Pause and distress.] What's the
)? [Pause.] Come back. You take the pencil and do it. [Pause.]
Come back. [Pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

M [pause]

[Oral.] Yes. [Pause.] I see M and I see F. [Pause.] F.

[Writing resumed.] S [N. R.] S S. You know S S t ... [read
Sl'] S t ... [read 'Sl'] S t o ... [Pause and pencil fell. Right
and went to face and rubbed it while there was much distress.

[Oral.] Oh I am so nervous. [143]

[Writing.] B ...

142. The capital "R" and "Rec" are not intelligible here unless they
refer to Rector who might be present helping. The only circumstance that
suggests this interpretation is the reference to Imperator a little later, as
Rector is usually associated with him. But J and C are not intelligible in
his connection, as there is no hint that the C is for Clemens. The E is also
not intelligible. It came later in the same connection.

143. M is probably for Mark and S for Stockton apparently meant in the
next line or two, as later reference justifies this interpretation. F is for
Frank, which was a part of Stockton's name.

The letter "D" is not intelligible. It might be for "Doctor", a fact sug-
gested by the previous suggestion of Rector and the mention of Imperator.
This is a liability of the kind of confusion here.

[Subliminal.]

[Oral.] Yes. [Pause.] [Leaned forward in distress. Left hand rubbed neck. I can't do it.

(Can't do what?)

I could come myself while you wish him to write my name. I much prefer to do it. You know who I am all right.

(Not sure.)

Yes you are. I have to do it myself. [144] [r2]

[Automatic Writing.]

J J [pause.]

[Oral.] Also. [Very long pause.] * * [scrawl like 'E']

[P. F. R. Long pause. Distress and pencil fell.] [145]

[Subliminal.]

I can't do it. I just can't.

(Can't do what?)

[Long pause.] Do you know any one by the name of Frank? Did I ask you that before?

(Yes.)

Well, you know you asked him for a special name.

(Asked whom?)

Are you asking for a special name?

(Yes.)

[Pause.] Why is it so hard to get them?

(I don't know.)

Well, then why do you try to get that which is so hard?

(Because it is so awfully important.)

Why?

(I won't have any evidence without it.)

Well, if I can't do it what's the use, if there is no other evidence.

144. The capital "B" is not intelligible from the context. If it be ~~for~~ or "Brent" it is an effort to name one of the books. [(r2) Unlikely, but if ^{so} the following "J also" might refer to "Jap."] It might possibly be a personal effort of Stockton himself to clear up some things not made definite just before. That is the only meaning that I can give to the statement that I know well enough who it is. But the record itself does not prove ~~that~~ is conjecture.

145. "J" is not intelligible here and neither is the "S" unless it is the initial of Samuel, the first name of Mr. Clemens.

(It would be if I got it.)
Why tear anybody all to pieces to get a special thing.
(Because evidence is special.)
Well, I can't do it.
(Stick to it.)
What if I can't. It makes me crazy. [Reached for pencil.]
6]

[Automatic Writing.]

It will come easier the next time. [All right.]

[Subliminal.]

Imperator. Oh Imperator. [Wakened without memory of this.]

S. C. J. H. H. June 12th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause, groan, long pause and reached for pencil. Pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

B [pause and P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.) [Thinking of name of book.]

[Pause.] B e ... [pause.] [Pencil moved up and down and the first stroke of the next letter and hand trembled as letters were made.] B * * r ... [pause.] B e [?] [Pause.] * * [scrawl]
[Catalepsy relieved and pause.] [147]

[Apparent Change of Control.]

George said he would help Clemens and me but I do not see what

146. Frank is probably for Frank Stockton, evidently mentioned a little earlier and referred to later unequivocally.

This resistance to getting the name possibly reflects a subconscious prejudice on the part of Mrs. Chenoweth about names. She does not think them important as incidents, which is true enough in one sense, but false in another. They are important for clinching the meaning and relation of incidents. Since this record and my explanation of the importance of proper names I learned incidentally that she is trying to impress her mind with the importance of getting proper names better. But her natural prejudice is apparently reflected in the attitude taken toward my desire.

147. "B", "Be" and "B**r" would suggest an effort to give the name Brent Roberts. But it is not clear enough yet to be certain.

help a man can be when he stands on the bank and says jump in. It is not so much a matter of jumping in as of keeping afloat when you are in.

Clemens got along pretty good but I make a mess of it and yet I am as interested to come as he is and I know about his posthumous sketches and have tried to give him a [pause] start when I could because I seemed to know more about it than he did. I was present when he gave the girl of the past sittings his first writing. The book which told of grave experiences. I told him he should call it a ... A Grave Story but he said that was not a deep buried wit but should be called an Adventure Above [read 'about'] Above. Neither of these titles were used however nor any suggesting them but the one which you wish to get on the paper and which may come if I can write it clearly. [148]

I feel so strange writing here but that is not to be wondered at. You know W ... [long pause.] W [pause] M [pause] no not M. M. but W [pause] ard. [Pause.] Know Ward.

(Artemus Ward?)

[Pause] Funny Ward. Yes. Is it not queer that I lost the first name?

(Yes, I do not understand why he was mentioned.)

I am not trying to make you know why only that Mark Twain was not in his class. [Struggle to keep control.]

(All right. Now who are you?)

I am the one you are after my friend.

(Are you Artemus Ward?)

No I have not that distinction. I am another who tried to write for the additional evidence for the Mark Twain case. [struggle to keep control.]

(All right.) [149]

H [P. F. R.] ard but I hope to get it done. You know w^{ho} I am for it has been told at the other place where we were.

148. [Dr. Hyslop's death intervened before the intended note was written.]

149. The sequel showed that it was Henry Ward Beecher that was meant here. The confusion was so great, surprisingly great when we consider that Mr. Beecher had had no special difficulty in getting through at other times when he came here. As Artemus Ward had been a humorist, I suspected his presence and, as I did not care to spend time on him, deliberately mentioned his name and was surprised to find it denied.

(Have you ever communicated here before, at this light?)

Surely [Pause.] before Mark came and I got along better that time but I was on my own initiative that time and now I am here with him. You know me for I spoke of him then I believe. Remember.

(No I don't. I shall look it up.)

You remember when I came.

(I don't know who you are.) [150]

[Pause.] It is such hard work I feel like giving it up.

(Give your initials.)

[Pause.] B [pause and pencil fell. Pause and reinserted amidst distress.]

[Oral.] You'll have to do it. [Long pause.]

[Writing resumed.] * * [incomplete 'w'] B [pause] Beech [pause] e r

(Is this Henry Ward Beecher?)

Yes so hard to do the thing in the way it is planned. I was here before with F. I. K. F.

(Yes I remember.) [151]

and do you not remember a reference to M. T.

(Not now, I shall look it up.)

I thought you would recall especially when the Ward came. [152] [t]

150. Mr. Beecher did come long before Mark Twain appeared this time, but the reference here to the fact had no meaning to me until the name came a few moments later. It will require an examination of the record to find out whether Mark Twain appeared when he came before.

(s) Now that we have reached the result "Beecher" it is easy to surmise that this is what is aimed for from the first line of the sitting when "B— Be— B** [possibly ee] r" was written. Afterward came "Know Ward?" Of course Ward was Beecher's middle name. It appears to me likely that Dr. Hyslop's question "Artemus Ward?" threw the script off the track, and that the next few lines are struggles to get it on again.

151. Mr. Beecher did come with Dr. Funk, for whom the initials "I. K. F." stand, and had no difficulty in giving his name. Mrs. Chenoweth normally knew nothing about it.

152. (t) A place was left by Dr. Hyslop for a note here but his last illness came before it was written.

Evidently "I thought you would recall, especially when the [word] Ward came" refers to the first appearance of that name in the script of this day. And as Henry Ward Beecher purports here to be reminding Dr. Hyslop of a

(No I did not think of it, but let me ask what you are trying to do for Mark Twain now.) [Thinking of the titles of the books.]

I have been with the group which works where the girls are and have tried to help in a way which would not be evidence to you but is [pause] of use just the same. I know who is wanted here the one who has been mentioned at the home of the girls as being near Mark when he dictated his book. [Distress.]

Mark says it was enough to do the books without having to [pause] faher [father] them here. He adjusted himself to that work and was hailed ['hailed', but read as written.] about ... hauled ... in a railroad train and brought to account for the best thing he ever did. I told him the best part of it was the truth he was making glorious and helping men to understand and that if he would persevere he would help the world in a way far more advantageous than to arouse [delay in reading.] arouse their curiosity about his ability to [pause] connect with the world in the old fashion and he knows it quite as well as we do. [153]

(Yes.)

You know I can [read 'am' and pencil pointed till corrected.] see the need of this as a religious movement a complete [pause] overthrow of the religious conceptions and it is because of that knowledge of its value that I am interested to have a man like Twain give the complete story and not rest satisfied with what may be evidence to him.

(I understand.)

I want as [N. R.] you do ... as ... the thing cleared up [P. F. R.] and no loose ends left the carping critic may call the writings of the girls a curious phenomenon which is not explained by [pause] spirits.

I want Mark to keep at it and that is why I am here. He can

script in which he once figured, and says that he thought the word Ward would make him recall it, it follows that the reference Ward which he cites means himself and not Artemus Ward.

153. I learned from Mrs. Hays that Henry Ward Beecher was mentioned once over the ouija board when she and Mrs. Hutchings were at Columbia City. At that time also Mr. Ingersoll was also mentioned and he and Henry Ward Beecher were friends when living. Mrs. Chenoweth knew nothing of these facts. The communication otherwise has no evidential incidents. It embodies sound views about the problem. It is a defence of the necessity of cross reference to settle the claims of Mark Twain in the other work.

wear the [pause] light more [read 'now'] more by questioning the advisability of doing what you ask than by moving forward to do it all.

I shall talk with him when I leave the pencil, but I think he will understand. He and Stockton [N. R.] Stockton each felt [read 'fell'] felt they had done enough without adding [written 'aldg'] the evidence you wished but it will be all right now. H. W. B.

(Thanks.) [154]

[Pencil fell, distress and pause.]

[Subliminal.]

God's hand is in everything.

[Pause, opened eyes.] I'm awake. [Pause and only half awake.] Oh I feel as if I had been drawn through seven cities. [Pause and clearly awake.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

June 13th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause.] Who are these people? I know what you are going to say. "You tell." [Long pause.] Hm. [Pause.]

[Oral Control.]

H-e-r [pause] m-o-t-h-e-r w-a-s [spelled to this point.] with us as we wrote and helped to keep her in quiet peace until we were able to complete the story. [Pause.]

Now I realize that it was not enough to give the story to her for the world and say that Mark Twain did it, but I [read 'my'] I must make it plain to you that it is not a whimsical play of her fancy to attach my name to the production, and that, in order to protect what I have done and make plain the truth I have been most

154. The view expressed by Mr. Beecher is perfectly correct and had persons like Mark Twain had a clear idea of evidence in this problem they would not rely on such work as that done through Mrs. Hays to prove their continued existence. Mr. Beecher has the correct conception of the view that science would take of the books—"curious phenomena"—if not supported by cross reference. Mrs. Chenoweth, not knowing anything about the situation normally could not discuss the question in this way from any normally acquired knowledge of it.

emphatic in expressing, I should double my evidence by repeating to you, as far as I am able, the experiences at the home where I have been working.

I knew this in a vague way, but could not see why it would not be possible for any spirit who felt inclined or had the power to do what was done with the girls, repeat it here.

(Good.)

I thought the test was or should be to relate myself here with the girls when they came and then through evidence which had not been given to them proceed to prove my identity as Clemens at this place and to you.

I had a theory about this work and worked with the purpose in view all the time and now I see that we may not have fully understood each other's methods. My whole plan was to prove here my identity as a man and not as a spirit who had done specific things at a specific place.

You will recall that I attempted to speak often about my wife and mother and daughters, and that the matters connected with the later associations were of less import to me only because I thought the other evidence most valuable to you.

It is never my purpose to impose on a liberty given me and I feel that an apology is due for the time I have used for the contrary work of dipping too far into the past, but I am sure you understood the motive which moved me to that action.

(Yes, certainly.)

And I can now with more freedom try the further experiments, if it is your purpose, and will try to make clear to you that [read 'at'] the same man . . .

(Reread the words.)

that the same man who has made some headway in proving his identity as Clemens is the one who has found it possible to use the vibratory system for expression in writing out several queer and interesting stories at the home of the friends who have found in you a helper in their purpose to give the world these stories.

I am somewhat surprised to find myself talking in this labored way, but still use the apparatus in a manner distinctive and clear enough to be of some use in the work before us.

I feel my hold weakening, but it has been a vivid, vivid experience and serves my purpose well. Samuel Langhorne Clemens, [pause] Hartford, [pause] Connecticut.

(Thanks.) [155]

[Pause and much distress for some time shown by mixed sighs and groans, interrupted by a pause or two.]

Oh, I'm dead.

[Pause and alternate opening and closing eyes, until she awakened.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

June 14th, 1917.

9 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Face twisted and pause. Sigh with groan. Pause and reached for pencil. Pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

I wish to do some things to help the girls. I am not M. T.

(All right.)

but I have been with them in the work and know how it has grown from week to week [pencil ran off pad.] and I see no reason why it should not continue if it is not disturbed by some new purposes that may arise through this contact.

You know that when a door has been opened as that one has there may be another spirit who may find the same attraction. I mean now entirely psychic attraction which has no more to do with the lines of ordinary attraction but is entirely a current which holds the two together in a way in which certain phenomena may occur. that is not a very good sentence but it will convey my meaning.

(I understand.)

and now that the girl has been used as a magnet some new power [superposed and not read.] personality may find a day when some other work of a like nature but different thought may come through.

155. This whole communication is pertinent and intelligent. It tells its own story and considering that Mrs. Chenoweth knew nothing normally about the whole affair it is a remarkably clear statement of what is necessary to prove that the stories were supernormally produced. Mark Twain has simply repeated the thought of Mr. Beecher the day before. It seems he had to have this made clear to him on the other side.

I did not know that his middle name was "Langhorne" and had to look it up in a dictionary of names. It is possibly so well known that I cannot make a special point of it. That Hartford, Connecticut, was his home is too well known to consider it evidence when given here.

[Oral.] What's the matter with my ears? [Left hand put to each ear as if trying to see what the matter was.]

I have seen M. T. working and he does it so easily. It is very smooth. He never seems to get much ruffled any way and whatever nervous [read 'moves' doubtfully] nervous tension is on is not discernible.

Do you know about some stories begun and not finished.

(No I don't.)

There are 2 perhaps 3 that were apparently beginnings of something which were later discarded but of little importance— [156]

There is another thing I wish to write about. It is the trance state which is not of the nature of this which is induced [N. R.] at this ... induced ... light but nevertheless a trance in which the outside associations are [superposed] disconnected [read 'assimilated'] disconnected and the lines connected for him [read 'them'] y him. yes [to reading.]

I found [delay in reading] found that sometimes an incident or association of the day might change the tone of the work and that [it] was important to keep [keep] her somewhat apart from exciting situations. [157]

Her mother. you know to whom I refer.

(Yes.)

her spirit was somewhat alarmed but is pleased [Delay in reading.] pl ... now and the grandfather who was referred to on several occasions is one of the helpers but there is another who is one of

156. The work with the ladies by Mark Twain was "smooth" and apparently much easier than through Mrs. Chenoweth, until he had practised many times. Mrs. Hutchings tells me that there were two or three stories begun and not finished, but they were not all by Mark Twain, and it should be remarked that the record does not say they were by him. Mrs. Hutchings's statements are as follows:

"A French monk named Felix Ouvre has tried repeatedly to give us poems and stories, and Bertrand Bouillet tried to tell us a story of a \$50,000 ruby which he stole from the person of a Prussian officer on the battle field of Waterloo. Mark commanded us to keep Bertrand away, so his story was never finished. He also told us of the grisette he took to the war with him and said that would make a better story than any which Mark had to offer."

157. The statement about a trance is answered in Note 31. Mrs. Hays does not go into a trance in her work. But there is undoubtedly dissociation as here asserted, as there must be in all such cases. It is possible that Mrs. Chenoweth knows enough to vitiate this passage as evidence.

he group of interested workers whose name begins with R. Do you now to whom I refer.

(No I don't. I would like to know.) [Thinking of Rector.]

It is a Robert not one of your family as you might think from the name but a more distant association. It seems more like a man who was in some way associated with Mark but I cannot get the connection yet. At first I wanted to make it Ingersol [Ingersoll]. You know him.

(Yes.)

and I am not quite clear whether it is he who has been so interested but he has been present several times. The situation is one which would appeal to him. He hates the [pause] expected apparition and saw in this girl a new type of person to whom he might look for a good conductor of his thought.

I prefer you should say nothing to her about him but watch the result to see if he does not come there.

(All right.) [158]

My question was largely about the former association between ... pencil ran off pad.] between [read doubtfully 'Beecher' though without much excuse.] between them Ingersol [Ingersoll] and Twain. Ingersoll. I left off a letter and he won't stand for that. He wants all that belongs to him in the way of hoofs and tails.

(All right.)

for he is supposed to be in the midst of them by some of his worthy [read 'working'] worthy conferees [confreres]

(I understand.)

It disturbs him not the least but he keeps up his good nature and in that he and Mark are alike. [159]

158. It was more pertinent than I dreamed to find allusion to Robert Ingersoll. While Mrs. Chenoweth doubtless knew that there was such a man, he knew nothing about him and nothing of the facts that might make it relevant to refer to him here. Mrs. Chenoweth tells me she never read any of Ingersoll's works. I inquired of Mrs. Hutchings whether he had ever appeared in their work with Mark Twain and her reply is as follows:

"When we were in Columbia, Dr. Wrench asked Mark what had become of Ingersoll, and he replied: 'Ingersoll is here, and I can tell you he shows up better than Henry Ward Beecher'."

Mr. Beecher and Mr. Ingersoll were friends, as a previous note indicates, and though they are not connected here in the present record Mr. Beecher was mentioned earlier in association with Dr. Funk. Cf. Note 153.

159. The association between Mr. Ingersoll and Mark Twain would be a

(Did Mr. Ingersoll come to a certain other ... ?) [Writing began.]

Yes and he says if he ever had an invitation to speak from this platform where you preside he would do so. that is is [his] bit of fun as so many doors were closed to him where the one true religion was promulgated, then he laughs like a fat [N. R.] baby ... fat baby and say[s] the one true religion is like a rainbow [N. R.] rainbow that hangs in the heavens and any man can choose his color [color] and swear it is the only visible one and the wise man knows all colors [colors] but there are ... all colors [colors] are there and the combination of all makes a bow of promise for the storm tossed world below.

(Yes.)

Some pretty picture he has made and if he can reproduce some suggestion of this message through the girl he will do it.

(Good.) [160]

He came before at a place where writing was also done not

congenial one. I find on inquiry of Mark Twain's daughter that Mr. Ingersoll was a personal friend of her father. This explains the naturalness of the allusion to him here.

160. The association of Mr. Ingersoll with religious interest is most pertinent, tho his scepticism and aggressiveness in it were well known, so that no evidential interest attaches to the allusion. Also characteristic is the reference to his laughing "like a fat baby", for he had a smooth and baby like face, as he wore no beard and was fleshy. It should be remarked that Mark Twain also referred to Marc Hanna in the same terms, whose face was also smooth shaven and fleshy.

The reference to the rainbow in connection with religion also has a very characteristic touch about it. From his oratorical powers I suspected that Ingersoll may have used the simile, tho I had never read his writings, and I wrote to his biographer, and have the following statements from him:

"In *Myth and Miracle* he refers to 'the threat of storm and promise of the bow.' Elsewhere he refers to the rainbow as 'Nature's seven hued arch,' and in the conclusion of his lecture on Shakespeare, he says: 'From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems, spanned by fancy's seven hued arch.'

"Ingersoll was so wonderfully apt in illustration that it is more than I should care to undertake to state that he did or did not use a certain natural phenomenon for the purpose. All I can say is, that, in my judgment, the use of the reference mentioned would have been in perfect harmony with his style."

ither of these do I now refer to although he has been near the
irl many times.

(Does he know in what city it was?)

Yes he knows and I think I can get it. It s [pause] eems
seems] to be New York.

(Not the one I am thinking of.) [161]

and I think perhaps after we get a little further along here he
nay come again. He did not or rather I did not start to give his
vidence but another.

By the way M. T. [delay in reading.] B ... ['B' only partly
nade.] was much pleased with his experiment yesterday.

(Yes it was good.) [162]

He thought so. I ... [relaxed hold on pencil, new one given,
ut it fell.] [Long pause.]

[Oral Control.]

Yes. [Subliminal.] [Pause.]

May I try to say a few words again today?

(Yes.)

Do you know anything about a title, "Hidden Hand" [read
and'] hidden hand ... hidden hand. I want to write about the
idden hand in the unseen. I am still in doubt as to what extent I
nay transmit my literal expression, but I desire to do it more than
anything else in the world.

I am grateful beyond expression that I have had this experience
nd know that you still wait for a few things which only I may
eveal and it was my plan to use the hour to do this, but my friend
ried to help by making the way clear and now I fear too much
ime has been used in preparing, but if I may have a little more
ime I will get to you the words you need. I a ... [pause.] seek
most to give the truth but the ruling passion strong [read 'drawn']

161. It was not in New York that he purported to appear. It was in con-
nection with the man who wrote his biography and I knew all about it, but
here was not adequate evidence that he was there.

Mr. Ingersoll's home during the latter part of his life was in New York,
fact which might possibly have been known to Mrs. Chenoweth.

162. "B" is probably for Beecher who had communicated the day before.
Possibly it was also intended to indicate his association with Mark Twain in
the oral effort which was remarkably clear.

strong in death besets me to make light of a dark subject and to put in ludicrous form some scenes which pass before my eyes and that is why some of the stories are [sigh.] humorous without intent. [163]

(What is the pass word?)

[pause.] * * [words undeciphered. and pause.] T [pause. Smile.] Love, Love. [Left hand went to ear and face again. Pause, and opened eyes.]

I am almost hearing something. What is it?

(Tell me.)

[Eyes closed.] Speaketh. I can't get it. [164]

[Awakened and remarked: "I haven't been gone a minute."]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

June 18th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Pause.] Hm. [Very long pause. Reached for pencil.]

[Automatic Writing.]

You wished to know who came with M. T. at the experiments made with the ladies

(Yes I did.) [Patience Worth in mind.]

and I have been waiting for a chance to tell you that I was there but you have been told about one person in particular [read 'experiments' doubtfully] particular who had so much to do with * * ['and' or 'for' ?] me. [Difficulty in keeping control.]

I did not know it was so hard to write. It makes me nervous but I shall keep on. [P. F. R.]

(Yes.)

163. The last statement of this message implies involuntary messages. I do not know whether such occurred in the writing of the books and possibly the published edition of the work will not indicate whether they occurred or not. The confusions and irrelevancies are edited out of them.

I did not know of any project to write about the subject mentioned here and have not inquired at the time of making this note (July 23rd, 1917) to know if it is true. I felt that it was necessary to conceal it from the ladies.

164. "Love" is not the password, nor is "T" a part of it. "Speaketh" is probably a relic of what some one said on the other side and it slipped through as an automatism.

[Distress and pause.] I have also the pass word for I saw and heard M. T. give it. He said it she wrote it. I mean he said it she heard it and the other she wrote it understand.

(Yes.)

and it was a very simple little process there but he found it not so simple here but it was a word which connects him with some of the work done in the past. [165]

Love links us [N. R.] us together in th ... [pencil ran off pad.] this work. Now I must not do just what I planned not to do for the contrary is often the way the mind asserts itself as you know [pencil ran off pad.]

(Yes.)

Just like inverted [delay in reading.] inverted pictures [N. R.] pictures the * * [scrawls and pause.] the two sides invariably [pause] come to a wise man's mind for in making a positive [delay in reading.] a pos ... [read.] statement the subconscious sees the negative side and answers always the invisible opponent and sometimes in psychic [written 'psyche'] matters and manifestations the subconsciousness of the communicator reaches [read 'recalls' and 'reveals'] reaches the subconsciousness of the light before the statement is made which is intended to be given and thus the dual [N. R.] dual mind is expressed.

(I understand.)

Do you understand that phenomenon. [Distress.] I thought you would think it an excuse for bad [read 'but'] bad [N. R.] bad contact but it is really the finest ['finest' but not read.] finest contact and if there was [so written and read.] less ... [pencil pointed at 'was' and I re-read.] were ... definite spiritual contact only the expression of the outer mind would reach the lights that is why sometimes a less fine ['fine'] or a less developed light may get a striking fact from the communicator but there would be no analytical [N. R.] analytical work [N. R.] and ... work ... no clear expression of the manner and intricacies [N. R.] intricacies [N. R.]

165. It is probable this is the personality whose name came through two days later. Whether the reference to the giving of the password is to its transmission through Mrs. Hays or through Miss Burton is not clear. It was apparently not a simple process, as here affirmed, in the Burton case, and came easily through Mrs. Hays, a fact to be expected on any theory, but Mrs. Chenoweth knew nothing about the facts in either case.

introduction . . . [read] of the methods and much would be lost, so that is why all shades of notes are necessary for the use of the spirits.

It is like so many notes in the scale and all may be used by the master hand but the fine [fine] emotional [read 'emolument' to have corrected] emotional [N. R.] emotional sound will not be produced [N. R.] produced [N. R.] produced from lower [N. R.] notes . . . lower. They are the accents of the melody the accompanying time beats [N. R.] beats of the orchestra of God's musicians. [166] *]

I am [pause] W [pause] W [long pause.] * * [scrawl.] E E * * [read 'A'] [Pause.] I will do it in a moment, you were [N. R.] were expecting me before when the girls were here. Yes [to delayed reading of part of writing.] [167]

Marks waits for me and says that I am a star communicator and laughs enough to discourage a sensitive one but you will know why I write George for he bids me go forward with the message.

(I understand. Go ahead.)

G [read 'C'] [Pause.] George Pellew. I know him right well.

(Good.) [168]

166. The explanation of the process in communicating will have to be taken for what it is worth. It at least admits involuntary messages and is psychologically consistent with what we know of mental processes. We would perhaps not express the dialectic process as embodied in affirmative and negative propositions, but it is so nearly like this that we may treat the statement as an abbreviation for it due to the difficulty of saying anything at all about it.

Tho the explanation of good messages through poor mediums may not be clear it is a fact that they do sometimes get messages exactly as asserted. Mrs. Chenoweth does not know enough about the subject to assert the fact or to give this explanation, and it cannot be verified as yet.

The comparison with musical notes is not clear. It reflects nothing that we can accept in terms of scientific physics.

(u) This seems to me not a matter of physics but of æsthetics, the effect of sounds of higher and lower pitch upon the emotions. The metaphor is then altered from pitch to accent in a rather confusing way.

167. The "W" is probably for the initial of the name that came through two days later. The "E" is not intelligible on this supposition, tho it would be if it were a phonetic error for "I" which would be correct. But I do not know of a single instance in which any such phonetic mistake has been made.

168. Pellew is the real name of George Pelham and Mrs. Chenoweth does not know it. It is interesting to note that this is the form it takes often or

* * [scrawl.] Hand was used by me before coming here with M. T's friends and I come come [Distress and writing ceased.]

[Subliminal.]

What do you want Dr. Hodgson? [Pause.] Tell him I was there Hodgson. [Pause.] Hm. [Pause.] * * [Not caught.] (What?)

Yes. [Pause.] Wait a minute. [Pause.] [169]

[Oral Control.]

R. H. [pause.] has talked with [pause] S. C. and S. C. makes the [long pause, smile and pause again.] message one of light. L-i-g-h-t [spelled.] and gives a sign of the cross as one of the pictures shown to the light at home and a story of a phantom p-h-a-n-t-o-m [spelled.] The phantom [pause] phantom no yes phantom [distress and pause.] phantom a [distress.] figure [long pause.] beyond. . . . [Oral control lost.] [170]

[Subliminal.]

Oh I see something, a hand just like that like the index. [Point-

always when a stranger gives it. The group and he himself usually give it as G. P. or George Pelham and they knew what had been given as a pseudonym in the Piper Reports.

169. This allusion to Dr. Hodgson rather tends to confirm my surmise that he had helped the communicator on this date and the day before. The handwriting was that in which I usually find him assisting. Apparently he had been given permission to tell who was present, but if this be the fact, he did not succeed.

170. The use of the word "Light" spelled out suggests that there was an attempt here to tell how the password came through Miss Burton. But I cannot be sure of this. There is not enough to justify anything more than a suspicion of coincidence. The "S. C." represent Mark Twain's initials and it is that which strengthens the suspicion as to the meaning of the word "Light", which is further confirmed by what was done in the subliminal. I do not conceive what the meaning of the reference to a "story of a phantom" can be.

In regard to this passage Mrs. Hutchings writes me as follows:

"The new story of 'Life Beyond the Curtain' has to do almost exclusively with phantoms. Mark told us of his dream in New York when 'an angel brought a book from heaven, emblazoned "Mark Twain's Compliments".' We have had many references to phantoms, 'spooks' and spirits."

There was evidently some attempt to refer to these facts by Mark Twain in connection with Dr. Hodgson.

ing right finger and hand forward in the air. Distress.] Oh don't let my hand ... [Distress.] Oh what is it doing. Oh [Great distress.] Please don't. Is that the only way you can do it? [Pause] Oh! [Finger points in air. Pause and eyes opened.] Somebody shoot me. [Eyes closed.] Oh dear! Why don't they get through what they want? It's killing. [Pause.]

Do you know anything about the heavenly visitor or heavenly guest [u 2]

[Pause and awakened with bare knowledge of speaking.] [171]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

June 19th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause, reached for pencil and pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

May be able to write more and am sorry I was the cause of the pains and consequent close of the effort yesterday. I did not realize that the same thing would occur here as occurred at the other place. so you will see it was an accident and not a plan to give evidence.

I wonder if you know that M. T. has been doing some more work since he was here. I refer to some work with the girls which he prefers because it runs along more smoothly and seems to give him a sense of creating some new work in the world. [172]

I did not intend to be an obsessing [mentally read, but purposely avoided reading it aloud.] obsessing influence.

(All right. Who is it?)

[u2] Miss Tubby suggests that this may possibly be a reference to Mark Twain's story "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven."

171. The pointing of the index finger in the air confirmed my suspicion about the intention of the reference to "Light." Miss Burton gave the password by light in the air, evidently produced by writing with her finger in the air. There was much evidence in my earlier experiments with her that she caused the lights in this way. But the evidence that all this is meant here is not clear enough to assert it. We should require much better evidence to make it more than a vague possibility.

172. Mrs. Hutchings wrote me that they had two sittings prior to this date and after they had left Boston. I knew nothing of this.

You know that there was an influence that tried to kep [keep] M. T. from doing all he wished.

(No, I did not know it.)

yes not because it was wrong but because it seemed as if there might be danger come to her through overdoing what was unusual. That was early in the story writing and then as the experiments proceeded it was seen that the contact did not harm her and everything was done to help instead of retard. [173]

I am most eager to give you my name before I leave this task for it has been given at the other place and I want to make clear to you that the same group is working here to establish the evidence—

I [sigh and pause.] am not so nervous as yesterday and I am getting beter [better] hold. Who was it said that each spirit had to be educated in the law of control before giving [written 'gong' and read 'going'] go ... giving good evidence of identity. Was it one of your group.

(Probably.)

If so I think I can add to that the statement that each one has to use a new organism a few times or more to get complete use of the brain [delay in reading] power ... b r a i n. It is not enough to know how to use the pencil but the storage [written slowly.] of ideas must be inter ... inter [N. R.] * * [scrawl and pause.] interwoven in such a way with the contact that only such memories as one needs may come out.

(Where is the storage made?)

records on the impressionable plates. in other words all that passes through the brain leaves a residuum of memory which may assert [read 'assort' as written] itself ... [hand pointed to 'assert' and I re-read it as written.] assert ... unless a full flow of new

173. There were several influences which acted in opposition to his plans, but only one seems to have been especially obstinate. I knew nothing of any of these matters until told it here and had it confirmed by the following statement of Mrs. Hutchings:

"Bertrand Bouillet fought Mark Twain consistently for more than a year. He was exorcized by Marie Russak Hotchener and her husband last summer and has not since been heard from. He claimed to 'arise from the hust of Waterloo.' Sam Jones has broken through several times, but he has always been friendly. Bertrand was bitterly hostile. Patience Worth once tried to take the mechanism from Mark, when she was displeased with the Currans."

power comes vigorously through. [Difficulty in keeping control.]
Is that plain to you.

(No, I wish to know if the storage is in your mind or in the brain of the light.)

I have my own and the light has its own but the stronger is the momentary master.

(I understand. Now go on with your task.)

Each one has its own storage to subdue.

(I understand.) [174]

[Pause.] * * [possibly 'C', pause.] * * [scrawl. distress and pause, with Indian gibberish. Pause.]

[Oral.] Where are all the letters?

* * [scrawl.] My name [written with great difficulty.] [Pause.]

* * ['N' ?] E [Long pause] * * [scrawl.] [Indian and pause.]

* * [scrawl.] [P. F. R. and long pause.]

B [pause] * * [scrawl.] I [pause] * * [scrawl.] [P. F. R. and pause.] I m ... I m [pause and P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

I n ... [pause] I m p e r ... [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

I m p e r a ... [Pause.] [175]

174. The actual experience of the record confirms what Mrs. Chenoweth does not know normally but would infer or accept if told it; namely, that practice is necessary for each new communicator or control to give good messages.

There is the distinct admission here that messages are the interwoven memories of the communicator and the mental states of the psychic, but I wished to bring out more clearly what the allusion to "storage" meant. The answer at first was not clear. The use of the word "brain" might imply that of the medium and then the emphasis would be upon the records in her mind and their influence upon the messages. When the answer to the second statement came it not only showed that "brain" was a synonym for mind, but also that the message was an interfusion of both minds, unless the foreign one was able wholly to inhibit that of the medium. It then became evident that the effort was to show a double inhibition necessary in order to get the messages through. (1) The inhibition of the mental states of the psychic. (2) The inhibition of marginal thoughts in the mind of the communicator. At least that is the only interpretation which I can put on the passage and give it any meaning at all. This view coincides exactly with what Dr. Hodgson held in regard to the process in Mrs. Piper's work.

175. There is nothing but confusion here. Neither "E" nor "B" are in-

[Subliminal.]

you see the shining ones?

(o.)

ying to help that spirit.

(o.)

ok and see them.

[Automatic Writing.]

perator.

Why is that name given?)

was with us at the place of experiment.

With the girls?)

ce there before you came to the * * ['co'] [pause.] knowl-

You know why I write C C [P. F. R.]

tick to it.)

ral.] Yes, do it please.

[distress and pause.] C C C [pause and P. F. R.] C C C

:] h [read.] no C [pause.] [176]

[Subliminal.]

distress.] Oh, I don't believe I can stand it. [Leaned forward
vidently an Indian control came.]

[Oral Control.]

ould speak to you. [difficulty in speaking, half aphasic.] I

could speak with you. [Shivered and uttered sounds of 'Bl'

me time.] [Distress and fell back on chair. [P. F. R.]

s too hard.]

[Change of Control.]

[Automatic Writing.]

T. here and trying to help * * ['the' ?] [Pencil fell.]

le, nor is the allusion to Imperator, tho I can imagine that the latter is
ed with assistance on his part. The letter "I" would be correct for
name of the person, if he was the one whose name came the next day,
s evidently the beginning of the name Imperator.

The capital letter "C" either has no recognizable meaning here or it
initial of the name Clemens. This latter view of it is confirmed by the
ce to M. T., Mark Twain, a little later.

[Subliminal.]

Yes. Oh do it, do it, do it, do it. [Long pause.] * *

(What?) [Could not hear it.]

Better let George do it. [Pause.] I got such a headache. [Distress and I held my hand on her brow.]

Oh, I'm the mother and I'll help. [Pause and awakened.] [177]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. June 20th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Pause.] So many pictures come. [Long pause.] I wonder if you know a lady who is most anxious to talk who comes with the communicator who has been trying to get some special evidence through. [Pause.] I see these three people, two gentlemen and a lady and they all seem to be writing and talking slowly so you can get it all. [Pause.] One of the men I know.

(Who?)

That literary man. [Pause.] He has been so active since he went to spirit life and who has found a good [pause.] * * [not caught.]

(What?)

Just a moment. [Pause.] He uses a word amanu ... [pause] amanu ... [pause] amanuensis for his thought and with him is this other man who is apparently a friend of his and is medium height, gray clothes and his eye glasses on ... no [pause] they

177. The brief automatic writing confirms the conjecture about the meaning of the capital "C." It was pertinent to say: "Better let George do it", as he was especially good with proper names in the Piper case and has often assumed that role in this work. Mrs. Chenoweth does not know anything normally about this.

The phrase: "Better let George do it" may be a reminiscence, on any theory, of the newspaper slang which was used a long time in connection with some cartoons to indicate throwing certain disagreeable things on to the shoulders of another. This slang, however, as I heard it, seems to have originated after Mark Twain's time. We cannot be sure that humor is intended as the phrase would be exactly correct for the task so often referred to George Pelham; namely, that of giving a proper name. But its proximity to the effort to give a name suggested with the work of Mark Twain the possibility of the humorous intention, and this on any theory of its use here.

glasses of some sort, I think they are eye glasses and he is ably between fifty and sixty years old, not specially old and his slightly gray, iron gray, and he is rather bald, and I don't mean ver. I mean just a bald spot and he is not anywhere as quick alert as the bushy headed one is who wears the white clothes, here is a lady who is not connected with either of them by any al earthly ties, but apparently a guide to the two, to the young ly young woman, young woman I mean.

Yes.)

he is very dark, very brilliant and the lady who would be just le bit * * [word in note not decipherable.] But always with rpose and she [distress] I got to finish this.

he shows me a line of [pause] books books and one says els Abroad, Travels Abroad and a ... [pause] I read on r below that ... [long pause.] Wait a moment. [Lips ing.]

[Message Spelled.]

life of Mark Twain and [pause] Travels Abroad and at Home R.] and at home and added adventures in the higher spheres the continued purpose to make interesting reading for the people arth. [178] [v]

have met Washington Irvington [so spelled and read.] What [get? [w] Washington Irving who thinks he can do what I did

8. The lady referred to is not conjecturable. But Mark Twain is identified by the expression "bushy headed one who wears the white clothes." Twain had bushy hair and wore white clothes, but Mrs. Chenoweth not yet know normally that he has been communicating. The other man obably the one whose name comes a little later.

suspect the phrase "Travels abroad" is a reminiscence of Mark Twain's ocents Abroad", tho it is immediately used for the suggestion of work since his death, and is perhaps the joint humor of himself and Washington through the lady mentioned.

v) "Travels Abroad" is more like the title of another book of Mark n, "A Tramp Abroad."

Travels—at Home" would describe the book "Roughing It", or "Life e Mississippi."

v) We may at least plausibly explain the error "Irvington". This was ownship in which Mr. Irving lived. It received its name in his lifetime, compliment to him. "In April [1854] he received a note from a neighbor ming him that the Postmaster General acceded to the wishes of all the itants of Dearman, save himself, to have the name of Dearman changed vington." [*Life of Washington Irving*, by P. M. Irving, N. Y., 1869, III,

and he tried to write both here and for the girls, but he could not get his name through and has taken this way to give you some hint [read 'kind'] of ... hint, hint of what has been going on this last week. I, Mark Twain, [commas inserted *viva voce*] would like to help a fellow traveler [*x*] but I did not think he would make such a task of it. I think it is so easy to do some of the work that I have tried

[Spelling ceased and words pronounced.]

and now to have the work set back by this effort to help him get to the place where I have already climbed makes one feel that I should have waited until I was a little stronger myself. I remember that I have several things to make clear before I am through and I wish to do it. One is about the work I desire to perpetuate and the message pass word pass word and [pause]

(The names of the two books.)

Yes [distress.] Yes. [Pause and reached for pencil. [Pause and new pencil given as first one was rejected. Used the day before by communicator.] [179]

[Automatic Writing.]

G. P.

(Good morning.)

255.] The medium's subliminal might slip if she knew about Irvington, but the slip would be a natural one on the part of a communicating spirit. Just before this was written "Travels abroad and at Home—and at home." Then Washington Irving is mentioned, but the previous "home" might well bring up the marginal thought that his home was Irvington, and this word might slip through.

(*x*) Here is what looks suspiciously like a reference to Irving's book, "Tales of a Traveler." My surmise is that this either (1) slipped in undesignedly, as a mechanism of associated ideas, or (2) it is a device to get through an allusion to the book through the impetus of a sentence in which the word "traveler" fits, as easier than it is to get through a formal and isolated title. See also Notes 75, 79 and 141 for possible examples of the same sort.

179. The effort, if it was made, to give the desired messages here, broke down, and G. P. comes to say that they will try it the next day by the tandem control.

You must be about ready to hear from us for it is not always easy to see what is being done on our side unless we give you a clue [N. R.] clue to help.

It is not as stupid as it may have seemed for now you have the same of the other spirit who was trying to do what M. T. had done and whose effort at controlling [controlling] was very ludicrous [N. R.] funny.

I know that M. T. is still too conscious of what is expected of him and we have tried to help him lose that sense of must by allowing his friend to try to write and I think we have gained [N. R.] a . . . gained [N. R.] gained a point but I want to say a few words about the other Worcester affair for fear you will think we forgot or ignored the matter. Have [N. R.] Have they already made some advance [N. R.] advance on that matter in your life.

(I do not know. Dr. W. has gone away for the summer and cannot find anything more about it.)

Perhaps it will be well to let it rest then for the present but there was some very good work to do on a case like that if this other had not come just as it did but it all works into the plan.

(I wanted merely to see if any one was to blame that I had in mind.)

Yes I knew your thought. [180]

I want M. T. to work with J. P. and me [N. R.] me tomorrow morning [spelled 'monng'] to see if by that method he may not get through what he has been trying to do and now that W. I [read 'J'] W. I. Yes [to reading.]

(Who is that?) Wa . . . (Oh yes.)

has been cleared up I think we shall get along f . . . [Pause.] That W. I. has been called W. J. in one or more instances early in these experiments you will find I think when the girls were here he was mentioned by M. T.

(All right. I shall look it up.) [181] [y]

180. In the reference to Mark Twain's being "still too conscious of what is expected", there is probably a tacit admission of involuntary messages. It is at least consistent with this view.

The allusion to Dr. Worcester is to the incident of the robbery at his home. I had to drop it for lack of opportunity to test anything said about the matter.

181. (y) This note was left unwritten by Dr. Hyslop. I do not find any "W. J." in the previous script of this series.

Yes do. Now for your statement [read 'statements'] no no not 2. You asked me to hold on.

(You mean that) [Writing began.]

No—No. You asked me to hold on and I kept on writing. What did you want.

(I have forgotten.)

Never mind. I knew the rest. [P. F. R. Pause.]

[Change of Control.]

You are going to give M. T. a chance but I shall have no more? [Interrogation point inserted.]

(Yes, who is this?)

I too am a scribbler seeking to make my name immortal

(All right.)

by your methods and I am W. I. [Pause.] W. I [Pause.] Rip Van Winkle

(Good, I understand.) [182] [z]

[Pause.] I knew about this phenomenon before I ded [died] and yet this is my first [read 'best'] 1st first attempt to connect with you

(Yes I believe so.) [183]

[Pencil fell. She suddenly awakened.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

June 21st, 1917.

9 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Cough, pause, cough, pause and distress. Left hand rubbed right arm near wrist.]

Who is Charles?

182. As every one knows "Rip Van Winkle" was a work of Washington Irving and it would be the first thing associated with his name. He evidently came for direct control to increase his mastery of the situation and to identify himself, but we cannot give conclusive weight to the mention of his "Rip Van Winkle."

(z) The reader will hardly need to be reminded that the tale of Rip Van Winkle is found in "The Sketch Book."

183. There is some evidence that Washington Irving was familiar with psychic phenomena, but this is not so well known. Examination of his *Life and Letters* shows that he was familiar with the alleged phenomena. A friend promised to come to him after death, but nothing came of it.

(I don't know.)

[Pause.] Hm. [Smile on face. Pause.] It seems as if you ought to know Charles Dickens, do you?

(Yes.)

You never saw him really, did you?

(No.)

[Pause.] Why do they always come in groups, a certain kind of spirits. [Pause.] Spirits similarly attuned?

(Yes.)

[Pause.] I like Dickens. [Pause. Reached for pencil.] [184]

[Automatic Writing.]

W ... [Long Pause.] May I give you the message I have had on my heart for a long time before you came to the light of this Truth. I am W. I.

(All right.)

and it is only now when the way is opened that I find myself able to write a message which I have long wished to send to the people in your world. It is a great blessing to us who have retained an interest in the world we loved to be allowed to write even briefly but often in the past we have gathered to discuss the probability of a coming day when we might have proper means of communication between the spheres of activity. a few have taken chances at some place where the power was in a form which we might momentarily use but that method is unsatisfactory and incomplete and there has been no adequate expression.

I know M. T. and I knew some other of your communicators before this last effort of his to make plain his activity as a spirit and have at times felt it would be my pleasure to greet you as a co-worker in the vineyard of God

(Thank you.) [185]

184. The name of Charles Dickens is too well known to attach any value to the mention of it here. The only thing that is interesting in the mention of him here is the connection. I thought of the story which connects him with the posthumous completion of an unfinished novel at the time of his death. Later my suspicion of this was confirmed by a second mention of him and the discussion of this very thing in response to my query.

185. Of course, Washington Irving and Mark Twain never knew each other on this side of life, but it is pertinent to see them together, as they were both humorists

but it was when my friends came in a little group to see how M. T. got along that I found myself able to make a few a very few legible sentences on this pad. I am somewhat more of an enthusiast about the final triumph of the opened avenues of communication than some of my friends for I see in it exactly what comes from any new associations with new countries [N. R.] that ... countries [delay in reading.] oo ... [read.] ... are more advanced [N. R.] advanced in science or literature or art than [read 'hen'] the one ... than ... in which one has been living. It was so in all my own personal experience.

When new countries gave me the knowledge of an older and more complete civilization I found myself growing into a better knowledge of the possibilities of study and research. [aa] I see these wonderful possibilities for the human race when once the actual realization of the contact is established but I do not look to this for the kingdom of God on earth as some of the rest do. That is always the goal of every liberator but new possibilities create new responsibilities and the overcoming of the evil in these situations [written 'stuations'] creates strength and sturdiness [written 'surdiness' and not read.] of spirit [read 'peril'] sturdiness of spirit and make [s] men grow into a larger and more useful citizenship [N. R.] citizenship of the spiritual world.

I see in all literature art se ... [erased.] science business but the tools for making Godlike men and when through these things character is established the service [read 'source'] service to the coming race is assured.

I have been so eager to rescue this work from morbid interest and have it assume its poper [proper] place in the world of demonstration [N. R.] demonstration of progressive [written with struggle and pause.] humanity. Understand me my friend.

(Yes perfectly.)

I have felt that it were [read 'will' hastily.] were better to

(aa) Washington Irving was abroad several times and lived in Spain, England, etc., for twenty-three years. Of course he did find those, to him, new countries more advanced at that period in science, literature and art. This reference to his "personal experience" is therefore correct, though hardly evidential, as it would be impossible to prove that Mrs. Chenoweth had never known these facts.

he rapping and knocking furniture about and to wait until the actual era made possible the understanding of the contact but be all wrong—

understand.) [186]

w I find that through the strange and weird experiences of d people there has grown up a belief in the supernatural must be overcome before we can hope to make normal people in the perfectly natural and pleasant peaceful association of ople in both spheres.

is to overcome these prejudices against the supernatural that p of literary people determined to use in a purely mental way wer at their command and so we have already some instances obographies of dead men.

ood.)

at is a very strange sentence.

understand.) [187]

wish I might have been more quickly able to take advantage time given me but I shall feel better equipped for further by this experiment and shall not lay down my pen in despair ave often done since coming here.

ame here with the Astor family when he tried to send some ge to his wife. Perhaps you recall that event some two years e ago.

es I do, but there was no trace of your presence.)

tainly not. It was not the time nor the right association for essage but the father of J. J [last 'J' not read.] J. J. A. es.)

s with him. [188]

There is in all this some intimation of a combination of intelligent lities to accomplish a work which will affect the living more than the essage. The rapping and knocking of furniture was in his time the d form of manifestation that interested people and at the same time d the intellectuals.

The manner of speaking of the supernatural is interesting, as it is : less paradoxical, tho perfectly correct. There is some humor in the of referring to "autobiographies of dead men."

I was wholly unaware of any facts that would cause this association hn Jacob Astor, the grandfather of the one by that name who went ith the Titanic. It was only when I looked the matter up in the En- dia Britannica that I found that Washington Irving and John Jacob

(How is he now?) The last J. J. A. (Yes.)

In what way do you wish to inquire. his mind is more disturbed about some conditions on earth than when he came to his wife but his purpose is to redeem some of the promise which life held for him. The changes that [read 'had'] that were inevitable were not such as he cared for but that is not a matter which he can regulate.

He oftens refers to his work at this place and feels that they might have helped him to do much more . That you know yourself (Yes.)

but the freedom was too much for all concerned. I feel as if I could write indefinitely and am so free in the spirit. as I continue everything is just right for my freedom. [189]

Now do not think that M. T. will cease his interest here. He has a plan to move forward with the work in the same vein [N. R.] vein of humor that he has exhibited already. It was a very strange way that he found himself able to give that lady the material for the book and she was quite as amazed as he as the [read 'he'. Pause.]

(I understand.)

as the work proceeded and I think that she probably could get nothing like as good [pause] messages from others as she has from him nor could she get matter of a different nature from him but it just happened that he [changed pencil and there was some tension and effort to keep control.] discovered that she could receive the impression in such a manner that it seemed as if he were talking it to her and the characters assumed were as literal and real [N. R.] as ... and real as to his own mental state when he conceived the stories in his earth life.

Astor were contemporaries. Examination of Washington Irving's *Life and Letters* also showed that the two men were well acquainted and had had business and other relationships with each other. Mr. Irving was employed by John Jacob Astor to write a book on the town by the name of Astoria in the far west and founded by Mr. Astor. It is quite apparent therefore that there is much pertinence in the mention of the man.

189. What is said here of the man, the John Jacob Astor of the present time, he who went down with the Titanic, is very pertinent, but not explicable without mentioning facts best reserved. The changes mentioned evidently refer to the marriage of his widow, a fact well known to most people. There are facts which show a world of meaning in the allusion that "the freedom was too much for all concerned", but I shall not explain it.

There is a queer sort of feeling about it when he gives the matter to her he describes it as feeling is [so written and read.] as [superposed on 'is' to erase.] if there were some one listening to his thinkings and imaginings and so he grows more exact in his thinking. [190] [aa2]

The messages of passwords for instance are part of that same process and are not so indelibly [N. R.] indelibly stamped on his own consciousness as things he thinks when quite apart from that process.

(Good, I understand.) [191]

That is why it was so hard to prove that he was the same man who gave her the stories. It is a sort of descent into matter.

(*Descensus in Averno.*)

Yes and while there the effect on his real mind is less lasting. Is that plain.

(Yes perfectly so.)

No w [read 'No W'] now it may be harder for me to recall what I have written here at another light and yet the general memory would be vivid [read 'broad'] vivid.

(I understand.)

[Distress, pencil fell and pause.] [192]

190. All this explanation of the medium's powers and limitations through which Mark Twain came has to be taken at its own value. I have some reason to believe it is true, tho the proof of it is less than is necessary to satisfy scientific judgment. There is no way to verify the statement about the lady's feeling and the process described. (aa2) Evidently it is Mark Twain's own feelings which are described, not the lady's.

Readers will perhaps note that there are hints of a complex process on the other side in getting messages through. We cannot verify the statements, but we should mark them for consideration and possible corroboration by further cross references. From what I have seen and heard of her ordinary mediumship it is true that she cannot receive as well from others as from Mark Twain and whether she could get matter of a different nature from his would require us to have a better knowledge of the laws of communication in order to confirm it. Her own sense of humor and tinge of melancholy may be the condition affecting the readiness with which she can receive from him and represent him so characteristically.

191. The explanation of the difficulty of getting the password is quite plausible to say the least. We have no way of verifying it in this instance but the repetition of the same explanation through other sources would have much value. It certainly coincides with the facts and is not irrational.

192. This explanation of the difficulty of cross references is reasonable

[Subliminal.]

[Opened eyes. Pause.] I'm dizzy. [Pause. Awakened.]

[Normal.]

What did you say to me?

(Nothing.)

Yes you did. Didn't you say you were coming next week?

(No.)

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

June 25th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause, face twisted in slight distress. Pause.]

Did you ever hear of the Biography of Satan?

(I think so.)

[Pause.] I never did. [Long pause and reached for pencil. Pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

W. [pause] I. wishes to express satisfaction and to further your work in all possible ways and to say here that it is power which is needed to make the stronger connection between the workers on both sides.

The very terms we use are often misunderstood and so I take time to explain that the power which I mean is a power to clarify the minds of the mediums though [so written and read.] through [delay in reading.] t . . . [read.] whom we seek to express.

In the cases where you have had time to give and receive there has been a gradual releasing of the old ideas [pause] and a [pause] helpful advance in the power to express what each man felt but in these exchange [so written and read.] exchanges of thought between 2 what do you call that method [pause] c r o s s reference.

(Yes exactly.)

in the cross reference work we hve [have] to deal with the group [so written and read.] groups which guard [N. R.] guard [guard] the instrument and often our own ideas are colored by

enough, tho we cannot yet verify it. There can be no doubt from the records of such phenomena that there are special difficulties, and the explanation of the failure is as likely as any other.

their interpretation quite as much as by any resident thought or knowledge in the mind of the light.

(I understand.) [193]

I have no desire to talk about some matters which the group might wish me to speak of and that is true of every place where I go [I yawned.] Are you tired [N. R.] tired.

(No, I don't know why I yawned.)

It is probable that some one is drawing on your energy for I saw that they were standing very near you. [194]

193. There is much in this passage which we cannot verify, but it is entirely conceivable. The statement about the terms used often being misunderstood is probably quite correct, as they lend themselves to misunderstanding. The constant allusion to "vibrations" and to "magnetic" influences imports into the problem physical and electrical analogies which are out of place in psychological science. I have never been able to form the slightest conception of what they mean. There lingers in common life still the effect of more than a century of talk about "animal magnetism" which was caused by the speculations started by the discovery of galvanic electricity, and I find many people using the language without having any conception whatever of its historical meaning or any ability to tell exactly what they mean by it. The term "magnetism" is used often to describe certain personal qualities that make a man or woman interesting, but it is an illusion to use the idea for causal explanation of phenomena. If, therefore, the communicator here means that their language which often has to depend on remote analogies for its meaning is liable to produce misunderstanding he is quite right, and they are probably determined by the limitations of the medium and perhaps the control in the interpretation of the communicator's thought.

The only meaning that I can give to the "releasing of old ideas" and to the environment of that expression is that it takes time to enable a new communicator to eliminate his memories and to direct the message in the line of present mental states, and that practice is necessary to get into control adequate for such expression as the Mark Twain stories required. It was certainly true of Washington Irving who is the alleged communicator here.

What is said about the difficulties of cross reference is undoubtedly true. The fragmentary character of them and the variation from the fixed type of expression or language is proof enough that in some way they are colored by the process of transmission. But we do not know enough about the complications to indorse more than the most general view of it. The evidence that different groups do affect the result is clear, but how they do it is not manifest.

194. The discovery of my yawning was probably due to its effect on my reading of the writing. There is no evidence of supernormal knowledge in it. The explanation is probably correct. I was not tired, but have often noticed that I become so from the circumstances of the work and for no physical reason that I can detect.

I have been here so much longer that [so written and read.] M. T. . . . than . . . that makes me feel quite superior in the matter of age but he has had temerity to do what few of us have tried. Dickens has made more or less of an effort and there are several others whom I will not mention here for time will give [give] you the evidence through other media [N. R.] media.

(When or where did Dickens appear?) [Thinking of an alleged posthumous work.] He has made a very recent effort and is very much interested in this M. T. record because of his own desire to do the same sort of thing.

(What about *Edwin Drood*?)

Your reference is to the unfinished [pause] unfinished work of C. D. and the posthumous finish of it.

(Yes exactly.)

I was thinking of that when I said something about his interest in M. T.

(Good.)

He made an effort to finish it in the old style and did well and later from some notes [N. R.] notes and manuscripts it could easily have been identified as carrying [N. R.] carrying out his original plan of the mystery. The Mystery was to be the denouement of the story and as he had it outlined he expressed it to the medium. [195]

There was always evidence of the mediumistic influence at work

195. I had forgotten the full title of "*Edwin Drood*", an unfinished work by Charles Dickens, who is meant by "C. D.", but Mrs. Chenoweth knew of its existence, tho she spoke of it spontaneously in the same terms that I did; namely, without the word "Mystery." Inquiry of her, however, showed, as the note at the end of the record proves, that she had never heard of his having finished it through a medium. I had accidentally heard of the alleged fact, but the President of the National Spiritualist Association tells me that he never heard of it.

Through Dr. Walter F. Prince I found in the New York Library a book which purported to be the completion of the work mentioned and represents it as having a mediumistic origin in respect of the completion. The title of the book is as follows: "*Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete. By Charles Dickens. Brattleboro. Published by T. P. James, 1873.*" The subtitle is: "*Part Second of the Mystery of Edwin Drood by the spirit of Charles Dickens, through a medium, Embracing also that part of the work which was published prior to the termination of the Author's Life. Cogito, ergo sum.*"

in C. D's own writings. For instance if you are familiar with his works you will recognize that there were always so many detached bits of story and any one of which might have been carried out into a complete novel by itself and it often seemed as if several people might [evidently started to say 'had' and finished with 'might.'] have taken a hand [read 'hint'] hand at the pen and then another took [read 'work'] took it up at a point where he left it and ignored the preceding chapter, understand.

(Yes.) [196]

It was a group of influences each telling his own little story and all of them bound together by the deft mind and fertile imagination of C. D. the whole group working together as a body but each keeping an individual expression. Just as the Shakespearian dramas were the outcome of a group to [so written and read.] of workers and thinkers and bound by the one hand into the whole set of historical [written 'histerical' and so read.] historical and imaginative expression.

(Who was the single hand that bound them together?)

196. It would require a trained student of Charles Dickens's works to say whether the statements here made about them were superficially evidential. Mrs. Chenoweth, however, has read so much of him that we could not attach evidential value to the facts, if proved. But it is known that he almost had hallucinations of his characters at times from the intensity of his imagination in developing them.

In Forster's *Life of Dickens*, Lewes is quoted as follows, Vol. III, p. 306:

"Dickens once declared to me that every word said by his characters was distinctly heard by him."

My informant, Dr. Walter F. Prince, says: "Forster thinks that Lewes in this and other remarks (see pp. 306-308) exaggerated the hallucinatory factor, but Dickens himself wrote (p. 307) at a time of illness and sorrow: 'But may I not be forgiven for thinking it a wonderful testimony to my being made for my art that, when, in the midst of this trouble and pain, I sit down to my book, some beneficent power shows it all to me and tempts me to be interested, and I don't invent it—really don't—*but see it* [underlined in the original] and write it down * * *' [It is Forster's omission. One wishes he knew what was omitted!] 'It is only when it all fades away and is gone that I begin to suspect that its momentary relief has cost me something.'"

It would have required a special investigation of Charles Dickens to determine whether such experiences involved foreign inspiration, but the phenomena reported are exactly like some cases which have been proved to be veridical. Witness the Thompson-Gifford, the De Camp-Stockton, the Ritchie-Abbott, and the Patison cases.

If you are referring to the controversy of Bacon versus Shakespeare I cannot take it up now but may do it later. [197]

In a case like my own work or like M. T's the whole process is different. We may each have had our guides and helpers as all men hv [have] but we were not used as distinctly as the Dickens and Shakespeare records prove. We had I m a g i n a t i o n [pause] writ large [pause.] Whimsical and strange but always aligned [N. R.] aligned with experience and knowledge acquired by those experiences. Folk lore helped me and early training helped M. T. and always our efforts were logically connected with experiences and imagination. The other two I have mentioned were of another type. [198]

I did not begin to do this bit of analytical work but here it is for what it is worth. My Columbus was hard strong vigorous study and is [so written and read.] its result my Granada [N. R.] [pause] My Granada was the Imagination fired [N. R.] fired by some knowledge and some folk lore. My Knickerbocker and Rip [pause] were similarly related. M. T's were more connected as Narratives of what might have occurred at the moment. [Pencil fell and distress.] [199]

197. The position taken with regard to Shakespeare is not verifiable, but it is not due to any knowledge which Mrs. Chenoweth has of him, as she has been no interested student of his works. The only interest which the view has is in the fact that it is limited to Dickens and Shakespeare and the work of Mark Twain and the communicator, Washington Irving is made normal and exempt from supernormal influences. It would have been more natural for the subconscious to have been consistent here, as it usually is in cases of secondary personality, and to have attributed everything to spiritistic influence.

198. This distinction between the work of Dickens and Shakespeare, on the one hand, and Mark Twain and himself, on the other, is interesting because we should most naturally suppose that a subconscious attributing spirit influences to the work of Dickens and Shakespeare would also do the same for Washington Irving and Mark Twain. But this is not the case. Natural knowledge and imagination are regarded as explaining the latter and it is evident from the actual work of the two men that the explanation is adequate, and its accuracy and exemption from subliminal fabrication tends to create some possibilities regarding the statements about Dickens and Shakespeare, tho it should be noticed that due credit is assigned to the mind of Dickens in the result.

199. I may at one time have known that Washington Irving had written *The Conquest of Granada*, but if I did I had forgotten it. When the refer-

[Subliminal.]

So much more I want to say. I could write myself if I had ... If it weren't for this I would write again. [Pause and awakened.]

Immediately after the sitting I questioned Mrs. Chenoweth about what she knew of Charles Dickens and found that she was very fond of him and had read a good deal of him, spontaneously remarking that she did not care for *Pickwick Papers*, after I mentioned that I had read this work. I then asked her if she knew of any unfinished book of his and after some struggle she recalled "*Edwin Drood*", but did not add "*The Mystery of*" to it. I then asked if she knew anything about his having been said to have finished it after his death through a psychic and she replied that she had never heard of it. This I can well imagine to be true as the Brattleboro completion of *Edwin Drood* was issued when she was but five years old, and it hardly emerged from the obscurity which has long enveloped it. She stated that she had not read the unfinished book, as she did not wish to do it, but knew nothing of the alleged finishing it after death.

Mrs. C. J. H. H. June 26th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause.] Who came in? [Long pause and left hand was lifted into the air with first and second fingers spread and pointing upward. Pause.]

[Oral Control.]

H-e-r-e I a-m S-a-m-u-e-l L. C-l-e-m-e-n-s. [Spelled to this point and frequent pauses between letters. [200]

ence came I had no knowledge or recollection of what it meant and examination of the encyclopædia showed that the work purports to be a translation from a Spanish author who, in fact, was entirely imaginary.

200. The oral method, readers may notice, resulted in an easier process for getting the name. It is true that it had been given before and this always results in subsequent attempts being easier, except when the name is given by a new communicator when it is often as difficult as in the first attempt. But

[Subliminal.]

Take your hand away from me. Let go my fingers. [Hand put down on table.]

[Oral Control Resumed.]

I have tried to give something about this experiment at the first place of communication and now I want to say some more, the things I have been feeling about the two kinds of work, the one where I have written stories like those I used to write before I left the body and this work in proving myself to be the man whom you wish to write.

It is as if I were Mark Twain where the girls are and Samuel Clemens at this place, a professional junketeer at one place writing out experiences like those best known and through that means giving evidence that I am of the same old stuff as when I was on earth, and when I come here the real man persists in making himself known. [201]

I never could seem to remember the things I have written until after I had gone over them several times and it is much the same here. I know I have done some stunts and said some characteristic things in the work and it was all real to me when I did it and it did not mean enough to me to remember to inscribe it on the monument here any more than one publishes the jokes that they make around the dinner table. [202] [bb]

I have noticed in other instances of oral control that names come more easily. Earlier the new part of his name, the middle name, came at once as easily as any other word in the message.

201. It is correct that it is Mark Twain in the work of "the girls" and Samuel Clemens here. In the books dictated he is the humorist and story teller. In these communications he is the man who was far more serious than in his books. Mrs. Chenoweth of course knew nothing about what he had done through Mrs. Hays and knew nothing about the man except that he was a humorist, and of course also knew nothing normally about his work through her.

202. Inquiry of the daughter to know whether her father had to go over what he wrote in order to remember it results in the information that the statement of the text has no meaning to her.

(bb) Yet the intimation that he had infirmities of memory is true, as his biographer, Mr. Paine, informs us in a number of places. The peculiarity was so marked that the material which he dictated for his biography had to be

Oh dear! Oh dear! I am ... I am so grateful that I have got this far. [Distress and pause.] Nearer I come. The better hold I get the sicker I feel. I'm dying all over again. [Pause and distress.]

I think I'll return to the writing method, even tho it is more involved. [Distress and several cries of 'Oh'.] but the experiment is worth the pain for I feel the atmosphere of your life all about me. [Very long pause and calm. All through the oral control there was sighing and distress with evident difficulty in communication.] [203]

[Change of Control.]

It is well. [Pause.] It is well. [Pause.] It can be done. [Pause, smile, and long pause.] * * Myers. [Long pause.] The Peace of God. [Pause.] The everlasting truth. [Very long pause.] At last [pause] we have come to the point of contact which gives us a new hold. [Long pause.] The experiment is successful. [Long pause of perhaps five minutes followed by a sigh, and long pause again.] Do not dare to stay, but we have won.

[All during this control was whispered and hard to detect.] [204]

[Change of Control.]

Joan of Arc. [Pause.] Hm. [Long pause.] Innocents [not caught.] Abroad became a gilded fool...
(What was the first?)

tested at every point. Toward the end of his life at least, perhaps as a result of his incessant practice in the writing of fiction, he could hardly relate an incident of the past without imaginative transformations, and seemed to be unaware of these until they were called to his attention.

203. He evidently began to lose control and the sensations suggested to the subliminal the process of dying which loss of control may sometimes suggest. It has often occurred in such crises. It gave rise to the desire to return to writing and perhaps some interfusion of the feelings of Mrs. Chenoweth and his own.

204. All through this interval we have an effort to prevent Mrs. Chenoweth from getting out of the trance. The subconscious evidently wished to avoid continuing oral control, but the guides succeeded in their object.

Joan of Arc, an Innocent Abroad became a gilded fool when she took up Christian Science and tried to show the Prince and the Pauper how to Tramp Abroad by Roughing it. Might walk through the Gilded Age on the Mississippi with Tom Sawyer and Pudd'nhead Wilson. I can't hear the rest of it. [Last sentence subliminal.]

(How about Huck?)

They met Huckleberry Finn.

[Pause, distress and awakened.] [205]

I then asked Mrs. Chenoweth if she knew who wrote Rip Van Winkle and she did not know. She associated it only with Joe Jefferson, tho she knew he did not write it. He had played it a great deal. I then asked her if she had ever read the Knickerbocker History and she said she had not and seemed never to have heard of it. I then asked if she had read *Bracebridge Hall* and she said she had not, but mentioned Washington Irving as the author of it and then asked me if he did not write the History of Columbus, and I replied in the affirmative. She then went on to say that she had never read anything of Washington Irving's and did not suspect that he was the author of Rip Van Winkle. It was quite evident that she knew nothing about the man and his works.

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

June 27th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Sigh, long pause.] Hm. [Smile and long pause. Face twisted in distress and rolled head over. Pause and reached for pencil.]

205. One reader of *Jap Herron* said that it was an epitome of all that Mark Twain had written. Whether the present enumeration of the titles of his works, published when living, is intended to represent this is not determinable. But it is clear in the passage that his works are enumerated and that the combination is made in a manner to suggest a humorous work consisting of all the characters about which he had written when he was living. Mrs. Chenoweth not having read his works probably knew nothing about some of them as here mentioned, the casual conversation might have brought most or all of them to her mind.

Mrs. Hutchings, on reading the record, wrote me as follows regarding this passage:

"Mark once strung together the titles of several of Howells's books in the same way."

[Automatic Writing.]

I tried to do what he did yesterday [P. F. R. Pause.] but could not spak [speak] to you. now I can write the message perhaps. I am one of the friends who comes with M. T. and I have so many experiences to relate of our various attempts to find one who could respond to the thought which he wished to express.

I knew that in time we would get to you and through you the message would be given to the world as so many have been given in the past.

(Thank you.)

and it is for that we work unceasingly [Pause and P. F. R.] for it is not a mater [matter] of money or fame or honor but service and all the gifts that have been used in the physical life become of especial significance when we use them again in this way. Do you remember the parable of the talents.

(Yes.)

That is it exactly. A man like M. T. uses the talent he possesses and it becomes an integral part of his spirit experiences and it is easy [read 'very'] easy to use it in this way after the day of the appearance of the Master Death and it became glorified in the service of God. [206]

(Yes I understand. Was all this planned beforehand?)

Planned [superposed and read doubtfully] as definitely... Planned as a railroad ['i' omitted in word and read 'rational doubtfully] Railroad. Good simile.

(Yes.)

for the trackless forest is surveyed the master mind sees the finished product of the workmen's skill and the interchange of thought and transfer of bodies and cargoes yes [to delayed reading.] and even sees that rals ['rals' but read 'rats' doubtfully] rails may be lad ['laid'] though [through] farms [written 'buns' and not read.] farms or towns or private grounds long cherished and much fought for but the progress of nations demands intercourse and transit and railroads must be respected as a divine [N. R.] institution ... divine [N. R.] Divine.

206. I did not know who the communicator was at this stage of the work, but I suspected Washington Irving. The sequel showed I was wrong.

(May I ask who this is?) [Thinking of Washington Irving.]
[207]

Yes you may and I reply I am the friend of M. T's and W. I. and my name is C. D. [pause] Charles Dickens [written 'Dikns' in scrawls.]

(All right.)

You did not know that all your questions about me were heard by me and many a smile was seen on the faces of the group around here. Before you know it you will be a recipient of psychic favors.

(I asked because I wanted to know how the analogy of railroads came to be used.)

You thought of some of the magnates of your own country but if you will take trouble to inquire you will see that your railroads were a matter of great interest to me even [N. R.] even in the early days of 58-60 [read 1860] 58-60.

(I understand.) [208]

207. The incidents involved in the illustration of a railway were so characteristic of an event in the life of Washington Irving which I had accidentally seen in his life when looking for other matters, that they confirmed my suspicion of who was present, and hence my question. The answer showed I was wrong and my mind seems not to have been read at all.

Washington Irving lived near the Hudson River and when the New York Central railway was planned he strongly objected to its being built along his land or the river. It was not only an injury to his property, but as most people felt, a disfigurement of the scenery. But he finally yielded and sacrificed his private grounds to some extent to the needs of the railway company. It will be apparent in this that I had a natural reason for my conjecture. The sequel showed that Irving was associated with the communicator.

208. My mind was certainly not read in the answer to my question. I was thinking of Washington Irving and not of any railroad magnates. Moreover, the word "magnates" would hardly be natural to Dickens. I half suspect it came into use long after his time, as the species seem to have originated since his death.

Mrs. Chenoweth knew about Charles Dickens well enough and had read much of his work with pleasure. I know of no reason to mention the dates of "58-60", unless he was trying to recall the time when he visited this country. His first visit was in 1842 and the second visit in the latter part of 1867 and the first part of 1868. Mrs. Chenoweth was born in 1868 and was only two years old when Dickens died in 1870. She knows nothing about the man except what she might learn from reading his novels.

As soon as Mrs. Hutchings saw this record she saw the possible meaning of an allusion to railway building. This is one of the important episodes in

I always saw wonderful [delay in reading.] wpower [started to rewrite 'wonderful' and reading stopped it.] power of a mind that conceived such mighty engineering.

(Wait a moment. I would like to know through whom you tried to finish Edwin Drood, if you know.)

A man in your country who had some dramatic power and [pause] decided mediumistic gift [scrawly writing.]

(All right. I shall look that up.)

V ... [pause and distress.] V ... [pause and P. F. R., but first picked up and held too awkwardly to write.] V e r ... state [N. R.] state. T n o m r e v [spelled but used 'S' instead of 'T'] T n o m r e v [Saw it was 'Vermont' written backward and read correctly.]

(I see. Go ahead.)

T n o m r e v.

(I understand. It is spelled backward.)

[Pause, distress and pause.] H g u o r o b e l t [pause.] t a b.

('Battleborough'?)

* * [scrawl.] b [pause] t a r b.

(Brattleborough.)

Is there not a town there by that name?

(I think so. At least somewhat like it.)

Long time ago.

(Yes.)

and fairly well done but much better work could I do not. Now

(I understand.) [209]

Jap Herron. An attempt was made to put a railroad through the town and property holders frustrated the effort and a rival town secured the road. Apparently then the allusion has a double coincidental value which is not less because it is associated with Washington Irving and indirectly with Dickens who claims to have helped in the work of transmitting the book *Jap Herron*. Whether we shall treat it as evidential opinions might divide, but the coincidence is worth noting.

209. I had learned some years ago by hearsay that Dickens had left an unfinished novel by the name of *Edwin Drood*. It was in his message at an earlier sitting that I learned it was "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Inquiry showed that Mrs. Chenoweth knew of the unfinished novel, and that she had always refused to read it. But she had never heard of any story to the effect that he had finished it through a medium. My impression had been that it was through a medium in the state of Maine. I do not recall ever hearing of

[Pencil fell and distress.]

[Oral.] Oh it is so hard. [Reached for pencil and one given.]
You know the ... [Pause.]

[Subliminal.]

I see Christ.

(What?) [Not caught clearly.]

I see Jesus. [Pause and distress, and after another pause the sound 'Hm' and pause again.]

Yes. [whispered and then left hand raised in air and waved and went down to the table.] [210]

[Automatic Writing.]

[Circle and cross slowly made. Pause and distress. Hands folded in prayer and then moved down to table still folded as in prayer.]

[Oral Control.]

Our Father. [Pause and lips moved.]

[Subliminal.]

I don't want to go so far. I don't want to lose these people.
[Pause and hands to face.] What wonderful things are going on.
I don't understand it. I don't understand these people. It takes
my breath away. [Confused.]

(What?)

It takes my breath away. [Long pause.] It's God's work, the
work of the Great Spirit [pause] bringing to the world light from

Brattleboro, Vermont, which is mentioned here. Note the spelling of "Brattleborough." This is English and natural enough for an Englishman, but I knew better and Mrs. Chenoweth would normally know better.

Note 196 explains the pertinence of this message. I made inquiries of the Postmaster in Brattleboro, Vermont, asking him to give my letter to some intelligent Spiritualist in the place, but received no reply. The accident of finding the actual volume in the New York Library solved the problem. The title shows that it was received through mediumship by a man in Brattleboro, Vermont, and published in the same place.

210. The only possible significance that can be attached to the reference to Christ here in association with Dickens is the fact that he wrote a "Christmas Carol" which is very famous. It is possible that Mrs. Chenoweth knew about it and no value can be attached to the mention of the name in this connection.

the source of Light. [Long pause and sigh. Pause and shook head.] Dr. Hodgson.

(What does he say?) [Saw he wanted to say something.]

Wait a minute till I hear.

[Oral Control.]

[Message spelled out in much distress and wringing of hands toward end.]

We are advancing on the world with the invincible arms of truth with the hosts of God. When the world arrays itself heaimst.

(What is that?)

Heaimst [I refused to try for further correction.] the onslaught of [pause.] I can't get the rest. Wait a minute. [Subliminal.] destructive and diabolical purposes made manifest by those who would make conquest of all that is holy, then the [great distress and wringing of hands.] power of God is with the men who are true. [Sigh and hand fell to table. Heavy breathing.]

[Subliminal.]

Father John and Michael Faraday. You [pause.] helping [whispered.]

[Eyes opened.] Oh what a strange influence. [Right hand stretched out to right of head. Pause, sigh and yawns.] I can't wake up. [Pause and awakened, but continued to yawn for some-time.] [211]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. June 28th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause.] Mrs. Verrall met Raymond didn't she when she went over?

(I suppose so.)

Hm. [Pause.] And gave him an idea of the needs of the

211. Any interpretation of this long confused passage may be given. It may have been started by the allusion to Jesus and the possible effort to say something about the *Christmas Carol* above mentioned. It is intelligible on that supposition, no matter whether it be subliminal or an interfusion of subliminal knowledge and memories of Dickens.

Father John is one of the guides of Mrs. Chenoweth, and Michael Faraday purported to communicate at a previous time and to perform certain quasi-electrical experiments for improving the messages.

Society so that they needn't rest on their laurels of what they did and go forward, and there will be more evidence soon, but it is quite hard to elect which will be most useful as evidence in your world, so I guess they will have to work with groups as they find them, like the group that is trying to tell you some things. It is like mining. They got to get a trail of the real gold and will have to go into the bowels of the earth to mine it.

All the [pause] members of the Society retain interest in what is being accomplished and Mr. Myers is really arranging a sort of campaign. That's not the . . . [pause. Reached for pencil.] [212]

[The last paragraph came slowly in contrast with the great rapidity of the first part, and showed signs of being affected by the desire to inhibit rapid speaking or to dictate the message.]

[Automatic Writing.]

I think it good of you to be so patient until I recall that it is not a personal matter with any of us and that if it were we probably would do much more of the personal work. I am M [pause] ark and am aware of the [pause] great [pause] desire of the friends of your work to add to the lustre of your jewelled diadem by placing me in it and you will recall that in the first days I made some objection to the exploitation as if I felt the work I had to do was purely my own affair but I have no such feeling now nor did I have it very strongly even then but I did wish to get a little better hold before I tried to express myself freely and as I got hold the more personal things began to leak through.

(I understand.)

just as they always do when you meet someone who listens to you with attention. The first thing you know you begin to tell them about the baby's tooth [read 'bath'] tooth when you would not have dreamed of doing it to a stranger.

(I understand. All I want now is the names of the two books and the password, and perhaps an answer to a question.)

I know what you want friend and if it were as simple a matter to answer questions as it is to ask them you would have been at

212. Mrs. Chenoweth knows that Mrs. Verrall is dead and that Raymond is the name of Sir Oliver Lodge's son who was killed in the war.

The statements about them are not verifiable, but quite probable on a spiritistic hypothesis.

at some days ago and all these side issues which have been put would have been nil. as it is they hve [have] opened up still re opportunities for investigation.

The girls have not held me entirely as you must know and that why some of the things which seem so important to you and them : not so well remembered as it seems as if they might be. [Pencil l and finger snapped.] [213]

[Change of Control.]

[Four pencils rejected.] J. P.

(All right.)

I think perhaps I can help him on his evidential matter. He s such an active life that his mind is one continual [N. R.] con-ual expression of various themes [N. R.] themes just like his oks. If you needed any evidence of the real man and the way s mind always worked you would find it in the way he has written re versatile and what I call [read 'will'] call an omniscient J. R.] omniscient spirit see.

(Yes.)

I see him put down here some blocks [read 'clocks' doubtfully.] xcks as if they were to represent something he had on his mind.

P. is helping him and I see the word Tramp [N. R.] T r a m p s [to reading.] a word which means something to him and then shows me a large letter S which is not for his name but has to with the work done with the other light. Do you know who sy is.

(No I don't. Go ahead.) [214]

And do you know about two words that is a compound [N. R.] mpend [so written and read.] c o m p o u n d word which is ap-

213. There are no specific incidents in this passage that are evidential, the whole has a characteristic color, tho this is slight, and probably in-duced by the subliminal and the control. It is evident that the object was give the password and that I was getting the general drift of the mind ile he was working up to it. But the control had to be changed to the irect method.

214. The word "Tramp" had no meaning to me at the time, except to all that one of his books was called "A Tramp Abroad." At a later sitting was made clear that he did have this in mind, but that he was also trying to something else. Cf. p. 155 and Note 227.

parently one which he wishes to give as the password. It is something like [pause] *O p e n S e s a m e*.

(That's right.)

You know the word.

(Yes, it is the password.) [215]

I knew it was when he showed it to me. I cannot get the names of the ['of' read 'to' and 'the' not read.] of the books now for he is so excited for it came so easy when G. P. and I took hold and he had tried so hard he got that *O* several times but always left it as an exclamation [N. R.] *ex clam ...* [read.] I will help him with the books next time. He is dancing [N. R.] a ... dancing [N. R.] *D a n c i n g* a jig on the window sill and says Good Boy to G. P. and completely ignores me but you wait till I get outside and I will make him bow [N. R.] *down ... B o w ...* to J. P. [Pencil fell.]

[Pause, opened eyes and was soon awake.]

After Mrs. Chenoweth awakened she told me that she thought she saw something or some one going through the window.

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

July 2nd, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Suddenly uttered a half groan while we were talking and closed her eyes, putting her head on the back of the chair. Long pause. Sigh and face twisted.]

Yes. [Distress in face.] I can't do it.

(Can't do what?)

I can't let them take me away.

215. "Sesame" was the password I got from him in St. Louis. He there volunteered it for cross reference and I got it in a peculiar way through Miss Burton two days later in Toledo, Ohio. It should be noticed here that the word "Open" is added, the correct additional word to go with it. Later I asked him to put this word through in St. Louis.

Mrs. Hutchings, without knowing what I had received for the password except the word "Sesame", tried to get the other word. All that she got was: "It was not from me. Tell Hyslop the grain is still sesame", referring to the other word I had received. She adds that neither Mrs. Hays nor the other lady present knew what this meant, but Mrs. Hutchings knew it was a grain, but did not have her hand on the index.

(Why?)

[Long pause.] Gone. [Pause and reached for pencil and pause gain.]

[Automatic Writing.]

You were [pause due to my pulling the pencil down as it was superposing.] a good def ... [pause near edge of paper.] defender of my beliefs. M. T.

(When was that?)

When you spoke to the one I am usng [using] about the celebrated case of lust and passion. understand.

(Yes perfectly.)

You see I hear what you say.

(Yes, that's good.) [216]

I do not refer to [pause] Petrarch and Laura [both written with difficulty.] [Sigh and distress.] but [distress. P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

[Distress.] to [distress and pause.] A b e l ... [P. F. R. Distress and pause.]

(Stick to it.)

[Oral.] Can't do it.

(Yes you can.)

[Writing.] A b e l a r d [pause] H e ... [pause and relaxed hold on pencil.]

(Stick to it.)

[Pause.] H e l ... H e l o i s ... H e l ... H e l i o s e [Heloïse]

(That's good. Do you remember where you mentioned it?)

D ... [pause] Yes book Book. (Yes.) [P. F. R. Pause and pencil picked up in flat of hand. Fixed.] Travel [Not read at time.] T ... Travels

(Go ahead.) [Saw what he meant.]

not quite right. It seems strange to refer to it. Now that I am here I would like to get it right. It is important is it.

(Yes.)

216. The note made contemporaneously at the end of the sitting explains the value of the incident later mentioned. At this point I can only say that, when Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays were here for their sittings, I was talking to them about Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* and mentioned this very incident of Abelard and Heloise to them. This Mrs. Chenoweth could not know normally.

[Distress.] It was when you were discussing the work [read 'book' doubtfully.] work here with the other lady that I first knew your manner of dealing with some of these old reprobates who have no right to our [pause] regard and whom we would have put into jail if they were in Hartford.

(Yes.)

[Distress.] but a funny Man may tell the story in a way that the historians would like to smother and a few men like yourself will see the point.

(Yes, thanks.)

A A [pause] Traveler [Not read at time.]

[Oral.] No, that's wrong. Wait a minute. I'll get it. I'll get it for you in a minute. [Pause.]

[Writing.] A broad. A broad

(That is one word.)

A broad Paris. [N. R.] Paris Paris Abroad. I [pause]

I I I

(Yes.)

In ... [Pause.] I n n ... [Distress and pause.]

[Oral.] I must get it.

(Yes.)

I n n o [pause] c e n t s.

(Good, that's right.)

I n n o c e n t s A b r o a d (Yes.) I n n o c e n t s A b r o a d.

(Yes that is what it was.)

I ought to write Innocents in Heaven though [so written and read.] through the girls. [217]

217. Little needs to be added to the note at the end of the sitting. Mrs. Chenoweth did not know at this time that Mark Twain had been communicating and as I had carefully refrained from mentioning his name in my conversation about Abelard and Heloise, Petrarch and Laura, and as she had not read *Innocents Abroad*, it was a good hit to refer to the incident in proof of identity and to give the name of the book in which it was mentioned. Notice that he first spoke of "Travels", which is just what the book represents, tho it is no part of the title, and suggests complications in the communications.

The most interesting feature of the work, however, is the difficulty in getting the names Abelard and Heloise through. The names Petrarch and Laura came through with ease, only a short pause preceding, and tho the names of Abelard and Heloise were both closely associated with them in the talk and as clear to the subconscious, on the hypothesis that it is the agent in

(Yes.) I always had a penchant for travel * * [pencil fell. Distress and pause.]

[Subliminal.]

Two other names he has to get.

(Yes.)

Yes, I have got to write in the spirit of names. [Pause and awakened.]

Before the sitting we were talking about a certain person who respected romanticism more than correct moral ideals and I mentioned in some strong antagonistic language the case of Petrarch and Laura and Abelard and Heloise, mentioning their names and remarking that a man had criticised the latter severely and my agreement with him, but carefully suppressing the mention of his name because I had Mark Twain in mind and he was likely to be the communicator. I was willing also to watch the reaction.

After the sitting I found that Mrs. Chenoweth had never read *Innocents Abroad*, tho she knew the title and the name of the author. She had read "Roughing it", the only book of Mark Twain's that she had read. But she told me that a week or more ago she had mentioned to her husband that she ought to get Mark Twain's books and read them. She said that she had frequently thought of it since.*

the work, there was all the difficulty of getting them that might accompany getting one not known or mentioned at all. There is some evidence in the difference between giving those of Petrarch and Laura and giving those of Abelard and Heloise that involuntary messages come more easily than voluntary ones. It was more important to mention these than those of Petrarch and Laura and besides he was more familiar with them than with the latter. The evidence is strong here that the subconscious had little or nothing to do with the result, at least as reporting its own memories.

The mention of Paris is significant, as it had no part in my conversation with Mrs. Chenoweth. It is where the events of Abelard and Heloise took place and where the celebrated monument is which gave rise to Mark Twain's comments in *Innocents Abroad*. Mrs. Chenoweth knew nothing about either the events or the monument.

* The following letter of Mr. Chenoweth confirms her statement about reading Mark Twain:

BOSTON, MASS., July 2nd, 1917.

DEAR DR. HYSLOP:

Sometime early in June, I cannot tell the exact date as I have nothing in mind by which to recall it, Mrs. Chenoweth began to express an earnest desire

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

July 3rd, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause, distress and long pause again.]

Houses of glass. [Pause.] Hm. [Pause.] How important. [Pause, reached for pencil and it immediately fell and fingers were fumbled about and pencil reinserted. Pause.]

[Automatic Writing-]

* * [scrawl in form of oblique line.] M [a vertical stroke first made ending in a line, short line, to the left and pause when the other lines were made.] [Pencil fell and reinserted, when it was thrown down and a new one given. The first one was the pencil generally used by Mark Twain.]

Myers [first a horizontal line was made and the 'M' finished by beginning the first stroke of it at terminus of the horizontal line.] as you may know by the sign of long ago M [Letter made as before.] Do you not recall my M [made as described.]

(No, you had another sign)

yes but that was one also.

(I don't remember it.) [218] [bb2]

I am here for a moment to suggest that the work go forward as far as possible in this way and that the speaking be deferred a little while although that will be the next step in the unfolding of the light.

to read the books of Mark Twain. She has frequently since that time said that we ought to know more about a man who had a national reputation for wit and humor.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES L. CHENOWETH.

It should be noted by readers that the sittings for Mark Twain began on May 28th previous, so that this unconscious impression on Mrs. Chenoweth evidently began very early in the series. The chief thing of interest and significance is the evidence of transcendental influence on normal life, at least of psychics, whether it be voluntary or involuntary.

218. There is nothing of evidential interest in the message from Mr. Myers, unless inquiry should show that he had used this peculiar "M" in work through some one else. He used a peculiar "I" in his work here which was not repeated here. (bb2) Miss Tubby is confident that Myers constantly used this "M" in 1907 Chenoweth script, a fact of little import unless the same were found in that of another independent automatist.

I am here at all the experiments but usually try to keep in the shadow as I am more quickly recognized by those in attendance and then the recognition flashes a thought through the subconscious of the the light and some mistakes are liable to occur. that is it may be inferred that I am about to communicate.

It is precisely like the insulating process which M. T. tried. I try to insulate my own identity. [Pause.]

(Yes.)

I have wondered how far Sir Oliver had influenced his own family in this matter and was pleased that the matter of non interest had come before the world and that the blow which fell upon them was the very wind that blew the covers of materiality from their eyes and at last brought the whole family to a unit [read 'mind'] united opinion on the merit [N. R.] merit of the investigation. In my own case I had similar conditions to overcome but did not have the same blow to give impetus to my work and research and so my family was not as united in the belief in the matter.

Be that as it may Time is the [pause] powerful ally of Truth and it is only as Time reveals the Hidden mysteries that the world sees what God has given to His [read 'this'] His children. The frosts and storms open the burr where the morsel is safe hidden away and no [pause] amount of prying or pounding will give to the experimenter the contents until the right hour has arrived.

(You speak of Lodge. There is an important colleague who has come out as Lodge did and yet he has never been mentioned here except by one who passed over last year. What about him?)

Yes I know to whom you refer and want to take up some of that work. I simply referred to Lodge because of the hornets nest he has stirred up by the renewal of his vows to the cause in his late utterance.

It is so stupid for attacks to be made upon him as if he were an old defunct professor but that is the way of the churchman who fears for his throne.

(I understand.)

Just now I am more intent on this work done by M. T. and think he has done remarkably well from the first and want to see the finish of the experiment. [Distress]

(Yes.) [219]

219. Mrs. Chenoweth did not know what is true that the statements made

[Pause and pencil fell and reinserted.]

[Change of Control.]

M [pause] S. L. C.

(Yes.)

so many Ms I want to get away from them.

(I understand perfectly.)

I always laugh when I see M begin so many messages. My dear My wife My child &c.

(Yes I understand.)

So here goes for S. L. C.

(Yes.)

It was no small affair for me to undertake this matter which you have set me to do that the vindication of my work at the home might be complete.

I wanted to tell you about B a friend who has been here with me on several occasions [writing very scrawly] You know B who came with [pause] some of the other friends some time ago and gave good evidence.

(Yes, Beecher.)

Yes yes. Just that and I have special reasons for wishing [N. R.] to . . . wishing to refer to him.

(All right. Tell those reasons.)

I have been in contact with him and with Funk since I came here.

(At this light, you can.)

no that was not what I referred to but to another place where they came with me.

about Sir Oliver Lodge's family and his own are correct. She has not read Sir Oliver Lodge's book and knows nothing whatever about Mr. Myers and his family affairs. It is true that Mr. Myers had no such experiences to undergo in his family and they were either snobbish or sceptical after his death, and he received less sympathy for his attachment to the cause than he deserved.

It is truer than Mrs. Chenoweth knew that Sir Oliver Lodge had stirred up a "hornets' nest." She knew that the book had created much interest, but not that it had evoked so much criticism.

The use of the term "churchman", slowly written as it was, is significant. as Mr. Myers was familiar with the prejudices of that class, having to deal with it in his life and having been brought up in its atmosphere, his father being a churchman and clergyman, and Mr. Myers had to break away from that influence.

(Yes I remember that. Tell about it.) [220]

and I thought if I could tell you I was one of that cluster of stars [N. R.] stars [N. R.] stars you would feel more like paying [N. R.] deference ... paying ... to me

(I understand.)

and it is with some joy that I announce myself as the companion of the cloth.

(Yes.)

They smile as they should to any reference to their past estate but they have wandered far from the heavenly kingdom back to the wilds of earth somehow escaping St. Peter just to take a peek at the old playground.

I only wish I had been able to get as far into heaven as they ought to have been after all the things they gave up in order to be good.

(All right.) [221]

But if there is no smoking in the far realm I guess I'm done for, for I still think tenderly [N. R.] tenderly and longingly about my black cigar [N. R.] cigar. You are not in my class I can see but you may do your smoking over here while I d ... [did] while [not read first time.] I did mine on your side. Never can tell whom his Satanic majesty may elect to smoke next so don't be so sure [N. R.] sure of a smokeless hereafter.

220. It was pertinent to mention Beecher and Dr. Funk together, as Dr. Funk had been a member of Henry Ward Beecher's church, a fact which Mrs. Chenoweth did not know. But as the two were mentioned together previously at sittings much earlier than these for Mark Twain I cannot give the fact here any special weight.

I asked my question here about the present "light" because I had in mind the Burton case where Mark Twain did purport to communicate at the same time with Dr. Funk whose sign I got there as well as the password of Mark Twain. Mrs. Chenoweth knew nothing of all these things. I had asked Mark Twain through Mrs. Hays, if he had seen Dr. Funk, with the purpose of seeing whether he would refer to his having given his own password at the same time. But he denied his having ever seen him. Here it is spontaneously stated that he had.

221. The humor is characteristic enough here and represents well the mental make up of Mark Twain and his attitude toward the religious mind. Mrs. Chenoweth knew nothing about this, having known nothing of his works. She had heard "Roughing It" read when a child, but was too young to understand the humor of it.

(I hope I can stand it.) [Meaning the smoking.]

You have to, it is not a question of taste but habit [N. R.] habit. I am still trying to do some things with the girls as you may know.

(Yes.) [222]

and think we may get some more cross references as that is what Mr. Myers is so anxious for.

(Yes, you remember that here you gave the word 'Open' as well as 'Sesame', and at the other place you gave me only 'Sesame'. I have asked them to give me this other word you gave here without telling them what it was. You give the word 'Open' also.)

I know and I am going to do it I * * today to tell you so. [Pencil fell and pause.] [223] [cc]

[Subliminal.]

He's gone. Hurried right away. What for? [Pause.] I am so hungry.

[Awakened after a little pause, and asked me if she had said she was hungry, and on my saying she had said it, she remarked that she was very hungry. Before the sitting I had made a remark about eating anything when I was hungry and not being able to eat anything when I was not hungry.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

July 4th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Sigh, pause and reached for pencil. Pencil fell and new one given. Pause, and then a smile with slight sound of laugh. Pause.]

222. It was very relevant to refer to smoking here, as it is the natural reflex from the subject which he had been mentioning just before. He had been a very inveterate smoker, using large black cigars, about which Mrs. Chenoweth knew nothing, but the point in the association is the tacit admission that it would be regarded as a sin by Beecher and Dr. Funk and he was "jolly" them for their sacrifices and not getting into the heaven they expected in spite of their virtues in that respect.

223. (cc) Here was to be a note by Dr. Hyslop, but his last illness began before it was supplied.

[Automatic Writing.]

[Writing fine, and not in usual style of Mark Twain.] Will Harper publish for the girls.

(No I believe not. Another publishes it.)

I was afraid that Harper would consider it an unprofessional matter and that the story although bearing the mark of humor and pathos which Twain intermingled in his works would not necessarily be the child of his brain. Of course you are prepared for the storm which critics will raise

(Yes perfectly.) [224]

and the scornful way in which the books will be treated by those who think M. T. is being made a goat of by those girls but M. T. has no fear of the sacrilegious attack on his new peace or old reputation and knew right well when he began the work what the outcome would be. [225]

Why should he prefer those girls to some friend like ... [pencil ran off pad.] like Howells who has the gift and who had an appreciation of M. T. but that is just the reason he did take the girls.

(I understand.)

And it ought to be the best evidence of his plan in the effort. It was not simply that he could not or would not work with Howells or any other of his literary friends but the work [N. R.] would ... work ... be so merged into the thought of the already well trained mind that it would lose distinctiveness.

224. Harpers were the publishers of Mark Twain's books at the time of his death. I never knew this until after these sittings began and Mrs. Chenoweth does not know it now; that is, at the time of the sittings. Nor do I know whether Harpers have always been his publishers or not. It is true enough that they would probably feel it "unprofessional" to publish such a work from Mark Twain as the one claiming to come from him since his death, and Mrs. Chenoweth knows too little of the house to suspect this. And as she has never read his books at all, except "Roughing It" as a child, or rather heard it read and did not understand that it was funny, she would not know that his literary work mingled "humor and pathos" which it often did. This passage is remarkably accurate in its characterization of the man and his work as well as of his publishers.

225. While there is no way to verify this passage or its statements, it describes the situation exactly and it is certain that a very large class of the Philistine type will act as asserted here. Mrs. Chenoweth may know enough to conjecture this and perhaps any one could. But there is more knowledge of Mark Twain's temper in this passage than Mrs. Chenoweth has of the man.

(I understand.) [226]

I am glad he took just the instrument he did just as he might have dictated to one before he left had there been one sufficiently attuned, and he thought at first he would call it A [distress and pause] Tramp Very Much Abroad

(I see.) [227] [dd]

but did not feel that he would enter into that field of thought to any degree and so the name was decided upon which would have no appearance of imitating the titles of his already [pause.] written books.

(I understand.)

That left him with the choice of [pause] several good titles which always makes more or less of the making of the reputation of a book.

I know what the titles are. If I can give them to you now I will do so, for I know that is what you wait for.

(Yes exactly.)

[Long pause and pencil moved as if trying to write something.]

E [long pause.] The [pause and distress.] Travels [pause] J [read 'I'] [Oral.] Hm. Jo [purposely not read, and thought 'o' might be for 'a'.] Jo ... [purposely not read. P. F. R. Long pause.] [228]

226. It is certainly very pertinent to refer to Mr. Howells in this manner. He was the intimate friend of Mark Twain and did appreciate the man as few people of his literary ideals did. The reason assigned for Mark Twain's selection of "the girls" and not Mr. Howells is a good one, whatever we may think of the possibility of using Howells or any other literary friend. I have no reason to believe that any of them could write a word under any such inspiration. But it is certain that their organic habits of mind would so greatly affect the attempt or the result that the distinctive features of Mark Twain would be lost in their style of thought and expression. Mrs. Chenoweth knows or believes enough of the influence of the subconscious to assert this view of the situation, but she does not know enough to make its relation to "the girls" so accurate.

227. (dd) The suggestion for this title is of course from the title of one of Mark Twain's books, *A Tramp Abroad*.

228. "Travels" is probably a relic of the reference to "A Tramp Very Much Abroad", whether we regard it as subconscious or spiritistic. How relevant or irrelevant it may be to the book whose name I want I do not know. But "Jo" is incorrect, tho the letter "J" is the initial letter of the desired name. The communicator soon broke down and a change of control brought some one else to help.

[Oral.] It makes my head ache. [Pause.]

[Writing.] Just a minute.

(Yes.)

[Very long pause, perhaps three minutes.]

[Apparent Change of Control.]

[Handwriting not large.] M ... [pause] not M. [Long pause.]
M a r k C a n d o m u c h h i m s e l f w i t h o u t t h e

[Oral and Subliminal.]

I keep seeing these pictures all the time. [Pause.] You know
thing about a big letter J?

(Yes. Go ahead.)

It's printed just like that [Letter 'J' then written.] I'll get it
a minute.

[Automatic Writing.]

J o [purposely not read.] [Long pause.] U [purposely not
d.]

(What is that letter?)

U ('U'?) [Oral.] Hm.

[Oral Control.]

I It looks somewhat like I [pause] J J i ... It follows that
you know.

(Yes.)

I'll get it in a moment I think. [Long pause.] J e ... [pause]
st it every time. It seems to go. Why don't I get it clearer?
use.] It isn't about Jesus is it?

(No.)

[Pause.] Well it ... J u s J u s J u s J [long pause] J * *

(What?)

J i ... [Long pause. Then moved lips as if trying to say 'a'
l then put hand over her mouth as if to prevent it. Long pause.]
' [whispered.]

(I don't hear that.)

I know. Neither do I. Somebody keeps whispering all the
ie. [Long pause and reached for pencil.]

[Automatic Writing.]

J o [Purposely not read and pause. 'O' a mere scrawl.] u
rposely not read.]

(What is this letter?)

J u ... J u l

(J-u-t or J-u-l.)

J u l. not right yet.

(No not right yet.)

wait a moment (Yes.) for when it is on the tip of the pencil it is exasperating.

(I understand.)

It is not u [written like 'm' and not read.] U. It is another letter.

(That's right.)

which I will write in a moment. [Pause.] J [pause] * * [scrawl and might be 'ie' or attempt at 'a'] [Purposely not read.] e [or 'c' and not read.]

[Oral Control.]

Somebody hit me. [Firecracker went off on the street.]

(A shot on the street.)

Is it a battle?

(No, a firecracker.)

[Pause.] They are going to get it through, aren't they.

(Yes.)

[Pause.] It isn't a man's name you are trying to get.

(Practically that. It is the name of a book.)

It is something just like a man's name, like Jim or ... [pause] and I think it is not Joshua.

(No.)

No. I know it is not that. You mustn't take that. I'm trying to hear when I say that. [Pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

[Flinched as fire cracker went off again. Another went off and she jumped in fright and then a third and the same.]

J e l [purposely not read.] r r r r [Pause and P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

y [read 'J'] J e r [long pause.] r [pause] * * [scrawl, but is the upper part of 'y'] [Pencil fell and both hands went to the neck. Long pause and another fire cracker disturbed her.]

[Oral.] Oh I wish they wouldn't fight.

[Writing.] y. [read 'j'] [Fire cracker again and distress.]
are patient but I will get it.
(Yes I know.)
[Distress.]

[Oral Control.]

[Is it next to the J.
(No.)

[Automatic Writing.]

[e ... [long pause.]
(Are you thinking of Jerry?) [Here found what the 'y'
nt.]
[It kept coming to the front but I did not want it for it bothered
It is not that of course.
(I understand.)
[a [purposely not read.] J a c ... [Pause and P. F. R.]
(Stick to it.)
c P ['P' purposely not read.] J a [pause] * * [scrawl.]
P. F. R.]
(Stick to it. I think you will get it.)
[a c k.
(No, it is not Jack. You know it is not Jack.)
[Fire cracker again and cry of 'Oh':]
[a r ...
(No, not quite.)
n [rose and leaned forward.] J a ... [pause] J a s ...
bbbed hand over it to erase as pencil fell and then reinserted.
use.] y J J J a s. [229]

29. Jap Herron was the name I wanted and all this confusion is interesting on any supposition, especially so on the hypothesis that Mrs. Chenoweth was the name. It had been published in western newspapers and once in the *New York Tribune* some weeks ago, all of which papers Mrs. Chenoweth had seen. I saw that Jerry had been given and it was interesting to notice that it was at once denied when I asked if that was the name he was thinking of, and still more interesting to note that every vowel of the alphabet had been tried except the correct one "a", and this was indicated once by the motion of the lips and the hand hushed it up. Both "Jack" and "Jas" had meaning which I did not know, as the sequel shows. Cf. Note 234.

It is probable that the noise from fire crackers was the partial cause of the confusion, though not all of it. It was the 4th of July.

[Oral Control.]

(Ja what?)

B is it. Ja. J something. [Long pause and smile.] It's queer. Is there an 'r' after 'a'?

(No.)

Do you want that 'r' there?

(No.)

Ja ... [Fire cracker again caused distress. Pause.] J J J
[Opened eyes and slowly awakened. Long pause.]

I kept hearing something I can't quite get hold of. [Pause.]
It sounds like Jappy. Is that right?

But I want the reader to notice the very important significance of the prompt indication that "Jerry" was not correct and the statement that it "kept coming to the front and bothered" the communicator. The communicator does not say that the medium did it, and it is either the influence of her own mind working on the impression coming to it in pictures and acting automatically on the vocal organism or it is the subconscious interpretation or guessing from the influence of the spirit transmitted back to the spirit and automatically reflected on the vocal machine. We cannot tell which. But there is unmistakable evidence that the communicator is clear enough as to the relevant word and that the difficulties are in the process of transmission and not in the mind of the communicator. I have noticed occasional illustrations of the same phenomenon before, tho not so clearly indicated as here. It indicates a possibility which I have always held since the name "Evelyn Sargent" came through Mrs. Smead, when Mr. Smead was thinking of "Minnie Sargent" and the correct name was "Evelyn Hamel", which he did not know. The mind of the living had as much to do with the message as the dead and possibly the thought of Mr. Smead was transmitted to the spirit and re-transmitted automatically by virtue of being in the mind of the communicator from the re-transmission. The proof of this is not yet clear, as telepathy stands in the way. But telepathy is so absurd in the present case that it is as likely that the guessing of the subconscious affected the mind of the communicator and through it the automatic organism as that the subconscious directly affected the automatic machinery, with probably a preference for the latter under the circumstances, at least as a scientific precaution, tho the very nature of the trance is to inhibit the direct influence of the medium's mind on this machinery, tho it may not prevent telepathic impression on the mind of the communicator who probably knows what is going on in the medium's mind. If the marginal or involuntary message is the easier one to get through, this interpretation of an indirect influence of the medium's subconscious on the communicator and the message would be more probable. What follows favors this view.

(Well, we shall see.) [Then recognized she should not have asked the question.] [230]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. July 5th, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Distress.] See the people. [Long pause, reached for pencil, sigh and pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

M. T. and retinue.

(Yes, welcome.)

I have wished to say and want to say now before I lose the idea in my effort to give the particular things evidential that there is somewhat more in my effort to communicate here than has been apparent either here or at the other meeting place. You must know that I am not merely playing the game for the fun there may be in it nor do I wish to [pause] continue the work of story writing simply to make people laugh. I have always during all the years of my writing wished that I might express some of the deeper and more serious feelings that are bound to come to any thinking man who is not a fool and now that I have come into this wonderful experience which gives me such a knowledge of the possibilities of influence in a world of sensitive souls I am almost overwhelmed with the meaning of it and today when I come here with this group of friends who are consecrated to the great work and enlisted under the white banner of Truth I feel my pulses swelling with a joy and a reverence for life and its revelations which has not been mine before. It was more than heaven when I came to the life I am now in to find my darling [N. R.] darling wife my mother my friends and myself. I make that last word mean just myself.

230. "B" is the initial of the name of the second book. But we here get "Ja", which is correct as far as it goes, and then "Jappy" is also correct as the sequel will show. As this got through to the normal consciousness it rather indicates that the subconscious had no knowledge of the name, and on the theory that it would automatically affect the organism, if it had the name, this failure to get it would not be intelligible. At any rate we got a part of what was wanted, tho we still have much to unravel to understand the complications of the process.

(Yes I understand.) [231]

Understand me. (Perfectly.) stripped from what man had made me through glimpses they had caught of me and myself revealed as I am known by my waiting friends by that self.

Now all the reality of it returns with new and wonderful strength and I recall how I at once thought I would return and tell everyone about the experience and then came my experiments at various points, among them several besides here with the group interested in your devoted [N. R.] efforts ... devoted ... to keep burning [read 'turning'] burning the lamp of truth and I saw that to convince people I was the man I claimed to be I must do the same sort of stunts I had won applause for.

(Yes I understand.)

and so I entered the ring and have tried my hand at the old work but remember [N. R.] remember kind friend it is only the door opening work and that the fact that I have been able to do what I have done is the matter of consequence for it proves that there is a way to walk [read 'wait'] walk on the water if one has faith. [Pause.]

I often think that the whole matter of miracles was to give men an understanding of certain laws which might serve to relieve the world of pain and want [N. R.] want and instead [read 'without'] instead of serving the purpose the blind idiots made a God of the Teacher and set up a new religion.

It is to teach that I come not to perform miracles to prove my Godship might have been the cry in the heart of Jesus of Nazareth.

(Exactly.) [232]

and with this effort the same cry must often be in the hearts

231. This passage purports to tell things that go on beyond this life and is not verifiable except that it represents correctly the character of Mark Twain. The motives of the work as asserted have to be inferred from the character of the man and the nature of the messages. These may not prove them, but the avowal here is consistent with all that we know of him and the work done.

232. This outline of Christianity is interesting, tho we cannot prove that it was a characteristic view of Mark Twain when living. It represents more knowledge of psychic research and of its relation to Christianity than he ever gave public expression to. The spirit of it, however, is quite consonant with the character of the man.

of those who seek to enlighten the world and rid it of its burden of sorrow over death.

(Yes I understand. Do you know who began the communications yesterday; that is came before you did?)

Yes not one of your group. let me see was it yesterday that F [written and read 'T'] M. F. M. came.

(No day before yesterday.)

I thought so. Well yesterday was one who came to the girls when I was first there and he thought he could write for me as we [N. R.] we were associated together in that work but after he had been there awhile there were several others who tried to help on the title [read 'table' doubtfully] title. It is often the case that several will try [neither word read.] will try for the experience and Imperator allows it to go on for the benefit it will be at some other place or at some other time here. It is a sort of training camp with all the other work that is done here for at times everything seems just right for a specific thing to be learned [delay in reading] when [N. R.] one ... Yes that's right. [to reading of 'learned'] When one writes fluently [N. R.] fluently and rapidly as I am not doing there is usually help coming from S— G. P. or J. P. or Madam. Sometimes when the words are suddenly transposed [transposed] written backward the power is directly from the spirit they call Madam. do you know who she is.

(Yes I know all you mentioned except S. Who is S.?)

That was not S. but G.

(S. came before G.)

I did not intend to make an S. yet there is one whose name begins with S who is here sometimes. I had known of S. M. before I died. Isn't that a queer statement before I died. [233]

233. I did not get the name of the person helping him the day before or perhaps preceding him. The handwriting at the time suggested that Dr. Hodgson was at least helping the communicator tho the contents were not like him. Hence my desire to know who it was.

Evidently the "S" was instigated by the thought of Stainton Moses and it was inhibited. But the interesting thing is the ascription to Madam of the reversed writing. It has always appeared, if it appeared at all, in attempts to give proper names or specific things like a name and so interrupted normal writing. The remark about it here rather suggests what has been evident to me long ago; namely, that several personalities may be necessary to get through a specific message like a proper name. I had never received any

(Yes it all depends on one's conception of "death".)

Yes I use the term that your readers will understand. We have to see our readers in our mind's eye as we write.

(Yes I understand perfectly.)

J a m [long pause before 'm'] [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

J a [long pause.] m

(Think a moment.)

[Oral.] No, no. [pause] J a * * [possibly 'ck'] [Fist clutched. and pause] c * * [scrawl.] [Pause.] [234]

[Oral. Subliminal.]

What did you go away for? [Long pause.] I see a hand writing. [Long pause.] Wait a moment. [Pause.] S [whispered, and long pause. Right hand seized my wrist and held it tightly. Pause.] Jason [whispered and pause.]

(No, not Jason.)

No. Are they trying to say your name?

(No.)

previous hint that Madam, the chief guide of Mrs. Chenoweth, was assisting on such special occasions.

234. The name "Jack" is the name of Jap's father, as the note of Mr. Hutchings shows, and represents knowledge which I did not have. But "Jas" is correct, as the following statement by Mrs. Hutchings will prove. It represents entire ignorance on my part of the facts. I had always supposed that "Jap Herron" was the only name in the case. But Mrs. Hutchings's note shows what was going on.

"I was electrified when I read Mrs. Chenoweth's effort to get the name 'Jap Herron.' I think it is more wonderful than you do, because it implies a knowledge of something which you do not know. The name of the boy was Jasper James Herron, and his father was called Jacky Herron. His baby sister called him Jappy, and even when she returned to the story, near the end, she still called him by the form of the name which her baby lips had fashioned. Mark sometimes spelled it Jappy, and sometimes Jappie in the transmission, just as he confused Rosy and Rosie, but Mr. Hutchings adopted the J-a-p-p-i-e spelling when preparing the copy." [See *Jap Herron*, pp. 43-44, 210.]

"Jap" was finally adopted for the book and that was all that I knew of the title, nothing of the other and associated names ever having been mentioned to me.

I know your name. [235]

[Automatic Writing.]

J a * * [scrawl. and pause.] * * [scrawl but attempt at a long
utter. Then erased. Pause.] k.

(Are you trying to say Jack?)

[Pause.] Jack is not the name of the written story.

(I know. Go ahead.)

and that is what is on the mind now.

(Yes I know it. Stick to it.)

do you know p. [pause] (Go ahead.) [Pause.] c [pause]

* [scrawl] p e t [written backward from right to left and so
'tep' as it appears.] [Pause.] J a s [pause] [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

p c no not c.

(I know.)

e [pause] J a s e r p p

[Oral whispered.] p e r p e r. [Pause.] [P. F. R.] [236]

[Subliminal.]

I can't do it.

(Yes you can.)

It isn't Jasper.

(No not at all.)

No. [Pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

J a p.

(That's it. Go ahead.)

J a p [pause]

(Now the second name.)

J a p. * * [scrawl with 'S'] [Pause and sound of 'Eh'] s
a p n.

[Oral.] That not quite right.

235. The "S" was evidently intended to be added to "Ja", and then "Jason" came as a confusion, perhaps of "Jasper Herron", crowding the sounds.

236. "Jack" and "Jasper" explain themselves after Note 234. As soon as I saw "p" come I recognized the correct letter but would not help to place it correctly.

[Writing.] M [?] [New pencil given.] n
[Oral.] It looks like R. I can't seem to get it.
[Written.] A [pause] Soon as can. [Long pause.] E [P.
F. R.]
(Stick to it.) [237]
[Pencil fell, hands went to head, distress, opened eyes and soon
awakened.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H. July 23rd, 1917. 10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Reached for pencil. Long pause.]
Why are they all here?

[Automatic Writing.]

M. T.

(Good morning.)

Yes it is a good morning for me after being side tracked by the gentleman who had done so much to hurt the sale of your literature and I am trying to increase the leading [so written and read.] reading matter of the world and I feel that I have made some progress.

(Yes, I understand.) [238]

237. "Jap" was correct as I had it in mind and to prevent further confusion, after it came a second time, I asked for the second name. The "S" is perhaps a relic of the associated "Jasper" which is abbreviated in "Jap" and "Jappy." The letter "n" suggests that we have the last letter of "Heron", and perhaps an effort to start it backward. The "A" and "E" are unintelligible unless they are letters in "Jasper."

238. The interval between the present sitting and the last one in which Mark Twain figured was taken up by communications from Professor Hugo Muensterberg who is meant by the "gentleman who had done so much to hurt the sale of your (our) literature." His article on the Palladino case stopped the sale of my own books so that of four volumes of them only seven copies were sold in a year and three hundred members of the Society soon resigned. The public expected me to be interested in Palladino when I was not. I knew the pitfalls in that case and would not fall into them and saved the character of the work thereby. The public thought the problem rested in such phenomena as were manifested in that instance and would not pay attention to the mental phenomena. It received what it deserved in the Palladino fiasco. The result was the stoppage of the sale for psychic research literature.

[Difficulty in keeping control.] although I had to learn this process of communicating after I had been communicating in another way. by the way I must tell you that when one gets accustomed to one method of expression it is hard to learn another.

(I understand.)

Just as a man might learn to play a violin and be quite unable to play a cornet and yet the notes the tune [read 'time' and hand paused till corrected.] would be identical and only the instrument make the difference.

(Yes I understand.)

I think that a very good simile myself. I hope it has not been used before.

(No I think not.) [239]

for I like to think I have done something quite new. It was a pleasure to me to see the Prof get right down to business the first thing and I thought he did pretty well.

(Yes he did.) [240]

I have so many unfinished things to do but one is the titles which I [pause] keep thinking or trying to make clear. [Left hand put over eyes and distress.]

(I got "Jap" and ...) [Writing started.] and you want the rest. (Yes and that of the second book.)

Yes I know but I thought I would get a little better established before I tried it but I have been to the girls since I was here. They have let you know some things since they were here.

(Yes they have.) [241]

We have no reason to suppose that Mark Twain knew anything about this, or any of the controls. It is possible that I might have told as much to Mrs. Chenoweth about the effect of Professor Muensterberg's work. I do not recall doing it, but the evidential value of the incident must be discounted.

239. The explanation of the difference between communications at different places is correct enough and answers to just what I have conjectured before. Mrs. Chenoweth, however, may know that much about the subject and I cannot attach any evidential value to the statement.

240. Note the use of the term "Prof." in this situation. The attitude is that of an observer, which was never taken in the sittings when Professor Muensterberg was communicating. It is not evidential to have this correct psychological play, but it is correct and should appear in spiritistic phenomena.

241. Reports from Mrs. Hutchings state that they have heard from Mark Twain since he was last here. I did not know the fact until the morning of the present sitting and Mrs. Chenoweth had less possibilities of knowing it.

and it has seemed to establish me at both places. I am a sort of Colossus of Rhodes with a foot implanted at each place but my head in the clouds from which secure abiding place I watch the eventful movements of those engaged in the traffic of psychic phenomena.

(Yes.) [242]

I am not alone today either but have with me some friends who gladly give advice which is such a simple gift and so much abused. I do not want advice. I want time more than all else. [Hand paused and pointed till I read 'than' which I had read 'time'.]

I think the Prof disturbed my pillow. I do not rest as well as I did before but he has had all the time he deserves [read 'desires' and hand pointed till corrected.]

(It will be better tomorrow.) [243]

I hope so. I feel something like a race horse [superposed] with a halter on when he wants to be out and in the race. [Control difficult.] [Distress.]

I am to give the titles and what else do you need most.

(I need to have more about the ring you mentioned, because your daughter says it has no meaning to her. You said or apparently said that the ring was one worn by her mother and then worn or used by the daughter for a time and then put away. She knows nothing about it.)

Anything else.

(Yes I shall want to send a few words to the girls. I want you to say to them: "Hyslop is a cabbage head.") [Repeated.]

How do you expect me to be so blunt [read 'blind'] blunt. That message shows no consideration for cabbages.

(That's what I want to bring out.)

Hyslop is a Cabbage Head

242. The comparison with the Colossus of Rhodes is not a bad one, and tho Mrs. Chenoweth may have heard of it—a thing by no means to be taken for granted when you know her meager reading—she is not familiar enough with the legend or the status of things in cross reference to make the comparison so readily and so intelligently.

243. Intervening sitters always affect the first sitting that follows immediately, a fact which should not occur on theories of subconscious production alone. I have always noticed the fact and it has been remarked in the communications as an excuse for the shortness of a sitting and the failure to get the desired results.

(That's right.)

Quite right. Take it any way you like.

(Good.) [244]

[Pencil fell and pause.]

[Subliminal.]

Who is a vegetable?

(Find out.) [245]

[Pause, opened eyes, blinked them a few times and awakened,
and saw the ocean in front of her, the real scene being a landscape.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

July 24th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Reached for pencil and pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

He did well to get control of the hand so soon after the other communicator who was so eager to keep on for the influence of H. M. was very strong and persistent and M. T. is not of his type at all but has a very easy manner but accomplishes what he wishes more in a flowing easy style than by the energetic persistent method of H. M.

(I understand.) [246]

244. I had deliberately decided upon this message for a cross reference for two reasons. (1) I wanted to watch the reaction of the communicator. (2) I wanted an uncomplementary statement to see what would be said in connection with it. The reader will see the unsurpassed humor and brilliancy of repartee involved in the reaction here. It could not be better and I received a most characteristic reaction. It is Mark Twain to the core.

245. Note that the subliminal had not caught anything but the general idea and this perhaps may have been both caused and prevented by the reception on the other side of my message. At any rate, she did not associate it with me, the auditory centers not being active enough and what she got being perhaps a partial echo of what came from the communicator's mind after getting my message. But however she got it and however it took the general instead of the specific form, it is an instance which shows some limitations to subliminal acquisition.

246. This is a correct account of the difference between the two communicators. The first two sittings with Professor Muensterberg had such an effect

I am with M. T. and have tried to make myself evident before. I belong to the group working with the girls and more near to them than to M. T.'s people and yet I am familiar with the family and friends of the now famous communicator. I say now for it will soon [N. R.] soon be a public matter and the world will know that he has reported and given evidence of his identity through the contact with the girls. I was there when the first stroke was made and the surprise and interest increased as the work proceeded quite as much on our side as on yours for it did not seem probable that the clear and distinct style of M. T. could be carried on indefinitely but there was no difficulty after the first [I pulled pad upward to prevent superposing and hand seemed annoyed.]

(I was trying to stop superposing.) [247]

[Hand showed understanding.] surprise of the girls as to their communications and their faithfulness, their faithful and undivided interest made possible the books.

I am here only to help and not to keep M. T. away

(I understand.)

and he smiles as I write this for you as he says it is an imposing task for a lazy man and he wonders if there will not soon be an end to this inquiry into his private life.

(Yes, this week only.)

That is only a humorous suggestion.

(I understand.)

which had its counterpart [N. R.] counterpart in his experiences in his earth life and he says surely the steps of a good man are dogged by the policeman and the psychic [pause] inquirer.

(Yes I believe that.)

I wonder if you know about a W [superposed. Yes [to reading.] a letter W. in connection with his work.

or Mrs. Chenoweth's subconscious that the subliminal did not want to have him communicate, asking that he should be made to go to the dogs and begging for "Mark" to come the next time, which he did not. But Mark Twain has always communicated with comparative ease and smoothness. Mrs. Chenoweth, of course, knew nothing about this normally.

247. The identity of the present communicator was not given in this sitting. The claim that he was "familiar" with his people and with his family and friends might suggest a guess, as the parents of both ladies had been in contact with Mark Twain in Hannibal, Mo., but this does not suffice to make the guess a sure one. It may be some one else altogether who knows those only on the other side.

(You mean Washington Irving.)

I did not see the rest of the word but I think that may be the for M. T. smiles and says it was the name in his mind and also s that he expects W. I. may make some sign at the other place ch will help in the cross reference work and he says this cross rence work is most fascinating if one only gets into the spirit t— [248]

(Yes, what sign does he want to make there?)

Some evidence not a specific sign as some others have done.

(All right.)

He wishes me to say that he tried to look up that matter of the [ring] which you requested and which concerned Hartford use.]

(Yes, all right.)

and that it was not the daughter of his wife but his wife and mother.

(All right. I understand and suspected that much.)

It would have been better if he could have put it through with- the misunderstanding but when you consider that the wife is close companion in this work you will see how in the effort to ismit the wrong person was referred to. [249]

48. I did not care to waste energy in finding out who "W" was and sus- ed Washington Irving in this connection and the sequel showed I was ect, on any theory, and saved the energy while it brought out an interest- remark that throws light upon the process of communicating. The state- t that he "did not see" any more shows that, when I get initials, the le name may not be sent at once, at least in some instances. It remains ulfill the promise to do some cross reference work.

49. Mrs. Gabrilowitsch did not answer inquiries about this correction of ring incident and I had to appeal to Mr. Paine, Mark Twain's biographer, possible information. He knew nothing about it, but wrote to Mrs. Crane, r of Mrs. Clemens, and quotes her reply to him regarding the incident. writes:

'During our mother's last illness—three days before her release—she had vere attack of heart failure; fearing she could not be with us in the morn- when Mrs. Clemens should arrive, she requested Mr. Langdon and me to e a list of some additional bequests—Mr. Langdon, Mrs. Clemens's her, was her executor, and her will was already made. Among these gifts a beautiful emerald and diamond ring for Mrs. Clemens, which she wore stantly after her mother's death. I think Mrs. Clemens lost the ring."

In the first message regarding it (Cf. Note 114) it was said that the ring r being worn awhile was taken off and in the possession of Mr. Clemens.

(Yes I understand. What is the attitude of Clara about this subject?)

are you asking for her apparent attitude or her real one.

(Both if you will.)

There is interest and doubt a real desire to feel the assurance of the presence and [pause] sympathy of the father and so little of the understanding of the real situation that the idea of the book being written through another is *raher* [rather] weird.

(I understand.)

and yet she is so quick and intuitive that the time will come when the situation will be clearer to her— If it were less dramatic public property as it were it would make more appeal to her but is it not true that in instances of this sort there is apt to be a sense of dragging sacred memories into the light of notoriety.

(I understand.)

The first feeling must always be one of resentment that the name beloved is brought forth for discussion in connection with a theme that has not yet been redeemed from the [pause] state [superposed.] of fakery [slowly written.]

(I understand.)

I think that when the whole matter is cleared up there will be less of this feeling and M. T. says that she might well have had the same feeling [N. R.] feeling over trespass made upon the private domain of their earthly lives and that it is only because this is a new

As Mrs. Crane is evidently not certain that Mrs. Clemens lost it and as the statement is that it was taken off after being worn awhile, the contradiction is not so clear that the removal of the ring may not have led to its loss. At any rate the main incidents about it are correct and information had to be sought about them in a roundabout way.

The significant thing in the message here is the spontaneous statement by the communicator that his wife had helped him in the former reference to the ring and that the confusion was probably due to that fact. It would explain the manner of alluding to "Mamma" and the relationship of the giver to the receiver of the ring. It was this that led me to suppose that the reference was to the living daughter. The query in the first message, "Remember it?" would also tend to create this impression, as I could not be expected to confirm the incident by interrogating the dead and as the general message was intended to identify the communicator to his living daughter the most natural interpretation was the one I adopted. The correction, however, makes the case clear.

and strange matter but he feels he has done more for the world and science than by anything he ever wrote before and that his own state of progress is so intermingled [written slowly and with difficulty.] with the progress of the whole world that he has helped himself along as he could in no other way.

I am not as good a philosophical interpreter as some of the regular guides who work her[e] but I have done the best I could.
(I understand.)

I want to say a little about the book itself.
(All right.)

for it is not only full [mentally read but orally read 'fall' to have corrected.] full of the spirit of the humorous M. T. but has glints of wisdom which always illuminated [N. R.] illuminated his humorous work. [Distress.]

Ja ** [incomplete letter.] [pause] J a ... [pause] [Distress.]
J a [pause] p. [Pause.] J ... J ... [distress.] a p [pause] M
... [pause and then erased.] J a p ['p' incomplete.] more to it.
(Yes I know.)

another [N. R.] name ... another name. (Yes.) dis ...
[pause and smile.] J a p [pause] S [dimly written and purposely not read.] [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

[Long pause.] B ... [pause] no. [Long pause.]

[Oral.] What's the C for? [Smile and sound like 'hm' or 'En'. Long pause. and noise like a slight grunt.. Pause.] I can't see. I can't see. p j a [pause.] D ... ** [whispered.]

(I don't get it.)

[Pause.] D ... [Pause.] Jappie

(That's part of it.)

Jappie is a part of it, isn't it? (Yes.) Jappie.

[Writing.] j a p p y [Pause.] * * [almost complete 'H' but purposely not read.] [Distress.]

(Go ahead.)

C L ... no no no [last scrawl.]

250. I would infer from my correspondence with the daughter that this exactly represents her attitude toward the work. At first she gave a very cordial reply to inquiries, but as they reached trivial matters she asked me not to communicate with her about the subject, indicating a decided loss or lack of sympathy with it.

(I understand. Go ahead.) [251]

[Pause.] H you know H—

(Yes, go ahead.)

H ... J a p ... [pause] H ... [Distress and long pause.] **
[e, but purposely not read as it terminated with a scrawl.] [P. F. R.]
(Stick to it.)

[Long pause.] H a [not read purposely.]

(I am not sure of the last letter.)

[Subliminal.]

* * (What?) a [pause] I can't see it. I almost see it, but I can't see it. I ... [pause] [Pencil fell and distress. Pause, opened eyes. Something happened to me. [Closed eyes.]

Why didn't Mark Twain come himself. Nobody * * * [rest not caught as it was a sort of whisper. Then suddenly awakened, but could not remember what had just been uttered.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

July 25th, 1917.

10 A. M.—

[Subliminal.]

[Pause, pulled hand down and I pulled pad down to suit. Slight distress. Pause and "Hm". Long pause.]

Letters. [Face twisted. Reached for pencil and pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

* * [scrawl] [P. F. R. and pause.]

251. Here is another attempt to get the name of Jap Herron. "Jap" did not come as easily at first as it should have done on the supposition that the subconscious knew it well enough. But note that I got "C" and then "C L", which are spontaneously repudiated. Jappie, as Note 234 shows, is correct, as well as Jap. I cannot conjecture what the "D" can mean. Only Mrs. Hutchings can unravel it, if explicable at all. The "S" is not intelligible, unless he started to spell "Roberts" backward. The "B" was probably for "Brent Roberts", which would have been correct, but was not what he was after.

252. The reader will note that I get "H" and "He" of the name Herron, but no more. I did not signify that any was correct except the "H", and this only by an equivocal inference. The "a" is an error, and perhaps represents a start to guess at the vowels which might follow the "H." But the sitting came at once to an end.

253. The subliminal was evidently aware that Mark Twain had not communicated personally. The device was evidently adopted to insure better results in getting the desired name correctly.

Will do what I can to make this hour count for our best interests. You may not know that we are very anxious to make this record clear. I mean M. T. and those who have worked with him at the place where the girls [written 'grls'] are for it is his desire to give to his Mrs. [written 'nnrs' and read 'Miss' to have rectified.] G . . . Mrs. G [pause] *abrilowitsh* [very scrawly writing: letters seem poor at end.]

(Good.) [254]

that it is her father and not the imaginative process of two persons aided and abetted by one who would have an interest in making a remarkable record.

I say this to you now that you may understand that there is a decided desire on our part to co-operate with you in all these details. It is not because of a [pause] purpose to thwart your effort. . . . we fail to write whatever [pencil ran off pad and not read.] Whatever you ask but only because we are unable to control the elements as we wish to do.

(I see.) [255]

It may seem to you that we are not working as rapidly or as early as we ought to do but it is not with intent but with too much rest rather than too little. M. T. has been to the girls and tried to deliver the message about your head.

(All right, that is good.) [256] [*ee*]

254. "*Gabrilowitsch*" is the name of Mark Twain's daughter. Inquiry showed that Mrs. Chenoweth did not know he had any children. It is evident there is some solicitude to convince her of his work and all this is not necessarily inferrible from my question the day before about her attitude on subject.

255. The statement of the case against the matter is clear enough from traditional point of view. "The one aiding and abetting" the affair is evidently a reference to myself and from the ordinary point of view the situation is correctly stated, not impossible for Mrs. Chenoweth to do, but not for her as I know her. Besides, she knows nothing normally about the situation to make it so pertinent.

256. (*ee*) Perhaps Dr. Hyslop intended to say in the note which was left his death unwritten, that here is a clear intimation of what seems to be indicated by a multitude of examples, namely, that too great effort on the part of the communicator tends to defeat his own purpose, and that calmness, rather than anxious emotion, is favorable to the result. The same thing is intimated on page 157, where Mark Twain is declared "too conscious of what is expected of him."

but he says he must make another effort. We got as far as J. S. yesterday.

(J something, not S.)

W. No, not W. so I know C [pause] a [P. F. R. Distress. Right hand put to neck and much distress manifested. I then placed my left hand on her neck and apparent pain disappeared.]

Jap [pause] Jappy [pause] C [made as 'H', tho scrawly and read as 'H'] no I did not write H but C— [P. F. R.]

(I understand.)

Look alike does it.

(Yes.)

Ca ... Jap C [pause] [P. F. R.] [Long pause.] I fear I will have to give it to the other lady but I did so much work [written and read 'wait'] to ... want to write it myself for it is of value to us in future work to do what we plan.

(I understand.)

[Pause.] C is what I wrote yesterday.

(Yes and you also wrote another letter.) [Capital 'H' in mind.]

Yes following my C—

(Yes, but that was for Mr. Clemens.)

Yes and not for Jap's further name.

(I understand.) [257] [ec2]

[P. F. R. and long pause.]

[Change of Control.]

I will do it now. [Pause.] J [?] * * * * * [scrawls.]
J a p H [pause] * * ['N' or part of 'M'] [Pencil fell and

257. The effort to get the title to the book resulted in a failure. I do not know any reason for the "Ca", unless it is a mistake for the evident effort to get the name of Mr. Clemens which I saw it was when the reference was made to what had been gotten the day before in the letter "after C", which was "L." It is quite evident here that the subconscious is a passive instrument and shows no tendency to impersonate and no evidence even of having the knowledge implied in the "CL" of the day before. The "Jap" and "Jappy" of course are correct, but were given before. ["CL" also might be an attempt at "Clara." G. O. T.] [ec2. Or a mere automatism, rather than an attempt, brought about by Dr. Hyslop's reference to "Clara", and checked.]

The "S" may be explained any way you please. It is certainly an error, and may be an involuntary indication of the initial in the Christian name "Samuel" of Mr. Clemens, but I have no evidence that it was so intended.

distress. Fingers snapped for new pencil. Three pencils rejected.]
[258]

[Change of Control.]

It is queer that they do not recall what has already been written but Mr. Clemens asks me to come for a few minutes and get the matter straightened out. I am J. P.

(Yes, I see.)

It is not hard to tell [N. R.] tell when I arrive.

(No it is not.)

It is rather a complicated [N. R.] complicated affair. That Professor of yours came with so much assurance, he got through all right and kept a steady hand. Didn't he do well.

(Yes he did.) [259]

and now M. T. says he has lost his glory but I told him to **kep** [keep] at it for it was the habit [N. R.] habit that made for good work in writing and that is true [N. R.] true [N. R.] True. It is a habit like talking. It comes automatically after you have done it enough [N. R.] enough.

Imperator says that I should have come and changed the current after the Professor but things went on so well yesterday I did not think it important and it really was important to let that Prof—break in as he did for it was one of the matters that had to be met and the time was right then [written 'him'] for he was in a state of [P. F. R.] mind which made it easy for the hyner [higher] group to control what he was to use here. Understand.

(I think so.) [260]

258. The change of control showed consciousness of the confusion of the previous communicator and the error was immediately corrected to "Jap H", which was correct as far as it went, but evidently the incomplete "M" that came was evidence that the communicator was falling into the same kind of mistake as the previous communicator. It resulted in Jennie P's coming to redeem the situation.

259. "Assurance" is a correct characterization of Professor Muensterberg and Mrs. Chenoweth did not know enough about the man to so intimate his character in this unconscious way. There was no purpose to describe him so, but it came merely as an incident in the explanation of his success in communicating.

260. What is said here by Jennie P. coincides with the situation and what had been said and implied from the first of his appearance, but it is not evidential. We do not know what the conditions were that made his invasion imperative.

All right. I am only writing [N. R.] this ... writing this in detail because it is easy writing and I want to get the swing [written 'svny' and read 'song' to have rewritten.] swing [read 'sway'] Swing before I attempt to get the matter from M. T.

The person communicating before me was one of those who came to the young ladies. I have never seen a better case of transference of ideas than that youngest girl is doing [written and read 'denying'] expressing. understand [N. R.] Understand.

(Yes.)

There is not so much that is evidential and she probably could not be used for that sort of work but she does catch [N. R.] catch the spirit of expression perfectly understand.

(Yes.) [261]

[New pencil given as the one in use was thrown down and hand reached for another.]

Now M. T.'s daughter wants evidence and not a display of power and M. T. realizes that and wishes to make a contribution to that side of the work as he can and it will also help the other work of publication because it * * [scrawls and pencil thrown down: new one given.] will [pencil thrown down and new one given.] give a certain note of interest and contact which it does not possess today. I am sure you know what he means by that.

(Yes.) [262]

and it takes more time than he supposed because it is changing his entire method. He simply thinks at the girl and here [N. R.] here he must remember and recall * * ['nsi'. Sheet torn off.] incident [written 'nadnt'] incidents and dates and dates incidents and dates and circumstances. All this is quite [N. R.] different

261. This is a perfectly correct description of Mrs. Hays's mediumship. She has excellently received the spirit of Mark Twain's thoughts and the work is not evidential, as we have seen, and she probably could not have given evidential matter as we get it here. Such efforts as I have made to obtain it were not successful, tho she did occasionally get an incident that was not explicable by chance or guessing. Mrs. Chenoweth knew absolutely nothing about the former's mediumship and could not summarize its character so well from any normal knowledge, absolutely none of which did she have.

262. This is a correct account of the situation with the daughter as I could infer from her last letter to me, tho she did not say more than that there was little that was true in the record I sent her.

... quite ... [P. F. R. and distress.] from the creative [N. R.] creative story writing performance. [Pencil fell.]

(I understand.) [263]

[Distress and pause.]

[Subliminal.]

B [pause] Elizabeth [pause] my wife. [Pause, opened eyes.] I'm so nervous. What's the matter? [Pause and awakened without memory.] [264] [ff].

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

July 26th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Slight groan. Pause.]

I see a great big S. [Long pause and reached for pencil. Long pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

[Poor circle made or attempted and not read. Pause and then the sign of the cross made.]

Imperator here to greet thee.

(Thank you.)

263. The distinction between spontaneous thinking at the other place and the necessity of remembering at the present case is interesting as an explanation of the difficulty in communicating through Mrs. Chenoweth and the relative ease with which it is done in dictating the contents of his books. It is probably an indication that it is the automatic and not the voluntary thinking that comes through most easily.

264. (ff) The intended note was left unwritten by Dr. Hyslop.

If the medium's subliminal was drawing upon normal information after the date when it became evident that it was Mark Twain who was supposed to be the chief communicator, here is one of the instances where it did not show that infallible memory (assuming that Mrs. Chenoweth had ever learned the fact) which is by some ascribed to the subliminal.

As Jennie P. has been the direct communicator, it must be some other who says, "Elizabeth my wife," and as she has been speaking for Mark Twain the natural supposition would be that it is his thought trying to express itself in the transitional utterance. But Mark Twain's wife was not "Elizabeth", but Olivia. There is a certain auditory resemblance between the two, however, to lend color to the supposition that the name intended was distorted in transmission.

So many conflicting emotions in the lower world gives less security [read 'scarcely'] security to the conditions for contact and makes it impossible to work with the same rapidity as when the state of contact was not so closely impinged upon by the sorrow and excitement of a people loving pleasure far more than aught else but the awakened interest in the spiritual world will more than balance the loss of time consumed and the strong steadying influence of the possibility of greater knowledge will bring compensation for many bloody fields of battle and compensation is but the result of the eternal law of God unchanging and unerring and without flaw or blemish when known in its completeness.

(How soon will the conditions that cause this be improved?) [265]

Already the light of Christian purpose shines like a star over the dark fields of battle and the conquest of Right over Wrong is near. The long arms of Justice reach across the sea and the minions of selfish greed seek safety in subterfuge and flight. [266]

(Do you know just which minions of this selfishness are seeking a way out?)

The mighty company of the self imposed dictators of the world. The Nation that finds in God but a Protector of Province and Power and Prussian Policies because of the materialistic conception that Martial Might makes Royal Right but the new Impire [Empire] springing from the shroud of the dead Monarchy will make use of the mature plans of Spiritual Worlds and a Civilization ripened [read 'repened'"] ripened! [read 'repened' to have corrected.] i 'Ripened' . . . dotted in each of last two instances.] into usefulness by the anguish of experience will seek God and find him in Christ. [267]

Q. I suggested the reference to the "emotions of the lower world" meant the effect of the war but I did not wish to signify that this was my guess. The phrase "bloody fields of battle" proved I was correct and I asked the seances present to have no more expression about the outcome of the war. [268] (268)

A. This was no guess and was likely to be the natural desire of Mrs. Chisholm to give to my weight, the use of the word "Christian" is not objectionable. The word in the "minions of greed" is also well known and I believe I should say so in the reference here.

A. This statement is quite safe for my are with Mrs. Chisholm's intention and sympathy for the news of the last two days do not favor any such statement.

(What immediate action is likely and where to end war?)

Monarchs of the distant lands mak[e] immediate plans known to powerful Allies and the doomed Empire sullenly submits to the tempest and storm of internal uprisings before the acknowledgement of a superior power can be wrested from [distress.] the designers of this outbreak. The inflow of strength from your own country encourages [read 'arranges'] encourages the dissention [dissension] within the Imperialistic party without power to subdue rebellion and the Socialistic rebels fearing conquest from without and a complete loss of the realization of a German Socialistic Republic strike at the heart of the Empire and it crumbles in the hand of the antagonizing Powers. It is the critical hour for Imperialism and as all Imperialism has withered and been swept away by the grown souls of a larger world so Germany perishes by her own sword made strong by the far [so written and read.] far [so written and read.] fear of a conquering England and allies. [Pencil fell.]

(I understand. Thanks.)

[Pause.] 268] [gg]

In a few moments after Mrs. C. awoke I asked her how she felt and she replied: "All right. I feel so calm and peaceful and that the world is all right."

I asked my question because I wanted to see if this would be her feeling. Mrs. Chenoweth did not normally know that Emperor

268. This part of the prediction is contrary to all signs at the moment of the message and I am making this note on the date of the sitting. The news would foreshadow the victory of Germany to most people, as Russian defeat and mutiny are reported in strong terms. There is no such appearance also that Socialism will figure so prominently as is indicated here, tho those who see below the surface—and Mrs. Chenoweth does not see below it, as she does not even read the papers on the subject—it might seem that Socialism is the underlying logical tendency of things in spite of superficial phenomena. This is remarked to show that the subject matter here is not reproduced from any information that might have been obtained from current news in the papers, whatever possible explanation otherwise it may have.

(gg) Of course it is now plain that the prediction was fulfilled, probably in every part by fair construction. Germany was defeated and the old imperial Germany perished by the consequences of her own sword; the end came before it was actually forced by arms from the fear of worse disasters on German soil; and Socialistic and general disaffection honeycombed the empire before the close, so that the generals in the field complained of the loss of morale at home.

was communicating and never knew that this was the effect of his control in Mrs. Piper's and her own work.

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

July 27th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause. Reached for pencil and clinched it awkwardly between thumb and finger with other fingers turned into the palm. Distress and pause.]

[Automatic Writing.]

[Writing all through the sitting labored and difficult.]

I feel the stress and surge of purpose greater and grander than any personal * * [struggle to keep control: pencil fell and picked up, and held in a still more awkward manner, still between thumb and finger, but also held in the fist and writing very difficult.]

desire which impels to expression.

(Who is this?)

and because of that I strive to connect [read 'conceal'] myself.

(We need to know who it is.)

connect myself with the effort of M. T. here. I am [pause] a man of no consequence as far as name and fame may go but I have been a helper when he was at work to carry on his [pause] identifying plans.

I have helped the little girl to receive [receive] the words he thought—make that plain—the words [pencil ran off pad.] words he thought and transmitted from him to her the first part of the first story and then she began to more readily [readily] understand or receive and while some at the first was lost now there is a more complete connection between them without the intermediary [N. R.] intermediary work which was mine. [269]

269. This communicator did not make his identity known at this or the next sitting, at both of which he helped Mark Twain. The excuse given was an excellent one, and I did not press for the name or incidents, especially because the series was too near an end to permit me to confuse my object.

Mrs. Hutchings thinks she recognizes some indications that this unidentified man was her deceased brother who died in 1899. He communicated occasionally through Mrs. Curran, the medium in the work of Patience Worth, when Mrs. Hutchings was making the record there. In the present

I want to tell about one of the early experiences when she was in a public place a meeting [N. R.] meeting [first read 'mating' and then corrected.] a gathering where there were many aces [N. R.] faces which I saw and where there there was one who spoke to the rest and he was on a platform and it was evening [N. R.] evening and warm and the place was quite brilliantly lighted and she felt a peculiar sense of illusion as if partially losing [read 'leaving' doubtfully] losing the contact [read 'content'] contact with the people present and it was there we first discovered the possibility of using her as amanuensis and then began those efforts to give her the stories and each day she lived in a new and vivid [N. R.] consciousness ... vivid ... of people outside the natural realm of contact and I helped to give that power. [270] [hh]

instance Mrs. Hutchings writes her reason for supposing it to be her brother, as follows:

"The thing that makes me think it is my brother is the use of the expression, 'the little girl.' I was the baby of the family, and this is what he always called me."

It is possible that, as he avows he is a helper and not an important personage in the game, the source of the term "girls" for the two ladies was this communicator and Mrs. Hutchings's brother.

270. This incident had no meaning to me, particularly because of the time indicated, as I knew an occasion after the work was done which the statement "a speaker on a platform" would fit. But the following incident recognized by Mrs. Hays and told to Mrs. Hutchings shows unusual significance. Mrs. Hutchings writes as follows:

"Mrs. Hays came over to see me and brought your letter referring to the early experience. I showed her the record, and she is sure she can place the incident. It happened at a Baptist church on North Grand Avenue the summer of 1910. Mr. Hays asked her to go to church one Sunday night to hear a preacher of whom he was fond. She says she was not anxious to go—went rather under protest—and to her surprise the minister preached on Mark Twain, who had died that spring.

"He spoke so eloquently of what Mark had done, and how great the loss was to the world when he passed out, that she was moved to tears. She remembers that she was oblivious of the people around her, and showed her emotion so freely that her husband chided her, altho he was deeply moved himself. She says she does not remember any sensation like a trance."

The first interesting coincidence is that the sermon was about Mark Twain, a fact illustrating the phenomenon so often reported and sometimes accompanied by an apparition of the person concerned, when a biographer is writing the life of a friend. Then the incident of some one "speaking from a platform and herself oblivious of the audience" make the incident an interesting

I want to tell about the friends who were told of what whas [delay in reading 'what' and 'whas' read 'has'] and what was happening how one thought of you and that you might be of use because it would be useful to you. Then [read 'when'] followed ... then ... communications and interviewn [N. R.] interviews &c. Understand.

(Yes perfectly.)

and now we come to the realization of the magnitude of the undertaking and are as glad as you for this time and do you know about W ... [pause] a name connected with the second book.

(It depends on who the W is.) [Thinking of Washington Irving.]

I think I understand and I try to be plain. [struggle to keep control.]

(Yes, stick to it.)

Washington [pause] I [pause.]

(Irving?) [271]

Yes and there was a reason for that for his natural interest in the supernatural made him eager [read 'right'] eager to experiment.

J a ... [pause] J ... J a p D o i n g s [read 'Dongs'] D o i n g s [read 'Dongs' doubtfully tho it is actually clear, but I thought the 'n' had a redundant stroke which was for 'i'] Jim Doings J a p D o i n g s [read 'Dongs'] no no D o i n g Yes [to reading.] story about his activities. Quite ...

(There is another part, the last part of the name.)

I do not know whether it was a part of the purpose to have it recalled now but I know that it was somewhat like the former stories of T and H— and dealt with that sturdy and happy type of keen willed [N. R.] willed boy. [Pencil fell and distress.] [272] [ii]

one as showing how mediumship of the appropriate kind may be revealed on the other side.

(hh) Besides the points of coincidence mentioned above there are others. The gathering was a "meeting"—a term which in the United States, when applied to an assemblage, almost always signifies one for worship. It was "warm"—in summer. It was "at night."

271. It is curious to watch the difficulty in getting the name of Washington Irving, after it had been given earlier. The subliminal, assuming that the phenomenon was purely one of its own creation, should not have stumbled in this manner. As soon as I saw the "I", knowing from the preceding who was meant, I saved the energy by mentioning the name.

272. When the letter "D" came I thought it was all wrong and tho the

[Subliminal.]

John, John [almost stuttering.] [Pause.] J [pause.]

(Spell out the last name.)

[Pause.] Is the last J?

(No, I want the second part of the name.)

Oh it isn't J at all. [Pause. Finger began as if trying to write on pad.] It's a name, a name of a ... like a surname.

(Yes.)

[Long pause.] Not very long. [Pause.] I don't ... [Long pause.] Tell it to me. [Right hand seized my wrist and clinched it tightly for a time and then relaxed. Reached for pencil and it was given.] Do you know S.

(No.) [273]

[Automatic Writing.]

Mark T will write it in the morning.

(All right.)

I am glad that the friend of the girls came [scrawl and pencil fell. Pause and awakened.]

Mrs. C. J. H. H.

July 28th, 1917.

10 A. M.

[Subliminal.]

[Long pause.]

So much to say. [Pause.]

word "Doings" was written clearly enough I assumed that I should not read it aloud as I wished to avoid suggestion, on the one hand, and to conceal my doubt about its meaning. Then it flashed on my mind that the communicator was trying to summarize the contents of the book which I have since found to be well indicated in this way. Apparently the communciator wanted to hint at the contents of the book whether he got the surname or not.

(ii) Probably references to "Tom (Sawyer)" and "Huckleberry (Finn)."

273. The name John has no meaning in this or any other connection of the story. There was a Jones mentioned in it, but no John. I know of no reason for capital S except a confusion for Samuel, the name of Mr. Clemens. This would be conjecture, as nothing but the most general relation to the context would suggest it.

We had hoped to keep the contact as usual.

(I have no money to pay for it.)

[Pause.] Such a shame, but those established in the service work with what [they] have, using materials at hand and winning the battles as they can. [Pause.]

Rest in the assurance that we understand the situation but do not wish to abandon or lose ground already gained in this prodigious undertaking. It grows [pause] formidable with the approaching interest by the masses who will insist on wrenching the truth from a. [pause] hands [distress] of the masters and make use of the power [sigh] to further their selfish purposes and this is what those who seek to redeem this world from its madness would prevent and give to the student and scholar and disciple the evidence with which to comfort the mourner, confuse the scoffer, enlighten the beclouded and [pause.] Hm, give to the whole world a [pause and difficulty] panacea for its sorrow and its sin, its selfishness and its pain.

To this end we unceasingly labor and seek opportunity to bring the knowledge of God to the children of men.

I wrote it not but by my contact have given it to the [pause.] T-e-a-c-h-e-r [Spelled out.]

(Thank you.) [274]

[Pause and reached for pencil.]

[Automatic Writing.]

Mark Twain is here and is so grateful for favors received at your hand and is also hoping that his daughter will be helped by the knowledge that he is seeking to give some message to the world and to her in particular for as she knows there have been some efforts to give here [so written and read.] her [at this hand went back to erase 'here'] the knowledge of his presence at home and the effort to give her that vision [N. R.] vision whereby she might see him and on several occasions when she was about to make an

274. "Teacher" is the name of a personality associated with me and my work. He has frequently been referred to or been present in my work with Mrs. Chenoweth. Whether he is one of the Imperator group or merely associated with me as a sort of guide I do not know.

What he says about the work will explain itself. It is wholly opposed to the natural desires of Mrs. Chenoweth who does not see the problem in its world relations. Nor is the style hers. But we cannot make a special point of this.

appearance he has tried to give her that power of poise which she seeks and also to give her the feeling of his close presence. [275]

It is to speak now of some [pause] foot [read 'fool'] foot [pause] trouble—that is some little difficulty which was his in the last year of his life when he could not walk as much or as well as he used to and it was a source [read 'severe'] source of annoyance to him. It was not simply growing old but something had happened to his foot which made it necessary to be more careful in walking [N. R.] and . . . walking and in the choice [read 'chance'] of . . . choice . . . boots shoes and as he had always been a great walker very active and interested in all things out of doors it was more or less of a cross to him. [276]

That is one thing he wishes to speak of and another is a small article a watch charm and it had some especial reference to some group or body of people. It seems like a charm which may have been a symbol of some order but he did not use it all the time and as he shows it here today it seems like a gift which he now had again looked at and felt some pleasure in having possession of [277]

And there has been little attempt at the home of the girls to identify himself in any of these things. It was impossible to take the two roles and if he had tried to be exact and careful as a communicator he would have lost as a story teller. His power was in his drollery and exaggeration which gave an appearance of truth many times and one hardly knew whether the story might not be true until the full meaning of it flashed out in some remark at the

275. The daughter has failed to answer inquiries about the point indicated in this passage. She would not likely recognize any facts that might confirm it, if she were disposed to communicate with me.

276. As the daughter did not reply to inquiries about the "foot trouble" turned to Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's biographer, who was more receptive to inquiries, and his reply shows that the incident is quite relevant though not quite accurate in its implications. Mark Twain had always suffered from tender feet that made it necessary to be careful about the selection of his shoes. He did not walk much the last year of his life, though this, Mr. Paine says, was not due to his tender feet, but his weak heart. He had always been an active out-of-doors man.

277. Mr. Paine also answers inquiries about the incident of the watch charm. Mark Twain had a watch charm given him by a Yale Greek Society. His emotional attitude about it is not verifiable.

end. And his real power was in the drawing of characters who made his stories seem so plausible [read 'pleasible'] plausible. Understand.

(Yes perfectly.) [278]

It was a real gift and one so unusual [N. R.] unusual that the continuance [N. R.] continuance of just that kind of story is in itself proof of his identity and he began to understand that your plan of work involved the mere details [read 'more delicate' and not changed.] recollections or personal life and it has been a privilege he appreciated to have this experience and while he knew in a certain fashion how to do some things he did not know how to collect the best sort of incident.

Now that the experiments are to be discontinued he feels keenly the loss of the opportunity but assures you that the time will not be wasted as he will make some headway in other directions and as he was so good as to allow that German interloper t . . . [pause] a chance to make good some of his bad [read 'but'] bad he will take more time later.

He says to tell you that it was great magnanimity on his part to allow such an imposition but in as much as he was not asked permission [N. R.] permission but Imperator swept him aside to give the sinner a chance he does not see how he can take any to [too] much of a halo back with him to impress his confreres but that is only a bit of his fun.

(I understand.) [279]

278. The statement about the slight attempt to identify himself "at the home of the girls", Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays, is correct. The story of Jap Herron shows no trace of his personal identity whatever, except in the characteristics of the story itself and only expert students of Mark Twain would recognize these. There were occasional hints of his identity in communications that were not connected with the story, but they could not be comprised in the book.

Those of us who understand the complications of intercommunication with the dead will appreciate what is said here about the difference between writing general discourse and proving one's identity, so that the distinction made here will be regarded as true, tho not evidential to any but trained psychic researchers.

279. It was not necessary to remind me that the communicator was indulging in humor here. I saw this, but it is characteristic of Jennie P. and of other helpers to make this remark for fear that the point will fail of its inten-

and the fact [read 'fear'] fact [read 'fuel'] fact [read 'feet']
F a c ... [read] that there are 3 distinct points which he has not met
is really a matter of concern to him. One is the Jap name [N. R.]
which he ... name ... still holds in his mind and one is the name
of the other production and the other is the tittle [title] you assumed
which is yet unwritten by the Girls [N. R.] Girls but all these he
will accomplish. [Distress and I thought end had come.]

(Good, thank you.)

[Pause, and change of handwriting.]

S [pause] You know why he puts S down for us to see. [Pause
and struggle to keep control.] S [pause] S L C. and C C G
and E C— M T— Jap H [written very slowly. P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.) [280]

H a ... Understand.

(I know what it is but it is not right.)

H is right. (Yes.) H e ... Jap H e ... no yes.

(All right.)

It is H e ... (Yes.) [Pause.] H e ... [pause] I'll get
the rest in a minute.

(Yes I know.)

H e r ... right. (Yes.) [Pause.] H e r o ['o' purposely not
read.] [Position of pencil in fingers spontaneously changed. Pause
and groan with twisting of face.] must try again.

(Yes.)

H e r [pause] s ['s' not read purposely.] * * [scrawl possibly
for a tall 't'] [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

* * [scrawl.] [Pause.] t [purposely not real.] [Distress. and
pause.]

[Oral.] Yes.

[Writing.] H e r [pause] * * E [undeciphered letter possibly
for 'b'] [P. F. R.]

(Stick to it.)

tion. The remainder of the passage will have to explain itself. It is not evi-
dential, at least to general readers, but has that pertinence which students of
this problem will understand and appreciate.

280. The initials here are those of Samuel L. Clemens, his daughter, Clara
Clemens Gabrilowitsch, his deceased wife, himself and the attempt at the name
of Jap Herron, the first part and initial of the second part being correct.

[Long pause.] b * * [possibly attempt to write 'e'] * * [incomplete 'H']

[Oral Control.]

r r. Do you want another r? (Yes.) [Pause.] r r it is. (Yes.)

[Pause.] H-e-r-r ... [pause] Understand. (Yes.)

[Pause.] Who wants to write it? H-e-r-r ... [pause] o. There is some more you know.

(Yes.)

[Long pause.] I can't see it altogether. I have to go. (Get the last letter.)

[Pause.] Do you want *me* to get the last letter? (Yes.)

You mean the tall letter.

(I want the last letter.)

It isn't n is it.

(Yes.)

Herron. Is that all?

(Yes.) [281] [jj]

281. Readers will remark that I at last got the name Jap Herron correctly and without any proper guessing on the medium's part or any material help on my part. But we had to resort to the subliminal to get it.

(jj) There is a superficial appearance of guessing or fishing and even of indirect help from Dr. Hyslop but careful examination seems to vindicate the spontaneity of the process.

First came H. Dr. Hyslop said, "Stick to it", at this right letter precisely as he did afterward to the wrong letter "e."

When "Ha" came Dr. H. said, "it is not right", which might indicate that "H" or "a" or the combination of letters was incorrect. But it was spontaneously affirmed that "H" was right and not till then did Dr. H. assent. Then came "He" with the final affirmation that it was right, whereupon Dr. H. assented. Then came "Her" and the statement that it was right, which was assented to. Then "Hero", which was right as to sound but which was followed by "Must try again." Then "Hers", to which Dr. H. said, "Stick to it", as he had to a right letter. Then several abortive attempts when nothing was said. Then the query "Do you want another r?" to which Dr. H. assented. Then "Herro" without anything said. Then a question as to a tall letter which was astray and Dr. H.'s non-committal [except for the number of letters]. "I want the last letter." Then "n" came, completing the word.

Funny name, isn't it? [Pause.] Thank God. They are glad, are you?

(Yes.)

[Pause and awakened.]

The only places, it would seem, where there could have been any possible inference were one place where Dr. H. did not read aloud several attempts terminated by the question "do you want another *r*", which certainly indicated a more decided spontaneous preference than the mere writing of "*t*", "*e*" and "*b*" [?] had done, and the final remark by Dr. H. about "the last letter." It may be said, also, that having got so far as "*Herro*", it would not have been difficult to a normal person to conjecture that "*n*" was the last letter.

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

EXPERIENCED OR COLLECTED AND REPORTED BY MRS. KEZIA E.
ALEXANDER.

(Edited by W. F. P.)

The following group of incidents, filed by Dr. Richard Hodgson more than thirty years ago, is exactly as available now as then, except for the one fact that there are now fewer living persons to be able to rise and contradict or confirm any particular therein. In part composed of experiences solely those of Mrs. Alexander, or shared by her, and in part of experiences of others sought out by her among her acquaintances, it is upon the former that emphasis is laid, not because her individual experiences are specially evidential, but for the very reason that they constitute a relatively common type. That is to say, there are in the aggregate many persons who have or think they have experiences to which the great majority are, or think they are, strangers. Why did not Jeanne D'Arc, not Mrs. Piper, but plain Mrs. Alexander, of Birmingham, Michigan, venture to tell these stories from her life history that the most of us would not tell? Was it because she was a liar? Was it because she was mad, so that she did not "know a hawk from a handsaw"? Or because she was superstitious, and so eager after mysteries that she saw them in what to the unbiased mind would have been commonplaces? Or because her reasoning faculties were infantile, and in seeking for causes took short cuts to fairyland?

It is mainly, though not entirely, for the determination of these questions that, before coming to the principal matter of particular incidents in Mrs. Alexander's personal experience, we shall introduce (1) a general account of her psychical states, illustrated by instances; (2) a number of incidents collected by her from the experience of her acquaintances and (3) a brief essay by her upon the symbolism which she thought was manifested in her own dreams.

Here is material from which to judge the make-up of the woman whose more especial and striking experiences are to come

later, and to determine what sort of a witness she is. Are there marks of mendacity, or, on the contrary, of a will to tell the truth? Is she a wonder-monger, seeking to attract attention to herself? Does she write as one who strains for effect, or does she express herself with restraint and caution? How does she deal with the cases of others, like an ostrich gorging itself on everything thrown to it, or with some degree of critical discrimination? Does she recognize, as so many fail to recognize, that it is of little use to rehearse a story which rests only on the word of the narrator and which he himself will not write over his signature? Does she, like the charlatan, think or pretend that she understands all the facts which she discerns, or does she show the signs of honest perplexity now and then? If she is to be suspected of generalizing too much from her data on symbolism in dreams, we need not be harsh, for more illustrious dream-analysts than she are not exempt from the same suspicion. But is she able to make a fairly plausible argument?

I shall not attempt formally to decide any of these questions, nor upon the value of the cases finally to be presented under the fourth division of this article. I shall no more than act the part of a jurist who calls attention to the points of the evidence, briefly sums it *pro* and *con*, and leaves the verdict to the jury.

In order for clear understanding, some letters are divided, the date of each fragment being given. Absolutely no violence is done by this process, and there are no suppressions, except of a small amount of irrelevant matter and of references to cases of which after accounts could not be obtained, and which therefore have no value. The transcript is exact, including a few errors in spelling, punctuation, etc.

I. LETTERS DESCRIBING PECULIAR PSYCHICAL STATES, WITH ILLUSTRATIVE INSTANCES, ETC.

1. *Letter Written from Birmingham, Michigan, Dec. 28, 1887.*

MRS. K. E. ALEXANDER to

MR. RICHARD HODGSON, Sec., 5 Boylston Place, Boston.

DEAR SIR:

Through a friend connected with the *Detroit Evening Journal*, I received circulars sent out by the American Society for Psychical

Research. I have read them and am pleased to learn that there is an effort to apply scientific methods to the great mass of material embodied in extraordinary human experiences. I am willing to give relations of facts as they have happened to me and to give those that have been told to me by persons who are truthful; also to fill the Blanks No. I to VIII. Blank F, named in circular, is not in my parcel.

These experiences do not happen to me *very* often and are in no way at my command. They are always a surprise to me. The following are such as my husband had opportunity to know of at the time and will state the fact. Many others could be given. The accompanying narratives happened to me in the night or morning, but such are likely to occur at any time of day or during any occupation of my time. I can obtain a statement of a case where a woman was apparently dead for three days and came to life. The fact that she was conscious during that time makes the fact very interesting.

If the enclosed happen to meet the wants of your Society and you wish for more, let me know.

Yours truly,

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

Note that Mrs. Alexander is not like those platform-mediums who are always on tap. She says, "These experiences do not happen to me very often, and are in no way at my command." She also knows the value of corroboration.

2. *Letter Written April 3, 1888.*

MR. RICHARD HODGSON.

DEAR SIR:

To voluntarily produce any of my experiences, I never seriously tried. I have tried many times to prevent them, at least some of them. Trance, if that is the right name for it, comes to me sometimes. I would say it is actually dying. I resist it. I have had the sense of double personality several times but not in any case I have related to you. In seeing my own apparition—when seeing my hands as they were going out and then seeing my own figure entire at a short distance, still and not active, there was no sense of double per-

sonality, but seeing myself outside of myself engaged in some act or continued acts, there was the most absurd sense of duality. Then in a deeper state of the same thing maybe, there is a complete cutting away from the body, or so it seems, and then one is about dead, and may never recover.

I have submitted to this several times, but have resisted it many times. No doubt many persons can get along with this all right. If this comes on me, I have a thorough conviction that I am dying. I can and do resist it, but at the times when I have gone through with it it is like this: the heart beats less and less, a feeling of want of breath, an agonized struggle of a second's duration, perfect oblivion; a dim consciousness returns, a sweet restful breathing and regular heart throbs, but not of the body—a feeling that I am passing slowly up and out of the top of my head; am conscious of the whole process; am entirely out. (If I am alive and well when I die I expect to realize just this same experience. I know how paradoxical this is, in statement.) I see my body lie there; no double personality. I learned the first time to sit alone, then to walk, or made mistakes thinking I was walking, I only needed to make an effort to glide. I can then pass through the side of the house, or the roof and go where I like, see familiar places, strange places, meet people, talk, and soon the sense of a superior life comes, the conviction that it is my own and I accept it gladly. The great increase of intellectual force, of pleasant keen sensation and a feeling that there is nothing but that one can attain to just by their own strong powers. The elation becomes extravagant and I say I will stay here always, I will never go back. I begin to make plans to do what I had always intended to do when the right time came. Then comes my friend and says this will never do, you must return. I resist, but without avail. I have the same experience, only reversed, that I had when it all began. I had three of these the same evening, and was thoroughly convinced in various ways that all was a simple disembodiment of the spiritual body from the natural body. I have never learned to do any other way than to spoil it all by a determination to never come back. I want to settle that part first. I have insisted on having the time set when I may go to stay, and am laughed at for being so anxious.

I have tried to tell what I know of trance, if that is the state, but what one sees and hears and learns is of great variety. These states, years apart, are always exactly alike in the manner of their progress.

These accidental happenings have always been when I have been alone, so I do not know only what relates to my mental, not my bodily state as it would appear to others. I have attended meetings where it was said the speaker was in a trance; what I have been relating don't seem to me to be at all like such states. Once I had a sense of double personality. I had had a fit of ague, after the fever left me I was very faint and weak. It was in the night and I was alone; I think I fainted entirely, then I was standing about two feet in front of myself and delivering a lecture on chemistry before a class of University students. I was 16 years old, had never studied the science. The personality in the rear, *or that I*, could hear like as if the person in front was another entirely, and wondering meanwhile what all the technical words meant. I knew very well that I understood the subject on which I was speaking. I could not account for this at the time, but now I think it arose from having been present at an illustrated lecture by Prof. Douglass (D. was Prof. of Chemistry), of Mich. University, on the uses of the solar microscope. My experience was nothing like I had heard, then or any other time, but like a real lecture of his to his class at some time no doubt. That was what I would call trance.

Another time I had the same phenomena in a long symbolic dream or experience when I was perfectly well. That time I defended myself against a charge of murder before a court and an excited audience. The speaking person stood about 3 feet in front of the other. There was with the rear one the same wonder and effort to comprehend the situation. This dream had a strange development. It was to run "3 months, 6 months." A voice announced the time in the quoted words. At the end of 3 months I understood it all. The whole thing was significant, true to interpretation, and involved a complete change in my circumstances. So you see I know of these states, but do not know that I can do more than state them, so they can be compared with the statements of others.

Yours truly,

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

The foregoing certainly contains indications of caution and of reflective intelligence. There is more of positiveness in regard to the supposed *extra corpus* experiences than some of us can quite approve, though what we should say had we undergone

similar experiences is another story. "Trance, if that is the right name for it . . . is actually dying," "maybe there is a complete cutting away from the body, or so it seems," "I know how paradoxical this is, in statement," "I have attended meetings where it was said the speaker was in a trance; what I have been relating don't seem to me to be at all like such states," are not sentences indicating hasty judgment and reckless assertion. Even the seeming positiveness about having been actually out of her body is probably due to the flow of the narrative, which made it inconvenient to pause at every sentence to say "maybe," "so it seemed," or "in my opinion."

She had a perfect right, and perhaps sufficient data (no one who has not had the experiences which she relates can be absolutely sure he would not have so judged had he been in her place) to say that on a certain evening she "was thoroughly convinced in various ways that all was a simple disembodiment of the spiritual body from the natural body." She does not attempt to force conviction by asserting that this was a positive fact. Her suggestion that her hallucination of seeing herself lecturing "arose from having been present at an illustrated lecture by Professor Douglass" would win applause from the psychological faculty. There may well have been, however, considerable of illusion in her impression that she was employing actual technical words and understanding her subject.

3. *Undated Postscript.*

I have had this sensation. An idea rapidly and distinctly forms itself in my mind and I feel as if about to speak it, even to moving my tongue a little, and the words were spoken in the air in my own voice a little removed from me, and as if independently of me.

I realize sometimes in a waking vision that I see it with but one eye. Just preceding the vision I feel the faintest lightest something removed from the eye and the objects of the vision appear to that eye alone. So with hearing with one ear, something seems removed. It is too delicate in its texture to be named. All this is very pleasant. I have never felt this when seeing with both eyes, or hearing with both ears.

K. E. ALEXANDER.

The first paragraph above superficially suggests a slight degree of dissociation. The unilateral hallucinatory vision and audition are analogous to unilateral anæsthesia and hyperæsthesia, which are recognized phenomena of abnormal psychology.

4. *From Letter by Mrs. Alexander, April 14, 1888.*

There is the fact called levitation, by which the body is raised without contact or aid of any visible kind. It is told in D. D. Home's work published 25 years ago. There is such a case given in the R. Catholic Hagiography, of a female saint. The religious house was enriched by visitors, who were permitted to see her through a screen. I cannot tell where to find such libraries. Some good priest would know.

In an appended note to *Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, is an account of Nat. Turner, the negro who led an insurrection and murdered many people. This is his confession and relates his hearing voices which he obeyed, like Jeanne D'Arc.

Barring[*sic*] Gould in his *Origin and Development of Religious Belief* tells of popular beliefs of the Bulgarians which transcend all we hear of in this part of the world pertaining to materialization. If that phenomena [*sic*] is true, it is a thing I know nothing of by experience.

In these later days we like to keep persons like Mrs. Alexander from reading books which treat of phenomena of the type to which they are subject, since it seems desirable for the purposes of investigation that they should be preserved so far as may be from the possibilities of suggestion and imitation. Yet it cannot be denied that this lady's desire to get light upon her experiences from books was both natural and intelligent. And her concluding remark shows that she is not one to cry, when the experiences of another are mentioned, "O, you needn't tell *me*! I have been through all *that*!"

5. *Portions of Letter of June 4, 1888.*

It is June now and I would like to see what Mrs. Sedgwick says on the subject of Premonition in dreams. It is a power of the mind, we know that positively, but the law and mode, is all very dark.

* * * * *

The case in Oil City where she [Mrs. S. in a letter which is missing] speaks of "a wind, a cold wave," I had thought of speaking of that in my own experiences. There is no doubt of this phenomenon; I was glad to hear her tell it. With me this cold air will sometimes be around one hand and forearm and it is in this condition that my arm will rise without volition. Perhaps this phenomenon accompanies levitation, which you will sometimes find to be true. Mrs. S. has some experience in being taken across the room without moving a step but the case is not so marked as to be susceptible of proof to others. I have had the sensation of becoming so light I could scarcely keep my tip toes on the floor. A feeling that one has when in water that is ready to float one off their feet. No dizziness or other uncommon sensation accompanies it. This cold air space exists without motion too.

* * * * *

In one [instance from his own experiences related by Rev. John Hamilton, the Methodist pastor in Mrs. Alexander's home town] where he tells of seeing himself, he said he was exceedingly tired. Several times when I have seen my apparition, I have had a feeling of being *so very tired* and immediately after every trace of weariness left me. I know many things dimly that afterwards become clear to me; and a feeling of being tired was an effect on me of somebody's mind or intent. I know this by peculiar and specific instances. I have heard other sensitive people remark this weary feeling.

The most erudite investigator often feels when face to face with unmistakable phenomena that he cannot be deceived as to the fact, but "the law and the mode [the process] are still very dark." It is worth observing that Mrs. Alexander experienced the "cold wind" which we read of in reports from many quarters. Her testimony on this and other interesting points regarding subjective states seems quite simple and free from appearance of exaggeration.

II. SHORT ESSAY BY MRS. ALEXANDER, ON SYMBOLISM IN DREAMS AND VISIONS.

There is a kind of subject that your Society takes no notice of, or

if it does I do not know under what department it comes. It is the peculiar symbolism in prophetic dreams and visions.

These symbols do exist and that they are significant I do know by my own experience. But why or how they arise or the natural law at their foundation, I do not know. They must be difficult to handle and can be studied only at a great disadvantage for the reason that the correspondences seem to depend on an infinite variety of things which the mind is furnished with at the time of the dream or vision. Symbols become obsolete and new ones are introduced according to the state of the mind. They are images of things in nature and art and they have each their proper action and relation to each other. Their orderly and harmonious movements, their incongruous, dislocated, erratic appearance—all are significant. Whatever the character of the image in its proper place and surroundings in nature, or its character in the history of a nation or our associations, that is its character in the dream or vision. It also has significance in accordance with its position and relation to all the parts of the dream. *People dead and living appear in them and reveal things past and to come, and inasmuch as the living are unconscious of having appeared and spoken in such a vision or dream, it is fair to suppose that the dead who appeared and spoke in the like case were, if immortal and conscious, still were not conscious of having any knowledge or device in the matter.* If a bird or a flower in the dream appeared every way alive and were only a symbol, why not persons whom you recognize as dead, such also? Now I can trace the intelligence to an individual mind. So it may be that man is the supreme intelligence about us and holds in his mental embrace all the images and forms referred to, and that they can be imposed upon the seer in the vision from the mind, communicating. (I still wish to carry the idea that the minds from whom these forces arise or start are often ignorant or unconscious of the action going on.) Then we may conclude that the source of the vision was from the identified person and the accompanying symbols were a part of their mental furnishment. The seer having the same mental furnishment by force of the same human nature and environment, the exciting power could impose an image of itself and its subordinate mental forms upon the seer, or draw out a similar image already in the mind of the seer. If the symbol takes the form of a thing which is in the seer's mind, say some known landscape, animal or man, that is only exciting and draw-

ing out what was already placed away ready to be remembered and associated.

These symbolic visions may be of the simplest, lightest, airiest nature, direct and satisfactory in their sequences or they may be so encumbered and loaded down by the symbolic machinery that perfect faith at work for a thousand or more years could not discover the solution. See Ezekiel, Daniel and Revelations. These symbolic visions have a way of their own, frequently translating themselves into direct intelligence. That is about all the hold I have on them, and by the recurrence of the same symbols and same rendering, I come to know that certain things are constant and this forms a sort of key by which many things otherwise dark are made plain.

Now to show how it is with me I will relate what happened one day last week. I went up stairs to lie down to rest soon after dinner, which is at noon with us; I lay on my bed with my eyes shut trying to sleep. I seemed to be standing in a young apple orchard which we care for very much; I saw a little flock of English sparrows fly up from the ground under an apple-tree. They arose about four feet in the air and were gone. From the same place as quick as could be, arose a little flock of robins in the same place and to the same height and were gone. I felt wide awake and immediately arose to go down. I met Mr. Alexander at the head of the stairs, coming up to record the weather observation. I told him I had a little vision and related it. "Well, what does that mean?" he asked. "Oh, that means we are to have news," I replied. "Letters and from whom?" he asked. "Not letters at all, but something from the men who deal in fruit-trees and plants," I said. "What makes you think so?" he asked; I said, "Do you not see the scene was under your young apple-tree, and the birds are our own kind?" "I can't see anything in it," he said.

At 5 o'clock the same day when a girl brought in our mail from the village, as she came home from school, there were two catalogues; one from Avondale, Penn., one from Janesville, Wis. When Alex came in from work soon after, I said, "Here are your bird notes." He laughed at the coincidence and took up one and examined it, running over what he would need in the fruit tree and plant line. He spoke in a very impatient way, throwing down the catalogue, saying, "We never *can* deal with that Wisconsin man, his prices are extravagant, as bad or worse than last year." "He is your English

sparrow flock," I said. Taking up the other catalogue he examined that and said, "Mr. Star of Avondale is the robin kind; his articles are right and what we want, judging from the way he dealt with us last year."

We expect to get these catalogues from various parties. It is important for us to have them—but it cannot be a matter of calculation as to time, from whom or as to quality. I will say they had not been sent for. Dealers consult their books and send them to customers and to those who they find out are cultivators.

See how the English sparrow becomes an element of evil in this instance. The fruit growers and the farmers feel that they are enemies so they represent the man with whom you cannot deal with benefit to your interest. I remember your request that a card might be sent off immediately and another when the fulfillment took place. If this had been available in matter there was not time for they came so near together; but I will, if it happens so I can, try to give you something.

Notice, this was purely symbol, but I had a sort of mental analysis of it all from the same cause perhaps that originated the vision.

I write this simple thing to show forth symbolism in dreams and visions. I assure you the principle is there and is capable of taking on form that involves the most lofty and terrible things that can happen in the fates of individuals or nations. A somewhat accurate system of translation of symbols could be built up by those who have most insight, for the use of those who have less.

Where I say the dead and the living appear, etc., I refer in my own mind to such experiences as this:

In '63, I think it was, it looked probable that a Mr. S. and myself would be married sometime (which never did happen). I, one night just as I had blown out the light and got into bed, saw my sister Susan standing at the head of the bed. It seemed that I saw her through the back of my head. She stood where I could not have seen her with the use of my eyes. She looked indignantly at me and said, "What are you going to marry that S. for? you shall not do it." This sister was alive and well and lived at Lansing, while I lived at St. Johns, 20 miles north of there. I did not know she had interested herself in my affairs although it seems she had. The next day, or very soon, I received a letter from Mr. S., who was stopping

near my mother's place, saying if I would come home my mother would send him with her horse and carriage, 16 miles to Williamston and meet me and take me home. I answered I would go to W. a certain day and not fail. All by stage at that time and the stages were on such time that I had to get to Lansing at night and would have liked very much to have stayed with my sister S. but on account of the vision I thought we would quarrel a little, so I staid at the hotel to avoid her. I met Mr. S. as I expected to. I proposed to stop at my sister Clara's house and take tea then drive home, 8 miles farther on. At sister C.'s I met sister Susan, of course. The fates had determined and my effort to avoid her did no good. She ran to meet me and greeted me pleasantly, and when in the house and while Mr. S. was tying the horse at the gate she stood up before me and said, "Let me help you take off your things," and taking hold of my bonnet strings to untie them, she looked vexed and said, "What are you going to marry that S. for? you shall not do it," giving my bonnet strings a jerk entirely unnecessary for the purpose of untying them. We two sisters loved each other very much and so we took such liberties with each other. I had often seen my sister S. in such ways when we were little children. I told her, at another time, of the vision. She laughed and said it was good for me, but she had no consciousness of having been in any way instrumental in it. She was acquainted with such phenomena. She is dead now, so cannot tell what she remembers of it. A little while before she died she wrote me of a prophetic dream she had and knew the meaning of it exactly, but strange to say thought it was her husband's death instead of her own. When she wrote it to me, my first thought was that it was herself, but then I thought she ought to know best.

To farther illustrate symbolism in visions I will relate that in '61 while the national forces were in great agitation before President Lincoln was inaugurated, I had this vision:

I seemed to stand in a clearing surrounded by tall forest trees. The trees were only chopped down and logs and stumps were there. I was on a stump. I saw a white eagle in the sky high up, flying from the Southeast toward me, and it flew lower and lower as it approached. The eagle was immense in size and very beautiful. As it came on, an arrow from the direction whence the eagle came, sped after it. The arrow was of ivory, very heavily proportioned and most elaborately carved with devices which reminded me of Egypt-

ian hieroglyphics. I was dreadfully alarmed for the fate of the eagle. The time seemed so long and the eagle flew heavily and slowly and lowered, and when not higher than the tree tops and within the clearing, she turned and received the arrow in her beautiful white breast and the feathers were stained with her own blood, I was in mortal fear lest the bird would drop to the ground dead, but she received the shock without going any lower and I thought she had not a death wound. I saw it no more. I believed I knew the import of the vision at the time, and said the place of wild woods and chopping had been literally connected with Mr. Lincoln's early life, and represented the value of all that is substantial in his people. The eagle is the emblem of our nation, and that she was white was her great excellence as a government and her immense size was her greatness and dimensions as a country; and that she was brought low by her enemies was apparent in her corresponding flight. The arrow was the South, her enemy. Ivory is an ancient, favorite material on which to carve, and the devices thereon, like those the Egyptians used, were the very ancient, savage relics, which the South was trying to preserve in her slave codes and institutions. That we would have war was seen by the blood, and that the eagle was not killed nor brought to the ground was the ultimate triumph of the nation. My fears and anxieties were those of the people generally. That was the outline, but the details of all that was involved we now know can never be told. This is the truth, and such things are a part of our nature; on them all religions have been built, and they have been the property of priest craft and have been used to rob and degrade the people, when they might be used to elevate and bless.

I fear I have exhausted your patience by this long letter but I think this matter of symbols enters so largely in the phenomena you are investigating that it must be considered. In my previous relations I have chosen cases which did not have them in. The horse referred to in President Garfield case was a very significant item, and if the men who told us the news had come on horseback it would have led to a mistake with you if you made it a transference of thought entirely from the one who told the news to us.

Yours truly,

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

Some of the ideas embodied above are worthy of attention,

though at times cloudily expressed. The writer also seems to think that the principles she believes govern symbolism in her dreams must obtain universally. On the contrary, the symbolic alphabet, so to speak, may differ much in the dreams of different persons and while with one the subliminal self may be the sole agent manipulating the machinery of symbolism, an external agent may be concerned with another, etc. The reasoning of the sentence which we have italicized is really acute.

Probably the most valuable sentences in the little essay are these: "These symbolic visions have a way of their own, frequently, of translating themselves into direct intelligence. That is about all the hold I have on them, and by the recurrence of the same symbols and the same rendering I come to know that certain things are constant, and this forms a sort of a key by which many things otherwise dark are made plain."

If this statement is correctly understood, it means that in some cases Mrs. A.'s dream was accompanied by its interpretation or else, on waking, the sense of its meaning intuitively, as it were, emerged, rather than was reasoned out, and that when this was not the case she came at length to feel that it was safe to make such intuitive interpretations her guide in judging the meaning of symbols recurring in similar associations. There appears to be no reason why one should not be capable of employing symbols in his dreaming as he does in fully alert thinking and in the half-way state of reverie, and if external intelligences ever do intrude into dreams it might be convenient to their purposes of conveying particular information to manipulate the system of symbols congenial to the mind which is dreaming.

The three instances given of supposedly predictive symbolic dreams cannot be separated from their setting without violence, but they properly belong in Part IV, and will be commented upon there as cases 1, 2 and 3.

III. RESULTS OF A CANVASS BY MRS. ALEXANDER FOR INCIDENTS, AMONG HER ACQUAINTANCES.

Observations. Jan. 9, 1888.

I have spoken to 15 persons on the matter of Blank G and but two answered, yes; and both cases are to hearing their own names spoken when there was no person present or near. One had heard

her name called but once, and not connected with anything in either case. Some people say they never have dreams of any kind.

Jan. 23, 1888.

I have prepared Circular G as nearly right as I could and wish to say that having two Blanks G I gave one to a friend who is trustworthy, who was going among many of his acquaintances, who will fill out and send it to you or to me. It is the same Thomas Dean No. 4, Blank G. I told him I would not put his No. or his little girl's Yes, in my blank, that he might use it in his; but because you wish them soon, I have put them in mine and if you get his some future time, you can compare what he told me with his written account of the same and check out what would be a repetition.

June 4, 1888.

I think Mrs. Golden is unable to answer your letter to her. She has some very good cases of dreaming what is to be in the future; but she can hardly write. I know several persons who will never try to write their experiences. * * * I expected to get some statements from the pastor of the M. E. Church, who tells of twice seeing his own apparition and once dreaming of seeing his own father killed by a horse running away. The accident happened about three months after dream which exactly represented—surroundings, color of horse, landscape and all. His father was taken up for dead but revived. It was all interesting and the Preacher said he would write it out for me. But he lately found that he has a mission to warn people against such people as Mrs. De Bar.—and other frauds and spiritualists in general. Mr. Talmage and Mr. Mills have preached sermons on those subjects and something is wrong and that must be righted. We don't need their admonitions but we would like instruction. Please write to this Elder John Hamilton, Birmingham, Mich. If you could get the relations they would be good. In one where he tells of seeing himself, he said he was exceedingly tired.

The reader will judge for himself whether the remarks above or the manner of reporting the experiences of other persons, to which we now come, do or do not indicate a mind candid and reasonably alert and careful.

1. *Hallucinatory Voices.*

(Reported Jan. 23, 1888.) Heard a voice speak her name. This occurs quite often but is connected with nothing that she has noticed.

(Feb. 1, 1888, in response to a question by Dr. Hodgson.) The No. 1 Yes does not remember that hearing voices has occurred within 12 years, but that she has many times in her life, etc.

2. *Hallucinatory Voice.*

(Reported Jan. 23, 1888.) Heard a voice but once—that very distinctly—recognized as her father's who at the time was five miles away, well as usual. No connection traceable.

(Feb. 1, 1888, in response to a question.) "Occurred about five years ago—time indefinite."

Cases 1 and 2 are not worth commenting upon, since it is impossible to tell whether they possessed any significance. There is an entire absence of evidence that either did.

3. *Complex Incident.*

(Reported Jan. 23, 1888.) Was burning brimstone for bleaching purposes and accidentally inhaled the fumes. Could not recover from the effects which were so severe that they caused painful respiration for several days, or about two weeks in all. During this time the most relief was obtained by pressure. She lay down flat on the floor, face down, and a person sat on her; the pressure seemed to bring relief for a short time only. One night she awoke with great pain. There was a strong smell of burning pitch, and as if pine was burning. Alarmed, thinking the house was on fire, she hastened up and then heard a voice speak as if of a person three or four feet away. The voice was calm, even and pleasant in tone, perfectly natural; it said, "Take tar water." The druggist, applied to early in the morning, sent Oil of Tar, which was taken with sugar and water. The relief was immediate and permanent. The painful constriction of the lungs had lasted up to this time without abatement. There was no fire to make the smell; no person visible; no light of lamp or otherwise.

(Feb. 1, 1888, in response to a question.) "That occurred 22 years ago."

If we were sure that the original facts were not obscured by delirium at the time or the aberrations of memory since, if it were certain that the fumes from a real fire in the neighborhood were not smelled, that subliminal recollection of the efficacy of tar-water for burns did not announce itself in the hallucinatory sentence, or that auto-suggestion did not make the remedy effectual, we might not have to content ourselves with the Scotch verdict "Not proven."

4. *Apparition.*

(Reported Jan. 23, 1888.) The little girl was 11 years old. She was sent to a neighbor's house on an errand. Passing the window before she reached the door she looked in. There she saw a woman standing on a chair looking over things on a high shelf. The child went on and knocked at the door and no one came. She repeated the knock and returned without having been admitted. The child's mother and father vouch for the child's general truthfulness and say when they saw their neighbor and asked who had been there and why their child could not be heard, the lady said the house was alone at the time, and asked the child to tell her about it; how the woman on the chair looked, and the clothes she wore. After hearing and questioning the little girl, the neighbor said, "That was my mother, her very calico dress and all." The mother had died eight months before, and previous to the family to whom she belonged having moved into that house and neighborhood. The little girl had never seen the mother referred to. I asked about the probability of some wandering person, bent on mischief, having got into the house, but the secluded region and close proximity to themselves and it being a place that tramps have never found, did not permit them to entertain the probability. This was the only remarkable thing of the kind that the child ever told. The parents never have such experiences. The father I know to be a very intelligent and truthful person, so I thought worthy a place.

Remembering being told that when I was a small boy I once insisted that a dress hanging from a nail was my mother, I cannot help a suspicion that the little girl, looking through the window, which may have had glass which distorts what is seen through it, may have seen some object and pieced out its outlines from

imagination, and that unskilful questioning may have modified her description. Expert examination of the child and the lady might have disclosed weak points. The incident is therefore of doubtful value owing to the process and form by and in which it has come to us.

5. *Hallucinatory Voice, with Coincidence.*

(Reported Feb. 1, 1888.) Last Sunday a lady sent for me to spend the day with her, she had this Mary Lawrence to work for her up to a few days ago. My friend said Mary had to leave and go to care for her sister, Alice, who lives in Pontiac. Alice was dangerously ill of inflammation of the bowels, and that Mary had said a day or so before she was sent for, *don't know exact time*, my friend could not remember,—that she had just heard her sister Alice's voice call her. Neither had thought to connect the incidents until my friend saw me and I enquired about her girl; then she remembered it very well, and thought strangely of it. Mary was expecting to be soon sent for by another sister, but in the case of Alice her mind was at rest.

(Mrs. Julia A. Pattison's corroboration, sent by Mrs. Alexander, Feb. 8, 1888.)

At my friend's suggestion I will write this to save her the task. That she told me a week ago last Sunday that Mary Lawrence, her hired girl, said that she had heard a voice, her sister Alice speak her name; that the next day, she thinks, Mary's mother came and said Alice was very sick and Mary must go and take care of her. Mary is there now caring for her sister.

K. E. ALEXANDER for
[Personally signed] JULIA A. PATTISON.

When Alice recovers and Mary Lawrence returns I will get her account.

Dr. Fuller's address is Pontiac, Oakland Co., Mich.

(Mrs. Alexander, March, 1888, in response to Dr. Hodgson's request that an account be gotten from the Lawrence girl.) "Has not yet returned. I will write to her and see if I can get it in that way."

(Account personally written and signed by Miss Lawrence.)

BIRMINGHAM, Mar. 25, 1888.

MRS. S. ALEXANDER,
Birmingham.

FRIEND:

Your letter of March 17 at hand, and will reply, all I can remember. As near as I remember the time, it was about half after six. They were eating breakfast, and I thought it was Mattie ["another sister"? p. 243] at first, then thought it was Alice. I went to the window and could not see anything; it was just getting daylight. I think it was about nine, or near it, that mother said she was sick, also that she would go and stay until Saturday, and if Alice was no better that I was to leave and go and stay with her, but as for Alice being anxious to have me with her, I can say nothing more. I heard the voice call twice. And as for Pa's voice, I could not say anything definite.

* * * * *

MAY LAWRENCE.

This incident may thus be summarized: Early in 1888, one Sunday morning, at about 6:30, Mary Lawrence heard a voice twice. The family for whom she worked were then at breakfast. Miss L. "thought it was Mattie at first, then thought it was Alice (Alice was a sister; who Mattie was does not appear). At about 9 a. m. Miss L.'s mother came and said that Alice was ill and she would go and stay with her until Saturday, after which Mary would, if necessary, take her place. Miss L.'s letter ends. "As for Pa's voice I could not say anything definite."

The account, too, is indefinite and uncertain. (a) Mrs. Alexander reports at second hand that Mary heard her name called; Mary does not say what she heard. (b) Mary *at first* thought it was "Mattie" speaking (whether Mattie was a person in the vicinity or an absent person is an important unstated circumstance; whether Mattie was a sister whose voice resembled Alice's is another), then thought it was Alice's. Here is uncertainty as well as indefiniteness. (c) For aught that is alleged Mary may have thought of other persons also as possible producers of the voice, and have given prominence to the name of Alice because of what afterward occurred. (d) We are in the dark as to whether this was Mary's sole hallucinatory experience. It may be that she

had had others, but this one happened to coincide with something congruous with it. (e) The reference to "Pa's voice" is left quite in the air.

The incident, in the shape in which it is left, seems of little evidential value.

6. *Supposed Predictive Dream.*

(Account written and signed by the subject.)

BIRMINGHAM, MICH., Mar. 5, 1888.

R. HODGSON,

DEAR SIR:

A few years ago the School Board of Detroit determined upon establishing a professorship of industrial drawing in the public schools of that city. I, among others, made application for the position. All applicants were summoned to meet the Board for the purpose of bearing an inspection to determine their fitness for the place. I appeared among the rest and bore the most satisfactory examination, and had every prospect of securing the appointment. After the examination, which was in the evening, I repaired to my hotel and retired with full confidence of success. During the night, in a dream, I saw the point broken off from a very delicate and expensive pair of proportional dividers, which belong to myself—I immediately awoke and strongly felt and said aloud to myself—"I am beaten." When morning came I was met by a friend who informed me that, because of some dispute among the Board, the matter had been indefinitely postponed and that no one got the appointment.

Res.

S. ALEXANDER.

I remember hearing my husband relate this dream when he returned from Detroit the next day after it happened.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

There is nothing impressive about this story when it is submitted to careful tests. 1. The "dividers" in the dream were evidently suggested by the nature of the coveted position and the examination, while the breaking of the point may easily have been an expression of the care that he took of the "very delicate and

expensive " article. 2. In spite of his confidence it may very likely have been that he had not an even chance of succeeding against a number of competitors in which case the dream, regarded as a symbol, was more likely to be fulfilled by mere coincidence than not. 3. He was not "beaten" in the sense that he must have used the word, for no one got the appointment. 4. The dream was no more applicable to himself than to each of his competitors. 5. His ready interpretation of the dream probably witnessed to the misgivings that underlay his surface confidence.

7. *Predictive Dream.*

(Account written and signed by the subject.)

ROYAL OAK, MICH., March 6, 1888.

MR. ALEXANDER,

DEAR SIR:

In response to your request, asking that I write you about a dream I once had, I send you the following.

In the year 1882 we were selling quite a quantity of drain tile to Hon. T. W. Palmer. My uncle drew them for him, a distance of about six miles. His foreman would order a small order at a time, say from 200 to 600 rods, and when they were delivered he would give us another order. After they had been drawing nearly all summer and were about through for the Fall and we were expecting only one more order, they told my uncle that the last order would be about as follows:

200 rds 2½ inches, 70 rds 3 inches, 12 rds 4 inches, 135 rds 6 inches, at least that was as near as they could tell without measuring, but they would know by the time he drew the last load of that order, and then would order them.

We were burning kiln that day and night, and I, being very tired, would lie down between firings and sometimes sleep half an hour between firing. One such time I dreamed my uncle came into the yard with his team to load up and I went up to meet him. The first thing he said was, "There has been quite a shrinkage in that last order." Said I, "How is that?" He answered, "They only want so many rods of each size," naming them. I woke up and the dream so impressed me that I picked up a brick and wrote the numbers down, but I could not number the 4 in. so I left it blank thus,

150 rds 2½ in, 50 rds 3 in, — 4 in; 100 rds 6 in. I showed it to father in the morning when he came out. Well, about ten o'clock a. m. my uncle came to load (he lives over a mile from us) and there is where the strange part came in, I went to meet him and the first words he said were "There has been quite a shrinkage in that order." Said I, "How?" He named them all but the four in. and he said they were undecided yet, but would let him know that day. I then went and got the brick and showed them, with the four in. left blank. That is all Mr. Alexander, with the exception that they finally changed the order and ordered the full amount.

Respectfully,

E. A. STARR.

(Explanatory note by Mrs. Alexander, March 5, 1888.) In Mr. Starr's article where he says he got the brick and showed them, he means that the writing on the brick coincided exactly with the order. He so stated it several times to Mr. Alexander. His writing infers this but I wish he had made it a little plainer.

K. E. A.

(From letter by Mrs. Alexander, Apr. 3, 1888.)

Write to Mr. Starr directly, no doubt you can get the desired statements, besides Mr. Starr's father may be induced to tell you other cases, for he told my husband that he had many of them. Meanwhile I will write to Mr. Starr about the case, as you wish, and say if he sends in the statement to you he may let mine go by.

(From letter from Mrs. Alexander, June 4, 1888.)

Mr. Starr's people are a little peculiar. The father says he does not like to tell his experiences;—is diffident; hates so to see his name in print; he will not advertize his business. The young man says he told all there is to tell and seems to feel that the questions ought not to be asked. If they lived near so we could talk to them more, they might see it differently. I will get more of them if I can.

This was a promising case, and ought to have been easy of corroboration. Presumably there was an existing record of the order originally given and finally repeated, for it is hardly cred-

ible, though conceivable, that Mr. Starr would have remembered the figures, 200 rods of 2½ inch tile, 70 rods of 3 inch, 12 rods of 4 inch and 135 rods of 6 inch, for six years. If he was so impressed as to have remembered this complicated set of figures, he would likely have been impressed enough to have preserved the brick on which the record of the changed order as discerned in the dream was made. If he did not preserve the brick, and could not remember the figures thereon (since he does not report them) then he probably does not remember the order as finally made, but gets them from the books of the firm—that is if he is sure of them at all,—and if he is not then his whole story is discounted.

His father was still living, and the uncle. Still, the failure to obtain their testimonies, and other corroborations above referred to was not the fault of Mrs. Alexander, as we have seen. Nor does the unwillingness of the family to furnish more evidence necessarily throw doubt upon the veracity of their verbal narrations, and the written one of the young man. It is still almost the rule that when an entire family of unblemished reputation for veracity and intelligence give concordant and emphatic verbal testimony about an "occult" occurrence, part or all of them are unconquerably repugnant to going on record publicly. One who has just been describing an experience with tones of utmost conviction becomes promptly "diffident, hates so to see his name in print," is afraid his position or business will suffer, does not like to face the possibility of being regarded "crazy" or "superstitious," thinks the matter is too private or too "sacred" to be placed on formal record, or does not see why he should be cross-examined as though suspected of an offense.

Yet we can hardly doubt, from the remarks of Mrs. Alexander, with whom by this time we must be getting a bit acquainted, that E. A. Starr and his father, and probably his uncle also, substantially agreed as to the facts. So there is a degree of corroboration, after all, through the intermediary, Mrs. Alexander.

8. *Trance Simulating Death.*

(A postscript by Mrs. Alexander.)

In the case of the woman dead and revived again. She died ~~one~~

year ago. Her daughter, who is a friend of mine, has written to her aunt, who lives in Pennsylvania to give the account as she is nearest to the source.

This happened to the lady when she was eighteen years old and unmarried, so that a sister still living would be apt to know of it more directly than the children. The lady was 80 years old when she died.

K. E. A.

(From letter by Mrs. Alexander, June 4, 1888.)

It was Mrs. S.'s mother [Mrs. S. was the writer of a letter to Dr. Hodgson which cannot now be found] who was thought to have been dead for a length of time and revived. I have tried to get the case. Mrs. S. wrote to two sisters who are older than herself (one an aunt, come to think). She had an answer to the letter. Embodied in a family letter was the account which was very meagre and did not tell how long the trance lasted, which was important. It said preparations were made for the funeral and the person knew very well what was going on and finally felt so alarmed that she made great effort to speak. I did not ask for the letter but thought I would wait for the other party to write.

The records of the medical profession and of psychologists exhibit not a few cases of trance or catalepsy simulating death, some of them of the duration of several days. This may have been an interesting instance, but it was long ago, and the surviving witnesses were aged and reticent. But again Mrs. Alexander fully recognizes the inadequacy of the data furnished her.

9. *An Old Poltergeist Case.*

(From Mrs. Alexander's letter of June 4, 1888. She has just been speaking of a Mrs. S., whose letter to Dr. Hodgson is missing, and of Mr. S., her husband, who was intending to investigate an alleged haunted house, about which we hear nothing further.)

Mr. S. has promised to write for me an account of what he saw one evening, but I am sure he never will for he will delay forever. This is the story and I believe it to be reliable.

35 years ago it happened. Mr. S. was building a few miles east of Birmingham. He took three of his men with him to a farm house near, where Mr. Swan lived. There was a hired German boy about 14 years old in whose presence the following things transpired. After the boy went up stairs to bed and got to sleep, the bed began to rock. Mr. S. and men went up. The chamber was unfinished and all in one room. The bed sat at the end farthest from the stairs. The boy was asleep. (Here Mr. S. took a chair and showed how the bed rocked, at first slowly and far enough over to have rolled the boy out of bed, but he was not moved by it, then fast. A chest began to move out from under the bed without any apparent help when clear of the bed it opened and out were tossed balls of carpet yarn, or rags cut and wound into balls. They flew to the farther end of the room, and hit the wall. The men gathered up the balls, put them in the chest and a man sat on the cover and said he could keep it down but the cover came up and the man slipped off. One of the party—a very pious man, a deacon—said it was the devil and he would not stay there. He started for the stairs, and as he went the balls flew out and were sent down the stairs bumping on the steps around his feet. A lot of children's clothing, which hung on the wall, were one at a time taken without help and tossed after the deacon. Then came the sound of a plane shoving over a board and of the shaving running off and dropping on the floor. Next a board was apparently sawed off, the noise of the board falling on the floor. I asked Mr. S. if the planing and sawing were heard when men of their trades were not in the house. He said that the people of the house had often heard the same. When this boy would go to the barn, the barn door would open before he touched it—the bars let themselves down as he came near them. Mr. Swan could not get along with that sort of farm hand for so many people were envious to come about. The boy was not very healthy. He had a sister who took him to Detroit to live. There some of the show people found him and exhibited him and worked him too much and his diseases increased and he died it is thought—for he drifted away and was lost sight of by the people here. I asked Mr. S. where the men who were with him and witnessed all this were. One was dead, one was in Florida, one was somewhere in the upper counties of Michigan.

Said Mr. S. "I thought I was sharp enough to find out what caused all that and I lay awake nights thinking about it; but I don't

know anything more about it now, than I did then; so I give it up. All I know is that it happened just as I tell it."

Mrs. Alexander is in no way responsible for this tale of the familiar poltergeist species, but only for setting it down from the lips of Mr. S. If on the memorable night that Mr. S., with others watched, the boy was really asleep, if the objects which flew about (or a part of them) were out of his reach, if the witnesses were able to keep wide awake and observant at the critical moments, if the movements were seen at their initiation and there could not have been a physical relation between them and the boy!—but these are the very questions in issue.

IV. INCIDENTS SOLELY OF MRS. ALEXANDER'S EXPERIENCE OR SHARED BY HER.

The reader has now had an opportunity to get something of a mental portraiture of Mrs. Alexander, to see how she thinks, how she observes, if she is subjectively truthful, and whether feeling and imagination are likely with her utterly to overcome reason and judgment. It is chiefly for this that all the foregoing has been printed.

The incidents which follow are from her own experience. They are various in character and in evidential quality. Some probably yield to a normal or commonplace explanation. Others are negative in significance, that is they may very well be of supernormal instigation, but cannot be proved so. The remainder present such credentials that the burden of proof is upon those who would show that they are not to be taken at their face value.

Mrs. Alexander does not give all of her experiences of this nature. In her letter of Dec. 28, 1887, (*supra*) she says, "The following are such as my husband had an opportunity to know at the time and will state the fact." This remark was probably meant to apply to her first set of cases, called by her "relations" (cases 4 to 9, *infra*). That her husband did not actually make a statement in connection with all these cases cannot be urged by the sceptic, for Dr. Hodgson, unfortunately, does not appear to have requested him to do so. He and others did corroborate a number of the cases. And it is well at the outset to observe from the letter of Jan. 9, 1888, that Mr. Alexander was accustomed to

scientific observation and though far from being of an occult tendency he sensibly classified his wife's experiences "with the rain and hail, tempest and cold waves" as erratic phenomena, but not valueless and hopeless of formulation because erratic.

1. *Coincidental Vision.*

This will be found in the Essay on Dream Symbolism—pages 235-236.

There was nothing in the imagery of the vision naturally to suggest catalogues of trees and plants. It is hard to understand how Mrs. Alexander herself came to interpret the flight of English sparrows and robins from an apple orchard as indicating that "news" from dealers in trees and plants was at hand. It is possible that the interpretation was a spontaneous accompaniment of the vision, an instance of what she has called the way of such visions, "translating themselves into direct intelligence." That the subject was a trivial one is not to be taken into account but for the fact that in trivial matters there is a greater latitude for finding a chance put application for the "symbols." But Mrs. Alexander says that she announced *beforehand* that the application of the bird symbols would be to news from dealers in trees and plants. It was only a week before the writing that the incident happened, and she recounts a conversation with her husband which if it took place at all must have been before the letters came. So it is not credible that on receiving the letters she had an illusion of memory to the effect that she had predicted them some hours previously. It is safe to conclude that she did, previous to receiving news from the dealers, predict that it would soon come. But although the narration says, "it cannot be a matter of calculation as to time" when the catalogues would come—meaning exact calculation—there is nothing to forbid the assumption that they were to be expected at about this time of the year. Other catalogues of the kind may have come the week before, others the week after for all we know. Mrs. Alexander already knew that the year before at least one of the price lists had been unsatisfactory and at least one satisfactory. (See remarks by Mr. A.) Some inchoate thinking along this line may have started the symbolical vision. But still we have the coincidence! Yes, and if her husband had opened *two* unsatisfactory price lists first before he

came to the satisfactory one or *two* satisfactory ones after that which was unsatisfactory the coincidence would still have been remarked; or if the bad one had been received that day and the good one the next day, the coincidence would perhaps have been yet more striking. As a matter of fact the sparrows and the robins of the mail bag flew at the same time. But Mr. Alexander did see the unsatisfactory price list first, as the sparrows in the vision were seen first! Yes, and it is not unlikely that, seeing the postmark and remembering that the "Wisconsin Man" had been dear "last year" he opened his letter first from the instinct which makes many of us save the best until the last. Or perhaps, noting the postmarks he opened in the order he did from a half-automatic inclination to fulfil his wife's predictions.

If this case cannot be quoted as *evidence* of prediction in dreams and visions then it furnishes illustrations of curious mental mechanisms, on the part of the lady in the construction of her vision, and possibly on the part of her husband in involuntarily contributing to its fulfilment. And it *may* have been a symbolic premonition, in spite of all that has been said.

2. *Prevision of Disapproval and a Remark by Her Sister.*

The narration will be found in the Essay on Dream Symbolism, pages 236-237.

If this incident stood alone, one would be inclined to ask whether Mrs. Alexander did not, before she had the vision, feel a misgiving lest this sister, (since she appears to have been a favorite one, in regard to whose opinion she might be sensitive) should disapprove; whether, granting that misgiving, the expression "What are you going to marry that S. for? You should not do it," or something closely similar, as "What are you going to marry him for? don't you do it," is not a "tabloid" one, such as she was likely to utter; and whether she could be sure after 25 years that the words of the vision so exactly corresponded with the after spoken words.

But granting the stronger incidents farther on in this group there would be no particular reason for cavilling against this. The meeting her sister, in spite of the pains to avoid her, has its weight in this incident.

3. *The Flying Eagle and Arrow Vision.*

In the spring of 1861 Mrs. A. had a vision of an immense white eagle flying from the southeast (from the direction of Washington) pursued by an ivory arrow engraved with marks like Egyptian hieroglyphics; the eagle flew lower, then turned and was struck by the arrow, which dyed her breast with blood, but she kept on, so that the beholder was convinced that she had not received a death wound. For the full account the reader will turn back to pages 237-238.

Mrs. A. interpreted the eagle as a symbol of the nation, white as governmental excellence, its great size as a reference to the nation's greatness, its being struck by an arrow following her up from the southeast that the South was to make war upon her, and the hieroglyphics as referring to the ancient slavery codes.

Granting all the meaning ascribed to the imagery of the dream, all is perhaps within the possibilities of Mrs. A.'s own subliminal thinking. The national emblem was familiar to her and the fitness of the color and size to express excellence and greatness is manifest. War with the South was at that time, (the spring of 1861) very probable, in which case the nation would receive an injury; and very few persons in the North doubted that the national cause would in that case prove triumphant. If Mrs. A.'s interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics was correct it remains true that her memories of Biblical allusions to the slavery of Egypt were as available beforehand for this feature of the dream imagery as afterward for the explication of it. Many persons are capable of peculiar "stunts" in their dreams, as the working out of mathematical problems, the composition of poetry, etc. The present writer has perpetrated as ingenious puns and jokes in his dreams, apparently offhand, as he was ever capable of executing while awake. The devising of symbols might be a characteristic "stunt" of Mrs. A.'s dreams.

When her attention was called to the fact that many of her dreams were symbolic this would have a tendency to stimulate the production of the symbolic factor, just as the writer has found that telling his punning and joking dreams has a tendency to start others. Of course the reduction of the symbolic tendency in this lady's dreams to a mode of mental mechanics would not settle the question whether this particular mental mechanism is

not something employed by extraneous intelligences for the impartation of distant or future facts. This very dream may be an instance of the possibility, but it can hardly be used as an evidence of it.

1. *Veridical Vision of a Man Dying.*

(Reported Dec. 28, 1887.) Relation 1.

One night about midnight I awoke and a great flood of light was around me. I awoke my husband at my side and we sat up in bed. I told him meanwhile that I saw in a neighbor's house, a mile away, a man dying (Lafayette Phillips by name). I saw about twenty people about him—not his *living* friends—but friends nevertheless who were caring for him with great affection and kindness. The next morning the word came that Lafayette Phillips had died about midnight, as I had seen. This man I had seen but twice, never to speak to him, but a nephew of his was in my house as a hired person at the time.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

(Jan. 9, 1888. In reply to Dr. Hodgson's questions.)

1. I did know Mr. Phillips was ill.
2. At the time I had a certain conviction that they were all deceased. I had at the same time a realizing sense of the presence of the living friends, but could not see them. I had then lived in this place but a short time and had never known the many dead friends in life, so have but the mental conviction to go by, and the offices they were performing, namely: that of being near, so close they touched him and had him by the hand.
3. This experience occurred about 19 years ago. I was awake in this case. I believe my eyes were open; we had no light in the room so my husband does not know whether my eyes were open or not.

1. Mrs. A. did not see any of the living friends in the vision, but simply felt that they were near. There is not therefore an appearance of her having seen the actual dying scene by clairvoyance. She saw about twenty people about him, who she somehow knew were not living persons. But none of these was identified by means of description or otherwise, so far as appears.

2. Therefore, the sole evidential feature is the vision or dream of the dying of Phillips in the middle of a particular night, and his actual death at that date and hour. The value of this is weakened, however, by (a) the fact that Mrs. A. knew Phillips was ill (how much this particular weakens it depends upon whether or not Mrs. A. knew that he was very ill, and especially whether or not there was expectation of his early death to her knowledge), (b) the absence of any newspaper item or letter from a witness of his death confirming the statement that it took place "about midnight" of the same date, (c) the absence of any letter from the husband stating that she told him the vision before Phillips' death was heard of (in view of Mrs. A.'s statement that she was selecting incidents which her husband could and would verify, and the fact that no request for corroboration appears to have been sent, it is probable that Mr. A. would have testified if he had been called upon. See also Mrs. A.'s reply 6 in the following case.)

3. The fact that, though Mrs. A. believed her eyes were open, her husband could not attest this, is of interest only as affecting the *nature* of the experience, not its evidentiality. An interesting case, but insufficiently supported.

5. *Premonition of Father's Death by Visual and Auditory Experience.*

(Reported Dec. 28, 1887.) Relation 2.

Sometime in Feb., 1876, my father, Philip Dyer, who lived in Livingston Co., 50 miles from this place, was taken sick. My mother wrote to me that she would send me word if he became dangerously ill. She wrote again that he was recovering; so my mind was happily at rest. On Friday morning about the time to arise, being fully awake and in good health, I saw a man digging a grave; I heard the sound of the pick in frozen dirt, three times. There stood my father at the foot of my bed supported on either side by persons I did not know; his head drooped to one side and he felt very weak he said. This passed away instantly and I arose and went to my husband's bed and told him my father was dead or about to die. He made immediate preparations for me to go home to my father's

house. When I reached there I found my father had died on Thursday night preceding my visit from him.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

I hereby certify that the statements herein made by my wife are strictly true.

S. ALEXANDER.

(Replies to queries by Dr. Hodgson, Jan. 9, 1888.)

1. Yes, fully awake.
2. Yes. It was daylight and I saw everything about me naturally.
3. I saw distinctly objects in the room and the persons mentioned, at the foot of the bed, all in natural relations to things about. There is always this peculiarity attending these extraordinary personages; I see them higher up than natural, say a foot or a little more; some times I have seen them several feet higher than the floor.
4. Paralysis and old age.
5. I have looked for letters and do not find the one referred to in the case, but find some written after the death. One referring to his manifesting himself to my mother, which I will send you to read and return, if you wish it, although it involves family matters. My family on my mother's side are, many of them, subject to these experiences which we know of for a hundred years or more. We are from the Quaker or Friends people.
6. Yes. I wrote the accounts and asked my husband to read them and see if they were as he remembered them, and if so, say so under his own name. That you may know more of us I will refer you to Mr. M. W. Harrington, Director of the Astronomical Observatory at Ann Arbor, and Editor of American Meteorological Journal. (One of the Mr. Pickerings of Cambridge writes for the Journal.) In the March No. of that Journal, 1885, Mr. S. Alexander, my husband, has an article entitled "Thermal Belts and Cold Islands of Southeastern Michigan," which was subsequently reviewed and commented upon by Prof. W. M. Davis of Cambridge University, in May No. following. Mr. Alexander keeps a Meteorological Observing Station for State Board of Health on U. S. Signal Service, and classes my experiences with the rain and hail, tem-

pests and cold waves. He is pleased with the work of your society and hopes that something good may result. What he knows of my experiences is all he knows of, for a certainty, of any such claims. He never has them himself but still claims one instance which was quite extraordinary as a dream.

I write for myself and he will write to you too, if you wish.

Aside from the misfortune that there is no contemporaneous record, this incident stands on firm ground, and is of high quality.

1. Although Mrs. A. knew her father had been ill, he had not been considered dangerously so, and was then supposed by her to be on the way to recovery. 2. The vision of a grave being dug, and the accompanying hallucination of hearing the pick could refer to nothing but death, while the vision of her father and his utterance of the words reported unmistakably referred the death to him. 3. Mrs. A. at once told her husband. 4. That he at once made preparation for her to go to her father's house, 50 miles away, and that she went, witness not only the strength of the impression wrought upon Mrs. A., but also the confidence which her husband by this time reposed in her occult experience. 5. Mrs. A. declares that her father actually did die during the night preceding her waking vision. 6. Mr. A. adds a certificate to the truth of his wife's story. 7. Vagaries of memory could hardly be an issue in this case.

On the other hand the father died of "paralysis and *old age*." But old men may live to become much older and there would not ordinarily be one chance in hundreds of, say, guessing the day on which even an old man supposedly well or "recovering" would die. The death must have occurred within 12 hours before the dream. Had the hour of the death been given the correspondence in time might have proved much closer.

We ought to have been told how old the father was. But apparently Mrs. A. was never asked the question.*

* NOTE. The following experience of seeing an apparition being neither Mrs. A.'s own experience, nor one sought out by her investigations, finds no appropriate place in the text. Yet it should be preserved, as it is based upon testimony given after recent experiences, and in the frank, unassuming medium of a mother's letter to her daughter.

It is a witness to the truth of Mrs. A.'s statement that her family on the maternal side were subject to occult experiences.

6. *Occult Announcement That Garfield Was to Die.*

(Reported Dec. 28, 1887.) Relation 3.

On Sunday morning about sunrise, July 2nd, 1881, while I was still in bed but fully awake, I saw a beautiful horse coming from the Southeast; he did not touch the ground and came with great speed. On his back he bore a rider dressed in military garb denoting an officer of high rank. The horse stopped suddenly with his nose on my breast, and the messenger announced to me that our first statesman would surely die. A dim view of a funeral procession and I asked who it was that was to die. My husband now spoke to me abruptly saying it was time to get up. The vision was gone. I said, "Some one is to die." "Is it any of us?" asked my husband. I said, "No, it is a statesman, but your coming in disturbed my condition or I would have received the name." My husband went out and returned before I was dressed, saying President Garfield was killed. We had not heard from the P. O. on Saturday but our near neighbors, who had been to town, returned too late to tell us the news. A man had been waiting outside to tell us when we were up. We live on a farm 2½ miles from the postoffice and do not get telegraph news quickly except by the accidental passing of people on business.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

A Vision of Philip Dyer, seen by Mrs. Alexander's Mother.

(From letter by Mrs. Alexander, Jan. 28, 1888.)

Enclosed is the letter from my mother. I never saw her after this letter was written. She died the same year, in November, so could not tell more of it than she has told in the letter. She had told the same to certain friends whom I have talked with since her death, and in that version she said her husband said she must soon come to him.

(Enclosure referred to.)

April 23, 1876.

* * * * *

Was glad to hear from Dyer. I know he is around; have heard him speak twice, and he took me by the hand and scared me awful. At first I thought some one in my room but as quick as thought, he grabbed my hand with his left hand also, and shook me the same as he shook a glass of water in my hand when I gave him drink and he would try to help hold the glass with both his hands but could not get it to his mouth. Then I spoke and said, "It is you, Dyer," and the hand melted away in my hand and I was not afraid then. But I am afraid of the living but not the dead.

* * * * *

 ANNA DYER.

This case cannot be cross-examined but it almost certainly is honestly reported.

(Answer to queries Jan. 9, 1888.)

1. Not on horseback, on foot. He was the nearest neighbor. Mr. Alex. says he does not know that he was more than passing along when he went out and saw him and received the news, though he might have had a special intent to tell the news.

2. I think it quite likely that the impression could have been produced in part at least, from his mind.

3. My husband remembers very distinctly of *first* coming to my room and my telling him the circumstance. He had just arisen and was not yet entirely dressed.

I have tried to answer these questions in full.

(Corroboration by Mr. Alexander.)

BIRMINGHAM, MICH., Jan. 23, 1888.

R. HODGSON, Esq.

In reference to Relation 3 in my wife's recent letter to you, I will say, in the early morning following the day of President Garfield's assassination, my wife related to me, in a very excited manner, the facts of a vision substantially as she wrote them to you. This was before we had seen any one from whom to learn the sad news. She said that some one of our great statesmen or military men was about to die. I immediately thereafter left the house and went to my barns some considerable distance from the house and on my way back I met one of my neighbors who asked me if I had heard the news. I asked, "What news?" He replied that Garfield had been killed. This was the form in which the news first came to us. I went in to the house and told my wife what I had heard. She said that that was the fulfillment of her vision.

The person who gave us the news is a man between whom and ourselves there is no intellectual sympathy, he being a person of very ordinary ability and no culture.

Res.

S. ALEXANDER.

1. Was the vision, unfortunately interrupted, sufficiently definite to lead to the conclusion that Garfield was meant? (a) Garfield was not only one of the leading statesmen, as such, of the time, but he was also President, "our first statesman," (b) the

rider "in military garb denoting an officer of high rank," whether we regard him merely as a symbol, or in relation to his fitness as a messenger, was more relevant to Garfield, since the latter was a general, than to any other leading statesman of the time, as Blaine, or John Sherman, who were not military men. The reference could not be to Grant, since he was neither a statesman as such, nor the President.

2. *Correspondence of the vision with the facts respecting the death.* The vision occurred within 24 hours after the shooting. It was not said that the statesman was dead. He was not. It was declared that he would die; there was hope of his recovery for weeks, but he did finally die. (3) Mrs. A. says that she told her husband that a statesman was to die, he says she said that "one of our great statesmen or military men was about to die." Here is a discrepancy, but all the more are we sure that something of the kind was said and that both witnesses are citing from their independent memories. Of the two, Mrs. A.'s memory is likely to be more clear, perhaps, and Mr. A. may be confusing a detail of the vision with his wife's remark. Even if Mrs. A. did vacillate between the statesman, as announced by the messenger, and the messenger himself clad in military uniform, she was not misled, for Garfield was both a statesman and a general.

4. Of course the exact content of the vision would be surer evidentially, had a record been made at the time, but the memories of both Mr. and Mrs. A. could hardly have betrayed them as to the sequence of some such vision and the news which came to their ears and as to the impression of its relevance when received.

5. If telepathy from the man who told the news, the message took a strange symbolic form unknown to experimental telepathy. Besides, both Mr. and Mrs. A. state that the man reported that Garfield had already been killed, while the horseman of the vision announced that he would die.

7. *Impulsion to Perform Synchronous Movements.*

(Reported Jan. 9, 1888.) Relation 4.

I was living in the village of St. Johns, Clinton Co., Mich., at the time of this circumstance. I sat in my house sewing. I felt a hurt in the back of my hand a little below the wrist, but not in the joint.

I let go of my work and my hand went up without any effort of my will. As I let it go the hurting ceased. It fell to my lap, I felt the hurt again and the same rising of my arm; this went on a little and I connected it with a blacksmith striking on an anvil about twenty rods away. Every blow I felt on the exact spot on my hand and the rising and falling of my arm was in corresponding time with the smith's. I could resist the movement of my arm but could not control the hurting. The hurting was severe if I resisted the up and down movement but slight if I did not resist it. There was force only sufficient to carry my arm up and down; when it came down it did not drop of itself as if of its own weight, but with something like precision. I could hear the blows on the anvil distinctly. It had been a familiar sound to me for months perhaps before this occurrence. I experienced this effect in exactly the same way for a year or more or as long as that man did his work here.

MRS. K. E. ALEXANDER.

This incident is of interest simply as an illustration of extreme suggestibility at a time when Mrs. Alexander was weary or her psycho-neural state was for some other reason unstable—at least this would be the obvious explanation.

It makes no difference to us that Mrs. A. did not have the technical knowledge to enable her to understand this experience, so long as she related the phenomenal aspects truthfully. She has depicted a docketed and shelved type with such fidelity as to give confidence in her descriptions of types which are not so deftly labeled and put into place by the psychologists.

9. *Impulsion to Join in with Shouts.*

(Reported Jan. 9, 1888.) Relation 5.

I attended a grove meeting conducted by the Free Methodists near Auburn, Oakland Co., Mich., some years ago. The usual program of pulpit oratory was in progress. The preacher was making repetitions of sentences with but little variation, and closing them with the words, "Hallelujah to the Lamb," something like this, "Some of you have lost a dear sainted mother, who is now in Heaven praising God and singing 'Hallelujah to the Lamb.'" Every time he came to the word "Hallelujah" he gave it his full force of voice.

He was a large strong man with a wonderful voice. At one of his "Hallelujahs" I felt my tongue move a little, as if to say the word at the next repetition. I had a full movement of my tongue and only lacked the full aspiration to have said it aloud. I ceased my attention to him and now several girls were crying hysterically, strong men lay on the ground; they looked as if they were drunk. But it was said they had the "power." If I had shouted as I came near doing, they would have said it was the pouring out of the Holy Ghost. I thought his wonderful intonation had struck a fundamental note or notes in my mechanism, and that his and my corresponding parts vibrated in sympathy, as to the word.

The philosophical principles of music perhaps may yet go far toward explaining as to how mediumistic phenomena, magnetism, etc., are induced. I had not the least intellectual or emotional sympathy with that man or the people under his control.

K. E. ALEXANDER.

This incident of course falls in the same category with case 8. People all around her, doubtless, were beginning to echo the preacher's shouts with their monotonous reiterations which are so effective, and she was beginning to feel the force of the suggestion current which used to sweep away erstwhile obdurate sceptics into the "jerks."

10. *A Case of Prevision.*

(Reported Jan. 23, 1888.) Relation 6.

One night I dreamed I stood in the front room of my house and, looking out of the window, I saw passing on the sidewalk a stranger, one whom I had never seen before. He had on his shoulders a short circular cape, an article conspicuous for the reason that no such style of cloak was worn at that time. His hair was in flowing curls worn longer than men wore at that time and the back of his neck was shaved a little and the bare neck showed through the thin curls. He had a hand satchel as if he had just come from the cars. A little blank or break in the dream, then I stood in an open field on a little hill and this same man put his hands on my head and said words which I understood at the time, but could not remember an instant after hearing them.

The next day before noon, I was standing in my front room looking out of the window, I saw the man of my dreams passing in exact resemblance as in my dream, cloak, curls, shaved head, expression and figure, all the same; in his hand the satchel too. After noon, this man came to the door distributing notices of his free lecture for the same evening. We went to the lecture. It proved to be very good. The large audience present voted to sustain a course of six lectures, which were given to ever increasing numbers. Among his lectures was one on "Delineation of Character," in which he proposed to examine those whom the audience might name. Mr. Alexander and myself were among those who were called out. So it transpired that the man I saw in my dream put his hands on my head in the manner of phrenologists, but not in an open field or on a hill, literally, and I could remember what he said. This man of my dream, Prof. Powers, being asked why he shaved his neck, said he had on several occasions had symptoms of apoplexy, and that he did that and also took medicine to prevent too much heat in his head.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

(In answer to queries.)

I do not remember that I did relate it to anyone before it was confirmed. On the face of it, it was quite ordinary and not exciting until it began to repeat itself, but the dream was vivid. It occurs to me that this happened in '66.

My husband has just said he remembers hearing me tell of the dream at the time but cannot remember whether I told him before its verification or after.

This dream she thinks she did not relate to anyone else before it was confirmed. This admission and others witness to her honesty.

But other dreams and visions she did relate before their confirmation, as we shall be amply assured from both her own statements and the testimony of others, and those instances tend to buttress this. Certainly psychologists formerly attempted to explain such accounts by the hypothesis that persons, on seeing and hearing things, have suffered an illusion that they dreamed them all previously. But Mrs. A. says that she dreamed that the man and she were on a little hill in an open field when he put his hands upon her head, whereas in the actual occurrence they were in a

public hall, and this divergence between the dream and the fact the hypothesis woefully fails to cover. Besides, if the dream really occurred, the divergence is by so much opposed to another hypothesis, namely, that subsequent reviewing tends to accommodate the details of a dream to the actual subsequent facts, and so the divergence thus far favors the validity of the whole story. It would be much easier, if this story stood alone, to assume that Mrs. A. lied, but her veracity is sustained by witnesses in regard to other and as strange stories.

11. *Compound Premonitory Experience.*

(Reported Feb. 16, 1888.) BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND Co., MICH.

About the middle of January, 1864, I had a vivid impression accompanied by a voice. I was in good health. I had no depressing feeling at the time or after. The impression was to the effect that a dear friend 10 miles away would soon lose her husband. The voice said in a very positive manner "It will be accomplished." At the same time a small object raised from the table and came down with startling force and noise, as if to confirm the statement. This was a waking experience and occurred at the time to arise in the morning. At this time her husband was well. He was a very vigorous healthy man. A few days after this my friend was in the town (St. Johns, this State) and came to see me. During her conversation she said her husband intended to make certain arrangements of his property in her favor. She had no children. I thought of my vision and was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to say, "Have this business attended to at once for your husband will not live but a little while." I said it emphatically. My friend almost fell back on the lounge where she was sitting and in tears said, "O don't say so Kate, for all you say comes true every time." She had received other tests of my experiences which made her believe so suddenly.

I did not see my friend again until the 28th of Feby., when she came with the dead body of her husband. He had died quite suddenly of bilious colic. He tried to arrange his business at the last, but the man who held his property in trust said he himself was not well enough to attend to the business at the time and afterward he would not do justice to my friend. Her name then was Mrs. Julia A. Sturges. She married again and is now Mrs. Julia A. Pattison.

It is at her house where I am writing this. She it is, to whom I referred in the last paper of Mary Lawrence hearing a voice. Mrs. P. is hardly able to write. She has to stay in a darkened room, her eyes are so bad, and she suffers from a fall received three years ago, which broke her right wrist and dislocated some of the bones, also a sprain of left ankle. Last April she fell and broke her left wrist, and last week she was taken with one side paralysis from face to foot. Dr. Fuller of Pontiac is attending her and will confirm what I say of her condition. She will put her name to this and other statements as best she can, confirming the parts of which she is said to have knowledge. I have read the above to my friend.

K. E. ALEXANDER.
JULIA A. PATTISON. }
STURGES }

A. *Brief of Facts.*

1. Date. About middle of January, 1864.
2. Health and spirits good. Awake.
3. Impression. That Mrs. Julia A. Sturges was about to lose her husband.
4. Auditory. "A voice said, 'It will be accomplished.'"
5. Telekinesis. A small object rose from the table and came down with force and noise.
6. State of health of Mr. Sturges at the time. Excellent.
7. Prophetic impulsions. Mrs. Sturges visited Mrs. A. a few days later, and hearing that Mr. S. was about to make property arrangements in his wife's favor, Mrs. A. was impelled to say, "Have this business attended to at once, for your husband will live but a little while."
8. The sequel. Mr. S. died suddenly about six weeks after the first above incident occurred. He failed to attend to the business properly and his widow suffered from the omission.
9. Corroboration. Mrs. A.'s account was read to Mrs. Pattison (formerly Sturges), then ill and she affixed her signature in token of the correctness of the statements, so far as the facts had come within her immediate knowledge.

B. *Brief of Discussion.*

Assuming that this incident was correctly remembered, it is one of unusual strength. (a) While the fact that Mrs. A. was well when she heard the voice is irrelevant, as there is nothing about illness known to confer the gift of prophecy, it is important that Mr. Sturges was "a very vigorous, healthy man," at the time, so that there was no cause for apprehension on his account. (b) One may discard the feature regarding the "small object" on the table, on grounds that its rising may have been inferred rather than seen and that its falling may have been due (it is not said if it fell upon the table or the floor) to some natural cause. There still remains the impression and the utterance, justified by the death six weeks later. (c) The prophetic statement to Mrs. Sturges corresponds both to the death so soon to follow and to the fact that Mr. S. was deferring the business arrangements. (d) Both the prediction and its fulfilment are corroborated by Mrs. Pattison (Sturges) herself. (e) While it is regrettable that 24 years elapsed before it was reported, it is incredible that Mrs. A. and Mrs. S. could be mistaken when they say that Mrs. A. uttered, some weeks before Mr. S.'s death, a startling prediction of it. It would be shrewder, though unwarranted tactics, to declare that both were liars.

12. *Apparitions, Seen, Felt and Conversed With.*

(Reported Feb. 16, 1888.)

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND CO., MICH.

This experience occurred at Birmingham, Oakland Co., Mich., on April 1st, I think 1870. I will first tell of my acquaintance with the Wright family. I was living at St. Johns, Clinton Co., Mich., when I first knew them in 1865. Benjamin Wright, of whom I wish to speak, was a man of liberal ideas and very exact and honorable in whatever he undertook. He was a member of the first constitutional convention of this State. He became interested in the writings of Fourier the French socialist. He helped to form the Alphadelphia Asso. of this state. Afterwards he helped form the Wisconsin Phalanx. Was sometimes President of the same. His daughter, Julia A. Wright was with him in all these and she did not marry

until 42 years old, and is the Julia Sturges then Julia A. Pattison mentioned in these papers. From our first acquaintance we formed a friendship and Mr. Wright was interested to talk with me on the subjects which we are writing of. I had then made up my mind to try and find out what I could of these strange experiences. Mr. B. Wright agreed with me that if he died first, he would if possible return to me and confirm all these things, or what of them he could. In Nov. 1869, Mr. Wright and daughter, Julia A. Sturges, then a widow, visited me where I now live. Mr. Wright was then 80 years old and ill, but thought a journey to see his children would do him good, but he died at a daughter's house before he had completed his intended visits. At this last visit he talked these matters over again and renewed his promise. He had been dead about three months, having died Jan. 29th, '69, when one night I awoke and found him sitting in a chair close to my bed. I was delighted and excited too. I arose and put my hand on his knee and slapped him a little, saying, "Father Wright, do you know you are dead?" "Why, yes, of course I do," he said and laughed heartily to see me so excited, but I went on determined to make the most of my opportunity. I said, "Now tell me exactly how it seemed to you at the very first after you died." "Well, at first I could not see, but soon I saw my wife (she had been dead two years) but that was all I could see. I asked her why I could not see. She said 'You can—now look off there.' I looked but saw nothing. 'Look again' she said. I did and saw what was near and my vision extended and I could see as far as I wished and kept seeing farther and now I see everything." "Well, why do I not see mother Wright too," I asked. She stepped right from behind his chair, the sweetest, loveliest looking creature I ever saw. I put out both my hands and took a hand of each in mine and asked if they loved each other there as here, and they both said they did. Mr. Wright kissed me and she kissed me. I kissed them too and I grasped their hands so tight and was determined I would not let them go, for I had many more questions to ask them. But my husband at my side was awakened and began to talk to me and asked what was the matter and who I was talking to. Then I felt the hands begin to melt away as it were in mine, although I would not relinquish my grasp. The figures slowly went out or disappeared without stepping away. I noticed their dress very particularly and in describing it to their daughter, she said it was like what they wore when they

were young, as she could remember when she was a young girl. Mr. W. looked like a very healthy man of 40, she like a girl of 25, as near as I can tell. There was no feeling of age or being old about them. During the time I was drawn to notice a three fold band of black crape around his neck. I felt that my friend's oft repeated promise was redeemed. I wrote this account to his daughter, Mrs. Julia A. Sturges at that time, now Mrs. Pattison. She thinks she may have the letter yet and will look for it when able to do so. In writing to my friend I said I was strangely impressed about the three bands of crape. She wrote to me in return, saying, she knew very well what it meant—that since I had heard from her the sister at whose house her father died had just died, and that another member of the family would soon die. Another sister died that summer,* making the three deaths in less than a year. It showed too the intelligent forecast of the mind of my friends, Mr. W. and daughter.

Whatever this may lack in the way of proof to a scientific mind as to the existence and identity of the living being after death, I hope will be yet made up, but if this does not touch the case I am at a loss to know what way can be devised to learn this kind of science. I did yesterday renew a standing agreement with Mrs. J. A. Pattison to tell her father after death all I have here written and how we have talked it over, and she is to take an interest in me and come back and pursue the subject so interesting to us.

Yours truly,

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

I had made arrangement with several other friends who are now dead and not one has failed to make themselves known to me.

(In answer to Dr. Hodgson's questions, March 8, 1887.)

1. Can you describe the dress of father and mother Wright now?

2. Can you obtain from Mrs. Julia P. an account of the dress worn by her father and mother when they were young, or else a statement by her that the description which you gave was that of the dress worn by them when they were young?

3. I hope you will be able to obtain the letter you wrote to Mrs. P.

* No, in November. See p. 270.—W. F. P.

4. We would like to have her statement now concerning your letter to her and the mention of the three bands of crape.

1. Answers. The dress of father and mother Wright were like this. He had no coat on. His shirt was very white and fine. The sleeves were wide and full. At the shoulders and at the wrists they were gathered nicely and evenly. The bosom of the shirt was gathered too. A band nearly as wide as my hand, made of three folds of black crape was around the neck, no bow or fixture in front, but plain clear round. This was all very noticeable. The vest and pants dark, not noticed particularly. The dress of mother Wright was like this. She had on a pretty white cap, very nice and tasty, soft and light. The rest of her dress was not so conspicuous. The skirt of the dress was scantily full and did not touch the ground within four or five inches. The sleeves were somewhat full at top. Something soft and white, rather wide at the neck, rather indefinite. The cap and skirt most marked. (The skirt and neck wear of the father and the cap of the mother were the points I wrote to my friend about.)

2. Mrs. Alexander has read to me the above account of the dress of my father and mother as she saw them in a vision what she has marked in brackets was just what she wrote to me about soon after. Other points of my mother's dress are right too. The style of neck wear, a stock, was like my father's only not of black crape. In her letter she said she did not know what the black crape bands meant. I wrote to her that I believed I knew, and that since she had heard from me, my sister, Mrs. Gardnier, had died, that I should lose another of our family soon. It proved to be so, for in Nov. following my sister, Mrs. Pattison (my husband's first wife) died. The three, father and two sisters, died in less than a year. The cap was a point that struck me as being one I had seen my mother wear of crepe lisse. All the dress was like I remember my parents wearing when I was a little girl, say 60 years ago.

(Personally signed)

JULIA A. PATTISON.

3. We have not looked for letters yet. Mrs. P. is somewhat better, but not able to look over things of that nature. She thinks quite likely they are lost, she having moved several times during these years. We will forward them gladly if they are to be found.

K. E. ALEXANDER.

A. Brief of Facts.

Benjamin Wright, of some prominence, on several occasions promised Mrs. A. to try to appear to her after his death, the last promise being made about two months before he died, Jan. 29, 1869, aged 80. About three months later Mrs. A. woke and saw him sitting on a chair by the bed, behind which his wife (also deceased) later appeared. Mrs. A. talked to both, was kissed by them and kissed them, and held their hands. Mr. A. roused and asked what was the matter and to whom she was talking, whereupon the figures, whose hands she still held, melted away. They appeared respectively about 40 and 25 years old. Their dress was of a specified description. The figure of Mr. B. had three bands of crape around the neck. Unknown to Mrs. A., a daughter of Mr. B. had died since his death, and later, within the same year, another daughter died.

B. Discussion of Facts.

This is a much stronger case than its predecessors. (a) Mrs. A. testifies that she was awake, and that her sitting up and talking roused her husband, whose inquiries caused the apparitions to disappear. It cannot be urged that the feeling of being awake and the impressions about the husband might have been a part of a dream, because had this been the case she would have learned it from her husband in the morning.

(b) The hallucination included ocular, auditory, tactual and muscular sensations. (c) While the previous arrangement would create "expectations" on Mrs. A.'s part, these would naturally be strongest during the first days following Mr. W.'s death, and would, in the absence of any new stimulus—and none is referred to in the narration,—be much diminished in the lapse of three months.

(d) The figures appeared to be Mr. W., about 40 years old, Mrs. W., about 25. Their dress, rather closely noted and described, corresponded to the clothing which Mrs. Pattison had seen them wear when she was a girl "say 60 years ago." This would be when Mr. W. was, in fact, about 40. We have not been told how much younger than her husband Mrs. W. was. (e) The three-fold band of crape certainly is relevant to the occurrence of

three deaths in the family within one year. But one of these deaths, Mrs. A. asserts, was unknown to her until she received from Mrs. Sturges a reply to her letter relating the dream. And the third death was still in the future. (f) Mrs. Sturges (Pattison) corroborates that she received Mrs. A.'s letter relating the dream soon after its occurrence, that she answered, that the description of clothing (so far as Mrs. A. then gave it) was correct, that the supplementary description now given is likewise correct, that the death of her sister subsequently to that of the father was unknown to Mrs. A. at the time of the dream, and that another sister died the following November.

One might say that Mrs. A.'s subliminal perhaps simply clothed the figures in the conventional attire of 60 years before. But everyone did not dress exactly alike then any more than now, and an error could have been made which Mrs. Sturges would have noticed. But it seems too much to assume that in addition the subliminal self could not only telepathically become conscious of the second death, but also guess that a third death would soon occur. And the three-fold band of crape surely is most naturally significant of a three-fold group of deaths. The case is impressive.

One would like to know by how great intervals this group of deaths was separated from the last previous, and next following demise in the family. And it is unfortunate that, though not at all a suspicious circumstance, the letters referred to were not preserved.

13. *Knocking and a Hallucinatory Door.*

(Reported Feb. 16, 1888.)

In Sept. or near that time in 1866 I was annoyed by the noise of knocking like a person knocking on the door, but as if it was about three feet away. This was soon after I went to bed. I kept hearing it at intervals of a minute or so. After a little I saw a door and then the noise was exactly as if some one rapped on it with their knuckles from the outside. The door was my own door, peculiar as to style and paint. Could make nothing out of it then or afterwards.

These voices and knockings are very common experiences with me. I have had them from my earliest recollection.

(March, 1888, questions and responses.)

1. Where were you at the time of this experience? Your account suggests that you were not at your own home, and that you had a vision of your own door. Am I right in this supposition?

Ans. At the time this happened I was at home. On 8th of July '86 our house was burned. We built a new one and went into it before it was finished, so that at the time of this experience I had no doors to the bed rooms, only curtains at the openings. It chanced that several doors were wrenched off in time of the fire, and were used temporarily for outside. It was one of these doors which appeared as stated in a vision. The room in which this occurred was in the second story and there was not a door up to any room.

2. Did you make any inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining whether you could obtain any intelligent answer from the raps?

I could get no intelligent answers from the knocking, although I tried. The rapping was not in rapid succession, neither were the intervals alike. When I gave my attention to them, they stopped, and when I gave up expecting them they came again. The whole time could not have been more than 15 minutes.

There was no probability that any door of the house was actually rapped on.

K. E. ALEXANDER.

This incident by itself would be of no value except as illustrative of the fact, pathological or otherwise, that "voices and knockings are very common experiences with me." Mrs. A. does not appear to have investigated the source of the sound which might have had a normal explanation and by suggestion caused the visual hallucination. Still, the whole matter of raps is not one which can be lightly, and at the same time intelligently, dismissed.

14. *Dream and Visual Experience with Related Auditory Experiences of Other Persons.*

In the year 1860 my boy, a child over 2 years old, was taken with croup. I was visiting my mother at the time. He grew so ill that we thought he would surely die.

Being worn out with watching and anxiety about midnight I went into another room and lay down. Almost immediately I saw

the sea and a small ship tossed by the waves. I was impressed that the ship was my child and as it faded with the ship so it would fare with my child. As the ship tipped almost over I suffered intensely and I feared it would be swallowed up by the waves. At length the water was still and the ship righted and sailed away and was gone. I arose in great joy and went to my child and said to my mother who was watching over him, "O, my boy is safe." I put out my hands to take him up. Two hands went out ahead of my hands. They were like my hand in every respect. They were dusky, not as dark as a shadow, perfectly defined in the air. You might say a little glow in them. My mother said, "Why Kate, I see a stream of light going from the ends of all your fingers." I asked her if she saw my hands go out beyond my hands and she said she did not. I saw the lines of light as she saw them. I told her the vision and we were very happy, although the child lay struggling as if he could breathe no more. Toward morning he threw out the false membrane—a perfectly formed pipe—covered with blood. He recovered rapidly. My father had gone away that day to be gone away over night. He said he was so anxious about the boy he did not sleep until midnight. Then he felt relieved and heard me say "Philly (the baby) is better." He was ten miles away. The light in the sick room was that of an ordinary tallow candle in a room 18 by 20 and it sat far away from the bed. This took place in the winter of 1860 at Plainfield, Livingston Co., Mich.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

(Questions and responses, March, 1888.)

1. Can you obtain a brief statement from your husband concerning his experience while he was ten miles away? viz., his hearing you apparently say to him, "Philly is better"?

Ans. In my correspondence it must read "My father," not husband. My father is dead. [Correct, see above.]

About the apparition of a part of your own person as I gave in the child's croup case I have had it at other times—my hands and arms projected in front of me and raised. Once, as it seemed, by another person who influenced me against my will and unconsciously to himself. I was the only person who could see this at the time and I would not tell of it then. I was vexed and avoided the gentleman ever afterwards. This was in the day light of the parlor in

company. There are quite a number of criticisms I should like to make on theories of the Report you sent me. I work entirely by my own experience, and take nothing second hand. I would suggest nothing as final in my own present conclusions either. Then I do not know how far your sublime science has advanced in any department. The subject of apparitions must deal with the whole phenomena [*sic*] of this extra body, going forth and carrying with it all the force that the party of the first part possesses. Of course, it has not often the leverage that the body gives it, but it does things.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

These incidents were 28 years old at the time of narration here. This fact does not *necessarily* weaken them so far as Mrs. A. is concerned, but it removes the only possible corroborators.

1. The Dream. By itself, this possesses no special significance. (a) Since she was conscious that the ship was a symbol for her child, the rescue of the ship would be simply "the fulfilment of a wish" that the child would recover. (b) The child was nearing a crisis from which he was bound to die or recover. Several hours later he reached the crisis and happily passed it to recovery, realizing Mrs. A.'s hopes rather than her fears, both of which had been reflected in the dream.

2. The Mystic Hands. The account is unfortunately imperfect. We do not know how far the shadowy hands were in advance of hers, whether an inch or a foot. In certain nervous conditions it is well known (or even by voluntary effort in a normal condition), each eye will see a separate image, (I have had a subject who, sinking into a hypnoidal state, has exclaimed, "You have four eyes!") If the hands are turned slightly inward the second image of the fingers would project beyond the first. By experiment I find that one image, in half-light, may be darker than the other. After 28 years it may be that the "little glow" is a doubtful particular, especially when prefaced by "you might say." The interpretation suggested is rendered more likely by the statement, "They were like my hands in every respect."

3. The Streams of Light. If the mother had also seen the duplicated hands, and that spontaneously, the incident would have been many times stronger. But she saw "a stream of light"

going from the fingers. And we do not know whether her imagination was stimulated by an excited question, as, "Do you see anything?" or not.

But she, watching sleeplessly and anxiously over her grandchild, must also have been in a highly nervous condition. I know by a single experience that in such conditions one may have ocular illusions.

The whole incident is interesting, but indeterminate so far.

3. The Auditory Hallucination. The grandfather, also, was in an anxious and sleepless condition, well aware that the boy was ill,—apparently. To this extent the incident is weakened. But if Mrs. A.'s memory that (*a*) her relief came at midnight and (*b*) that her father told her that his experience of hearing her say "Philly is better" came at midnight, is correct and if (*c*) he was correct in so reporting, then the superficial appearance of his having had a telepathic message is much strengthened and some support tends to be given the other incidents. But the 28 years which intervened before the written report was made raise inevitable doubts.

15. *Supposed Instance of Telepathy.*

(Reported Feb. 16, 1888.)

One day last week, Feb. 10, 1888, I heard my husband speak my name. He was at the time riding home from Birm. and I thought it was about time for him to get back. He soon came. He had no consciousness of having even thought of me.

This incident has no value except in connection with stronger ones. Of course the husband *may* have thought of her and forgotten the fact.

16. *Telepathic Notice of a Fire.*

(Reported Feb. 16, 1888.)

Once upon a time, in '63 perhaps, I visited my mother 50 miles away from St. Johns this State where Miss J. A. Wright, it was then, and myself lived together in our rented house. On Sunday about 9 or 10 o'clock in the forenoon I felt a sudden tired feeling.

I laid down and almost instantly I heard my friend's voice at home say in an excited tone "Fire." I arose and said "I am afraid there is a fire in our town." In a minute it all left me and I did not worry. When I returned I told Miss Wright. She said just about that time she was up stairs and smelled something burning. She ran down and found that the carpet was on fire near the stove, but nothing serious resulted, for she put it out.

(Questions by Dr. Hodgson, and responses, March, 1888.)

1. Can you obtain the account from Mrs. P? (of course it is immaterial whether the account is actually written by Mrs. P. It will suffice if she will attach her signature).

ABOUT THE FIRE.

Mrs. Alexander returned from a visit to her mother and related to me that she had heard my voice say "Fire," she at the time being at her mother's house in Plainfield, Livingston Co., 50 miles away. She said it occurred on Sunday forenoon about ten o'clock. At just about that time the same morning I was up stairs getting ready for church. I smelled something burning and hastened down stairs, and there was the carpet on fire and the straw under it also. I had a basin of water on the stove. I dashed it on and put out the fire. There was no one else in the house. I do not think I spoke a word. No doubt I thought of Mrs. A. at the time, for the carpet was hers, so was the stove and most of the furniture. If this had occurred after I had left for church a great disaster would have been the result, for if that building had burned it would have swept a whole block, at least, of light wooden buildings. I think this occurred in '62 instead of '63, as Mrs. A. it seems wrote, for it occurred before I was married to Mr. Sturges, which was the summer of '62. Mrs. A. has written this for me and has read it and it is according to the facts.

(Signed) JULIA A. PATTISON.

2. Can you obtain a statement from any persons who were present when you said you thought there must be a fire in your town? (Ans.) Only my father and mother were present and they are both dead.

The account by Mrs. A. is well corroborated by Mrs. Pattison (Sturges). The divergences are of the sort which we expect to find in independent and honest narratives, and in neither case was Mrs. A. positive. (a) Mrs. A. says the fire was "in '63 perhaps"; Mrs. P. is able to fix the year as 1862. (b) Both affirm that the day of the fire and the day of the experience was a particular Sunday. (c) Mrs. A. puts the hour at about 9 or 10 in the forenoon; Mrs. P. knows it was about 10, since she was getting ready for church. (d) Mrs. P. did not say "Fire," but she of course thought it, and since the carpet, etc., belonged to Mrs. A. she does not doubt that she thought of her friend. (e) The fire was quickly extinguished, and the disturbed feeling quickly left Mrs. A.

In this case, at least, it cannot be assumed, as is done in some others, that the hallucinatory voice was the reflex of subconscious smelling the burning carpet—the 50 intervening miles forbid.

17. *Coincidental Dream.*

(Reported Feb. 16, 1888.)

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND CO., MICH.

I intend this to cover question III Yes, No. 5. Although it does not exactly correspond.

This happened about 12 years ago. I had a vivid dream that a very old man, whom I knew only as the father of a good friend of mine was dead. The old gentleman was about a hundred years old and had ceased to know his own children and was every way infirm. I requested my husband to ask at the village how old Grandpa Bassett was. He chanced to see the son of the old man and asking how his father was, received the information that the old father was as well as usual. I think my husband told Mr. B. of my dream. I should have said above that a part of the dream was that Mrs. Bassett and I cried and grieved over the death in the most unconsolable manner. When I awoke I thought "I don't see why we should feel so badly." In a few days the old man died. The first time I saw my friend Mrs. Bassett I told her the dream and how extravagantly we cried. She said she did not see why we should feel so

badly, for if he had not died, she would, for he had to be watched every minute day and night. He was never sick, but was active and would walk off the steps or into the fire or go out in the cold and no end to what he tried to do day and night. Mrs. B. spoke the same words as I had thought when I reflected on the dream, up to where she began to tell why. This must convey no idea that Mrs. B. was not kind and affectionate. She was old too and it was a matter of physical endurance. I had no depressing influence after I awoke.

K. E. ALEXANDER.

(Questions and replies, March, 1888.)

1. Can you obtain a brief statement from your husband as to his recollection of your telling him that Grandpa Bassett was dead, according to your dream?

Ans. I remember that my wife related her dream to me concerning Grandpa Bassett's death substantially as she related it to you and that I saw his son immediately thereafter, who said that he was alive and usually well. The old gentleman died a few days after.

S. ALEXANDER.

2. I suppose you cannot now tell exactly how many days elapsed between the time of your dream and the time of his death?

Ans. I think it was less than two weeks, certainly over ten days. Cannot be sure as to exact time.

Little stress can be laid upon this dream, by itself. (a) The death of a man "about one hundred years old" and "in every way infirm," in less than two weeks after a dream that he was dead is not a remarkable coincidence, is hardly astonishing. (b) The part of the dream about grieving was opposed to the outer fact. (c) The thought of Mrs. A. on waking and that expressed by Mrs. B. is what almost anyone would have entertained, under the circumstances. And the fact that Mrs. A. clothed her thought in the same language as that of Mrs. B.'s initial sentence may be explained in that "I don't see why we [I] should grieve so badly" is the "tabloid" expression for such an occasion.

Note in the second answer, as in many other places in the series of letters, the signs of cautious veracity.

18. *Telepathic Message.*

(Reported Feb. 16, 1888.)

About 1863 while in church one day I heard my little daughter say "Ma." I arose to go, but the feeling left me and I stayed until the service ended. When I got home my daughter said she fell down stairs or down several steps and called "Ma," and thought she was killed, but it had not hurt her at all.

This account is very brief and simply expressed. Yet it very nearly covers all the important points. It shows (a) coincidence between the hallucinatory word and the word actually uttered, (b) coincidence between the person whose voice was recognized in the hallucination, and the person who spoke, (c) coincidence between the first feeling of alarm and the dangerous character of the accident, and (e) coincidence between the after relief experienced and the girl's rising uninjured.

If the reader has detected signs of insanity, mendacity, recklessness or foolishness in Mrs. Alexander's communications, not judging solely by the question begging dictum that no phenomena save those which are laid down in the school books can possibly be, then he will gauge this incident accordingly.

19. *Dreams of Mrs. Alexander and Her Daughter Possibly Monitory of a Death.*

BIRMINGHAM, Mar. 8, 1888.

MR. HODGSON,
DEAR SIR:

On Sunday, the 26th of last Feb., I had a disturbing dream. There was a white butterfly flying around me; it lit on my knee. I moved to frighten it away and then it disappeared. I awoke immediately with the impression that some one I knew was dead. I told my mother that some of my friends were going to die. At first I could not think of anyone that was ill. Suddenly I thought of a young girl that had been attending school at Ypsilanti, Mich., returned home on the 17th of Feb. with pleurisy. She lived a week

and two days and died on the night of the 26th, between 9 and 10 o'clock, about the time I saw the butterfly.

My mother told me about a doctor that always knew when a patient was going to die. He would see a white butterfly around him. I do not know whether this had anything to do with my case or not, it was more than a week previous to my dream that she related it to me.

Yours truly,

MISS BENITA ALEXANDER.

When my daughter related her dream the next morning after it occurred, I was quite struck with it and told her I had something too which impressed me the same way. It was this; when I awoke in the morning I thought I had slept very well and had not dreamed anything, I turned over and immediately remembered a dream, or had the impression, I cannot tell which, that out doors on the sleigh laid a parcel in form of a square as large as 20 x 20 inches, inside the paper was satin for trimming the inside of a coffin. I did not see the inside of parcel, but knew that was what it contained. I wondered whose it was for, but received no other impression and felt indifferent. As my daughter relates, we heard of her school friend's death before night. We wondered if the story of the Dr.'s caused her impression to take the symbol of a butterfly. We had talked too of Humboldt's little allegory of the Rhodian Genius, and of the butterfly being often chosen to illustrate the doctrine of immortality. If she should in the future have such a symbol connected with the impression of death, it might show how symbols are first initiated.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

1. A pretty elaborate foundation was laid, as shown by the mother's story, for the establishment in the girl's mind of the symbolization of death by a butterfly. 2. According to the testimony, the daughter did dream of a butterfly on the night, and about the hour of the death of a school-acquaintance. 3. The mother on the same night dreamed of satin which she knew was intended for a coffin. 4. Miss Alexander knew that her acquaintance had been ill nine days earlier but could not have had her seriously upon her mind as she "at first could not think of any-

one that was ill." 5. As stated, Miss A. does not appear to have been under the spell of any special emotion in regard to the sickness of the girl, but even if she had been, this would not have destroyed, though it would somewhat have impaired, the coincidence between the dream and the death nine days after the girl left school. 6. Mrs. Alexander's dream plainly hinted of death, though not to any particular person, and its emotional indifference was suited to a death which, from appearances, did not concern her. 7. We have the signed statement of both parties. 8. The facts were recent and fresh in memory.

We should, however, have been informed (a) how friendly the two girls were, (b) how sick the friend was when she left school—the prognosis at that time, (c) whether any news had come about her condition in the meantime, (d) by some more authoritative testimony just when the girl died, (e) why Miss A. is sure that her dream was at between 9 and 10 o'clock, or "about" that time. The absence of these particulars by so much weakens the case. But there is some reason for the opinion that had any information about the sick girl's condition been received between the 19th and 26th, Mrs. Alexander was the sort of woman that would have mentioned it without being asked. The other particulars only whittle around the edges of the coincidence.

Of course, the possible derivation of the symbol (if it was a symbol) of the butterfly from the story previously related by the mother has no bearing upon the significance of the dream; it only illustrates, perhaps, how particular symbols may come to be adopted.

20. *Mrs. Alexander Has Symptoms of Ague, Her Sister Simultaneously is Cured.*

Oct. 2nd, 1888.

MR. HODGSON,

DEAR SIR:

In 1853 my father and family lived in Livingston Co., Mich. About that time Mr. Greeley announced in the *N. Y. Tribune* that he and a number of friends had experimented with table-tipping and found the alleged phenomena true. Reading this gave us quite a surprise for we had faith in Mr. Greeley's word. So we began ex-

perimenting and not only got that mystifying manifestation but many others. At one of our circles there were five of us, my father, mother, a sister, a gentleman who happened to come in, and myself. This sister, now Mrs. C. S. Greer, of Hiko, Lincoln Co., Nevada, did not wish to sit with us for she was sick having had the ague for several weeks. It was just the time for her chill to come on. The gentleman was anxious to see how we managed circles, so sister sat down. In a few minutes after joining hands I began to have a chill so bad that my feet clattered on the floor and my teeth chattered. I had all the bad feelings of a fit of ague; the chill lasting half an hour. Sister did not have her ague at all at that time and was cured never having it again, and I never had it again. I wrote to my sister lately asking her if she remembered the circumstances, and she kindly replied verifying the facts. This is her reply.

(Signed) KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

(Corroboration.)

HIKO, LINCOLN COUNTY,
NEVADA, July 10th, 1888.

DEAR SISTER:

I remember very well the times we used to have circles, of our sitting in one about the time for me to have the ague, but I did not have it, and you did and neither of us had it afterwards.

(Signed) C. S. GREER.

There is no reason to doubt the facts, as related by one of the sisters and corroborated by the other. There may have been some mysterious transference of the ague, or healing of the ague in one by a process which produced symptoms of ague in the other. But for the present we must say that there is evidence only of suggestibility on the part of Mrs. Alexander, her anxiety lest her sister should have an ague fit during the sitting (since "it was just the time for her chill to come on"), being the exciting cause. The fact that the sister did not have another chill may be a coincidence or due to auto-suggestion derived from the notion that Mrs. A. had taken her ague from her, the ague-spell being nearly at its natural termination.

21. *Vision of Five Doves.*

(Date when reported not indicated.)

This occurred soon after the death of Mrs. Pattison, but I had not yet heard of it. One morning about daylight I had a vision of five doves sitting and moving about on my window sill. The window looked to be raised, so they had the whole sill. They tipped over and hung by their toes and crowded each other. They were white and very pretty. I could not help thinking they wanted something of my friend. I wrote to Mrs. Sturges, telling her this. She replied saying since I had heard from her Mrs. Pattison had died and the five doves represented her sisters, five girls, the youngest only eight years old, and that they were a source of constant anxiety to her. This completed the three deaths.

KEZIA E. ALEXANDER.

Probably the "tipped over and hung by their toes" in the above account does not mean that the doves actually hung head downwards, but that they inclined backwards and seemed likely to slip off from the sill. The interpretation would be the dangers attending the bringing up of the five motherless sisters. Of course the application seems somewhat fanciful.

V. A FINAL WORD.

I do not propose to pronounce a verdict upon the narrations of Mrs. Alexander, either singly or grouped. They are left to the reader to judge, according to his reason or his particular bias, as he prefers. He may observe that some of the most unusual accounts are among the best attested.

Perhaps counsel on both sides would agree in requesting that the charge to the jury should contain the following points:

1. It is never supposed that, even in case *some* of the dreams of a particular person have supernormal significance, *all* of them do.

2. Therefore, if from the whole mass of dreams of that person a certain set should be presented for inspection the seeming dissolution of the claims of a part of them to a supernormal character has no bearing upon the claims of the remainder.

3. In like manner if in a set of narratives recounting visions

(visual hallucinations, some with auditory and perhaps tactual and other accompaniments) in the experience of a particular person, certain of them are found unveridical or of doubtful significance, that fact does not settle the question of veridicality or supernormal significance attaching to each of the remaining ones (of samples of rock brought from a particular locality for assay some may contain no gold, others a little and the remainder a great deal).

4. Whereas, the presumption previous to examination is that the dreams or hallucinations of any given person have no supernormal significance, but are simply normal or abnormal psychological experiences of the healthy or the pathological subject (as the presumption regarding any particular bed of rock, prior to examination, is that it contains no gold); on the other hand if one or more from a set of samples of that person's dreams or hallucinations defy any but a supernormal explanation they make it more probable that other examples of the group, seemingly but not provably of the same character, are really so (as the finding of undoubted samples of gold will make it more likely that resembling samples of rock from the same bed, though free gold is not actually visible, also contain the metal).

5. The fact that a particular alleged incident lacks corroboration, such for example, as the telling of a vision to another person before its supposed verification, is in itself not equivalent to the refutation of the incident.

6. If, in a set from the experiences of a particular person, certain incidents involving striking departure from the normal are strongly corroborated, such cases tend to protect the other cases of the same sort and of no greater divergence from the normal, which lack in corroboration. That is, what is proved in certain instances, is consequently credible in other and similar instances.

7. The quality of some alleged "occult" facts is not affected by any such considerations as those of the health, intelligence or character of the person experiencing them. No approach to the explanation of a predictive dream or vision, for instance, would be made by the discovery that the person having it was an hysteric or a madman or a villain.

8. However, as some incidents in a given set are pretty sure to be uncorroborated and as accuracy in detail, emphasis and coloring of every incident comes into question, it is important to judge in light of all that can be learned in regard to the general mental normal and physical make-up of the relater. Really there ought to be with every group of incidents experienced or collected by a particular person a sheaf of estimates of that person by competent judges.

9. However, if there be a considerable and varied set of compositions by that person such as we have in the case of Mrs. Kezia F. Alexander, it ought to be possible merely from a careful study of those writings to get a reasonably certain estimate in regard to the intellectual character, competence and honesty of their author.

10. As it would not be wise to pass finally upon the most convincing (or plausible) member of a group of incidents without consideration of the rest in their bearings upon it, so any individual set of narrations of the character which we have been examining ought neither to be rejected (unless demonstrably mendacious or delusional) or approved without regard to the great mass of such materials, culled from the experienced of the race, and especially of such portions as have been carefully and critically set forth.

EXPERIENCES CENTERING IN THE YOUNG FAMILY.

REPORTED BY OSCAR E. YOUNG AND OTHERS.

Edited by Walter F. Prince.

The editor, speaking for convenience in the first person, testifies as follows:

Mr. Oscar E. Young, the principal author of the narrations which follow, is very well known to me. I was in school with him from my 16th to my 18th year, at what is now known as Kent's Hill Seminary in Maine, we roomed at the same house, the residence of my aunt and her husband, the Rev. C. W. Blackman. I knew him intimately then, though he is, I judge, about two years older than I. Our acquaintance was interrupted for a considerable period, though I often heard of him through relatives, and always favorably. We have corresponded for perhaps the last eighteen years. Thirteen years ago I spent a week in the old homestead in Fayette, Maine, where a number of the incidents to be related took place. He proved to be the same frank, fearless, absolutely honest self of former days. I think that it would be impossible for him to pretend what he does not believe. I surmise that his way would have been smoother sometimes if he had conformed more to the prevailing sentiment of his environment, but he is as conscientious in his nonconformity as others may be in their conformity. He is naturally and by practice inclined to be cautious and critical. He is as exacting as Thomas of old in his demands for evidence, but as the Lord was lenient with Thomas, so I hope he will be with my friend Young. He has been a teacher for many years, much of the time as principal of high schools. I never heard a whisper against his integrity. It was at my suggestion that he came into communication with the Society for Psychical Research.

The bent of Mr. Young's mind is indicated by a passage in a letter of his dated July 6, 1909.

I am greatly interested in the investigations of the Society, and in an amateur way have been working along similar lines myself for

upwards of twenty years, as occasion offered. I am convinced of the genuineness of many of the phenomena, but do not yet accept the spiritistic solution. My mathematical tendency demands a more positive demonstration.

In the summer of 1918 I again spent several days in the pleasant old homestead, renewed acquaintance with the excellent Mrs. Young, and the now grown children, several of whom have places in the narratives. At the same period I visited Mrs. Katie B. Y. Adams and her husband, and my impressions of the good sense and good faith of both, derived from correspondence, were deepened.

Professor Charles F. Howland, a corroborator of several of the incidents, I knew well when we were young men in the preparatory school, and by reports since. His integrity is unquestionable, I believe. His testimony was given at the cost of some personal distaste, as would appear from a letter from Mr. Young, dated May 1, 1909.

Both of us [formerly] did considerable experimenting in telepathy and animal magnetism, as I have already told you. Later he went to New York, New Jersey, and finally to Oregon, and for many years I saw little or nothing of him, and our discussions of such matters gradually ceased. The last time he mentioned it was to say he was gathering material to annihilate my growing tendency to consider discarnate, or rather ex-carnate, intelligence possible or probable—but it never came.

There seems to have long been a certain trend in the Young family, some would say to superstition, and others that there was something in the makeup of many of them which constituted them more or less conductors of supernormal influences. Mrs. Alice Young Tracy, a cousin, testifies to this tendency, in a letter to O. E. Young, written in 1917:

About Aunt Elenora's being spiritualist if one might judge from her letters should certainly say she was. Once she said in one, that she shouldn't dare tell people what she saw and *heard*. I expect in the long, long, hours she spent alone when John and Ben (her sons) were away from home, she must have found it a great comfort.

Father used to hear voices and have what he called impressions about things. He told Mother the winter he died that if he had heeded the impressions he should have been much better off every way. But Father always tried to overcome them because if he mentioned what he saw and heard some people called him superstitious and he was very sensitive about it.

We have an old Soldier in town that went to the civil war when he was very young, and had a most dreadful experience in more than one prison. His people heard from him occasionally for some time then not at all and as time went by and no word came they became very anxious. One night father had a dream, he went to the prison, saw this young soldier and saw him get away and followed him so that he knew he was safe. The next day he told Mr. Robinson (That was the people's name) and he said you need not worry for he is certainly coming home, well as you know travel between the north and south at that time was very uncertain and the Robinsons neither saw nor heard anything more. Well of course they told what father had told them and people laughed and guded father but one day what was left of the lad came home. Yes there are quite many instances that we could tell you and I could write them out for you sometime if you wish. Sadie and I both have had some strong "impressions" and a medium told me Sadie was a born medium.

She has told people strange things and when asked why she said so and so she would say she didn't know, but she *knew* she was right and she was. Uncle Malo. used to say that there was a strain through the family that heard and saw and dreamed things before they came to pass. There was one ancestor who dreamed he went down to his barn (where he had been threshing beans the day before) and that the Indians scalped him, he told his wife in the morning and she begged him not to go to the barn that day to finish his beans, so finally he concluded he would go down and cover them from the hens and go to one of the neighbors of an errand. Well, the Indians were in the barn and they scalped him. Once when father was on a vessel in the Bay of Chaleurs he was standing at the wheel a voice said, "Frank you are going onto a ledge," and he ran and threw a sinker over the side and all seemed all right and he tried that the third time and found he was going onto a ledge, and oh! there were lots and lots of instances, as I said before....

ALICE Y. TRACY.

In a letter to me, dated March 7, 1918, Mr. Young himself says:

There seems, as you say, to be a mediumistic streak running through the whole family. As far back as I can definitely remember our immediate family, it consisted of three brothers, William, Joshua (my grandfather) and Levi. There were one or more girls whom I never knew. Uncle William married three times. I judge he was the oldest brother. By his first wife he had Malorum, Frank (or Franklin) and Elenora; by the second, Gilman and Parker; by the third, Fred. Frank Young was Alice Tracy's father, and she has mentioned several of the others. Frank and Elenora turned Spiritualists. I judge. Uncle William's children are all dead but Parker, whose mind has failed. I am not quite sure about Gilman, but think he is dead. Uncle Levi had but one son, Augustus, also dead. I never heard of the family weakness cropping out in him, or any of his family.

Coming down to Joshua, my grandfather, I have heard that he "got sanctified", as the saying is, at a Methodist campmeeting when young and fell into a sort of a trance, but I know nothing about the particulars. He became a Universalist shortly afterwards, and always remained so. Uncle Levi, a lifelong Methodist, also turned in the same way just before his death.

Grandfather had three sons, Chandler (father), Joseph, and Emery, my namesake, who died at twenty. Father always inclined to Spiritualism, but had no unusual experiences as far as I know, and had no contact with Spiritualists except the cousins before named. I judge he was simply in a receptive condition—but received nothing. What cranks his children have proved you know, possibly better than I myself.

Uncle Joe was bitterly skeptical in regard to spirit return until his latter years, when I judge he altered his opinion much before his death, though I do not know that I talked with him on those lines for quite a few years. I judge mostly from what Katie and his daughter have told me. Addie, I think, is a strong believer in spirit return now, though a few years ago she was strongly antagonistic.

I am still wondering why I get no message from Uncle Bray, as per agreement renewed after we went to bed on the last night we slept together, before I bade him goodbye forever early the next

morning. He was powerful mediumistically, though not fully developed by any means. Did I ever tell you about his making a speech of ten or fifteen minutes from the rostrum at a big Spiritualist meeting in Boston one night, under control? He said he did not know what the devil he said, he couldn't remember, but the audience cheered him to the echo. As I remember, he did not know why the man in charge called him to the platform, as they were strangers. I think I told you how certain influences tried several nights in succession to make him write verse, for which he had considerable aptitude, and would not permit him to go to sleep. Finally he said aloud, "I'll write all the poetry you want me to in the daytime, but I'll be damned if I'll get up in the middle of the night to do it," and was never troubled in that way afterward.

The following paragraph from a letter by Mr. Young to Dr. Hyslop, may serve as a direct introduction to the incidents which follow :

You also ask for any further experiences I may have. Whether there will be any, the future must determine. There have been many indeed in the past, tho by far the larger part were crowded into the periods that included my parents' death, viz.: 1890 and 1913. If memory did not fail, I could talk right around the clock while telling the things inexplicable that have happened in the family in the last twenty-five years. Many are no doubt capable of very prosaic explanation—if one could only hit on it; many others, I believe, are not. Still, it is the mass of material that is convincing, rather than the quality. Most that seemed to me outside the ordinary scope of manifestation, or that were capable of being corroborated, I have already sent you.

I began investigating Spiritualism in 1882 and soon began having unusual experiences (for me). These culminated just after Father's death in 1890. Katie began to go under control about the time of my marriage, about a year later, thus turning Mother from a bitter opponent to an ardent supporter of spirit return. My wife, strongly mediumistic, has always been bitterer still, consequently when Mother and Katie went away for good a year or so later, the influence to a great degree left me for more congenial surroundings.

The following letter, relating to the endowment and experi-

ences of the writer and of the family to which he belongs, has interest. So far as the visualizing exploits of Mr. Young are concerned, the unusual vividness and persistence of some of the images in his memory are the characteristics psychologically most worthy of remark.

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, May 31, 1917.

DEAR WALTER:

Your letter of inquiry was just received. Would suggest that you apply directly to my sister, Katie B. Y. Adams, 21 Green St., Winthrop, Maine, for her experience in regard to the apparent reappearance of my mother since she left us. She is in very poor health, I believe but I think she would respond.

I have heard her tell many such instances; most of which I have now forgotten. One instance I recall was the first time I spent in the house after mother was laid at rest. I slept in the little room up stairs that she occupied many years and to which she was much attached; so much so that she did not like to have it used except by those to whom she was greatly attached. This was after increasing weakness and the necessity for watchfulness during the night made it advisable she should occupy another room on the first floor. So far as I know, no one but myself and my cousin slept there—and she did not sleep much.

To return to the instance under consideration: Katie told me I might sleep in either of the upstairs rooms I chose, but she thought mother would like to have me there. I told her I should sleep there. Katie answered, "All right, but I should not wonder if mother came to you."

I said I hoped she would or something of that sort and went to bed. As a matter of fact I was undisturbed by her, either then or when I slept in her room at any subsequent time—or elsewhere. Nevertheless, Katie after inquiring in the morning, told me she saw mother come out of the last room she occupied and go upstairs sometime in the early morning hours—or at least believed she did.

I remember also that Katie told me of mother coming to call her one morning and asking if she were going to lie in bed all day, this in full morning light. These are all that I now recall, but I know that she has told me many—or at least several—other instances when she believed mother had manifested, in one way or another. Indeed,

the apparently supernormal experiences she has told me first and last would fill a bigger book than your "Doris Case."

I told you, I think, that my wife, herself a sensitive, is opposed to anything of the sort. There is a strong strain of Scotch blood there, and the whole of her mother's family seem to have a little of the proverbial Scotch gift of second sight, if one may credit the stories I have heard. They are all strong on visions, apparitions and warnings, especially the last.

As might be expected, some of my children also seemed to be somewhat psychic when small. How much of it was due to childish imagination, of course I cannot say. Whether such conditions still exist with any of the family, I do not know, and knowing how their mother feels, though why is beyond me, I do not feel much like asking.

I seem to have nothing abnormal in my makeup in later years, though I imagine this is due to environment, except the faculty of seeing with my eyes shut and, occasionally, hearing without the use of the physical ear. Neither of these peculiarities developed until I was about thirty.

When I began reading up on crystallography, I said to myself, "Here is something in which I can develop myself." But I cannot; I have tried quite a few times, to meet with complete and utter failure. And yet these pictures will pop up before my mental vision almost any time when I am quietly resting with my eyes closed, especially when about to fall asleep, though sometimes when broad awake and working or thinking of something else and with eyes wide open. The pictures are perfectly distinct and lifelike, as real as anything I actually do see, yet I never mistake them for anything but mental pictures. They never come when I am thinking of anything of that sort nor can I call them up by any effort. Usually they are landscapes or figures, the former often familiar. Usually the figures are motionless, though not always; they never seem to speak.

It has just occurred to me that I did once have a mental picture when a boy not more than nine or ten years of age, that of my aunt Lizzie with her nose all eaten away as if by a cancer. Aunt Lizzie is still alive, though feeble, but I have not seen her for some years. I do not know of anything of the sort actually developing, though I think I have heard her father died of a cancer before my remembrance.

My first "vision" was a very prosaic scrub pine tree, with several prongs and the limbs from them all crossed up, apparently about fifteen feet in height. I would have recognized the tree at any time for months afterward, had I come across it—but I never did. Another early picture was of an exceedingly homely boy of perhaps twenty, dressed in a brown suit. He was tall and slim, had a very long neck, a smooth shaven face, red and very pimply, with wide cheekbones and one outstanding ear. The other was concealed by a manifestly new white straw hat with low, flat crown and a flat, narrow brim, much too small for him and set at an angle of about forty-five degrees. I cannot say what color the eyes and hair were, though I think they were dark and I should say the hair was cut short. I did not know him, although he somewhat resembled a young fellow I knew at Long Island. He did not look particularly intelligent when I first seemed to see him, but as I looked, he smiled a whimsical half smile that caused deep, semi-circular wrinkles to appear around the corners of his mouth—and very slowly and deliberately winked at me. This gave him a very different expression.

Walter, what is the matter with me? Are "Spooks" after me at times? or am I "buggy?"

As always,

O. E. YOUNG.

INCIDENTS.

I. "THE WHITE KITTEN."

An extract from a letter from my sister, Katie B. Young Adams, dated May 7, 1915, in answer to an inquiry caused by the allusion to the kitten's recent appearance noted in a previous letter. Parenthetical remarks are mine.

Now the story of the little white kitten is not long, but runs through quite a period of years. At first we used to catch fleeting glimpses of something white flashing in a corner or under a table and mother thought it resembled a dove, but later it became plain enough at times to discover its form, which evolved into a snowy white kitten.

When we first began to connect it with any coming event, or even to attach any especial importance to its periodic visits, I do not feel able to recall, but very shortly before Uncle Joe's death it ran through

a door—the front one—past mother as she was looking out, through the sitting-room and disappeared.

She called me to look after the pretty white kitten, but I could not find it—although she declared it ran under the bed. A systematic search failed to reveal it.

About a month before Uncle Cyrus died, I was sitting one afternoon by my bedroom window, sewing; all at once I caught a flash of white and raised my eyes just in time to see distinctly the little white cat run under my bed. I got up and hunted, but could find no trace. The next day I was in the same place and raised my eyes to see him distinctly, sitting on my hassock.

Mother came in just at that time and said, "Oh, look at that kitten." With a flirt of its tail it disappeared into a corner.

It reappeared occasionally, but not so plainly, until a few days before Uncle Bray died I found it sitting on the footboard of my bed.

I went to speak to mother, but she was sleeping and I did not disturb her. When I came back the kitten was gone.

The night that William (our cousin) died, Mother asked if the kitten lying on her quilt was Timothy. Now Timothy had a lot of white on him, and I thought in the dim light it was he, and said so, but when I stooped over to pat him my hand touched the quilt and a flash of white by my knee was all to reveal its identity. There was no cat in the room.

A day or two afterward I was sitting by mother alone in the room. (This could not have been a week before mother's death.) A white kitten jumped into my lap and laid [sic] down. I could both see and feel him—I did not touch him. I felt I knew the meaning of its visitation and sat perfectly still, with my heart in my mouth. All at once mother opened her eyes and pointed to me.

"O, Katie, see the white kitten."

When I saw it this winter it was farther from me and less distinct. I don't believe it means anyone very near.

Superstition it may or may not be. Where it comes from or whither it goes, I know not.

The above explains itself. I was making a typescript for filing and send a copy, on the chance it may be of interest to you.

O. E. YOUNG.

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, ME., May 12, 1915.

SOUTH CHESTERTON, ME., May 24, 1915.

PROF. JAMES H. HYSLOP,
New York City.

DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 16th instant duly came to hand. Before attempting to reply to your questions, allow me to correct two errors into which you seem to have fallen. First, if a wife and numerous children are to be considered, I am scarcely entitled to the prefix "Miss". Second, the account of the White Kitten was my sister's and not my own. The account I sent you was an extract from one of her letters, "*verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*". I know no more about the incident personally than you do now.

So far as I know at present, nobody but Katie and Mother ever saw the little cat. Certainly I never did—tho I did have one or two experiences twenty years ago with another, a huge black fellow. My sister saw that at least once, as well, and actually claims to have received a scratch from him that was there the next day—when the presence of a real cat was a physical impossibility. This is almost too astounding to believe—tho I saw him leap eight feet and vanish through the crack of a door not over half an inch in width, and without a sound. Now for your questions—so far as I can answer, myself. I am writing to refer them to my sister, with even date.

As for approximate dates of the kitten's appearance, I can not give a very close approximation; perhaps Katie can do better, by comparison with the death of the various persons seemingly indicated. Uncle Joseph Young, my father's only surviving brother, died at East Livermore, Maine, ten or eleven years ago in June; eleven I think. Uncle Cyrus Tobin, my mother's only brother, died six years ago in June, at Jay, Maine. "Uncle" Bray Young, my mother's cousin and my father's second cousin (tho Father and Mother were not related) died in Topsfield, Mass., some time in the winter of 1912. Mother died at Winthrop, Me., March 11, 1913; and cousin William Tobin, at Jay, almost a week before. This is as near as I can come.

As far as the cat Timothy is concerned, I never saw him many times and my recollection of him is not very distinct. I remember him as a medium sized (no joke intended) gray tiger, a shaggy mongrel "coon" with throat, breast and under-body white. I have never known my sister to have a white cat or one that could readily

be mistaken for one in any light, Timothy probably comes nearer to it than any other. I should think the chance of a mistake by any one in a normal condition must be slight. At its last noteworthy appearance, the light was dim, Mother very near her end, and my sister of course worn out and no doubt in a nervous condition. According to her description Timothy must have been from a third to a half the larger.

You ask me to obtain statements from Cousin Addie and her mother, Aunt Gustie Young, in regard to Mother's alleged appearance immediately after her death. I have seen them but twice since then, and circumstances were not favorable then. I will try to attend to the matter before long, as it seems you are to publish. If you will let me know when and in what, I may be spurred to extra effort in order to get around in season. Aunt Lizzie Tobin I see almost never; neither do I feel at all certain how she might receive such a request from me.

Later arrived Mrs. Adams's replies to the same set of questions. These were dated from Winthrop, Maine, June 13, 1915.

MY DEAR OSCAR: I've kept meaning to answer your letter but some way it has seemed to come hard.

Now before I go further I'll answer in so far as possible the questions as quoted by you from Dr. Hyslop.

Of course I'd no idea of writing scientifically or for aught than your own personal perusal, but had it been otherwise I could have changed no part of the story of the white kitten.

Now as to query 1. If to approximate the time when the experiences took place means the dates, I must say decidedly that I've no idea when it was. The only way would be to ascertain at what time the deaths mentioned occurred and even then it would be something of guesswork, as sometimes it was months and sometimes weeks. Only previous to Mother's death did it become a matter of days, and in that instance less than two weeks previous to the demise.

2. We have had all sorts of cats but more black and gray than any other color, coon [a long-haired shaggy variety, said to have originated in Maine, or at least to be most frequently found in that State. W. F. P.] at that. The White Kitten has short hair. Furthermore, there has at no time been a white cat on the street.

3. Timothy, as you should remember, was a very thin tiger-grey kitten with big ears and preternaturally big, solemn eyes. He was a "coon" and had a habit of sitting before mother and gazing unblinkingly into her eyes for minutes. She in turn would look at him and say, "Tim knows." But what she thought he knew I never could quite determine. Timothy had a white stomach, a white spot beneath his chin, and three white feet. He sickened and died in less than a month after mother's death, as did the other two, all three being gray cats. I've no way of verifying this matter other than by my unsupported word.

I too regret that we have no record of my mother's experiences, for she had many and as anyone who knew her would remember she was not of a type ordinarily termed nervous or imaginative. She certainly was a wonderful woman and possessed of a powerful magnetism which still pervades the house. I feel rather keenly in these matters and as you know I am not given to relating them but I have spoken of my superstition (?) to some few others aside from yourself. I don't know where Miss Gordon is or how much she might remember.

Now to revert to the White Kitten. While I was boarding at Mr. Blackman's [while at school at Kent's Hill. O. E. Y. The Rev. C. W. Blackman, an uncle of mine. W. F. P.] a white cat attached itself to me, one of the daughters of the family's pet, who never demeaned herself by producing other than white offspring.

This kitten was very shy, and staid in Laurie's [a white colt my father sold our friends the Blackmans. O. E. Y.] crib most of the time, but soon after I went there she came one night to my bedroom window, making the most pitiful cries until I took her in. From that time she was ubiquitous, and Mrs. Blackman used to say:

Katie had a little cat, whose coat was white as snow,
And everywhere that Katie went, the cat she gets there too.

This cat was Bonnybelle, and a perfect nuisance she became. You can imagine something of the feelings of your shy and bashful sister sprinting down street to recitation with her head turned to watch the diabolical frisking of Bonnybelle for whom sticks and stones had no meaning.

Well, the upshot was I took the cat home in my arms wrapped like a pickaninny in my mother's brown shawl, while my dignified

brother drove in silence with a face expressing volumes too emphatic for utterance.

No one seemed pleased at the addition to the family but myself. We didn't need any more cats, but I had two reasons for joy. I had gotten rid of the tag-tailing at school and I hadn't broken poor kittie's heart.

Poor father couldn't stand her wailing for her departed mistress and gave her to one of the Wright boys on Moose Hill.

It took the whole family to catch and bag the cat, who meowed with such vigor on the road as to make her new owner heartily sick of his bargain. However, he got her to his home at last and shut her in the cellar, which he had previously prepared—all openings being securely stopped. Poor Bonnie wailed and refused to be comforted or allow comfort to others. Next morning all was quiet and the cat was never seen afterward.

All search for her place of hiding or exit proved fruitless; she was never seen again.

For some weeks we looked for her back, but she never came, and to this day I carry an uneasy conscience on her account.

Mother believed that there were "animals in Heaven" and that Bonnybelle went Home.

I'm not presenting this as an argument or proof, but to the best of my knowledge and belief that is the only white cat the family ever owned.

With much love,

KATHERINE.

Note by O. E. Young.

I remember the cat, Bonnybelle (a small white cat with a pale Maltese spot on her head about the size of a quarter) at Blackman's. As Katie recalls it, I dimly remember her bringing it home, but nothing more. I was away a good share of the time in those days. Katie was probably about fifteen. O. E. Y.

But the story of the White Kitten—not the substantial, but the mystic one—was not yet complete. We have seen that it made an appearance about a week before Mrs. Villa Young died, the date of her death being March 11, 1913. But in or about December of 1914 Mrs. Adams saw the White Kitten again. She

did not mention this in her letter of June 13, 1915, just quoted, probably because she was not asked about it. It was her brother who gave dates of the appearance of the Kitten, and he seems to have forgotten to include this in his letter of May 24, 1915. A letter to Dr. Hyslop, dated from South Chesterville, Maine, Dec. 16, 1915, thus states :

DEAR SIR :

I enclose a letter from my sister Katie, received to-day, which included a letter from a friend, Miss Cora Roderick, of Topsfield, Mass., which explain themselves. You will see that Katie associates the death announced with the last appearance of the "Little White Kitten", though that was about a year ago. The last time I saw her, some three weeks ago, I asked her if there had been any event with which she could connect it, but she answered, "No, unless with my own serious illness some time since."

"Ed" was Edward H. Young, formerly of Topsfield but latterly of some Boston suburb; just which I do not remember as he *never* would write letters. He was a second cousin on one side and a third cousin on the other, but was regarded as highly as any relative of our own generation. Ed was the son of the "Uncle Bray" mentioned in my sister's account of the "White Kitten" incident forwarded earlier, whose death she believes was foreshadowed in the same indirect manner. I had never heard of Cousin Ed's illness, as none of the family would write save Uncle Bray himself, while he was yet living. To the best of my belief, my sister was equally ignorant of it. Ed has usually visited us about every other summer, the last time being about a year and a half ago, when he was apparently in good health and spirits.

The White Kitten seems to have come some time in advance, if the two events are to be associated, but I give you the facts for what they might be worth.

Very truly yours,

O. E. YOUNG.

DEAR OSCAR :

I intended writing you to-night but the enclosed letter will be sufficient explanation why I do not—also the "White Kitten's"

mission. I was obliged to go to rehearsal tonight which will be my last; and am quite "all in."

If you have a chance you may let Fred know of Ed's passing—I will send a card to Aunt Lizzie.

With love,
KATHERINE.

Tuesday night (Dec. 14, 1915.)

The "enclosed letter" referred to is this:

TOPSFIELD, MASS., Dec. 12, 1915.

MY DEAR KATIE:

I hardly know how to begin this letter. Our dear Ed passed away this morning with tuberculosis. When he was taken with it we thought at first it would only take the right lung and we thought he would get better as we knew of cases where they lived with one lung, poor Aunt Maria had hope until a few weeks before he passed away. I intended writing before but I was sick myself, we all have been having severe colds. Aunt Maria is having one now, poor dear, she does feel so bad, all she has got too. She says in five years they all have been taken from her. I wish you would give me Oscar's address so I can write to him. I should have written to him before if I had known where to send it. I cannot realize that poor Ed. is gone he was such a good man. You write to Oscar and let him know. With love for you from myself and all.

From
CORA.

A week later Mr. O. E. Young wrote:

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, Dec. 22, 1915.

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP,
New York City.

DEAR SIR:

I am enclosing some extracts from a second letter from my sister concerning Cousin Ed's death and the (assumed) connection of the "Little White Kitten's" last appearance with it, reserving portions of the communication of a personal nature. I notice I was right in my surmise that she knew no more of his illness than I; also that the

coming of the kitten this time might have presaged a sudden turn for the worse, physically, rather than immediate death, had occurred to her as it at once had to me.

In regard to the white kittens she speaks of, the first she has had for thirty years and probably kept purely from psychic association now, were a good deal less than half grown, and, I think, all the cats they had. The one in their rent adjoining I have never seen.

It is a coincidence that immediately after the "White Kitten's" next to the last appearance and Mother's passing, "Timothy" and their two smaller kittens all died very suddenly. I am under the impression that the same thing occurred in one other instance, at least, though I am not absolutely certain.

Very truly yours,
O. E. YOUNG.

The following letter from Mr. Young's sister corroborates and strengthens the case. It seems that neither of the two informants knew any facts that would suggest the experiences.

WINTHROP, MAINE, Dec., 1915.

MY DEAR OSCAR:

I meant to have written you last week but was wrought up Sunday and Monday. I simply couldn't. Tues., as you know, I received word of Ed's death and it was the explanation of my strange mental condition. I had thought it might be something in connection with either yourself or Addie; for I've learned to know these mental upheavals of mine mean something more than nerves.

Both my White Kittens died Sunday morning and a white cat in the other part died Friday. So if there are any recurrent visitations of the mystical White Kitten there is no chance of it being a "really truly cat."

Later I shall ascertain if Ed's illness assumed a serious nature at any where near the period that the White Cat came to me, as I was sitting at the piano.

I have been a good deal upset some way by Ed's death and have not been able to play or do much of anything else. You will know how it affected me, I know, for I feel sure you were upset too. Had

I known of his illness previously I would have been in a different frame of mind.

As ever,
KATHERINE.

On Sept. 25, 1916, came a letter from Mr. O. E. Young, confirming the conjecture that the omen, in cousin Edward's case, nearly coincided with the contracting of the fatal disease rather than with the death itself, and also put upon record a new appearance of the White Kitten.

On or about the 16th instant, the White Kitten was seen at my sister's house in Winthrop, this state, by my daughter Villa, now in her twenty-first year.

I saw my sister for a few minutes yesterday, for the first time in months, and she told me this. I did not have time to get full particulars. It seems Villa, who has been working in Winthrop again of late, called upon sister Katie and while talking suddenly called out, "Look at the white kitten!" An instant afterward she added, "It is gone now, but I thought I saw a white kitten come out from under your skirt and run across the room." My sister saw nothing this time.

In response to a question from my sister, Villa added, "I thought I saw it, and I have seen it before, too, plainly."

"When?" asked my sister.

"Just before Grammie died."

My sister's people have not as yet seen the pale visitor, but have been disturbed nights by the meowing of a cat and the sound of its steps, although utterly unable to find the animal or account for the sounds in any way.

We are utterly at loss to know to whom the warning refers, if such it is. So far its visits have seemed invariably to point to a death on the Young side of the family. So far as I know, the creature has never been seen except at my sister's home in Winthrop, though there was a huge black fellow that appeared here at the old home when my sister was here, a girl.

Katie has been to Massachusetts since I saw her and visited Aunt Maria, Cousin Ed's mother, with whose (Ed's) death the last visit of the Kitten was connected in her mind. Aunt Maria said Ed. was

taken down with the grip between the fifteenth and the twentieth of the month (December if I rightly remember), turning to tuberculosis and carrying him off about a year later. Aunt Maria was unable to give the exact date.

On the seventeenth of that same month the White Kitten came apparently from under the piano, put its paw on my sister's dress, turned and walked away toward the end of the piano and disappeared; just how or where she cannot say.

One thing Katie told me may be of interest: the grandson of Mrs. Butler, the Boston medium, made his home with Ed. Young for years. Mrs. Ed. Young managed Mrs. Butler's summer hotel at Winthrop for several seasons, and the two families have long been intimate. After Ed's death, but before a soul outside the immediate family knew it, Katie is informed Mrs. Butler had a communication from him. Of course the death was expected.

I thought I would inform you at once of this last visit of the family forerunner before its hypothetical warning is fulfilled.

Sincerely yours,

O. E. YOUNG.

The account of the last appearances of the White Kitten is related below, in a letter by Mrs. Adams to Dr. Prince, dated from Winthrop, Maine, Sept. 14, 1917, together with their supposed fulfilment. It will be seen that there is one discrepancy between this and the account of her brother. The latter says that she did not see what the girl Villa saw, but Mrs. Adams asserts that she did. But we have all along been insisting on the liability that error will creep into second-hand reports, and must not shirk that fact now. It is more likely that the first-hand account is correct, though unfortunate that it was not written out at the time.

DEAR SIR: As the data in regard to the appearance of the White Kitten are to be printed in the *Journal* I have thought it might be of further interest to you to know any recent development.

Between Aug. 20th and Sept. 15th, 1916, I, at several times, saw the White Kitten under different circumstances. At one time in broad daylight, while entertaining several guests, the frolicsome kitten persisted in playing about one end of the piano, to my extreme annoyance.

The last date of its appearance at that time, was on one afternoon,

during the week previous to the 15th of September. My niece was calling upon me (one of Oscar's daughters, by the way) and suddenly stopped her conversation with a little startled exclamation. Looking up I saw she was much excited, as she was flushing and paling alternately. After a moment, however, she caught her breath, saying, "Aunt Kittie, did you see your white kitten? He just ran out beside your feet and disappeared behind the chair." I had seen even as she did, but it was of too frequent occurrence to be startling.

Some few days later I went home with the same niece. During a short conversation with my brother he asked if I had "been seeing things lately", when I told him of the last instance only, and added, "We may look for a death in the family within a year; whose can it be I wonder!" He laughed somewhat sarcastically and said, "Don't tell me you are foolish enough to think that has anything to do with it." However, at my request he made a memorandum of the date and circumstance.

Since that time I've frequently seen the kitten and always immediately after have been very much troubled by a vision of blood, —rivers of it, and everything dyed with its color, leaving me nauseated and faint. This, too, occurred in conjunction with the kitten on two other occasions.

On the morning of Aug. 31st, 1917, I received news of the death of a cousin. I am enclosing the note written by his wife.

Will add that the two other deaths were result of hemorrhage at last—altogether unexpected.

Very sincerely,

(Mrs.) KATIE B. ADAMS.

Several attempts were made to get Miss Villa Young's firsthand statement. She did not respond, but the very silence under such pressure to say *something* about her reported experience implies that it occurred, rather than the contrary.

Here is the note to which Mrs. Adams has referred, which apprised her of the death of her cousin Horace Tobin. It was written in Fayette, Maine, and dated Aug. 30, 1917.

DEAR KATIE: Am writing to let you know Horace passed away very suddenly this morning about five. The funeral is ten o'clock Saturday forenoon, at the house, hope you can come. With love.

MABEL.

Horace had a very bad hemorrhage.

The husband of Mrs. Adams corroborates her thus, in a letter from Winthrop, Jan. 5, 1918.

Mrs. Adams does not often speak of her dreams or visions, until long afterwards, seeming not to attach much importance to them; but on several occasions when she has been troubled by seeing blood her appearance is most painful, and while fully conscious seems spell-bound with horror.

The last occurred but a short time before her cousin Horace died very suddenly from a very severe hemorrhage of the lungs. Mrs. Adams described the sight as "rivers of blood, pools of it everywhere, trickling steams of horrible odor—blood—blood everywhere."

She was very much nauseated and trembled violently for some time. Her first words as she regained control of herself were, "Who now?" Meaning who is to die soon.

I cannot tell just how long this was before the death, but only a short time. This has occurred in three instances to my knowledge and in neither case was there a possibility of her knowing there was any reason for a death in that manner.

G. C. ADAMS.

The history of "Bonnybelle" in its relation to the Young family may have its importance. To be sure, one may balk at her apotheosis, involving also the dematerialization of her flesh, bones and fur; and find it more credible to assume the existence of some cranny, out of which she crept. Those who were familiar with the premises prepared them to be cat-proof and examining them afterwards were unable to find a place of egress, but it is not difficult, here in this office, to imagine the existence of one, nevertheless, and I propose to do it.

It looks more than likely that there was some connection between the white kitten that mysteriously disappeared, and the White Kitten that mysteriously appeared on a number of occasions. To the standard psychiatrist, this would settle the matter. The memory image of Bonnybelle, the center of two emotions, regret and wonder, came to the surface and objectified itself at subsequent moments of excitement, ill-health or nervous

strain. Also, the good doctor would say, the fact that others besides Mrs. Adams thought they saw the elusive beast, and even two together, is explained by suggestion from one person to another, by the contagion of hallucination.

Granted both assumptions, yet they do not do away nor explain the coincidences. Here is the table:

<i>Relative died.</i>	<i>White Kitten appeared.</i>
1. Uncle Joseph Young, probably in 1904.	Very shortly before.
2. Uncle Cyrus Tobin, June, 1909.	About a month before.
3. "Uncle" Bray Young (related to both parents), winter of 1912.	A few days before.
4. Cousin Wm. Tobin, about March 4, 1913.	Same night.
5. Mother (Mrs. Villa M. Young), March 11, 1913.	About a week previous.
6. 2nd and 3rd Cousin Edward H. Young, Dec. 12, 1915; stricken about Dec. 18, 1914.	About the time when the fatal illness began, Dec., 1914.
7. Cousin Horace Tobin, Aug. 30, 1917.	Beginning about a year before, recurrent until shortly before.

Even if the fact had been that just before a related Young or Tobin died a member, or members, of this particular Young family always went temporarily mad, the question WHY would be just as poignant. It is the coincidence between the recurrent hallucination and the external events which is of primary importance, and not the condition of mind or nerves of the subjects of the hallucination. Granting any pathological condition which it is possible to imagine, it would not explain. And an acquaintance with the family such as the compiler possesses would reveal the absence of data to support the supposition.

And granting, what seems very likely, that the particular form of the hallucination was causally related to the memory image of the kitten Bonnybelle whose disappearance was unaccounted for, neither would that affect the puzzle of the coincidences. The

very fact that this kitten *seemed* to be, like Enoch, "translated" (though it does not appear that the members of the family, unless possibly the mother, believed that she really was) might make her image a fit symbol to be employed by design. A snicker breaks in at this point, but it shall not deter us from adhering to the logic of the situation. We must be fair even to the spiritistic hypothesis.

Remember that three persons saw the White Kitten, and in some cases two saw it at the same time, and in two instances, it is alleged, one caught sight of it before her attention was called to it by the other. Beginning with the period when attention had been directed to the seeming premonitory character of the appearances, we may arrange these in a table, numbered to correspond with that above.

<i>By Whom Seen.</i>	<i>What the White Kitten Did.</i>
1. Mrs. Villa Young.	Ran under bed.
2. (a) Mrs. Adams.	Ran under another bed.
(b) Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Young.	Sat on a hassock.
(Several other times, not plainly.)	
3. Mrs. Adams.	Sat on footboard of bed.
4. Mrs. Young and Mrs. Adams.	Played on bedquilt.
5. Mrs. Adams saw and felt it, Miss Young independently saw it.	Jumped into Mrs. A.'s lap and sat down.
6. Mrs. Adams.	Not stated.
7. (a) Mrs. Adams.	Persisted in playing near piano when guests were present.
(b) Miss Villa Young and Mrs. Adams.	Ran out beside Mrs. A.'s feet.

II. THE RIDDLE OF THE LIGHTED ROOM.

1. *Statement by O. E. Young.*

In the early eighties, my father, C. W. Young, was living on farm in Fayette, Maine, which he had then recently bought and which my own family are living at the present time. Beside him, the

family then consisted of my mother, Mrs. Villa M. Young, my sister, Katie, then not far from eight years of age, and myself. The house was, and is, a typical one-story farmhouse of considerable size, well preserved though at that time it had been built something like eighty years. With some people it had the reputation of being "haunted" or at least that inexplicable lights and noises were sometimes manifested there. Indeed, they had occasionally been observed by members of my family.

I was attending school at the Seminary at Kent's Hill, eight miles away. My room-mate during the latter part of my course was C. F. Howland, then of the adjoining town of Mt. Vernon but now of the faculty of the Fall River High School. He and I were inseparable and were regarded almost as brothers, not only by our families, but our friends as well. One evening, as was frequently the case, we unexpectedly walked to my home in Fayette, arriving there not far from ten o'clock.

My father's house faced the south and had two large rooms on the front, with two windows on the south in each, and a hall between. At that time there was a bed in each of these, the east room (toward the road) being occupied by my parents, and the west one used as a spare one. As Mr. Howland and I came in sight of the house, perhaps fifteen or twenty rods away, we noticed the west room windows were brightly lighted, all the rest of the house was dark, the white cloth curtains were drawn.

I jumped to the conclusion that there was company at the house, probably my grandmother, and had difficulty in persuading my chum from returning home immediately, late as it was. I succeeded, however, and we went in by the door in the east end, finding it unfastened, as usual.

My parents heard us come into the kitchen and spoke to us. I tapped to their door, which was open, and asked if my grandmother were there. I was told she was not, and, in answer to further inquiries, that nobody else was, outside of the immediate family. When I declared that there was a light in the spare room Mother told me that it was impossible, that they had retired not more than ten minutes before and neither she nor father had been asleep.

I had then not the slightest doubt but that the house was on fire, and probably crossed to the spare room door quicker than I ever did before, with Mr. Howland at my heels. We opened it and looked in,

but there was only light enough filtering in through the curtains from outside to show there was no one there. Everything seemed exactly as usual.

I have no explanation to offer. None of the people mentioned were Spiritualists, at least at that time. There have been more remarkable occurrences in the house since, but I select this as one having several living witnesses, I cannot speak positively of my sister's whereabouts on the evening in question as I do not remember in regard to that, but I presume that she was on the second floor where she usually slept. The light cannot be explained as a chance reflection as the windows of only one of the front rooms were illuminated.

O. E. YOUNG.

2. *Corroboration by Prof. C. F. Howland.*

270 ROCK ST., FALL RIVER, MASS., July 3, 1909.

This certifies that I have read Mr. O. E. Young's statement numbered II, and remember the circumstance perfectly. The statement is accurate in every particular.

Signed,

CHARLES F. HOWLAND.

3. *Corroboration by Mrs. Villa M. Young.*

The above is true in every particular. My son—the writer—Mr. Howland and myself being the only living witnesses, as my daughter, a little child, at the time slept soundly and knew nothing of the excitement occasioned.

Signed,

MRS. VILLA M. YOUNG.

Further Statement by Mr. Young.

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, July 26, 1918.

DR. WALTER F. PRINCE,
New York City.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of recent date, inquiring, in the case of the unexplained lighting up of the windows in the spare room of my father's house, seen by my friend, C. F. Howland and myself, if my little

sister might not have been in there with a lamp, and have extinguished it and hurried back to her room upstairs undetected, is at hand. (Whew! what an involved sentence!) Possibly possible, but I consider that possibility so infinitely remote as to be entirely negligible.

The room being a spare one was not often entered, and I can conceive of no reason why my sister should have been there late at night after having retired much earlier. As she was young, about eight, she always slept soundly in those days.

My friend and I were not expected. The farther south windows were lighted when we turned into the yard, but no others, and our entrance was from the east. The road runs north and south, so we went straight to the door. This was unfastened, so there was no delay or warning of our coming. If my memory can be trusted—I am certain it can—the door was open for coolness and a newly risen moon was shining on the end of the house, though not on the windows that were illuminated.

The hall we entered ran parallel to the only stairway, the two doors being at right angles and not over eight inches separate them. To get to the spare room with a light my sister must have passed the open door of the room where her mother and father were lying, within four feet of it. To get back from the spare room upstairs, she must have walked the length of a twenty-two foot kitchen, passed the same door again, and gone the length of the hall by which we were entering, some eight or ten feet and then have opened and closed the chamber door and gone upstairs—all this without being detected by either of my parents or by my friend and myself. All the floors crossed were bare, and the stairs usually creaked considerably. All this would have to be done in the dark, itself entirely unnecessary, while we were taking the few steps across the yard. Moreover, the first notice of our approach was our actual entrance. This to me is utterly inconceivable. We must have inevitably met her face to face even if she could have done it in the dark unheard. Again if the door was open we must have seen her as she opened the chamber door, from anywhere in the yard. I would almost be willing to swear that the door did stand wide open. I forgot to state that no lamp was kept in the spare room. If she had one in there she must have carried it in and brought it out in her hand, extinguished, and fled upstairs with it at railroad speed—

all without a sound that was heard by either of four people right on the spot. It is unbelievable.

It is inconceivable that any child of eight years could perform such a feat without detection, while we were coming in from the road, opening or at least closing two doors behind her.

After all, my conviction rests more on the known character of my sister, even as a child. I had never and have never known anything sly, secretive, furtive or deceptive about her. If anybody wishes to believe she could and did play such a trick he is welcome to do so. I do not.

Sincerely,

O. E. YOUNG.

S. CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, July 29, 1918.

In my last, I forgot to give one quite important reason why I feel certain my sister had nothing to do with the mysterious light in the spare room. This is that lights have again and again been seen, both within and around the house, that could not be explained in a normal way, seen by many different people, sometimes several at a time.

O. E. YOUNG.

III. SEEMINGLY CLAIRVOYANT (EXTRA-CORPUS?) EXPERIENCE.

1. *Statement by O. E. Young.*

While teaching at Long Island, in the harbor of Portland, Maine, I think in the winter of 1882 and 3, I had a singular and most unusual dream, if dream it could be called. My own judgment would not pronounce it such, save for the apparent impossibility that it could be anything else.

I had been unable to fall asleep for a long time; at last I arrived at the very point of doing so. While midway between sleeping and waking, as it seemed, I began to be dimly conscious of a succession of sharp, cracking sounds which, in my half-dozed, I hazily thought was somebody in the kitchen, breaking up box covers to start the fire; as the people where I boarded kept a store and frequently burned boxes. Suddenly a heavy thump on the wall behind my bed, almost over my head, made me broad awake in an instant. I was fully conscious of the peculiar sound made by the yielding of a lath and plaster wall, as under the blow of a fist.

I again lay wide awake for some time, but the sounds were not repeated. I could even tell to-day just what and of whom I was thinking. At last, when beginning to grow sleepy again, I felt myself seized by both wrists and my arms straightened down by my side, beneath the bed clothes. I did not resist in any way; indeed the force being exerted seemed absolutely irresistible. I saw nothing, though there was a window within a foot of the bed and the night is not dark. Though a new experience to me, I was not frightened; I remember now that my unexpressed thought was, "So you intend to take control of me, do you? Well, go ahead."

Parenthetically, let it be understood that I was not a Spiritualist then, indeed am not to-day. I was simply an amateur investigator, familiar with the claims of Spiritualists and with some of the forms of alleged manifestation. Furthermore, I was inclined to admit the partial genuineness of many of them but skeptical as to their cause.

Next I felt myself taken by the shoulders and drawn diagonally across the bed, slowly and carefully. As my head began to move from it, seemingly supported in the air, I had not a doubt that a moment later would find me actually in space, without visible support—and then I lost consciousness.

The next I knew I was apparently standing on the platform of a very large schoolroom, and something seemed to assure me it was the next I would occupy. I marked it carefully in consequence. Among other things, I noticed the color of the paint, the number and location of the windows, the number of rows of desks. I also noticed the odd fact that a certain number of rows, in a certain part of the room, were shorter than the others, something I had never seen in any school-room. There were several pupils scattered among the seats nearly all at my left. I counted them, but all I could recall that the next morning was that the number was odd between 14 and 20—consequently either 15, 17, or 19. The faces were not clear like the other details; I simply saw there were a few pupils present, though school did not seem to be in session.

Some tall, narrow object obstructed my view at one point; what I did not notice but concluded the next morning, from its shape and size, must be a stovepipe, though I noticed no stove. Having noticed this much that I now recall I seemed to lose consciousness again.

When I next recovered I was seated at a large table covered with green cloth. On it were lying a few loose papers and several

books with brown manila covers. It was evening and the room was well lighted, but the source of the light I do not remember; I think I did not notice.

Directly opposite and looking at me was seated a man about thirty years of age, though appearing older as if he had been dissipated, wearing a black silk skull-cap. His eyes were rather small, light blue and twinkling; his face was red and marked by fine wrinkles; and he wore a short, reddish full beard with occasional white hairs in it. He was a stranger to me, though he somewhat resembled an older man of my acquaintance. Just around the corner of the table farthest from him, four or five feet from each of us sat a third man, apparently studying, as his face was entirely hidden by a book.

In spite of this fact I seemed to feel positive-it was my former chum and my most intimate friend, C. F. Howland. This young man had entered Wesleyan University the year before, after trying in vain to induce me to do the same, but he was then teaching in the Middletown, (Conn.) High School temporarily.

I noticed this second room was long and quite narrow, not over ten feet and probably less; I also have the impression that the wall at my right sloped part way to the floor, as if under the roof. Beyond my full-bearded companion, in the farther end of the room and taking up most of its width, I saw the foot of an old-fashioned, yellowish hardwood bedstead similar to one I had often slept in at my grandmother's, with a high solid foot-board. Though I do not actually remember seeing it, I feel certain there was another bed in the end of the room behind me.

The odd thing about the apartment was that there was an alcove about midway of it on my right, which might perhaps have been formed by a large window and which gave the room something of the shape of the letter T. I could not see into this alcove more than two feet, but there was a bed made up on the floor of it, for the foot came out in plain sight. This was covered with a red and white patchwork quilt. These are all the details I remember at the present writing. (May, 1909.)

The next day I wrote a letter of at least seven sheets of commercial note to my friend Howland, describing my "dream" most minutely. I even drew plans of the rooms and located everything I seemed to see (except the pupils in the schoolroom) not even except-

sition of the windows. I got a brief answer by return mail, Mr. H. said he had been greatly interested and astonished; he would tell me why when he saw me. With this I was content for the time being. I next saw Mr. Howland in or July following; when he kept his word. He had my letter-pocket and offered to return it, but I did not take it and it was destroyed now. He informed me that I had sent him a floor diagram of his room in the Middletown High; everything exactly as I had described but for the fact that there was an error at the exact place where I had marked the supposed stove-pipe plans. Even the short rows of desks were correctly placed [I think he told me they had previously been uniform, but the front desks had been taken out to put in another and widened room. I had never been in the state of Connecticut before I came to this day. Furthermore, I never, until that June day, had the slightest information in regard to the room I saw in my vision.

The astonishing part is to follow. Mr. Howland told me that he had received my letter, and for some little time previous, he had been looking for it in one of the upper rooms in the Middletown High; that, when it actually occurred, he intended to try for it and to induce me to apply for the situation he would leave behind, were he successful. His plan further was that we should go back to Wesleyan later, securing a room somewhere and ourselves as we had done at Kent's Hill, taking in a third room to reduce expenses still more.

I recognized neither the second room nor the third man from the description—neither had he any particular room or person in mind at the time. As I now remember, the vacancy did not occur until after my expected; at any rate my friend's plans were never carried

O. E. YOUNG.

Corroboration by Prof. C. F. Howland.

270 ROCK ST., FALL RIVER, MASS., July 3, 1909.
I hereby certify that the statement of Mr. O. E. Young, numbered 1, is substantially accurate so far as my part in it is concerned, excepting unimportant detail. I went to Middletown for the first time in 1884. Therefore the letter which I received from him

must have been written in '85 or '86. I regret that this correspondence is no longer in existence to verify Mr. Young's statement.

Signed,

CHARLES F. HOWLAND.

IV. THE RAP AND MOVING TURKEY WING.

1. *Statement by O. E. Young.*

In May or June of 1883 (I think), I was teaching High School at Monmouth Center, Maine, while my most intimate friend, C. F. Howland, was teaching another at Monmouth Ridge, about three miles away. We frequently visited back and forth, and often spent the night together.

After we had made a call together one evening I remained over night with Mr. H. It was probably after ten when we came in, at any rate the people had retired, but we remained up until after midnight talking, keeping very quiet lest we should disturb somebody. The household consisted of a middle-aged couple who occupied a room on the first floor in quite another part of the house. I now have the impression there was also an old lady, either bed-ridden or confined to her apartment, who occupied the room immediately below us, but am not certain. Be that as it may, in my numerous visits there I never saw or even heard a sound from this lady, if such there were.

Mr. Howland's room was a typical farm-house spare chamber, always in most perfect order and perfectly fresh and spotless. It was of considerable size with bare floors, save for a rug or two, and unpapered walls, and contained little or no unnecessary furniture, but a little of a plain, solid and substantial sort.

Against the wall and next to the one door stood a hard-wood kitchen table with the outer leaf up, covered with a cloth. On this, piled lengthwise against the wall in three piles, were eight books, all of nearly the same size (about an inch thick). I remember one of them was Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar. Two of the piles were exactly of a height; the third, next the door, composed of two books somewhat thicker, was slightly lower. On the pile farthest from the door, leaning on edge against the wall, there happened that night to be a large turkey-wing that had probably been used in dusting, an apparently needless task. On this table we had placed a hand lamp, nothing more.

sat next to the door leaning my left elbow on this table. Mr. Land sat in front of it, five or six feet away, and there was a rug on the table on which his chair stood in part. We had started to get ready for bed and stopped, and we were facing each other and talking earnestly in an undertone. Suddenly there came a loud rap that echoed through the silent house like a blow of a hammer. I was startled for an instant, but jumped to the conclusion that my father had removed a shoe and dropped it on the floor. On recovering I said to him laughingly:

"That was a good one, wasn't it?"

"I should think it was," he answered, in a tone of surprise. "What was it?"

"Your shoe, was it not?" I replied. He rejoined that it was on the floor or in his hand, I cannot remember which, and I then saw that was true. My impression is that one shoe was in his hand and the other on his foot.

"Do you know where that was?" he said to me.

"I said no and asked him if he did and he said he did. When I told him where, he answered that it was on his chair as he suddenly felt the jar of it.

"Now what was it?"

"I gave him the only solution I could think of, that the glue in the sole had started somewhere. He simply stood up and aside and said

"

"Make it do it again."

"I accepted the challenge and crossed over. Standing the chair on one leg and then another (a hard-wood dining-chair with a cane seat) I threw my weight upon the back of it and tried to make it rock again, but in vain. When I had satisfied myself it could not be done, we resumed our seats as before.

"We were barely seated again when the turkey-wing began to move. It slid slowly along the length of the three piles of books beside me, still leaning against the wall, a distance of somewhat less than a yard, wavered an instant and fell over on the table on its side, away from the wall, and lay still.

"I thought it a trick of the man of the house, as I knew he was a joker; so I whirled and opened the door at my right. The hall and stairs were tenantless and there was not a sound. Next I looked for some other method of moving it, but found it guiltless of any-

thing of the sort. Then I examined the wall, but the plastering was perfect. My impression now is that I turned up the table-cloth and moved the rug on the floor.

Mr. Howland watched my investigations, but I do not remember that he took any part in them. At any rate they were fruitless. I could find no evidence of any trick, and I never suspected Mr. H. had any conscious part in the moving of the wing. I know it could not have been caused by gravity, and it certainly was not caused by a jar; there was none.

O. E. YOUNG.

2. *Corroboration by Prof. C. F. Howland.*

270 ROCK ST., FALL RIVER, MASS., July 3, 1909.

This certifies that I have read very carefully the statement of Mr. O. E. Young numbered IV, and can vouch for its correctness in every detail. It might be well to add that we had just returned from an evening call at the house of spiritualists, and while we were not believers in spiritualism, we were intensely interested in the phenomena which we had witnessed, and equally desirous to discover their cause. We were sitting in my room discussing the subject, and our mental faculties were abnormally keyed up. My solution of the mysterious events has always been that we were in such an acute psychic (or possibly electrical) condition as to exert this influence over material objects.

It would, perhaps, be well for me to bear in mind that Mr. Young asked me to vouch for the correctness of his statements, not to attempt to explain them.

Signed,

CHARLES F. HOWLAND.

Mr. Howland's three statements are the more impressive when one considers that he has for some years disliked "dabbling" in occult matters, and is decidedly unfavorable to spiritism.

The *fact* of telekinesis, in the last case, he seems not to doubt, but his "solution" is that the young men were in "such an acute psychic (or possibly electrical) condition as to exert this influence over material objects." Now in itself the term "psychic condition" or "electrical condition", is just so much a solution as the term "biological condition", "kinetic condition", or

vortical condition " would be. Unless some light can be thrown upon the adaptation of a formula to perform the work assigned to it, it is meaningless by itself. And " psychic condition " is a bag so elastic that it fits as little as you please or as much, including spirits *ad libitum*.

7. A TRUE MEDIUMISTIC PREDICTION.

. *Statement by O. E. Young.*

In eighteen ninety-one, and for some years subsequently, Hon. L. C. Carleton, of Winthrop, then County Attorney for Kennebec and now Chairman of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, was conducting a somewhat important law case for me. One fall during that time, perhaps in '93, it became advisable that I should consult with him at the earliest possible moment.

There was then no direct public conveyance between Winthrop and my home in Fayette; even the mail service was such that it frequently required two days to get a letter through, though the actual distance, direct, was only seventeen miles. So I started by team, the day being Tuesday. There was not a telephone in Fayette.

I found Mr. Carleton away in the woods on a hunting trip—and gain no connection direct. Mrs. Carleton informed me her husband might be back Saturday night, but it was quite uncertain. When I asked if it were not possible he might return earlier, she answered,

"Oh, no. He said he certainly should not return until then and he might stay considerably longer. The earliest possible time you can see him here will be on Sunday." She also added something about Mr. Carleton being all tired out and needing rest.

I returned home, considerably disturbed in mind. That same evening my sister, Mrs. Adams, who was stopping with me, went under the alleged influence of her usual control, "Neverfail", in the presence of my mother, Villa M. Young, and myself. She told me, in the broken English usual with many mediums that if I would go to Winthrop again Thursday I could probably see Mr. Carleton then.

I objected that I had positive assurance that he would not be home until Saturday night. It was useless; the Indian control was stubborn. I have forgotten the sobriquet he applied to the attorney, but he always called him by, but he answered in substance,

"You go, you see um. He say, 'No clear off to-morrow, guess he go home.'" (It had been misty and threatening for a day or two.)

It did not clear off Wednesday, but I would not take a trip of that length on such apparent uncertainty. Sunday I went down and Mr. Carleton was at home. I asked him when he got back and he said, "Wednesday."

"But Mrs. Carleton told me you would not be home till Saturday anyway," I told him.

Mr. C. yawned and answered,

"I did not intend to come till then, but, as the weather was, thought I had had enough of it."

There was absolutely no possible way, normally speaking, in which the news of the lawyer's sudden change of plan could have reached Fayette, at the time it was declared by what purported to be a spirit of an Indian, dead for many years, a man none of us ever saw but once and never knew by name.

O. E. YOUNG.

2. *Corroboration by Mrs. Villa M. Young.*

I remember the occurrence perfectly and would say in addition to the test as given above, the matter was not mentioned to my daughter until after my son's return from Winthrop.

Signed,

MRS. VILLA M. YOUNG.

VI. VERIDICAL MEDIUMISTIC COMMUNICATION.

1. *Statement by O. E. Young.*

One summer, probably that of 1893 or 4, my sister, Mrs. Katie Adams was living in Malden, Mass., while I was one of the proprietors of Fayette Creamery, in Maine. My sister had quite recently developed considerable mediumistic power and was frequently controlled by alleged spirit agency, though I had never seen her under those circumstances at that time. To the best of my knowledge and belief, she has never accepted compensation for such communications or even permitted them in the presence of anyone outside the family, or one or two personal friends in some instances, and has discontinued them entirely for some years on account of poor health.

Both of us being much interested in such matters, much correspondence relative to them passed between us. Finally I wrote her as follows:

"If you are really in communication with father, ask him to give you a test for me in proof of it."

In her next letter to me, my sister wrote substantially as below. I quote from memory, as the letter was not preserved, but am positive as to the statements it contained.

"I am not a test medium but I have received the following, purporting to come from father. You may have it for what it is worth."

THE COMMUNICATION.

"He says that during the winter mother and I were in Massachusetts; you were teaching on Gordon Hill (in Chesterville, Me.), and he was living in Fayette alone, one night when you were at home with him, you and he slept in the sitting-room, in separate beds, you occupying the one next to Mr. Baker's. You talked for some time after retiring, mostly about your writing, and he asked why you did not get up a lecture and then asked you if you had ever written anything of the sort.

"He says, instead of answering, you got up, lighted a lamp and, without stopping to dress, went to your trunk out in the entry and returned with a bunch of manuscript. This you read to him, after getting into bed again." He says it was quite long and, as nearly as he can remember, it was about the creation and the end of the world: that all this does not amount to anything, but that it is the best that he can do."

Everything actually happened, exactly as stated, though I had not thought of the matter for years. Father was always particularly desirous that I should make a writer. The manuscript referred to was an article on the Nebular Hypothesis, with some speculations as to the possible fate of the solar system and was written while I was principal of the High School at Monmouth, Maine, a few months before I read it to my father, as stated above. I still preserve it. There were more details given, though I have forgotten the others, but all were correct. The last touch about it "not amounting to anything" was particularly characteristic, as father always depreciated anything he did himself, often in those very words.

I do not remember how my sister received the communication; they used to come to her in several ways. If I ever knew I have forgotten. My mother and sister did not return from Massachusetts

until some weeks after the events mentioned in the message took place, and my sister was a child of about ten years at the time.

I am positive I had never mentioned that evening's events to any living being. They were too trivial, even if I had ever thought of them again. It is very doubtful if my father ever did, either; there seems no possible reason why he should, and quite possibly he, too, had forgotten them by the time my mother and sister got home, some weeks later. Gordon Hill, where I was teaching, was less than two miles from home; so I used to spend Saturday and Sunday with father, to keep him from getting lonesome, and I also spent every Wednesday night at home. The communication was received some three years after Father's death and about ten years after I read the manuscript to him.

O. E. YOUNG.

2. *Corroboration by the Husband of the Psychic and by Her Mother, written by the former and signed by both.*

The above is a very clear statement of the test given to the medium Katie Adams by the spirit purporting to be that of her father. At the time the medium was perfectly entranced, seated in a reclining chair in our own room, with only Mrs. Young and myself present. The Indian took control and in the usual dialect said the Big White Chief wanted a paper and pencil, this being produced I was asked to write down the communication practically as given above. To show same to medium when she became conscious and tell her to give it to her brother in her next letter as the test asked for. Mrs. Young knew nothing of the matter therein mentioned previously.

G. C. ADAMS,
MRS. VILLA M. YOUNG.

3. *Corroboration by the Psychic.*

I knew nothing whatever of the subject discussed by my departed father, having never heard him speak of the matter in life.

KATIE B. ADAMS.

This incident is weakened by the fact that the original record of the words supposed to come from the deceased father was destroyed, so that memory has to be depended upon. But it is

strengthened on the other hand by the concurrence of four memories that the words were substantially as stated. And there is another important consideration, too often neglected. That is that even in cases where the memory of one person is the sole dependence, and where that memory is less immediately clear as to details, the memory is often invincibly certain that at the time the person was struck by the close correspondence between the vocal or written deliverance and the external facts.

Of course it is open to the reader to suppose that the father had told Mrs. Adams of the night incident, and that the memory of it had subliminally survived in detail, in spite of Mr. Young's opinion that this was unlikely, and Mrs. Adams's conviction that she had never heard it.

VII. THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.

1. *Statement by O. E. Young.*

In the early nineties I was living on a farm in Fayette, Maine. Besides my wife and one, or perhaps two, infant girls, my household consisted of my mother, Mrs. Villa M. Young, my sister, Mrs. Katie Adams, her husband, G. C. Adams, who was working for me, and a young man named Zoeth Rich, who had been a pupil of mine in Portland for several years and was then boarding with me and at work in the neighboring creamery.

It may be well to note that I was then making a study of various kinds of psychic phenomena, my sister having within a year or two developed mediumistic powers sufficient to change my mother from a lifelong Universalist to a Spiritualist. Mr. Rich had also begun to go under control while with us. Except for my mother, I doubt if any of us really believed in spirit return, even the mediums. My wife was also mediumistic, but for some reason had taken a violent prejudice against everything of that nature.

One evening my mother and I were in my sister's room with her, my wife being alone with the children in another part of the house. The men had not come in. We had not lighted up, though it was twilight, for the curtains of the three windows were rolled high and one of them faced the west where the sky was still red from the sunset. There was also a little light from the stove. The room was not dusky enough so a person would not have been instantly recog-

nized in any part of it. It was nearly square and approximately fifteen feet on a side. The accompanying diagram will show our positions, as well as that of the doors, windows and various articles of furniture.

We had been talking over some of the recent manifestations, in which we were all much interested. I was sitting within two feet of a closet, whose doorway was closed by two thick, garnet-colored curtains. This closet was the width of a door, ten or twelve inches in depth, with shelves about the same distance apart, from top to the bottom, each shelf packed solid full of books. It was lined with unpainted old growth pine boards, running up and down, and backed against a larger dark closet, or pantry, sheathed in the same way, but boarded at right angles to the other. There was not even a pin hole through this wall. The portieres probably touched the shelves and, as the west window was directly opposite, they were in the best lighted part of the room.

In a pause in the conversation a hand was suddenly thrust out between these curtains, a little above my head and almost in front of me, palm downward, waved as if in salutation and then quickly withdrawn. I had perfect control of my nerves at the time, unexpected as was the manifestation, and refrained from the slightest motion, even the turning of the eyes. It had instantly flashed through my mind that here was the desired opportunity of finding out whether our "spooks" were all imagination or were real enough to be seen by more than one person at the same time.

"There," said my sister an instant later, (she was directly facing the closet and I saw she was looking exactly where the uncanny object had appeared) "I just saw a little white hand waved between the curtains of that closet."

"Why I thought I saw something white there, too," said my mother, who was slightly farther off and whose eyesight was somewhat impaired.

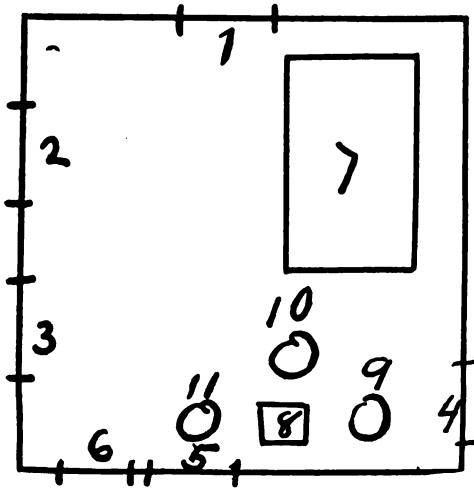
Then for the first time, I spoke.

"Between which shelves?"

"The fifth and sixth," answered my sister, after looking again.

It was between the fifth and sixth shelves, counting from the floor, where I had seen the hand, the portieres, which trailed on the floor, beginning to separate slightly just above. It may perhaps

have been the fourth and fifth shelves, but at any rate our count was the same.



1, 2, 3, windows; 4, door to kitchen; 5, closet; 6, door to hall; 7, bed; 8, stove; 9, Mrs. Young; 10, Mrs. Adams; 11, Mr. Young. There was no doubt some other furniture in the room, as, for instance, other chairs. Probably a commode, perhaps a stand or a bureau, but I do not now remember just what or where.

The hand appeared to me as large or slightly larger than my own, (I wear a ten glove) and seemed as real as my hand possibly could, except it was white as milk. Considerable wrist was displayed, but I noticed nothing like a sleeve. No doubt it looked whiter against the dark curtain. Where it appeared, there was barely room enough for it to be thrust out between the portieres, but neither of them moved in the slightest degree, nor was there any sound. I could have easily taken hold of the hand, had I thought of it in season, by simply raising my own arm. A year old child could not have been concealed among the books in that closet, in any position whatever; hardly, even, if the books had been removed.

I might add that a few days later, my sister, under the alleged control of "Sitting Bull?" asserted that this was a materialized hand and that it belonged to him. I expressed doubt as to that, because the hand was too white for that of any white man, let alone that of its Indian claimant.

"My hand was whiter than yours," rejoined the medium, in a tone of indignation, and the controlling influence ceased.

In a strange place, among professional mediums or strangers, I might shout "Fraud" as loudly as anyone. In my own house, before my nearest relatives alone—what can I say?

O. E. YOUNG.

2. *Note by Mrs. Adams.*

Sitting-Bull evidently never overcame his indignation at your remark as I have never felt his influence since that evening.

KATIE B. ADAMS.

3. *Corroboration by the Other Witnesses.*

The materialized hand was seen distinctly by us both. Large and compelling, its pearly whiteness gleamed against the crimson background as for one short instant it seemed to beckon us toward the Spirit land.

KATIE B. ADAMS,
MRS. VILLA M. YOUNG.

4. *Note by W. F. Prince.*

Note by W. F. Prince in letter to J. H. Hyslop, written from Pittsburgh, May 5, 1909:

I observe that the position of Mrs. Adams (as described to me and shown in a diagram), who, as the member of the family exhibiting mediumistic powers, would be the one to be most suspected, if any, was such as to make it incredible that she could have employed machinery of any sort. * * * As to O. E. Y., who sat next, I am confident that he wouldn't, and it would have been a skilful juggler who could. I examined the closet, which they tell me is unchanged, and know that no human being could have been concealed in the closet. It is shallow, and the books must nearly if not quite have touched the portieres.

VIII. SEEMING RECIPROCAL CLAIRAUDIENCE.

1. *Statement by O. E. Young, in a letter to W. F. Prince from South Portland, Maine. May 1, 1909.*

I will wind up the crazy letter by one other incident, perhaps a

tful coincidence in time, that might show that Mother and I sometimes *en rapport*. It is this.

While at Tenant's Harbor teaching, I was constantly expecting tidings from her, she was so feeble, though much stronger than knowing the machinery was worn out by forty years of racking

1. One night, I think the second winter, or perhaps late fall, if three years ago. I was awakened from a sound and dreamless sleep by my mother's voice calling me, apparently from the foot of stairs just outside my room. I think I answered "What?", thinking it was really she. At any rate I woke up, sitting up in bed with my head under the pillow, waiting to see what she wanted. It was a minute or two before I realized the impossibility of the thing, as I really thought she was calling me. Of course I heard nothing more.

I confess that I was superstitious enough to be a little more anxious than I was wont until I heard from her a few days later, that she was in her usual (ill) health. The next time I visited Winthrop I opened to remember the occurrence, and told it to my sister after she had retired. Judge of my surprise when she said,

"Mother did call you one night last fall, and scared me like everybody else. I did not know what the trouble was and asked her. She told me she thought she called you and you answered; that was all." No one until then thought either was anything but a dream, so no dates were kept. I confess I now believe the dreams were coincidental; she actually called me and I actually answered. If that is superstition or insanity, make the most of it. * * *

O. E. YOUNG.

Statement by Mrs. Adams, Corroborated by Her Husband.

One night about eleven o'clock after retiring but before I had fallen asleep I heard my mother, who slept in the room adjoining the room occupied by myself and husband, call twice.

The first time I could not understand what she said, although she spoke loudly enough to awaken Mr. Adams; but the second time we both heard her call very distinctly "Oscar".

On rising I went to her bedside and asked her what she wanted. When I got up in bed she answered excitedly, "I've been dreaming about Oscar and called him so loudly I woke myself up; and I never heard him more plainly in my life, he answered 'What'?"

Mother was somewhat worried over the occurrence until she re-

ceived a letter from my brother saying he was in his usual health; and so the matter was dropped, nothing being said to anyone.

This happened during the fall of the year while my brother was teaching at Tenant's Harbor.

KATIE B. Y. ADAMS,
G. C. ADAMS.

3. *Corroboration by Mrs. Villa M. Young.*

The above account is as I remember it in every particular. I was much alarmed at the time as I feared my son was ill, but I mentioned the matter to no one. Of this I am positive.

VILLA M. YOUNG.

4. *Note by O. E. Young, Applying to Both the Above Certificates.*

Above was written without knowing what I had written and without talking the matter over with me. According to my recollection it was in the winter term, but I was at the Harbor all the year. At any rate it was the same term, as my sister and I talked the matter over the next vacation and we fixed the dates approximately. We thought probably the two coincided.

O. E. YOUNG.

IX. COINCIDENTAL VISUAL HALLUCINATION.

1. *Statement by O. E. Young from Letter to W. F. Prince.*

May 1, 1909. Written from South Portland, Maine.

* * * The day your letter reached South Portland, Thursday, Apr. 15, something happened in the evening. That day, possibly the day before, I had received the corroborations and the news that the bad weather was affecting mother unfavorably, as usual, but that she was gaining quite rapidly otherwise and was a good deal stronger.

At about eight in the evening, Mr. Hill, Ouida and I were seated in the sitting-room here, around the center table, reading or studying. Mrs. H. was in the kitchen adjoining, doing her work. I suddenly looked over to my right, why I do not know, and saw something white flash along by me toward Ouida, and disappear either in the air or behind Mr. Hill, who was between us. All of us were nearly or quite back to the object, if there was one. It looked like an ordinary white envelope of commercial size, edge to me but below the level of my eyes when I lost sight of it. It came from behind me, about the

level of my shoulder, and moved slightly downward and quite rapidly.

I was not frightened in the least, but I was so surprised that I involuntarily said, "What's that?" Mrs. Hill (outside) began to laugh and said, "You've got 'em again." I said I guessed I had and told them what I saw. We had some fun over it and the matter dropped.

I wear glasses in the evening and it occurred to me the object might be a reflection from them when I turned my head. I tried in every possible way to do it again, but could not. Then a new watch charm with a bright, plain back which I was wearing occurred to me and I tried that. No use. I made up my mind my eyes had played me a trick and let it go at that.

When I reached Winthrop the next evening I found Mother had been taken much worse that night, (Thursday) or perhaps that afternoon, and was having strangling spells that night, out of which the doctor did not think she would be able to come—or anybody else. Everything goes to show she did not think she would herself, though of course nobody asked her. Even then I thought nothing about my "white thing" in connection with her attack.

By Sunday, Mother was easier, and slightly stronger. The choking spells were over, and the cough much easier, and no second hemorrhage had occurred. In the afternoon she told me she had been wanting to see me but she did not expect she would, (though when they told her I had come she said I knew she was sick). Mind you, we all positively declared that my coming was accidental, owing to Monday being Patriot's Day, fearing the effect on her if she knew I had been summoned. Then she added,

"I was sending thoughts after you and Ouida the other evening."

Then I remembered and asked her what evening and she said, "Thursday or Friday." I was so upset I thought my little experience was Wednesday and did not find the difference until I came back and questioned the people here. Asked again Mother answered she did not know sure, but thought it was Thursday or Friday. She was doped and lay in a sort of exhaustion or stupor except during her paroxysms, so her ideas of time were necessarily somewhat hazy. I did not ask or think much about the matter till I got home, as she was scarcely strong enough to talk much.

When I got here and found it was actually when mother was at

her worst that I was interrupted, I began to patch out my case; like this.

Thursday evening about eight o'clock I was—as stated above. Thursday evening about eight o'clock my mother was expected to pass over at almost any moment, and probably thought so herself; I have no doubt of it. Sunday she told me that Thursday or Friday evening she wanted to see me and “sent thoughts after Ouida and you”. It could not have been Friday evening, as I afterward remembered, for she was easier then, though exhausted—and moreover I was there by 7:30.

Now I believe nothing in signs, omens or warnings, except as manifestations of the power of mind, in-, ex-, or discarnate. What I am chewing over is this: are “thoughts” things? and did I see one of those Mother was sending “after Ouida and me?” I have written to get Katie to ask Mother what she really meant by “sending thoughts”, but she is an invalid and completely worn out, and has sent me nothing but brief postals since. When I get the sequel I will tell you.

O. E. YOUNG.

2. *Parallel Statement by Mrs. D. M. Hill.*

Thursday evening, Apr. 15, 1909, at about 8 P. M., O. E. Young, who boards with us, was reading by the table in our sitting-room at Cape Elizabeth, Maine. My husband, Darius M. Hill, and Mr. Young's daughter, Ouida, were also reading by the same table, while I was at work in the room adjoining. Glancing through the open door to see what time it was, I saw Mr. Young start, look over his right shoulder and remark suddenly, “What's that?” I asked him what the matter was and he said something white went by him. I jokingly asked him if he had “got 'em again”, when Mr. Young said he guessed he must have, for he certainly saw something white pass along behind him. Mr. Hill also joked him a little and then the matter dropped, though I saw Mr. Young look behind him two or three times as if not quite satisfied. The others were nearly or quite back to him at the time, and I myself saw nothing unusual.

The next day, Friday, Apr. 16, at about 11:45 A. M., a neighbor came in to report a telephone message she had just received from a Mr. Adams, of Winthrop (Maine), for Mr. Young to take the 5 o'clock train for that place, as his mother was very much worse. He

t away that afternoon in consequence, and did not return until day afternoon following.

MRS. DARIUS M. HILL.

Corroboration by the Remaining Witnesses.

We, the undersigned, were present at the time and place mentioned above and heard the conversation spoken of, substantially as follows.

DARIUS M. HILL,
OUIDA E. YOUNG.

Corroborating Statement by Mrs. Villa M. Young.

On Thursday evening, April 15, 1909, I was lying in bed, partially under the influence of opiates, being very weak and ill.

My thoughts were somewhat wandering but I had been thinking especially of my son, Oscar E. Young, who is principal of the High School at South Portland, Maine, and my oldest granddaughter, who is attending school there.

I felt especially anxious to know how they were getting along and my last conscious thought was a prayer for my son's success and happiness, while my mother love yearned for his presence.

A while later my daughter came to the bedside to administer medicine and as she bent over me to manage the pillows I spoke to her of my son and told her I had just been sending love thoughts to him. This probably took place during the earlier part of the evening.

VILLA M. YOUNG.

Corroboration by Mrs. Adams.

On Thursday, April 15th, 1909, my mother, Mrs. Villa M. Young, who had been ill for some time, grew rapidly and alarmingly worse, and by night was in a very critical condition.

For several days previous she had been the victim of severe attacks of the croup which had so prostrated her that she remained in a semi-unconscious condition, unless aroused.

Probably in some measure this condition was influenced by the use of mild opiates.

After a particularly bad attack occurring about seven o'clock that evening she relapsed into unconsciousness. Mr. Adams and I had

been discussing the advisability of sending for my brother, Mr. O. E. Young, a teacher in one of the public schools at So. Portland, Me., in the room adjoining the one where she lay.

About nine o'clock mother had a severe attack of coughing—I might here add that she had for years been a sufferer from chronic bronchitis, that the 13th of Dec., 1908, she sustained a hemorrhage, which with other complications caused us much anxiety. Her age is 74 years.

After her regaining her breath a little, Mr. Adams, who had been holding her in his arms, laid her back upon the pillows.

As I bent over her to arrange the pillows more comfortably, she looked up into my face and in a hoarse, gasping voice, said, "I've just been sending love thoughts after Oscar."

Somewhat surprised but realizing how near death she was I asked her "If she wanted him," meaning my brother.

After a little hesitation, she replied, "Oh, no, I don't expect that."

I might add to the above that mother grew worse rapidly during the night and the physician gave up hope of her recovery and advised me to send for my brother at once.

My husband telephoned at noontime Friday, April 16th, and my brother arrived early Friday evening, finding his mother conscious for the first time during the day. She had no knowledge that we sent for him, nor has she now.

KATIE B. Y. ADAMS.

6. *Corroboration by Mr. Adams.*

The above is an accurate account of the occurrence of April 15th and 16th.

G. C. ADAMS.

Ordinarily I would not offer this particular incident for publication. But since the hallucination was that of one whom I can vouch for as cool, critical and "tough-minded", it deserves a place in the group of family experiences. The incident may be considered one of mere chance coincidence, with the assumption that the visual phenomenon was due to nerves, reflection from spectacles, *et al.* Or it may be regarded as a direct passage of thought, curiously translating itself into a visual hallucination. Or it may be conjectured that it was an intelligent co-operating

attempt to get the mother's message "through" which succeeded in presenting the symbolic image of an envelope (suitable because it is an envelope which usually contains and suggests a message from a distance) but got no farther.

X. EXPERIENCES CONNECTED WITH AUTHORSHIP.

1. *Preface by Dr. J. H. Hyslop.*

The following experiences reported by the same person do not have evidential importance of any kind as incidents. They are a part of the general psychological problem in this field. The phenomena are borderland or marginal ones. That is, they are nearly enough connected with the supernormal as provable to excite curiosity and far enough away from it to be exposed to the suspicion of subconscious creation. It is the peculiarly indicated touch of automatism that suggests foreign inspiration and were it evidential this feature would be most important. Any one can write poetry, but few have the peculiar experiences which accompany these instances and suggest an alliance with mediumistic phenomena. It is not necessary to suppose that the contents have a foreign source. We may suppose only that the stimulus is from that territory and the contents from the stores of the informant's mind. Hence it is not the poetry that has the scientific interest, but the manner of its production and the main drift of the ideas expressed. We must not forget that these incidents are a part of a larger record which indicated rather clearly some psychic tendencies and, hence, they tend to support the idea that foreign influence may often extend far beyond the phenomena that are evidential. We still require to prove the extent of such influences, and every case in which psychological phenomena of this kind appear should receive notice until their collective meaning is clear.

2. *Statement by O. E. Young.*

To begin with, I have always had a great facility in stringing rhymes since I was nine years old. I have verse enough—jingle, *not* Poetry—to fill several good-sized volumes. Some have been published and paid for; more printed and not paid for; most of all no eye but mine has ever seen, and probably never will while I live.

In two instances the manner of writing and the quality of the

product have made me wonder if it were really my work. This at the time. I had the same thought in another case a day or two after.

The first was in the winter of 1881 or '82, when I was principal of a grammar school in Portland, Maine. I had been reading poetry and had been struck by the abrupt changes of meter in Tennyson's "Maud", resolving to embody something like it in my own work later. I had been also much impressed by an insane character in a long blank verse poem, I think Shelley's work, though I have not looked it up. Whether these facts account for what followed you may decide—if worth while, and you can.

Two or three nights later I was aroused by raps all around the room, at what hour I do not know. A poem (compared to my ordinary work) was instantly born complete, full grown and furnished, like Pallas from the head of Jove or the hatching of a bumble bee. The impulse to get up and write it was almost irresistible. I should have, but the house was extremely cold, the only fire being in the distant sitting-room, with my entertainers sleeping in a doorless closet adjoining, without even a portiere between. I think I could have dictated the whole thing with scarcely a hesitation at the time. I would not get up and finally, it seemed hours later, I slept again.

For the two days next following, I put every minute in on it, that could be stolen from school work. It was the most ambitious, and I think the best, that I had done up to that time. I afterward included it in a little volume I published, burned before it fairly left the press, though a very few copies were sold previously. I am told a first-class elocutionist in or near Boston was using it as a main number of his entertainment a short time after.

When I began on it my remembrance was very vivid, many of the changes and rhymes and the whole thread of the story being perfectly distinct, and by the time it was two-thirds written only the vague outline was remembered. Nevertheless, so much of it was then written, I had no difficulty in completing it. It was revised a little before publication, but not much. I have often thought with David Barker, that perhaps

"That was Bob Burns's spirit hand
On my machine"—

or somebody else's.

The next was when I was principal of the South Portland and Cape Elizabeth High School. One morning I had just five minutes before I should have to leave my boarding-place to be in time to open school. I was alone in the sitting-room, though Mrs. Hill, my boarding-mistress, was at work in the kitchen adjoining, the door being open. An open volume of gospel hymns on the organ caught my eye. Picking up a cornet, I played the air of the piece where the book was open once through, and the meter struck me as a pretty one for a jingle.

"Not time", I thought. (I had just looked at my watch.) I played it through again and the first line flashed through my mind, but nothing more. Dropping the cornet, I seized a rocking chair, sat down to the center-table, snatched a piece of paper my daughter had been solving an algebraic problem on the night before, and wrote down the line in order that I might remember it, but not intending to do more than, as I felt I had not the time.

I dashed off the first stanza and two lines of the second without a break, punctuating as I went, though that is something I never bother with in the first draft ordinarily. Then I stopped—dead. My head was utterly empty of ideas.

The next I realized I was brought back to earth with a bounce by Mrs. Hill, calling out from the other room,

"Where are you, anyway?"

As a matter of fact I was staring fixedly at the ceiling and rocking furiously, though I had not the slightest realization of it before. Mrs. H. was staring through the open door in astonishment.

"Up in the air somewhere," I answered.

"I never knew you to rock before in my life," she said.

"I don't know as I ever did," was my reply, and I caught up the paper and finished the lines, without break or hesitation, punctuation and all, except that in the original the line beginning, "There's a bird-song floats," read "There's a song floats down," a smoother rendering, but it seemed to me afterward that there might be some doubt in the mind of a possible reader as to what kind of a song was meant. The meter is like that of the hymn suggesting it, except there are five lines to a stanza, instead of four.

I looked at my watch before taking the cornet from the case and again when I started for the school-building. I put the horn back in the case after playing the hymn through twice. Including the period

[when] I did not realize anything at all and the conversation with Mrs. Hill, the verses must have been written in less than three minutes. I had never thought of anything like it before, it is foreign to my usual line of thinking, and the style better than mine is ordinarily.

Now could anyone, even a poet, write a final draft of verses no longer than that, even no better than that, at the same time building from the ground up in that time unassisted?

"Exhibit B" requires explanation. I stopped with my sister for about a week, in October, almost a year after Mother died, the first time I had been there after the funeral. I slept in her room, the one she had occupied before she became too feeble to climb the stairs. Everything in it was as she left it, I think is today, and she had said she didn't want everybody sleeping in it. In consequence, no one has slept in it but Cousin Addie and me. Addie had to ask Mother to stop the manifestations the first night, and afterwards slept in another room. I expected something, as Mother promised me to come back the last time I ever saw her alive—yet I got nothing, tho my sister saw her go upstairs the first night I was there.

I am troubled by insomnia and write much while in bed, sleepless. That first night I wrote the lines, "My Mother's Room," the origin of the idea being self-evident. The next night I wrote "Errata." I never thought of the previous lines or connected the two in any way, though I was thinking of Mother at the time. I showed both to Katie a few days later and something in her smile caused me to take the two and compare them. Then I first saw the second might be taken as a response to the first, and there might also be in it an allusion to the fact that I had acted as one of her pall-bearers at her own request. Those things my sister noticed on the instant.

Pardon such long and rambling communication. When I get a sympathetic listener I do not know when to stop. I will close by saying that in the actual composition of the sonnet there seemed nothing unusual at the time; also that of late I am having cases similar to the first two mentioned, involving not only the words, but the music for them also. I can neither sing nor play, except very indifferently on the cornet, and know nothing of harmony save what I have picked up by myself since the tunes began to come.

Very truly yours,
O. E. YOUNG.

AT EVENTIDE.

There's a light that shines in the sunset skies,
Where the dying rays of the day-god be,
And the beam that fades and the hue that flies
Are the types of a glory that never dies—
There's a light in the west for me.

There's a bird-song floats from the clouds above,
Faint and sweet as those of the angels be,
Coming back to earth like a homing-dove,
A message of beauty and joy and love—
There's a song in the skies for me.

There's a hint of morn in the sunset red,
A pledge of the dawn that is yet to be,
A promise sweet, from the day that's dead,
Of a day to come when the night has fled—
There's a hope in the heart for me.

Cape Elizabeth, Maine, April 12, 1909.

MY MOTHER'S ROOM.

This is the room in which she slept for years,
And this the cot on which her limbs she laid.
These are her pictures on the walls displayed.
Here is her chair; her bureau there appears,
Her books and trinkets on it still. My ears
Almost expect to hear the voice that prayed
Within these walls for me—for here arrayed
Her household gods I see. I note with tears
That she alone is gone. But—*is* she gone?
Or does her blessed spirit hover near
The boy she bore and fondly cherished here,
To cheer and comfort still? I'll learn anon;
Now I but know beside a sunlit sea
Some day I'll find my mother waiting me.

Winthrop, Maine, Oct. 27, 1913.

ERRATA.

You say I'm gone because you see me not,
Because my form is underneath the mold,
The withered grasses and the marble cold.
You think I'm dead because in earthen plot
You laid what once was I—that sodden lot
You dream imprisons me. That I grew old
And met the fate of age, your fancy bold
Too rashly still declares. Your every thought
Concerning me is wrong. *Not* old am I;
I'm young again. My age has dropped away,
A mantle cast aside. No cell I fear;
The universe is mine. Death passed me by;
I never lived till now. Oh never say
That I am gone; I am not gone—but *here*.

Winthrop, Maine, Oct. 28, 1913.

XI. APPARITIONAL APPEARANCES.

1. *Prefatory Note by O. E. Young, in a Letter to Dr. Hyslop, Dated June 21, 1919.*

I have secured a statement from both my aunt and cousin in regard to apparitions previously mentioned to you, presumably of my late mother. The sketches are not to scale and hastily drawn from memory, being merely designed to show the general features of the places where the appearances took place. Katie has seen Mother, and heard her speak many times, much more distinctly than at the time mentioned in her statement sent you earlier. At my request, she described that as the only time when there was any corroboration.

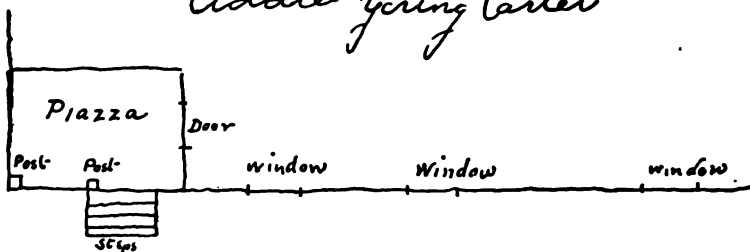
2. *Statement of Mrs. Addie Young Carter, Taken Down May 30th, 1915, by O. E. Young and Afterwards Approved and Signed.*

(Addie Young Carter's signed account of certain manifestations apparently made by the Spirit of her aunt, Villa M. Young. Transcribed May 31st, 1915, from notes taken from her own account the day previous, by O. E. Young.)

In April, 1913, my aunt, Villa M. Young, having died on March 11th preceding, I was visiting my cousin, Katie Young Adams, at Winthrop, Maine. I had gone partly as company for her in her trouble, partly to take care of my aunt's things because Katie did not feel as though she could do it herself.

I had been washing some of my late aunt's clothing and was hanging them on the reel in the yard one day shortly before dinner. I was just hanging out the last piece, a light-grey every-day house-dress of hers, when I suddenly had an impression there was somebody behind me. Turning quickly, I saw Aunt Villa as plainly as I ever did, standing on the piazza and looking at me, not more than two or three rods away.

Addie Young Carter



She had one hand raised and resting against a piazza-post and stood precisely as she had in life; my first impression was that she was actually there in the flesh and to go and speak to her. When she saw me looking at her she nodded and smiled at me, but did not speak. I stood looking at her, possibly for two minutes; then she turned from me and went to the rear of the piazza, seeming to grow more distinct as she did so until I lost sight of her. I am not certain whether she went out of sight around the corner or simply disappeared; I do not think she went into the house.

Aunt Villa had on a *light-grey* dress; it might have been the counterpart of the one I had just hung on the line, though I did not notice it particularly at the moment. I do know she had on a little white apron with a bib, for I remember how it was trimmed, and I was positive about the black, coarse-meshed covering she had tied over her head. I had never before seen Aunt Villa wear anything of the sort.

As soon as my aunt went away I returned to the house and looked at the clock; it was just eleven. I then told my cousin just what I had seen, describing the appearance of the apparition minutely, especially the rather unusual covering upon the head.

"Was this it?" asked Katie, producing part of a small, black checkered shawl.

It was; there was not the slightest doubt about it. Katie then told me Aunt Villa had been in the habit of sitting in the sun on the piazza during the warm winter days, even after she got very feeble, there was a sheltered nook by the front door, and she had always wrapped that piece of shawl about her head and face for protection from the weather.

Although I was naturally thinking of my aunt at the time, I never dreamed of seeing her, as I had always been a strong disbeliever in such things. That was my first, and perhaps my only experience of spirit-return in visible form, though once afterward Katie and I saw a shadowy form where no living person could possibly be. This made less impression on me, as it was much less distinct, and I do not clearly remember the particulars now. I have since heard my father's voice and felt his presence, but I never have seen him. I have also heard Aunt Villa's well-remembered cough, a rustle as of a skirt and a sound like the opening and shutting of drawers in her room.

The first night I slept in Aunt Villa's room upstairs, I was awakened by the bumping up of the bed spring beneath me that brought my foot out upon the floor and the bed-coverings with them. I replaced the quilts and got into bed again, when almost immediately the same thing happened again. When the manifestation took place for the third time, I caught the back edge of the spring with both hands. It slowly rose until I was on my knees by the side of the bed with the quilts once more beside me, still holding the spring with both hands, apparently standing on one edge (it was a narrow bed) though I could not see anything and I afterwards found the pillows and mattress in place. When I let go, the spring slowly dropped back into position, all this without a sound.

Considerably alarmed by this time, for I had at last concluded there must be someone in the room, I lighted a lamp and made a thorough search of both it and the closet, not forgetting to look under the bed, but there was nothing unusual to be seen, except the bed clothes on the floor to prove I had not been dreaming. I looked at my watch and it was just midnight. Convinced at last I said,

"I'll do anything you want me to by daylight, Aunt Villa, but I'm tired now and want to go to sleep."

Then I once more put the bed in shape and lay down, leaving the lamp burning, and nothing unusual occurred during the rest of the night, nor has anything of the sort taken place since then.

My cousin Katie and I attribute all these manifestations to a conversation I had with Aunt Villa about a year before her death. In answer to some remark of hers, I told her I had not the slightest belief in spirit return.

"You do not believe it?" she said.

"I certainly don't," I responded.

"You will sometime," she said with a smile, then I asked her to come back to me in case I outlived her—and it certainly seems as if she had.

I forgot to state that at nine o'clock the next morning after I saw Aunt Villa on the piazza, I got a letter from mother at East Livermore asking me what I was doing at one o'clock the day before. So nearly as I could tell, I must have been taking in my aunt's clothes from the reel in the yard. Also, I knew it was always Aunt Villa's custom to *change her dress* after dinner.

ADDIE YOUNG CARTER.

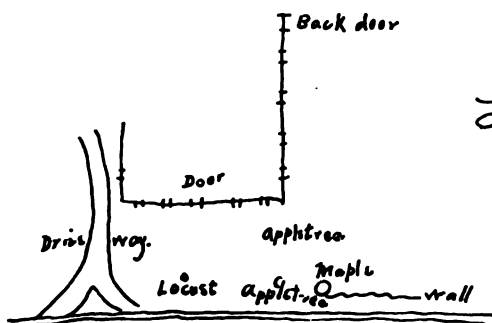
3. *Statement by the Mother of the Foregoing, Mrs. Gustie M. Young.
Taken Down by O. E. Young, on May 30th, 1915, and Afterwards Approved and Signed.*

(Gustie M. Young's signed account of an apparent instance of spirit return. Transcribed June 1st, from notes taken from her account of it told May 30th, 1915, by O. E. Young.)

In April, 1913, about a month after the death of my husband's brother's wife, Villa M. Young, at Winthrop, Maine, I had a curious experience at my home in East Livermore.

Villa and I had always been close friends and had lived for some time after my marriage in the same house, my present home. My daughter, Addie Young Carter, was visiting Villa's daughter, Katie Adams, at the time the event I shall try to describe took place.

Just after dinner one day I went out by the back door and down behind the house to the corner of the field to get the sap from a maple tree standing just inside the wall by the road, almost in front of the house and not more than three or four rods away. As I stooped over to empty out the sap into a pail, I felt someone take me firmly by the right wrist, though I had not heard a sound previously. The hand grasping me felt cold. Startled, not frightened, I straightened up abruptly, to see my old friend Villa standing beside me.



Gustie M. Young

She wore a *dark* dress and a small white apron with a bib, with something dark tied over her head that looked like a small knitted woolen wrap or shawl.

"Is that you, Villa?" I asked, though the question was unnecessary; I could not doubt her identity.

"Yes," she answered, smiling. "I am glad the girls can be together this week and they are doing just what I wanted them to do."

"I am glad, too," I responded.

Then Villa turned around and walked away, just as any being of flesh and blood might have done, between two sweet apple trees bordering the field, across the yard by the locust, into and down the road. I stood and watched her until she disappeared behind the bushes at a curve in the road, perhaps ten rods away, and I remember thinking she must be going to see Eliza Turner, a favorite cousin of hers then living at the next house, only a short distance away but out of sight.

I went straight back into the house and looked at the clock, which pointed at the hour of one. Then I sat down and wrote to my daughter at Winthrop, asking,

"What were you and Katie doing at one o'clock to-day?"

This letter I took pains to mail that same afternoon.

Although the sun shone that day it was not very bright, but somewhat hazy. I was not thinking of Villa at the time she appeared to me. She must have followed me down from the house as I should have been certain to see her had she come by way of the road, from either direction. She looked and appeared just as she always had during the latter part of her life.

I have several times seen deceased relatives and friends, five or six different persons in all, this being perhaps the second instance, always in the daytime except once. Villa was the first of them to actually touch or speak to me, though I have heard my sister Mary walk and cough.

GUSTIE M. YOUNG.

Aunt Gustie was a Young, a distant relative. She and Uncle Joseph were second or third cousins of ours.

O. E. YOUNG.

Some of the points especially to be noted are: (a) The promise and prediction by Mrs. Villa M. Young before her death in a conversation with her niece, Mrs. Carter. (b) The vividness of an experience which permanently converted "a strong disbeliever in such things." (c) The consistency between the apparitions, remark about what the girls (the letter written at once to Mrs. Carter asking what she and Mrs. Adams were doing at that hour, shows to whom "the girls" was understood to apply) were doing

and the fact that two hours earlier she had appeared where the girls were and been seen by one of them. (d) The ignorance on the part of Mrs. Carter (and probably of Mrs. Gustie Young, also) of the fact that Mrs. Villa M. Young had been accustomed during the latter part of her life and when out doors, to wear a head-covering such as seen by both on the apparition. (e) The identical or strikingly similar description of head-covering and apron as seen by the two women in different places respectively at eleven A. M. and one P. M. (f) The consistency of the difference in the dress, as seen by the two witnesses, with the fact that Mrs. Villa M. Young had been accustomed to *change her dress* after [noon] dinner.

XII. A COINCIDENTAL EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Young reported that a son of his had had a peculiar experience, nearly coinciding with the death of a friend of his, and asked the date of his last letter to the Society, in order exactly to fix the date of the experience, which he now relates again. As he says, "there is nothing absolutely to connect the death and the dream, but they certainly come near enough together to be suggestive." The fact that the boy killed at about the date of the experience had often slept with Carleton in that bed gives color to the incident. (The first account has been lost in the files.)

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, August 11, 1918.

W. F. PRINCE,
New York.

DEAR WALTER:

Thanks for your promptness in answering my query. I thought that was the date but the little girl stuck to it that it was a week earlier. That fixes the date of Carleton's experience on the night of July 28th. The girls were bound to have it on the 21st.

The possible significance of the date arises from the fact that Oscar Nichols, of Chesterville, son of our nearest neighbor in that direction, about Carleton's age and for many years his most intimate friend, was killed in the battle of the Marne, July 20th. His father was notified by telegraph early in August, and the death was published in the paper a day or two later. Carleton got the news first here by telephone, I should say now August 3rd (on or about).

Young Nichols used to be here a good deal a few years ago, and often slept with one or both the boys in that same room and bed. Of course there is nothing absolutely to connect the death and the dream (?) but they certainly came near enough together to be suggestive. Had the girls been right the coincidence would have been more striking.

I have questioned the boy quite closely. He says he woke up, broad awake in an instant which I know from sad experience is very contrary to his custom. When he felt some one press down on the bed, his first thought was that it was his mother up for something, "pawing around," as he expressed it, that is, feeling her way about in the uncertain light—but she was not up. When the hand dissolved, as it were, he said he was "startled a little," and sat up and looked around and there was nobody there. He declares it was light enough so he was sure of that fact, though what became of the hand he was holding, he can not tell. Whether he himself attaches any significance to the queer happening, I do not know. He is on the eve of enlisting.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth," etc.

Yours hastily,

O. E. YOUNG.

The incidents which follow were printed in the *Journal*, IX, 572-584.

General Preface by Dr. Hyslop.

The following incidents must tell their own story. The first one will seem quite gruesome to most people who may interpret it as evidence that the mother was not really dead and was endeavoring to speak. The circumstances rather militate against that view, to say nothing of the hypothesis of hallucination, whether subjective or veridical. This phenomenon of superposing an hallucination on the personality of the living is not uncommon in mediumistic cases. Mrs. Chenoweth has done this several times in my own case, seeing a face or part of a face superposed on mine. Supposing in the present instance that the deceased mother was trying to communicate in the form of speech the vision of her doing so might well enough be the subconscious production of its apparent reality, especially if the person seeing the apparent event

is mediumistic, and the fact that the informant had other supernatural experiences shows rather conclusively that this informant is psychic. The experience, however, is certainly quite unique. The fact that it was collective tends strongly to support the interpretation which I have given it.

The remaining incidents are of recognized types.

XIII. COLLECTIVE QUASI-VISUAL PHENOMENON.

1. *Collective Statement.*

Winthrop, Maine, March 13, 1913.

On March 12, 1913, while standing beside my mother's form, about thirty-six hours after she passed away, I placed my left hand on her forehead for a brief time. If human eyes are to be trusted, her eyelids flickered, her lips fluttered noticeably and parted as if she were trying to speak; then everything became precisely as before. The undersigned severally believe they saw these things actually take place.

O. E. YOUNG,
KATIE B. Y. ADAMS,
JENNIE E. GORDON.

I have read the foregoing and can say that the same thing happened when I was combing my aunt's hair a little earlier in the day.

ADDIE Y. CARTER.

2. *Statement by O. E. Young.*

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, March 14, 1913.

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP,

Dear Sir:—Something new and very interesting to me occurred day before yesterday and I am forwarding the enclosures on the chance they may be of some interest to you. There is a brief statement of the facts, signed by myself, my sister, my cousin, and the nurse procured by my mother's physician, Dr. C. W. Taggart, of Winthrop, to care for her during her last days. The signed statement is brief, as it was hastily written during preparation for the funeral, at ten o'clock yesterday. I have also added a fuller account which was written today.

Would it be too much to ask you to kindly return the briefer

statement after reading (or copying should you do desire)? I value it highly.

I also enclose an account of a peculiar dream which I wrote out at the same time I sent you an account of some other psychic phenomena some years since. I held this back, waiting for confirmatory data promised me by Mr. Rich's daughter, when she could hunt over some old letters, but which has never come, for some reason. She did write once, giving the exact date of her father's death, but little else that was evidential. Even that letter I seem to have mislaid. But for the fact that I was sending the later account I should not have bothered with this.

Sincerely yours,

O. E. YOUNG.

March 1, 1913, my mother, Mrs. Villa M. Young, passed over at Winthrop, Maine, at 5.30 A. M. On March 2, probably between 4 and 5 P. M., I first saw the remains, in the presence of my sister, Mrs. Katie B. Y. Adams, and mother's nurse, Mrs. Jennie Gordon, of Monmouth, a perfect stranger to the whole family scarcely a month before.

Mother was lying with her face directly in front of the open window, not two feet away and the only one in the room. Though the blinds were closed her hair and forehead were well lighted up. The side of the face toward me was in shadow, but the profile showed clear cut as a cameo against the snow outside, for I could see it between the slats of the blinds as the face was directly between it and my eyes. My sister stood at my right with Mrs. Gordon next, nearer Mother's feet.

After a moment's conversation I suddenly felt as if Mother wanted me to touch her and would know it if I did. Obeying the impulse, I laid my left hand lightly on her forehead, leaving it there possibly two minutes, in spite of the icy chill of physical death. When about to withdraw it I was astonished to see the pale lips part and flutter, as if whispering or under the influence of some powerful emotion. A movement of the tip of the nose was even evident—and this in a direct line with a snowbank and before a window I could have touched by leaning forward.

Thinking my eyes must have deceived me, I winked rapidly to clear them of an imaginary obstruction and examined the pale face

more closely. As I did so it again became fixed and motionless; poor drawn lips tightly closed in the same slightly unnatural position I had marked when I first viewed it. The whole thing was utterly unbelievable, to me so unheard of, that I at once decided it only an unusual form of hallucination, said nothing, removed my hand and quietly left the room.

That night, between eleven and twelve, the nurse having retired, my sister suddenly asked me if I had seen anything unusual when I was with Mother that afternoon. With perhaps a slight hesitation I answered, "No." Then, after considerable urging, she told me Mrs. Gordon had come to her during the evening, saying she had seen Mother's lips and eyelids move, as if about to open, while my hand was upon her forehead, and asking if she had seen it too.

"And," added Katie, "I had. The undertaker had had considerable difficulty in making the eyes and mouth stay perfectly closed, my first thought was one of fear that they might be going to open again."

At the first opportunity the next morning I myself called Mrs. Gordon aside and asked her if she had seen anything unusual. With hesitation she answered, "Yes." When I asked her what, she said, "I thought she was trying to speak."

I have never been a Spiritualist, but I have been an amateur investigator for thirty years. I have no fears of the weird or the weirdly supernatural and I have never yet lost my nerve—nor did I. I was expecting nothing unusual; nor had I ever seen, heard, or dreamed of anything at all similar. I decided the whole thing was a freak of the imagination, and, if the nurse had not casually brought the matter up, it is not probable either my sister or myself would ever have mentioned it.

Perhaps I should add, however, that Mother, at my request, had at times promised to return to me after death if possible, as I myself believed. Several others have made me the same promise without fulfilling it, at least conclusively; nevertheless I had half-expected she might be able to manifest her presence in some way.

I never should have expected it so soon, nor in open day at any time; moreover I had not even thought of anything of the sort after I thought that Mother was through with pain and trouble.

In one of her last letters to me, Mother wrote these words,

"Have no fear; Mother will come back to you."

Did she?

O. E. YOUNG,

March 14, 1913

(Prin. Mt. Vernon High School.)

In saying that the phenomenon was "certainly quite unique" Dr. Hyslop must have employed the word "unique" in the popular sense of *unusual*, for by his own showing mediums not infrequently have experiences which are essentially parallel. If the incident were really unique in the records of mankind, I for one would be suspicious of it, in spite of the testimony. What happened was probably essentially what happened when the members of the Jewish Council looked upon Stephen, about to be martyred, and "all * * * saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." (Acts 6:15.)

The peculiar strength of the testimony is in the fact that all three witnesses had the same impressions without the possibility of suggestion entering as a factor, since all remained silent at the time. Mrs. Adams had her independent experience, but did not mention it until Mrs. Gordon related hers with the question whether Mrs. Adams had seen it. Mr. Young had pondered over his identical impression, not knowing that it had been shared, and had decided to set it down as "only an unusual form of hallucination." He even denied having experienced anything unusual until he had with difficulty extracted his sister's story.

I would like the psychologist who has all his data docketed and pigeon-holed, to try his hand at a "normal" explanation. The telepathic one would have its difficulties as applied to this case, but aside from that, telepathy is not "normal" and is rejected by nearly every psychologist who has closed his mind to the evidence for spirits. Would any be bold—and credulous—enough to urge that the facial expression of the first to have the impression suggested the same to the other two? I would like to try some experiments with an actor of the facial capabilities of Garrick, and discover just what expression indicates seeing the eyes of a corpse flutter and its lips move as if "trying to speak"!

XIV. PARTIALLY COINCIDENT DREAM.

From Mr. Young's Letter of March 14, 1913. *

During the winter of 1881 and 2, I taught in the grammar school

at Long Island, one of the wards of Portland, Maine. For each of eight successive years, save one, thereafter, I held the same position for from one term to a full year. All that time I boarded with the family of Zoeth Rich, becoming much attached to all of them and they apparently thought a good deal of me.

On Saturday, Oct. 2, 1905, I went to Tenant's Harbor, Maine, beginning my duties as principal of the high school there on Monday the 4th. At that time I think I had neither seen any of the Rich family nor heard from them directly for two or three years. Sometime during that first week of school, the exact date I do not remember, I had this very vivid dream:

I seemed to be standing on a platform of some sort, elevated somewhat above a sheet of water. On waking, I could not tell its size or shape, but could think of nothing but the deck of some sort of vessel, though there was no rail or anything of that sort between me and the water. This was smooth as a mill-pond and intensely blue, and it was evidently flood tide. Some distance away a point ran far out into the ocean, wooded to the water's edge with a growth of small evergreens. The whole scene was intensely brilliant, as if lighted by a full blaze of sunlight, and was very beautiful.

As I looked, a small boat slowly drifted away from whatever I was standing upon, side to the current, and I saw its single occupant most distinctly. He was standing motionless amidships, gazing fixedly toward the bow of the dory, his face in consequence turned toward me in profile. He was dressed precisely as I had often really seen him in the past—for it was Mr. Rich.

As the boat drifted from me, steadily gaining speed as it went, I looked to see its solitary passenger take up the oars and swing it head on with the current, yet he did not move. Instead he stood silent and motionless as a statue, though the boat was moving more and more swiftly with every instant. In my dream I wondered greatly why as experienced a fisherman as I knew Mr. Rich to be should seem so utterly oblivious of the situation. Then I grew alarmed and tried to warn him, but I could not do it; I could not even move. I seemed completely paralyzed with the horror of it.

Faster and faster with every instant the dory swept onward, and still I could neither move nor cry out; I could only watch and wait for the inevitable. I saw the boat strike on the shore of the opposite point at almost railroad speed, crush like an eggshell and sink be-

neath the smooth blue water like a stone. The instant it struck upon the rocks, both it and its occupant vanished utterly, as if they had never been. The blue of the water and the vivid green of the shore were solitary and deserted, calm and beautiful as a painted sea and shore. One can imagine how I felt, for the dream-picture could not have been more real to me had I seen it with waking eyes.

The next week I received a letter from my wife in Fayette, inclosing one to me from Hattie Rich of Long Island, Mr. Rich's younger daughter. She wrote to inform me of the death of her father on Oct. 2d, the day I left home.

As I neglected to preserve this letter I cannot fix the exact date it was written, but I know I thought at the time it must have been nearly or quite coincident with that of my dream, though even then I had forgotten just what night of the week it had occurred. This was the only dream I ever had in which any of the Riches figured; indeed I am far from being an habitual dreamer. Neither had I thought of any of them for weeks.

Miss Rich's letter went, I fancy, to my address before rural deliveries (North Fayette), and from there to South Chesterville, my address at that time. As I left home on two days' notice, my actual whereabouts was unknown to the postmaster; so it must have waited till some one called for it, perhaps two or three days. Again it waited until my wife wrote to me; so I figure it must have been written on the day when I had the dream at night. I know I thought so at that time.

THE SEQUEL.

Christmas week of 1906, I again visited the Rich family. I told Mrs. Rich and her daughter Hattie (then Mrs. Johnson) of my dream, in their sitting room, the one where I always sat when I boarded there. Both of them seemed somewhat struck by the coincidence. As I finished, I happened to glance out of the nearest window and received my second surprise, as great a one as when I received the letter. It was a clear, bright day and happened to be high tide—and the scene of my dream was spread before me.

Everything was precisely as I had seen it in my vision, save that there was a little snow on the ground and the spruces next the water had been killed by fire the preceding summer, though back a few

feet they were as green as ever. Where I stood in my dream was the small wharf where I had often actually stood to watch the different members of the family row away (before the days of motor-boats).

I had failed to recognize it for two reasons. In my dream I had seen only the opposite shore—nothing but a growth of young evergreens—and when I had been familiar with the scene there were no evergreens there, save perhaps a few little bushes. They had grown up since I left Long Island, except for an occasional visit when I had not consciously noticed the change.

As the place is a small harbor (Harbor de Grace) nearly drained at low water, with a narrow outlet, at ebb-tide the water goes by the place where I seemed to see Mr. Rich and his boat go down, almost like a mill-sluice. While a boat might not be actually carried against the shore, as in my dream, it would certainly drift close by it at the turn of the tide; at one as high as I seemed to see it might ebb almost as swiftly.

XV. SEEMINGLY SUPERNORMAL EXPERIENCES DURING A FINAL ILLNESS.

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, Nov. 22, 1913.

JAS. H. HYSLOP,

DEAR SIR:—While visiting my sister recently she gave me the details of some rather unusual occurrences during my late mother's last illness and I have just reduced them to script for preservation. Perhaps I am troubling you over much with trivial matters, but I am enclosing a copy on the chance it may be of interest to you.

Very truly,

O. E. YOUNG.

Sometime in the 80's, my sister, then nothing but a girl, through an accident received a nervous shock from which she has never recovered. Today, twenty-five years after, she is still an invalid in consequence of the injury.

Shortly after being hurt she began to have remarkable impressions; then she developed the power of planchette-writing, followed by trance, clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc. For a few years she frequently allowed herself to be controlled; then becoming convinced that it was injuring her health, she ceased to permit the accessions, though various other phenomena still attend her. Whether she be-

believes these things are due to spirit influence is more than I can say; I doubt if she knows, herself.

My mother, Mrs. Villa Young, on the contrary, was early convinced through her daughter's mediumship and became an ardent Spiritualist. For years she suffered from a wasting disease, and this spring, 1913, at the age of seventy eight, she became very feeble in body though as keen and clear in mind as ever. Of medium size when in health, she became so emaciated some weeks before her death that she only weighed sixty-five pounds and was still lighter afterward. Yet she was about the house nearly all the time and sat up nearly all the day before her death, in the early morning hours of March 1st. For some little time before her release it required considerable effort to get her attention; that once obtained, her faculties were as bright as ever. Several rather remarkable things in connection with her happened just before her death, a few of which I will relate.

My father, deceased for some years, had no headstone. Mother had always wished for a double one, and of late she had wished it set before she passed away. To gratify her, my sister had a marble cutter called in with his book of cuts and she selected what she wanted, giving a light gray stone as her preference. This was ordered and soon came.

While the stone was at the station, a mile from Mother's home in Winthrop, Maine, no one interested having seen it or heard anything about it except that it had arrived, mother called my sister to her one day saying:

"I saw that stone in a vision last night and I don't like it at all. It's black. I don't want that thing."

Without investigating, my sister's husband, G. C. Adams, went to see the stone cutter and told him what mother had said.

"It isn't just what I expected," he answered, "and it is certainly rather dark. As long as it is not lettered, I can sell it to somebody else and send and get her another. The old lady shall have what she wants."

This was done. Nobody interested saw or knew anything further of the stone till it had been set for somebody else, when it was examined and found to be of very dark marble, almost black.

The second stone came, was inscribed, taken to the cemetery at least fifteen miles away and there set up, and again, through force

of circumstances no one concerned had seen it or heard anything definite about it, and again Mother called my sister to her one morning, and this time she said,

"I went up to the cemetery last night and saw that stone and read what was on it."

"Well, how did you like it?" asked Katie.

"I didn't like it at all; it isn't what I wanted. It's white with dark spots on it."

My sister was much troubled by her dissatisfaction; seeing which Mother added,

"Don't feel badly about it. I wanted a light gray stone but I guess it won't make much difference. It's all right."

None of the family learned anything more about the stone till we laid Mother in her last rest beneath it—and *it was white with dark spots.*

Presumably she had wished for a light granite but through weakness had failed to make her meaning clear.

The youngest son of Mother's only brother, recently deceased, had been sick for many months, and confined to his bed for quite a number of weeks. Though the two families did not live over twenty-five miles apart, there had not been, for private reasons, much communication between them for quite a long time until within a couple of years, or the very last of my uncle's life. This cousin, William Tobin, during his sickness had frequently sent Mother postals and she had grown to think a great deal of him though previously they had been comparatively strangers. One morning Mother said to my sister,

"William was down to see me last night."

"Was he?" Katie answered, humoring her. "How did he look?"

"Sick," said Mother, "dreadfully sick. He wanted to come to see me before but they watched him so he couldn't. Last night they left him alone and he tried to get up and dress himself to come and the water came up over him and everything grew dark."

"How do you know all this?" questioned Katie.

"William told me so," answered she. "He says he is going soon but he will wait for me and we will go together, hand in hand."

In parenthesis let me add that it was not known just what William's chances for recovery were; also that his mother told my sister, after he and Mother were both gone, knowing nothing

of the above, that the very night Mother had this experience they had left the young man temporarily alone, that he had apparently tried to get up and they found him unconscious, seemingly dead. They had had to work over him for an hour or two in order to bring him to consciousness, and the doctor had told them the attack was due to water coming up around the heart and stopping its action.

Just a few mornings later, Mother again called Katie to her, in great agitation, saying,

"William is gone. He promised me he would wait for me and we would go hand in hand, but he has gone and left me and I must go all alone."

Katie tried to comfort her and convince her it was nothing but a dream, but it was no use.

"William is gone I tell you. He came to me and told me so. He seemed terribly weak and he told me he tried to wait for me but he had to go. But he said he would hold out his hand and help me when I came."

A few minutes later the telephone rang, across two rooms and a third between them. Mother had grown very hard of hearing and latterly had not noticed the phone, even when in the same room, but this morning she said,

"That was our ring; go quick."

Katie tried to put her off, saying it was nothing of any consequence, but she only said,

"I tell you go quick."

When Katie returned she asked anxiously if the message was from anybody at Jay. It was hard work to convince her it was not—for Katie was prevaricating. The message was from Jay,—and William was dead.

In just a week mother passed over—holding out her hand, but what she was trying to say no mortal ear could understand. And just as she went there was a rap upon the outer door that seemed to shake the house.

Within less than a month from that time, five persons claim to have seen her, separately, all, dressed in the same way. In addition, Katie says she has also seen her with a pink night robe on. Her first appearances were to my cousin and to her mother, at my mother's last home and the one where she went as a bride, on the same day and in little more than an hour, from fifteen to eighteen miles apart.

Under present conditions no man could do it in that time without an auto or aeroplane. She has not yet come to me—though she repeatedly promised she would.

O. E. YOUNG.

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, Nov. 21, 1913.

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, Dec. 15, 1913.

PROF. JAMES H. HYSLOP,

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 28th ult. is duly at hand. In regard to the corroborative statement from my sister, I confess I do not quite understand what you want. What I sent you was in no sense my own personal experience but hearsay alone, largely told me by Katie herself; the rest I heard from my cousin and my uncle's wife. I simply recast what they told me in narrative form, while it was fresh in my memory. All I could get from her would be her personal endorsement. If that is what you mean, or will explain more definitely, I will try to get what you wish.

The last time I saw Mother alive, some five or six weeks before her death I asked her something about matters psychical, that being a rather favorite topic with us. She said there was somebody in her room the night before, and when I asked her in regard to it, that it was a man. I inquired who it was and she answered that she did not know; it was too dark to see. I was convinced by her manner that she thought it to be my father; though she did not say so. I told her some people would say she was crazy, and she smiled and said,

"Maybe I am."

That was the first I knew Mother ever "saw things," though since she passed away Katie has informed me it was nothing unusual in her last days, or for her to carry on long conversations during the night, while apparently alone. Though pitifully weak, we all considered her perfectly sane, and she understood her condition as well as we. She told me it was her last sickness at the interview quoted above.

Trusting you will inform me precisely in regard to your wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

O. E. YOUNG.

SOUTH CHESTERVILLE, MAINE, March 3, 1914.

JAMES H. HYSLOP,

DEAR SIR:—I am at last sending you my sister's autographed account of some of the unusual incidents connected with my late mother's sickness and death. Katie hesitated long about writing it, as her head is not in shape for literary work, as she has been an invalid for twenty years and is close to nervous prostration. She has never seen the account I sent you and knows only the points I touched upon, yet you will see the papers agree closely. Pardon my delay.

In a recent, or rather a former, letter, you mentioned mailing me a copy of the *Journal* of your society. I thank you and should greatly have enjoyed reading the same, had it ever come to hand. Either the one who was to send it forgot to do so or it went astray in transit, greatly to my regret.

At my suggestion, Katie speaks of a different manifestation on Mother's part, the only one where two have seen her at the same time. Should you wish statements from my aunt and cousin, I think I could obtain them later. In regard to my Aunt Lizzie (William's mother), I should not be too sanguine; perhaps.

Sincerely yours,

O. E. YOUNG.

The Sister's Account.

Mother had been in failing health for a good many years, and during that time her absolute faith in a future life and constant companionship of loved ones long gone from mortal life, sustained and upheld her during hours of pain.

Toward the end as her physical strength failed her psychic powers seemed to increase and for hours she would hold what was to us a one-sided conversation with people seemingly visible to her. The conversation was always entertaining and connected. This could not have been induced by opiates because drugs of that nature were not used in her case which was hardening of the arteries, with its attendant complications.

There was a nephew, a young man of twenty-six, ill at the same time with Hodgkin's disease, in whom mother had a loving interest although never having been intimately associated. Before we knew the nature of his sickness—or that it was inevitably fatal Mother

one morning told me of an experience of the night before. This I will relate as nearly as memory serves as she told it to me.

"William came to see me last night. He said, 'Aunt Villa I was bound to come and see you. I've always thought a great deal of you and when I knew how sick you were I was bound to come. They told me I couldn't. I watched for the chance and the night they thought I was sleeping and left me alone, I tried and tried to get out of bed to come but I can't move any better than you can. (Mother was entirely helpless though not paralyzed) but at last I succeeded and here I am but when I got out of bed I fell and the water came up over me!' Then I said 'I am so glad you have come William, wait for me a little while and we'll go together hand in hand.' He said, 'If I can, Aunt Villa, but the waters closed over me! and I don't know!'"

Later in talking with this boy's mother she told me that one night the nurse thought her patient asleep and left him alone for about an hour and a half. At one-thirty she awakened from a sound sleep and bending over the bedside of her patient found him apparently cold in death. Alarming the household she worked frantically to resuscitate him. It took more than two hours to arouse him from his stupor. The first words he said were "I've come back," and did not speak again for hours. The bedding was drenched by the exudation of water from the pores of the body, and when the physician came he said this attack was caused by water about the heart.

This occurred as nearly as I can remember at—or about the time mother saw her nephew at her bedside. I have no dates, as I kept no record.

On the night this same nephew died and less than two weeks from mother's death she asked the nurse to call me and when I came into the room began to cry and wring her hands saying over and over "He's gone and left me—he's gone and left me to go alone and he promised he would wait for me." As she became calm she told me that William came to her early that morning and said "I've got through Aunt Villa and I've come to tell you that I couldn't wait for you."

Just before noon that day our telephone rang and mother called my attention to it, although she had been unable to hear the bell in

another room and was too weak to have noticed. She said it was "Bad news."

I went to answer the call but it was to my husband. Sure enough it was a long distance call to notify us that my cousin passed on just before the dawn of day.

In May (Mother died in March the following year) she expressed considerable anxiety about a grave stone for my father which had never been erected, saying that she could not die in peace until she knew it was done. My husband visited the marble cutter and had him call at the house with samples of stones, photographs, etc. Mother selected the stone without knowledge of its cost to bias her taste—a low, double headstone in gray marble, and gave complete directions as to the inscriptions, etc., etc.

She charged the marble cutter over and over again as to the exact color of the stone. In the early part of July one morning mother said she had a vision of the stone the night before and it was black. This seemed to fret her greatly lest when the stone was set it proved too dark. So one day my husband meeting the marble cutter upon the street told him of this dream.

"Well," the man replied, "the stone is over at the freight depot now and it is pretty dark. I'll order one in lighter gray, we'll please the old lady"—and he did so.

It was agreed that the stone should be in place the latter part of July—but there was what seemed much unnecessary delay and the stone was not set until November. It was then impossible for anyone to leave home on account of mother's increasing illness so it was seen by no one of the family at home. But to gratify the invalid a niece and her husband living near the cemetery which was a long distance from our home, visited the place and wrote that the stone was all right and very pretty. Still this seemed not to fully satisfy mother and she was anxious to have me see it. About three weeks before she died she told me while at breakfast that she "Had been up to the graveyard in the night and seen the stone for herself."

I asked, "Did you see it plainly, mother?"

"Yes."

"Could you see the letters?"

"Yes."

"Plainly enough to read them?"

"Yes."

[At this time she was too weak to talk much.]

"Well mother, I'm glad you have seen it. Did you like it?"

Distinct, startling and unexpected came the answer—

"No, I didn't!"

"Why mother, why not?"

"Because—it—is—white—with—black—spots—on—it. I—
wanted—it—gray. I'm—disappointed!"

She spoke with such conviction that in spite of myself there came to me a premonition that all was not well. After a moment I said, "Why Mother, no, it must be all right don't you remember Addie (the niece mentioned) saw it and said it was?"

"Yes—I—know—but—it's—white—black spots—big—ones—all
all over—it. I'm disappointed—in—it."

To humor her I said, "Why Mother dear I'm so sorry but it must be all right. Don't you know you picked it out yourself?"

"Yes;—I know! But—I—picked—out—a—gray—one—This is
—white! With—black—spots."

Replying, I said—"What shall we do dear, we've tried so hard to please you!"

"I—know—it. Don't—do—anything—it's—all—right—only—it
don't—look—as—I—thought—it—was—going to—and—it's white.
I was disappointed—but—it's—all—right."

As I stood by the open grave while the loved form of my mother was lowered to its resting place I raised my eyes to the stone which I saw for the first time. It was *white*, with dark gray spots on its surface from the size of a small pea up to that of my hand. And *so it stands today.*

Since mother's death she has been seen by several people, repeatedly by myself and more often—in the daytime.

This materialization was very strong and seen by myself and cousin at the same moment each unconscious that the other was witnessing the manifestation which proved to be rather plainer to my own vision.

Faulty of construction and ill written as it is the above record is true in every particular, and so I might write page after page from the beautiful life of a beautiful mother.

My own nervous condition makes it hard for me to write—nay, almost impossible and all I can say for what I have written is that it is true!

KATIE B. ADAMS.

WINTHROP, MAINE, Feb. 28, 1914.

EXPERIENCES IN A HOUSE.

TOLD BY MRS. ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD.

EDITED BY J. H. HYSLOP AND W. F. PRINCE.

The following record must tell its own story. It comes from a respectable and intelligent person and has been held for some years because I had no time to edit it properly. I have omitted from publication a number of second hand and third hand incidents which she reported to me at the same time. They may be perfectly genuine, but they lack the conditions to make them either evidential or suggestive of the need of investigation. The present narrative is first hand and receives from neighbors such confirmation as was possible under the circumstances. That Mrs. Wood had no bias toward Spiritualism which would make her distort the facts is evident in her own statement that she did not believe in the possibility of any communication with the dead. She evidently thought the facts should be explained in some other way than by the intervention of spirits and certainly physical phenomena alone would hardly satisfy the scientific man in favor of such intervention, tho any indications in them of intelligence might turn the scale in that direction. The trouble is to find any evidence of intelligence in them alone. But it happens that some of the phenomena were of a type that did not suggest any ordinary physical explanation and that did not justify classification with the physical. In that respect the facts, real or alleged, are unusually complex and must seek their explanation in similarly complex causes.

But it is not the explanation of such phenomena that interests us here, whether spiritistic or otherwise. We have not yet data sufficient to offer a theory of such things. The real thing to determine is whether anything happened at all. The first thing that the student needs to know is whether narratives of the kind are pure fiction or not: that is, whether the narrator is telling the truth about the alleged phenomena. The circumstances forbid the supposition that the narrative is not *bona fide*. Too many independent stories of the kind have been recorded to rank the ac-

count with pure fiction. We may regard them as hallucinations or tricks, but we have no ground to question the narrator's sincerity in the report, and to regard them as hallucinations would be to attach probably the same general meaning to them that Spiritualists have attached to the real or alleged reality of physical phenomena. Consequently it would not affect the scientific interest in the story to regard the events as hallucinations. All that we have to be sure of is that the narrator is telling actual experiences, whether subjective or objective. Of course regarding them as subjective and not objective alters the conception of them as facts and their classification, but it may not alter the causal problem in the widest acceptance of that term. We have learned enough of veridical hallucinations not to take fright when a sceptic refers to such phenomena as hallucinations or illusions. The view may well change the character of the facts and involve another point of approach in the explanation, but it does not deprive the facts of their relation to the supernormal. The consequence is that no critic will be allowed to discredit such accounts by contenting himself with the charge of hallucination. He must prove what kind of hallucination they involve, and if he admits that they are unusual we should make him a present of his view and still demand as unusual an explanation.

There are so many narratives of physical phenomena that we are obliged to take account of them whether we are able to offer an explanation of them or not. We shall remain in this perplexity until psychic research is supplied with the means to experiment adequately on such subjects. Whatever we may think it is clear from the narrative that Mrs. Wood is at least trying to put on record actual occurrences of some kind. Whether Mr. Wood was the subject of an obsession which now and then controlled him to produce the phenomena himself we do not know, but this hypothesis would take much of the mystery away from the facts, tho it would bring them into the realm of well attested facts of automatism. But we have no proof that he was such and it remains to report and study other cases, with experimental evidence, to satisfy ourselves whether the phenomena were as they appeared to be: namely, physical exceptions to experience: that is independent physical events, or merely exceptions in mental experience. In any case the story deserves to be put on record.

To recur to the associated mental phenomena, we have in them types of automatism that are familiar and well attested, so that whatever theory has to be reckoned with in their production will have to be considered in relation to the physical phenomena, tho we may not have the slightest hint of what the process may be in producing them. The consequence is that the objections to the narrative have to face as many difficulties as the belief in them. But it is not our purpose to insist on the acceptance of the facts. We are primarily concerned with the integrity of the narrator and the similarity of her account with others reported in history. Another age may find the explanation.—J. H. H.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 14th, 1907.

PROF. HYSLOP,

Society for Psychical Research.

DEAR SIR:

Various items published of late, suggest to me that the experience of my husband (now deceased, two years since) and myself in a house in Brooklyn, which we occupied for four years, might be of interest to an investigator. We were never spiritualists, were never anything. I am as far from Spiritualism now as then. I deny nothing for I know nothing, but still less can I affirm anything, for the same reason.

Mr. Wood was knocked about frequently by an unseen force and on one occasion saw a woman's figure, thought it was I. Frequently saw shadowy forms but never an outline but once. We both heard voices, particularly myself. My name was called, always twice, "Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Wood!" The voice had a far away, up-in the air, high overhead sound, slightly metallic, but pleasing, refined, although not a usual voice; could not say positively whether a man's voice, light tenor, or woman's voice; should say, preferably the latter. I was attended through the hall by unseen companions—and heard the swish of skirts; my own did not *swish*. I was followed up and down by the patter of a little dog's feet and sometimes heard the pant of the hurrying little animal. Our own dogs were shut in the basement, a small dog and an Irish setter which I still have (the setter, I mean). The experience was peculiar, sometimes distressing to Mr. Wood and unique to both. Nothing of the kind ever happened to either of us elsewhere. The truth would read like

a lie. If you want the account in full I should be pleased to send it. Mr. Wood was a level headed, practical, well-known business man. He was decidedly clairvoyant in small things. I am not, but I have very strong and generally correct intuitions and have seen two dreams perfectly fulfilled two and four weeks after dreaming. But I am not a dreamer, rarely dream.

Yours truly,

(MRS.) E. G. WOOD.

P. S.—The house is on W—— Av. between —— and —— Aves., two blocks from —— Market. —— Av. is a busy thoroughfare. My husband was Benjamin Wood. On the only occasion Mr. Wood heard the voice call my name (he had been incredulous before—thought it must be a neighbor) both dogs heard the voice and at its repetition barked loudly, not in terror, but as though to announce a visitor. To satisfy Mr. Wood I investigated thoroughly, although I knew it was “the ghost” as we always called it.

E. G. W.

A singular feature was that these experiences were usually in broad day light; the voice was always in the daytime. Only twice was Mr. Wood knocked down in the evening, both times between 10 and 11. Once, our last night in the house, he was thrown head first into the coal bin. He was never knocked about when I was out of the house. The ghost’s “busy day” was when we were feeling most secure.

BROOKLYN, March 29th, '07.

JAMES H. HYSLOP, *Secretary.*

DEAR SIR:

I enclose account of Mr. Wood’s experiences in W—— Avenue. Mr. Wood died Feb. 6, 1905. I send clipping from “*Brooklyn Times.*” It is a poor picture but better than none. They had but a few hours in which to get the impression and into the paper. I regret that my account is so long, but Mr. Wood and myself could have extended it indefinitely, although I have given you the most striking and characteristic incidents. The tenant following us was taken ill in the back parlor after being in the house a few days. He lay in bed for two weeks then got up “wild” declaring that if he stayed in

that room he should die; so my neighbor tells me. He went back to Pennsylvania.

I have given you Mr. Wood's exact language so that you may know how these things impressed him. Neither of us had the slightest fear in the house. I liked it, all but the back parlor. I neglected to say that nothing ever happened in the front parlor. It was the only room in the house free from incident. Mr. Wood hated the house. He said there were times when he dreaded to enter it because there was generally "the devil to pay." I have given you only things within our own knowledge, except the story of the boy. One of our men, a highly intelligent man, a free thinker, told me on our last day there that he had heard some unaccountable things there; he didn't say whether noises or communications, but he didn't say anything about it because they didn't trouble him and he didn't know but they might trouble us. Just then, I had no time for questions and we never could get anything out of him afterward.

Oh, things were happening there all the time. The neighbor of whom I speak, Mrs. M. said to me only yesterday, "Isn't it queer about that house? Nobody ever has any luck there." And nobody does, that is, no renting tenant.

Pardon prolixity, but if one has had such odd experiences crammed down one's throat for four years, one is apt to get garrulous about it. It is only the people who run who have nothing to tell.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD.

PECULIAR EXPERIENCES OF MR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN WOOD IN HOUSE ON W— AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The house above mentioned is of the ordinary American basement type, situated on one of the busiest thoroughfares of Brooklyn. It is a frame house, finished to simulate grey stone, three stories high above the basement, has a high stoop, large, full length windows, and the rooms are high and airy. The street is compactly built and the house is separated from a companion house on the south by a party wall. The house which it adjoins on the north, has an independent wall.

We leased the house for one year from May 1, 1894, on which

day we moved in. We remained in the house four years, or until May, 1898.

We were practical people, about fifty years old, and were neither visionaries nor Spiritualists, inclining rather to the Unitarian belief, though without church membership. We had known the house and the locality for years before renting it, but Mr. Wood had never seen the interior until we moved in. He preceded me then by about two hours. When I arrived, he told me that the house impressed him strangely and unpleasantly. Later in the evening, in answer to my questions, he explained his remark by saying that as soon as he entered it, something told him it was a bad move and that he would die in the house, at least, that one of us would die there and he had the feeling it would be he. He was not alarmed. He was rather vexed and annoyed. This prejudice was very unlike him, therefore I was disturbed and insisted that he should at once throw up the lease, forfeiting the money already paid. He refused with decision. He said that the influence which he felt, was directed against him only and he would not yield to it. So it proved. It was directed solely against him. Mr. Wood was a man absolutely without physical fear. He was a "born fighter," noted for his fearlessness. He had faced death bravely in many forms, on land and sea, and had never been known to show the white feather.

We had been there but a short time before we found out there was something uncanny in the house. Our experience began with a succession of small accidents, of which, at first, we took no notice. Then, when we recalled the fact that odd accidents, which nobody could have foreseen or against which one could not possibly have guarded, began to attend Mr. Wood, we saw a method in it. If he overcame the influence in one direction, it attacked him in another. When things seemed the brightest, he was beset and thwarted. By the end of the first month, we were fully agreed that there was a malignant force in that house. It was an intelligent force and pursued Mr. Wood with a devilish malice through the four years of our stay until the fourth year was half gone. It was not a dominating force, compelling one to do a thing against his will, it was a force opposing and vindictive, an interfering and obstructing force. In the house or out of it, the influence followed him. Accident after accident, bad luck in business, and a depression constant and overpowering, foiled every attempt he made to put aside the influence. He was

never seriously injured in the house but once, but he was twice near death from illness, once from a sickness that baffled his physicians and which they were never able to explain. For two weeks he was unable to take food of any kind, liquid or solid, nothing but water passing his lips, usually about four quarts a day. In that two weeks, he was reduced from a strong man weighing 175 pounds to a skeleton of less than 120 pounds. The physician frankly told him, when he asked him, but then, only, that he could not cure him. He did not know what was the matter and he did not know what to do. Mr. Wood was in a rage. He rose up in bed with eyes blazing. "Then, by God, I'll cure myself. I have had enough of this damned work." He at once discharged the doctor and asked me to help him dress. With my assistance, he dressed and tottered down stairs. He had not been able to even sit up in bed for ten days. After a little rest, he shaved himself. He was a living skeleton, surmounted by a death's head. He did not go back to bed after that during the day, but would lie, at short intervals, on the lounge in the kitchen, gathering strength all the while. In three weeks he was well, having gained at the rate of twenty pounds a week. It may be interesting to note that after he took charge of his own case, we went exactly contrary to the doctor's direction and that his improvement dated from that time. The house may have affected the doctor's judgment in Mr. Wood's case.

He was occupying the back parlor when he was taken ill. This room had always affected me unpleasantly. It was the only room in the house that ever did. Mr. Wood never shared that feeling until he was ill as described, which was in the autumn of the third year, October. It was a delightful room under the gaslight, but in the daytime, although it was a bright sunny room, lighted by two large windows reaching to the floor, I could not endure to enter it. A heavy, black pall seemed to overhang the entire room suspended from about midway from the ceiling. This feeling did not exist unless I was alone, or if the two parlors were thrown together. In spite of my persuasions, Mr. Wood refused to go elsewhere, not through a foolish obstinacy, however. He persisted in remaining in the room throughout his illness. "I can't undertake to say what the influence is that is continually operating against me, but let it be what it may, it proceeds from this room. I am now convinced of that. I will fight this thing, whatever it is, right here, on its own

ground." He did and he won out. His resistance had now become open and aggressive antagonism.

This was his last serious illness in the house. More than that, the influence abated in violence. It was none the less active, but it was no longer sinister and virulent. All its manifestations from that time were in the form of practical jokes of a low order, but not harmful. These jokes consisted in tripping Mr. Wood up when he was crossing the floor, punching him in the back as he was lighting his cigar, causing him to lose his balance but not permitting him to fall, knocking his knees from behind, pushing him from his chair at table, on one such occasion, landing him flat on the floor but without injury, etc. I have seen his chair drawn back from the table without being touched by visible hands, just as he was about to sit down to dinner—twitched from his own hand which was on the chair at the time. I caught his arm and saved him from falling. I have seen him pushed sideways from his chair as he was eating his lunch. Once I caught him in time, the other time he fell to the floor but was not hurt. He would invariably get up from these experiences laughing but vexed. As he was a very dignified man, it was all the more ridiculous. Once he was crossing the floor when he suddenly drew back as though somebody had seized him by the shoulders and pulled him back, somebody shorter than he. Mr. Wood was 5 ft. 9½ inches tall. I asked him what the matter was. He answered with a vexed laugh that it was another of "those damned performances." I asked him what he thought it was, as I had many times before. He replied that he had thought at first, that it was a thought force trying to drive him out of the house, but they had got him guessing as it had seemed to "get a different sort of grip lately." Then he laughed. "Anyhow, we'll see it out, now."

It never came when we were prepared for it or on the watch for trouble. It did not, in the main, assume an audible or a visible form. Mr. Wood said he frequently saw shadowy forms about the house, but they did not assume definite shape. All he could say was that they were not natural shadows. On our last day in the house he said he distinctly saw a woman's figure pass through the top floor hall as he was at work in one of the rooms. He asked me when he came down to lunch if I had been there although he said it was not my appearance. He did not see a face. I was the only woman in the house and had not been out of the basement all the morning.

I would say that none of these disagreeable happenings ever came to me. The atmosphere that surrounded me was always pleasant, except that I shared Mr. Wood's annoyance. Individually, I was guarded rather than annoyed. There were times, also, when I was used as an instrument to help him. But my experiences were quite different from his.

We had no children. We had two dogs and a cat. One of the dogs was a small Yorkshire terrier, the other the Irish setter which I still have. The little fellow died of old age two years ago. Four young men, acquaintances of Mr. Wood, occupied the top floor which was furnished by us. They were out all day. I was alone in the house all day except at such times as Mr. Wood might come to lunch. There were never any horrible sights, groans or blood-curdling yells. There were no awful sounds of any kind. I usually left the dogs shut up in the basement when I went up stairs to attend to my work. Yet, in all the four years we lived there, I rarely went up alone. There was generally the swish of skirts behind me or the patter of a little dog's feet, close at my heels. Sometimes, I would hear the excited pant of the little fellow, as though he were hurrying to overtake me. As I am fond of dogs, the attendance was pleasant rather than otherwise. The swish of the skirts was friendly, too. It was different from the sound my own skirts made, being more that of silken skirts, which, of course, I did not wear in doing housework. Many a time I have been so sure that it was our own little dog, that I have gone from the third floor to the basement only to find the dogs shut up in the kitchen. I never heard the feet of any but the small dog.

At times, a voice called my name. It was a voice that I cannot describe. It was not exactly like a human voice, yet the enunciation was very clear and distinct—perfect, in fact. It was a very peculiar voice, unlike any other that I ever heard. It had a metallic quality and it was impossible to say whether it was the voice of a man or a woman. It was more like a woman's voice or a high tenor. It always seemed to come from out of doors, high up in the air and directly overhead. It was friendly, almost caressing in tone. It had never occurred to me to answer until a friend asked me why I did not do so. Then it was too late, for I never heard it after. The voice always called my name, nothing more, and always twice, never more or less. "Mrs. Wood! Mrs. Wood!" It was so loud and

distinct that it could be heard half the distance of an ordinary city block if not drowned by street noise.¹ I am unable to say how many times I heard it but it was at least five or six times after I noticed that it was not the voice of a person. I grew to recognize it and to mention to Mr. Wood that my friend had again spoken. He was incredulous. He thought I was mistaken, that it was a neighbor. I reminded him that I knew only two of my neighbors and that the voice usually came when they were both away. One evening in summer, it was in our last year, we were sitting in the kitchen, which was a large and very pleasant room. It was six o'clock. Both dogs were with me as usual. In the midst of our conversation, the voice called my name loud and clear, as usual, from outside,² high up and directly overhead: "Mrs. Wood! Mrs. Wood!" I paid no attention but continued our conversation. Mr. Wood looked at me in surprise and told me that somebody was calling me, and asked if I had not heard. I said, with indifference, "That's the ghost." He insisted it was not possible, that it was surely a person. Just then it rang out again, louder and clearer than before: "Mrs. Wood! Mrs. Wood!" Both dogs barked at the second call, not as though frightened, but as though to tell us somebody was at the door. When Mr. Wood still declared that it was the voice of a person, I asked him who it was. He said either Mrs. Y. or Mrs. M. I reminded him that Mrs. Y.'s house was closed and the family in the country and that Mrs. M. was at her front gate talking with a friend. To convince him, I went to the window and asked Mrs. M. if she had called me, as I had heard my name. Both she and her friend assured me that my name had not been mentioned by either of them. I then asked Mr. Wood whether the voice that called me was that of a man or a woman. He thought a moment and then said with a laugh as he looked up at me that he didn't know. It was his surrender. That was the only time that Mr. Wood ever heard the voice and the last time that I heard it. It was the only loud voice that either of us ever heard.

1. Mrs. Wood is here attempting to give the reader an idea how loud the voice appeared to her to be. She does not mean that as a matter of fact any and every person could have heard it half a block, but that had a living person spoken so loudly, this could have been.—W. F. P.

2. Again, the meaning is that the voice seemed to her as though it came outside and over the house. See *supra*.—W. F. P.

One summer afternoon, Mr. Wood was lying on a wide couch in the kitchen. He had been out all day until three o'clock and was tired. The couch was a yard wide and stood with one side close to the wall. He was lying with arms folded, on his right side, and in the middle of the couch, and was talking with me as I sat about four feet away from him. Suddenly, without the slightest voluntary movement on his part, he was thrown violently upon the floor, where he lay at full length and in exactly the same position as that which he had on the couch, even to the folded arms. He could not possibly have done such a feat in gymnastics of himself, if he had tried. As I went to help him up, he exclaimed: "Now, what the devil pitched me off that couch?" I told him it looked as though a strong force had been applied evenly the entire length of his body and pushed him off. He said that was exactly the way it felt. He was not hurt save for a small bruise on the right elbow.

One evening he had been out on a business errand, getting home at eleven. He sat talking with me as he was smoking his pipe and unlacing his shoes. He was leaning backward rather than forward, as he had his foot resting on the other knee. He had just laid down his pipe and had returned to the unlacing of the shoe, still keeping the foot up and back. I was looking directly at him. He was in a heavy black walnut chair with cane seat that stood close to the wall. Scarcely had he touched the strings the second time, when he was thrown forward with great violence upon the floor. After helping him up, I turned my attention to the chair which I had thought I had seen shivered all to pieces. It had not suffered the least damage. Mr. Wood was not hurt by the fall itself, but his head struck the bureau and that caused a little bruise on the scalp. I asked him if he could possibly have had an attack of vertigo, to which he was somewhat subject. He said emphatically, *No*. He further remarked that vertigo attacks a man in the head and not in the middle of the back like a battering ram, and added that I ought to know the difference between a push and a fall. It was certainly a push and not a fall.

But the crowning experience of this kind came just as we were ready to leave the house. On our last evening there, Mr. Wood went down in the cellar to get a scuttle of coal. The coal was in a bin built up to Mr. Wood's waist and had been drawn forward for convenience in removal. There was about a ton. It will thus be seen that

he had not to stoop much, as he was using a small hand shovel. Presently he came up stairs where I sat reading, and, with a vexed grin on his face, showed me his hands and clothing, which were black with coal dust, his face also being streaked with black. Naturally I asked him what he had been doing. "That thing pitched me into the coal bin head first. I had sense enough to throw out my hands to protect my face but there was no time for anything else." As he turned away to wash up, he exclaimed, with great heartiness, "Thank God, this is the last night in this house." This was the last prank of any kind.

I have said that the last year of our stay was less disagreeable than any of the preceding years. As circumstances developed, we saw there were two opposing forces at work in Mr. Wood's case. One was the strong, malignant force that had, up to that time, controlled to his injury, the other was helpful and uplifting. This was the more evident after the illness to which I have alluded. When Mr. Wood dispensed with further medical attendance, refusing to be any longer the victim of an experiment, the evil influence was, in a measure, immediately withdrawn. It was as though the baleful influence had received a check. The helpful influence increased in power as time went on, and, although he was still annoyed and molested in small and unlooked for ways, the enemy had clearly lost ground. The good and kindly influence was now dominant.

During the last half of our fourth year, Mr. Wood wrenched his ankle so terribly that the surgeon of the police station to which he was carried, told him he would lose his foot. He scoffed at the idea and came home to treat it himself, refusing to have it bandaged in the station. He was obliged to lie on the couch or bed for most of the time for three weeks. This was in the back parlor, too. One day he wanted to cross the room to sit in an easy chair by the window and read. He could make but small use of his crutch and we had no wheel chair in which I could get him over alone. He said he thought I might take hold of one arm and then—here he stopped and looked around. "I thought somebody had hold of my other arm. Did you notice anything?" I told him that I had thought that he had suddenly grown lighter in weight. It seemed to amuse him and he said with a good natured laugh, "Well, come on, whoever you are." I weighed at that time, 102 pounds, so I was hardly more than an unreliable crutch. We got over to the chair without

difficulty and with no pain to the foot. His motion was that of a person leaning on a support on each side, and giving the necessary hop that a person with one foot would have to give. He got back alone, while I was out of the room. He was unable to tell how, except that he pushed a chair ahead of himself. The foot was none the worse for the trip. The ankle and leg were in such condition at that time that he could not touch the foot to the floor. The hollow of the foot, the heel, the ankle all around and the calf of the leg to the knee, were as black as it is possible for flesh to be. The swelling was largely reduced. In two weeks more he was walking without a limp or a cane. His recuperative powers were very great. We used nothing on the ankle but hot water and arnica. We did not regard the two cures mentioned as miraculous in any way. It was not Christian Science, Mental Science, or Spiritualism, as we looked at it. We thought it due entirely to the exercise of the will and the absence of fear on Mr. Wood's part. The cause of the mysterious illness is another thing. We never solved that.

I have neglected to say that the propelling force that knocked Mr. Wood about was never productive of pain and never left any ill effects. Another peculiarity was, that it was usually exerted in broad daylight and always in a strong light. It was always brought to bear when I was present, except in the case of the coal incident. Mr. Wood had the gas on full in the cellar then. He told me that was the nearest approach to the touch of a human being that he had ever experienced from that source. It was as though a person had taken a running leap and pushed him with all his might. Mr. Wood was up to his full weight at the time. He told me that he was thrown headlong over into the bin and lay at full length, face down. As stated, nothing of the kind ever happened to him if I was out of the house. We were never disturbed at night. Nobody was ever sick in the house except Mr. Wood, and we had a good many people there during the four years.

The back parlor affected the two dogs and the cat unpleasantly at times. The Yorkshire was particularly sensitive to its influence. He would sometimes crouch and shiver in seeming terror and run to us for protection. The setter, at such times, would drop her tail between her legs and run down stairs into the kitchen or into the yard if the door was open. The cat would fly out of the window with back and tail up as though angry and terrified. We always

took the dogs out of the room when they showed fear, as they did sometimes when we perceived nothing. They never displayed this fear in any room except the back parlor or in any other house.³

The most striking incident connected with the back parlor came in the last part of our fourth year. Mr. Wood and I were sitting there one afternoon, reading. He had the daily paper and I had a work of fiction. He suddenly looked up. "My God, what was that?" I knew what he meant but I asked him. He answered, "Something said to me distinctly, just now, 'Get out of this room and stay out or you will be killed.'" I had heard the same thing. I say *heard*, I mean that the thought was conveyed to my intelligence for it was not an audible voice either to him or to me. We got out and closed the room. We made no use of it during the last three months of our stay. The admonition was addressed to Mr. Wood, but the warning was meant for both, so we felt. This may have been simply a case of telepathy,⁴ for I had been afraid of the ceiling in that room. It had been carefully examined and pronounced safe but I was still afraid of it. But I had not been consciously thinking of it that day.

3. The witness of animals is of considerable importance. Perhaps some will entertain the opinion that the dogs and cat received telepathic messages from their master and mistress. That would be an interesting fact, if it could be proved. But in some cases where animals display extreme emotion, it is not until afterward that human beings see an apparition, hear a voice, *et alia*. In such cases the telepathy would be in the other direction, and that too would be an interesting discovery, that animals can send thought messages to humans. And in other instances, including some observed by the Woods, the animals manifested the emotional signs without the persons being able to perceive anything.

Far more plausible is the theory that the conduct of persons who are hallucinated operates by way of suggestion upon animals, and that, *vice-versa*, the conduct of animals, whatever its cause, operates by way of suggestion to produce hallucinations in persons present. But it is hard to believe that a man so bold, determined and seemingly cool as Mr. Wood, and a woman who took such a cheerful interest in the most of the experiences and who exhibits such a quality of intellect and such rationalistic tendencies as Mrs. Wood, could have acted in a manner to produce violent agitation on the part of the domestic pets. Besides, we are expressly told that the dogs sometimes showed fear when their human associates perceived nothing. See also pp. 362-363 and 368-369—W. F. P.

4. Yes, "this may have been simply a case of telepathy." How simple telepathy seems to many even intelligent and educated persons, from having

The change for the better of which I have spoken, the change in the character of the influence surrounding Mr. Wood, was more marked as the year drew to a close. There were times when the influence seemed almost to take on a personality. It had at all times, in those days, more or less of a personal character. Mr. Wood would often look around as if to see who had entered the room. Once he was reading. It must have been about the first of March in our last year. He looked up quickly, with an expression of surprise. He explained by saying he thought he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was like a man's hand, and a warmly friendly hand. We drifted into conversation about his experiences there. He said that matters had taken such a decided turn for the better, it might be as well to remain in the house another year. The response was immediate, urgent and appealing. "Get out! Get out! GET OUT!" Mr. Wood told the owner the next day that unless he would renovate the house throughout, paint, paper and kalsomine, removing all traces of old conditions, he might take the house. He offered a compromise which Mr. Wood refused and gave up the house. If we had had the thing to do over again, after we got our bearings in other quarters, we should have given it up at the end of the first year. We agreed on this as well as on our opinion of the house. We had made up our minds that it does not pay to exhaust one's vitality in fighting what one cannot see. Mr. Wood always maintained that if he had remained in that house he would

had that word dinned into their consciousness! And yet most scientific men, whether dealing with mind or matter, have no more room in their scheme of things for telepathy than they have for spiritism.

But if it was "simply telepathy," it was not exactly simple telepathy. If Mr. Wood alone had had an impression of danger, and the impression had been "telegraphed" from the brain of Mrs. Wood, which had secreted it, so to speak, from her observations of the ceiling, we should have simple telepathy, but it is rather complex telepathy which produced the same thought, at the same time, that they were in danger of being killed unless they got out of the room and stayed out. But perhaps the impression was not so exactly contemporaneous as Mrs. Wood thought.

The danger does not seem to have been so imminent, since the ceiling did not fall while they continued in the house. But we are not in a position to deny that there was danger of its doing so, and that the warning, wherever it came from, was wise. And if there *was*—which we are not obliged to admit—a malignant influence at work, causing accidents, it might conceivably have brought about the disaster if they had not obeyed.—W. F. P.

have been killed there. From my knowledge of the dangers he passed through there, I am inclined to the same opinion. The appeal to which I have referred, in which we were urged to get out, (we had made up our minds to leave the house but had not reported to the owner, so were still in a position to reconsider), was delivered to us in that voice which was not a voice.⁵ There were two other occasions in which telepathy or some other element played a part without my volition. Mr. Wood had a very important call come to the house in his absence. I did not know how to reach him for I knew he had appointments down town. I went to the door to see if there was anybody of whom I could inquire, or send to him, when the voiceless voice said to me, "I will send him home." He came home in about half an hour, having postponed an appointment because the feeling was so strong that he ought to come up to the house. He said something told him that I wanted to see him.

One night I was aroused from a sound sleep by the command, "Go down stairs to Ben." I saw at once he was not in the room, so, snatching matches, I rushed to the basement, calling his name as I went, regardless of waking up the other people in the house. We always kept lights in the three upper halls all night, but none in the basement. He answered my first call, in which I told him to stay where he was, as I was coming down. He had put out the gas and was on his way up stairs. I struck my matches and lighted the gas in the basement hall. I heard an exclamation of horror from him. He had gone a little too far to one side, so that, instead of following in the direction of the hall, in two steps more, he would have plunged headlong down the cellar stairs. The two doors were close together and the cellar door had been inadvertently left open. He had woke up hungry and had gone down for a lunch.

I have said that once Mr. Wood saw a woman's figure. I never saw anything in the house. There are two incidents which came to our notice at second hand, one of which concerns Mr. Wood, who was at that time recovering from one of his numerous illnesses there. We were then occupying the second floor front room, which was an alcove room. A young man had the room directly over us, on

5. Unfortunately, Mrs. Wood does not distinctly say whether or not the voice was heard by both, but the words, "delivered to us in that voice which was not a voice," implies it.—W. F. P.

the third floor. Mr. Wood did not rise till half-past 8 on the day of which I speak. Later in the day, Tom, the young man in the room above ours, asked Mr. Wood what he wanted when he came to his room at seven that morning. Mr. Wood asked him what he meant. He said Mr. Wood came to his door, opened it quietly as he lay in bed and stood looking at him. He asked him if he wanted anything and Mr. Wood stood looking at him but did not answer. He said he had on his eyeglasses with the black rubber bows. The third time he asked the question he became alarmed for fear that something serious was the matter with Mr. Wood, so he got up in bed. Mr. Wood went out backwards slowly and shut the door. He said by the time he was able to reach the door, Mr. Wood was out of sight. He called him but got no answer. Mr. Wood told him he must have dreamed it as he was not out of bed until after eight. Tom said it was seven for he looked at his watch and got up immediately after the incident. Mr. Wood asked me not to enlighten Tom, if he should say anything to me about it, because it would scare the fellow half to death. It was in the month of April, therefore light at seven.

Exactly such an experience was related by an eighteen year old boy in the family of the tenant succeeding us in the house. He never had seen Mr. Wood or Tom. His people came from the wilds of Pennsylvania and he had never been in Brooklyn before. He said he had gone to bed between ten and eleven. In the night a rap came on his door which was not locked. Thinking it was the man in the next room, as they were the only ones on that floor, he called out "Come in." He said the door then opened and an elderly man with black rimmed eye-glasses stood and looked at him. Then he slowly withdrew and softly closed the door. The man on the floor with him was about thirty-five years old. The boy told the story the next morning to the neighbor next door, asking if the place was haunted. He said he was so frightened that he covered his head in the bedclothes. He never slept in that room or on that floor afterwards and soon went back to Pennsylvania, where a part of the family still remained. Both Tom and the boy described the way in which the hair was combed over the forehead. Mr. Wood, at that time had no hair over the forehead as his hair was so thin that he kept it shaved. It was a bright moonlight night when the boy saw the apparition.

Now, as to the history of the house. So far as we could find out, it had none, more than any other house. The tenant preceding us, Mr. Hammond, had died there two months before we took the house. He died in the back parlor as had everybody else who had died there so far as we could discover; and a good many had died there. The house was about thirty-five years old at that time. We had heard about Mr. Hammond's peculiar and pathetic illness. He was said to resemble Mr. Wood very strongly,⁶ in appearance, and was a very fine man. When we told our next door neighbor what Tom had seen, she turned to Mr. Wood and said, in an awe-stricken tone, "That's Hammond." She knew Mr. Hammond well, having lived in the house next door for twenty-five years. The Hammonds lived in ——— Ave., four years, I believe. Mr. Wood, who was fond of getting at things in his own way, said to the plumber who had done the work in the house for years, a close-mouthed man, of phlegmatic temperament, "Walsh, the house I'm living in is haunted." "You don't believe in such things, do you, Mr. Wood?" "I tell you, Walsh, the house is haunted." Then he told him Tom's experience. "Good Lord, that's Hammond!" Then he went on to tell Mr. Wood about Mr. Hammond's unhappy last days. In commenting on it to me, Mr. Wood said, "If it is possible for the dead to return, I should think poor Hammond would come back and haunt those people." I knew Mrs. Hammond but I never saw her husband, so I cannot say whether he resembled Mr. Wood or not. Probably he did, as one of Mr. Hammond's old army comrades talked half an hour with Mr. Wood before he found out he was not talking to Mr. Hammond. Only the fact of Mr. Wood's having been in the navy instead of the army disclosed the mistake.

6. This is interesting in view of the visions *supra*. See also page 398, where Mrs. Marion testifies that "they thought it was old Mr. Hammond; he kept a grocery store and he looked like Mr. Wood." It is a pity that it was not ascertained whether Mr. Hammond, as well as Mr. Wood, wore dark-rimmed glasses.

There should be taken into this connection the fact that Mrs. Wood often had the hallucination of hearing the "patter of a little dog's feet" and even "his excited pant," and also the fact, which Mrs. Wood did not consciously relate until long afterward, that Mr. Hammond owned such a dog at the time of his death, as related on page 384. Mr. Hammond, it seems, died in the house, and in the back parlor which seemed to be the center of the disturbances, two months before the Woods occupied it.—W. F. P.

Long before we heard these stories, we had called our "Ghost" "Hammond." After that we called it nothing else.

We tried table-tipping, etc. in the house, but without result. — We never had any singular experiences in any other house. Mr. — Wood was decidedly clairvoyant. I am not. My impressions are — strong and usually correct. I am not given to dreaming and "seeing — things." I have had two dreams fulfilled to the letter. That was — when I was about sixteen. There was nothing to suggest the — dreams that I knew. Shortly before we were married, I dreamed — about Mr. Wood's grandfather's business affairs. I had never seen — or heard anything about the man. He was probably dead then. — The dream proved to be exactly correct and went far deeper than — Mr. Wood's knowledge went, for he knew practically nothing about — it. His grandfather lived in England and he never saw him.

I can only say, in closing this account, that as soon as we got — out of the house, things resumed their normal conditions with us — is, Mr. Wood's health and business improved, going back to their — proper level, and he was never again knocked about by an invisib — le force.

ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD.

519 WEST 149TH ST., NEW YORK, April 1st, 1907.

MRS. ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD,

MY DEAR MRS. WOOD:

I have found time to read the account whose receipt I ac — knowledged Saturday. I have a number of questions to ask. The — are with reference to corroborative inquiry and other matters, hoping — in the meantime that you can also record all other details of your — experience and that of Mr. Wood in connection with the house.

1. Can you give me names and addresses of various parties wh — who know about the house and the phenomena associated with it?

2. I would be pleased to have the names and addresses of suc — persons as you may have told the experiences privately.

3. Can I have the name and address of the physician who was — baffled by Mr. Wood's condition in the illness which reduced h — his flesh in so remarkable a manner?

4. Can you tell me the details of your two dreams which can — be true?

5. Have you ever had a sitting with a medium or clairvoyant — ?

6. Would it be possible to ascertain from any one, Mrs. Hammond, possibly, what the misfortunes of Mr. Hammond were? You speak of his illness and death. What was there about these or his life to suggest to others that he might return in this way?

Thinking that you might wish to preserve the clipping you sent me I return it instead of filing it with the record. If you wish me to file it with the record you can return it to me. I thought you might wish to treat it as a purely personal memento.

Very sincerely,

JAMES H. HYSLOP.

P. S. Will you please to return this letter with your reply. I wish to have a record of the questions which I have asked and have no copy of my letter.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 2, 1907.

JAMES H. HYSLOP, *Secretary.*

DEAR SIR:

I will endeavor to answer your questions, so far as I can, to-day, and later will forward such other incidents as I can recall regarding the house.

1. I cannot give you the name of any person who is familiar with the history of the house, because, as I have already stated, we could not learn that it had any history, more than any other house rented from year to year promiscuously to people. Our inquiries were necessarily cautious, as we had scruples about giving a man's house an unenviable notoriety. The only person of whom we made, in the least degree, successful inquiry, was the woman next door, who, although an uneducated and eccentric person, knew, at least, who had lived there and who had died there during the time she had owned and occupied —, W— Ave., which was, I believe, at that time, about twenty years. She had never heard any uncanny stories of it until we came to occupy it. She is not unwilling to talk in a general way, but she would not say a word to injure her neighbor's rentals. Her name is Marion. Mrs. Marion knew about what was going on while we were there, for we kept her informed. She is old and family troubles have left her a little shaken, so I doubt about her testimony being worth much now. She would be hardly clear.

2. I have privately told Mrs. Louis G— and her daughter,

Mrs. A. B. V——, Brooklyn, Mrs. Sarah A. Underwood, Quincy, Ill. (author of Automatic Writing, etc.), Miss Laura D. Barron, Chicago, Ill., and my cousin's widow, Mrs. Sarah E. Glidden, Salem, Mass., Mrs. A. E. H. Curtis, and the people in this house, two ladies named respectively, Wells and Gasau. Mrs. G—— and Mrs. V—— were neighbors of ours for about ten years on —— Ave., Mr. A. B. V—— knew Mr. Wood for twenty years or more. Mr. Wood, himself, told Mrs. A. B. V—— the whole story, sitting on our steps at —— W—— Ave., one summer evening. They then lived at —— W—— Ave., the second house down. There are two half numbers in that row. Mrs. Underwood is a friend of my childhood days, although I have not seen her for fifty years. We are in correspondence. She never met Mr. Wood. There are probably others living to whom we spoke of the matter, but I do not readily recall them now. We were careful, always, to whom we talked about anything except generalities, in any direction. I do not know to whom Mr. Wood may have mentioned the thing in abstract form, I know he never allowed gossiping tongues to get hold of it.

3. I cannot give you the name of the attending physician, without violating my promise to Mr. Wood. I gave the facts and name to the doctor who attended Mr. Wood in his subsequent illness, and Mr. Wood deeply regretted that I had used the name. He said he was perfectly willing to have the facts known, but requested me never to give the name again. He felt very bitter towards the doctor, not because he could not cure him, but because he was not man enough to say so. The character of the illness is of such a nature that I cannot with delicacy give the facts to you. Our doctor told me that it was a form of affliction that not unusually comes to men of Mr. Wood's age, but he thought he would be able to work a perfect cure. Except in that one direction, Mr. Wood was absolutely well, except for a chronic form of valvular disease of the heart. The unnamed physician was a man in good standing, our own doctor calling him an excellent doctor. The V.s can testify to Mr. Wood's terrible appearance when he first went out and that was a week after he told the doctor not to come again. He also told him never to send a bill, for he would never pay it. No bill ever came.

4. I cannot recall the dreams sufficiently to give them in detail. In a general way, in one I saw my aunt Sarah, who never went to church, not because of unbelief, but a chronic-stay-at-home-ative.

ness, enter the church and at the close of the sermon, walk up the aisle to certain point, standing beside a certain young man, and receive her admission to the church. My mother was astounded when I told her. She was mother's sister. The conditions were all exactly as I had dreamed them. The other dream was of similar import. All the positions of all the people, all the forms and order of the service, were just as I had dreamed them, even to the words used on the occasion, which were not according to any stereotyped form, but were personal to these people only, who were companions and mates of my own. It was during the great revival of 1857, I think. I see I was only twelve years old instead of sixteen. There were one or two later dreams which I have forgotten. I had no idea these girls and boys were going to join the church. I knew that many had been admitted, but I had no idea these youngsters were under conviction. The dream about Mr. Wood's grandfather is very indistinct. I was in Chicago at the time and he in New York. I was teaching school. We were not married then. I wrote it all out to him on the following morning and he showed the account to his sister older than himself, who knew something about the matter. Mr. Wood knew practically nothing. I dreamed where his mills were,—he was a woolen manufacturer,—and I dreamed about the family antecedents. The sister declared everything to be correct. Unfortunately, I destroyed the letter with a lot of others I had written him before we were married. I had forgotten all about it or would have saved it, as they told me it was a pretty good genealogical record as far as it went.

5. I have had several sittings with mediums and clairvoyants in the course of my life. It is not a habit, though. Most of them were worthless. Two in Chicago, I found very good. This was sometime in the seventies. One was Mrs. Crocker, whom everybody knew about in those days there. She must have been honest, for, if she couldn't give a person a satisfactory sitting, she would not try. She refused to sit for me once after trying and gave me back the dollar. The other called herself Madame DeWitt. She was a most excellent medical clairvoyant. She told me some very remarkable things about Mr. Wood's condition and prescribed for a growth on his right side which she said had been called cancer, tumor, and abscess by the various physicians to whom he had applied because of it. She said it was none of them. She said some doctors had told him it would

kill him. She said it would never do him any harm. "Tell him to rub it with hot drops and sweet oil if it appears again at any time." I told him. He wanted to know what I knew about it. I informed him. I did not know there was anything the matter with his side. He said her statements were all true. I went to one in Springfield, Mass., said to be remarkable. She told me I would do well in trade, that I must never attempt to teach school because I would never make a success of it and that I should marry in about two years or a little less. I had been married a year after resigning my position as head assistant of the Moseley School in Chicago, which I held six years. I taught school twelve years in Chicago and four years in Springfield, before going west. My salary was a thousand a year when I quit.

6. I do not think you could get anything satisfactory from Mrs. Hammond with regard to her husband's illness. I do not know exactly just what name it was called. Mrs. Marion told me that he was perfectly green for sometime before he died and that his wife said he was delirious much of the time. Mrs. Hammond is a very gushing person of about my age. (I was 62 last Sunday.) She would talk to a person by the hour about "my poor husband," as she did to me. It is claimed that she was harsh if not unkind to him. The worst feature of the case was the neighborhood talk about her silly infatuation for her son-in-law, who, with her only child, his wife, was a member of Mrs. H.'s household. Workmen spoke to Mr. Wood about it and Mrs. H. herself enthused to me about the man in a way that I regarded as indecent. I never would tell her remarks to Mr. Wood, in full, for I knew it would disgust him so that he might be rude to her if they should chance to meet. That is the clue to the whole thing. I leave you to fill out the details. Mrs. H. is a good looking woman, well educated and very pious—an active member in the church. It is charitable to suppose she is not well balanced. The last time I met her, she stopped me to rave against her son-in-law because he would not allow her to live in his family. He told her he was moving to get away from her, she said. Thus, you see you would not be likely to get results from her. As bad as it seems here, I have put the case mildly. Still, you would not be able to learn much by inquiry of the people who know how affairs went. I saw enough to convince me that she might easily have forgotten her husband in the younger man. I have only retailed this

gossip that you might see cause for unhappiness on the part of Mr. H.

I thank you for the return of the clipping. In exchange, I will send you the one that Mrs. Underwood sent back on the same supposition. This makes my clipping file from the bureau complete, that is the only difference. This you can file with the account. There is a reliable sketch of Mr. Wood in the Memorial Cyclopedia.

Yours very truly,

ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD.

The G—— family had a very interesting experience in a house on —— Ave., not over two blocks from our hoodoo house. They lived there eleven years. They are educated and highly intelligent people.

What I have told you in this paper shows you why we should not have wanted names and localities made public. Mr. Wood often said he would like some well qualified person to investigate the conditions of that house while we were living in it. All the names I have given you except "Hammond" are real names. If you should ever see fit to make use of the material, kindly use fictitious names and localities.

The BROOKLYN TIMES.

Wednesday, February 8, 1905.

OBITUARY.

Benjamin Wood.

Following a short illness from grip contracted about a week ago, Benjamin Wood, a widely known real estate broker, in the Wallabout section, died at his residence, —— W.—— ——— Avenue, Monday. The immediate cause of death was heart failure. The deceased, who was born in New York, June 7, 1838, in his younger days followed the sea, and when the Civil War broke out he enlisted and saw faithful and active service. He did duty as executive officer on the United States ships Wyandotte, Aries, and Tristram Shandy. While in command of the last named vessel at the battle of Fort Fisher the word of the deceased was shot away from his right hand and his right arm was badly wounded. In testimony of his bravery in that engagement his brother officers presented him with a handsomely engraved sword. Mr. Wood had lived in Brooklyn for more than twenty-five years. He was independent in spirit and while a democrat by inclination was not a strict party man.

He leaves a widow, who was Elizabeth Glidden. The Rev. J. E. Potterton,

pastor of the Universalist Church of Our Father, will conduct the funeral services, which will be held this evening at 8 o'clock at the W—— Avenue residence. The interment will be made in the Evergreen Cemetery.

BROOKLYN, April 4th, '07.

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP, *Sec.*

DEAR SIR:

I forgot to tell you that the Hammonds had a small Yorkshire, a trifle smaller than our Barney and not so heavy. This is the first time I ever thought of [it] in connection with the happenings, the little dog following me.

They had him when Mr. Hammond died and for some time after they moved away.

Yours very truly,

ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD.

Additional incidents in our experience in — W—— Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have spoken of numerous accidents which attended or threatened Mr. Wood and also the influence that helped. I think I can show what I mean by the danger zone that constantly surrounded him, by relating three or four of these incidents.

In our first or second month in the house, I went up to the room over the back parlor, just before dinner, to close the blinds. Mr. Wood and a young man who was stopping in the house, were in the back yard looking at the flowers. They had been directly under one of the windows examining the approach to the cellar, also. I could not swing the blind easily and in my efforts to shut it, I lifted the one farthest to the north off its hinges and it fell into the yard shattering it entirely apart, slats, frame, everything. It was not broken, however. Had I thrown it down one minute earlier, it would have struck Mr. Wood squarely on the head, for it struck exactly where he had been standing.

It would probably have killed him for it was a long heavy blind.⁷

7. The inference that attempts were made to injure Mr. Wood is one that, granting that there was anything supernatural about these accidents, is by no means certain. It would be more plausible if several times Mr. Wood had been actually injured. But since the accident always seems to have taken

A young man and his wife were occupying the front alcove in the early spring of our third year. In the good natured tussle for the possession of a ring, the young man fell into the north window and broke the lower pane of glass. There were two panes to a window. The glass went crashing down on the flagging which Mr. Wood had that moment finished sweeping. He had not had time to close the basement door on his way in and he had been standing on the spot where the glass fell. He was bareheaded. As it cost the young man \$2.50 to have the glass put in—we beat the man down half a dollar, too—you can form some idea of the size of the glass.

I had had a mantel folding bed placed temporarily in the dining room, the summer before we moved. One day Mr. Wood having come in for the day said he would go up and lie down. I suggested that he let down the folding bed and lie there as the room was delightfully cool. He did so. Not long after, I called him to look at something. He had not much more than left the bed before the upper half of the frame fell with a crash. He had been lying so that it would have struck him across the forehead.

One Saturday afternoon, we were sitting in the dining room, when we heard Mr. Hicks come in. Mr. Hicks was a man a little older than Mr. Wood and was at that time occupying the third floor front hall bed-room. In a few minutes glass came crashing down on the front stoop and the front walk. The stoop extends a little beyond the stoop line. As I always saved Mr. Wood all the running upstairs possible, I went up to see what the trouble was. Mr. Hicks said he found a cat in his room and was trying to drive it out with his cane, when he slipped and fell against the window. Advising him to close the lower half of his shutters, I went down and reported. "A cat!" was Mr. Wood's contemptuous comment, with a suggestive look at me. Mr. Hicks was not always judicious, but, although he may have "looked upon the wine when it was red," he immediately turned on a full tub of water, took his customary careful bath and in half an hour was out on the street dressed like an old dandy as usual. Mr. Hicks's cat hunt cost him two dollars. It was

place after Mr. Wood had finished in the spot and had moved away, it could as easily be argued that he was under the protection of a friendly spirit, or at least that the efforts of the malignant spirit were being thwarted by a friendly one. Indeed, this seems to accord with Mrs. Wood's general theory. See page 371.—W. F. P.

from that room, Mr. Hicks's room, that Mr. Wood saw the woman's figure pass into and through the hall on our last day.

The same young woman in the front alcove room, second floor, had another experience in that room that was not agreeable. She had a fashion of taking her pillows and lying down on a thick rug that lay in front of the register directly under the mantel. On this particular morning she had been lying there as usual. She got up for something. The next minute the mantel fell, a heavy marble slab. If she had lain there then she would have been crushed. The man who set the new mantel, the old one was broken in a dozen pieces, said it was a wonder it had remained there at all, the setting was so shallow. But it had been there nearly forty years without a brace of any kind. I am telling you this to show that these things all happened while we were there.

In the case of the glass, nobody happened to be passing on either occasion. Mr. Wood was especially annoyed about the Hicks episode as he didn't want people to be afraid to pass our house for fear of having their heads split open. We were, as one might say, right on the street. The alcove room overlooked the stoop and small front yard.

Now, these are, in a way, every day accidents, but they are not usually happening all the time in one house and nothing of the kind ever happened with or to us in any other house. Nothing of this kind, I mean. We were six years in — Ave., where Mr. Wood died. You can see why Mr. Wood frequently asked, on coming home, "What's happened to-day?"

There was one thing that I forgot to tell you in my main account: Just outside the alcove room, we used to hear a quiet footstep pass along. It was not a stealthy footstep, but it was always light, like that of a woman or a light footed man wearing rubbers. There was a board in that hall, that always creaked a little if one stepped on it. At such times, we knew there was nobody in the house but ourselves. To assure ourselves of the fact, one of us would invariably go upstairs to see. The halls in the house were narrow. Barney would hear it and go to the door and sniff and wag his tail. When we opened the door, he would run frantically and joyously about, sniffing, and would sometimes run half way up stairs as though he was following somebody whom he liked. Barney was the little Yorkshire. He was a remarkably fine little watchdog, and was not

on intimate terms with anybody but us. He would not let a person but us touch him. No matter how well he knew people, he would not allow them to come in with or without keys without barking to tell us. In the night, he would not bark, unless someone brought in an outsider. Then he would "raise the roof." He was about six years old at that time and keen in sight, hearing, and smell.

There was an odd occurrence that may or may not have any bearing on these matters. One day Mr. Wood came home in the middle of the afternoon and came into the room where I was with the dogs—I am quite sure we had Nora then—Nora is the Irish setter. Mr. Wood brought her home a little pup, under his coat, in the summer of '96. She was about three or four months old. She would always sympathize with Barney, but, although she is timid, we never regarded her as sensitive to those peculiar influences as he was. She would sometimes hear outside footsteps, though, when we could see nobody. Mr. Wood had been in only a moment when he asked, "What's that in the bed?" "That" proved to be a little bronzed plaster statuette, about a foot high, which always stood on the end of the mantel. This was the back parlor. It was placed under the counterpane and the covering smoothed carefully over it. Investigation began. I did not put it there, for I had had no occasion to touch it since I dusted the mantel, the day before. It was my practice to hang the bedding out of the window until about noon, in the back part of the house. Every piece was hung separately and placed separately back on the bed. Mr. Wood asked me who was in. There was only one man,—about thirty years old—he had come in two hours before and was probably asleep long before as he had had early morning business. Mr. Wood wondered if he hid it as a joke. I assured him that he had no opportunity as Barney and I were in the room and he saw us. He knew Barney would betray him if he had come down later. Mr. Wood fell back upon the belief that I must have put it there unconsciously. I strenuously denied having seen or touched it "for forty-eight hours or thereabouts." He then asked, "Then who was it?" "Must have been Hammond," I told him. That made him laugh. He went on: "If I thought that was some of Jack's funny work," (I interrupted him to say that Jack would not dare to do such a thing for he knew Mr. Wood would not allow him to remain in the house an hour if he found it out), "I wouldn't allow him to remain five minutes," was Mr. Wood's grim

comment. I had been in and out of the room after having made the bed. Jack was with us five years or more, Mr. Hicks was with us seven years, and that was the only time he ever saw a cat in his room. There was no cat there.⁸ Now, I had never any conversation with the people in the house. They came and went as in a hotel. Our relations as far as I was concerned, were those of landlord and tenant. Mr. Wood met them outside and infrequently in the house. My conversation with all the people we had in the house during the four years, would not amount to four hours' talk. They never would have ventured upon familiarity of any kind and never showed the slightest inclination that way. I tried to convince Mr. Wood that it would be a good deal easier for Hammond to carry a little plaster statuette around than to knock him about.

I want to refer a bit to Mr. Wood in connection with Mrs. Hammond. I may have given you a wrong impression of him. I said I feared he might be rude if he knew what she said. I should not have said that. He was never rude. He would either have ignored her or have been so coldly civil as to amount *almost* to rudeness.

Mr. Wood met with an accident in the house, of which I forgot to say anything in full. It was the serious accident of which I made mention. We had a very fine troopial. This bird was warmly attached as it is possible for a bird to be, to Mr. Wood. He wanted him to take the entire care of him and he always sang to him the moment he went into the room where he was. We hung his cage high to keep him away from the cats. One lunch time, Mr. Wood went to give the bird some dainty and stood in a heavy dining chair to reach the cage. He must have been a little too far forward, I suppose, for the chair tipped, and he fell, striking the top of the side post of the frame, solid black walnut, an inch and a quarter thick. He struck the top, which is a rounded bevel. He split the piece, diagonally, for a distance of 6 and $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, from where it joins the seat. The split extends upward. He struck squarely on the breast bone. His face was as grey as it could be. It was not the pallor of death, it was grey. He began slowly to get his color again and was able to drink a cup of coffee. He always had a fine color in his cheeks. He said a week after, that, at the time, he thought he

8. This reference is rather widely separated from its context, which will be found on page 385.—W. F. P.

ad received his death blow. There was not the faintest bruise on the flesh or rather the skin at the time or afterwards. It took him two months to get well entirely. Now we had had those chairs twelve years and both of us had used them at odd times in that way. This was the first accident.

One day in the early or middle summer of our third year, I was in the second floor back room, adjoining the bathroom. There was no water in the house above the kitchen except in the bathroom. The pipes of the adjoining house and our own run together along the same wall. The people next door were all out as I took the trouble to find out, when I heard a very strange noise. It gave me a decided start for I had never heard a sound like it in the house before. I tried to convince myself that it must be the water pipes but the feeling was strong that, as the idea shaped itself in my mind, something had happened to Ben?" He was not well, was slowly recovering from one of his numerous attacks of grip. He had grip the first year it became epidemic and every year after. He was brought home in two hours or maybe three hours, with his head undaged. He never knew how he was hurt. His scalp was badly cut, and the surgeon who was called had put nine stitches in his head. He said he was in the back room of a liquor saloon waiting for the proprietor to finish a game of pinochle and then they were going to look at a house Mr. Wood had for sale. Mr. Wood was not in the room, he was only waiting. He started for the bar for a match or a toothpick. He knew no more until he found himself in the surgeon's hands. He thinks he must have fallen, the people in the place said he fell, and struck his head on the brass work on the floor. Dr. Amador said he had been struck with a bale stick, that it was not used by a fall. There was a story to the effect that a gang of thugs outside were in waiting for somebody and mistook Mr. Wood for him and struck him. It was a circular cut that might have been made with a table tumbler. In ten days the stitches were taken out, a week later the head was well, in six months one could not find the scar. Dr. Amador, who never treated him before, said to him, Mr. Wood, you are the toughest old man I ever saw."

You can imagine the makeup of the man when I tell you that he wanted to go out to attend to his business the next day. He would have done so except for the fact that I remarked that a square derby did not harmonize with absorbent cotton.

We all knew the toughs were not waiting for Mr. Wood. He was just as courteous to a tough as he was to the man of wealth and position. Every young man and the majority of the middle aged called him "Uncle Ben." Only strangers ever addressed him ceremoniously. His lawyer friend who went through the Market once with him, told his partner that "They all know him—bums and millionaires." He was of a generous, kindly nature, and if one can judge by what people say while a man is living and after he is dead, a general favorite wherever he was known. Therefore it is all the more difficult to conceive why he should have been so beset in that house. He was square and honorable in all his dealings and a man who could always be counted on to protect the weak, whether human kind or the lower animals. He would fight for a dog or a horse as quickly as he would for a child. He was outspoken and thoroughly honest.

Two or three times the man whom I have called Jack has come down stairs shortly after coming in, to ask, "Did you call me, Uncle Bennie?" It used to surprise us until one day Mr. Wood suggested that the voice which Jack heard might be the one that called me. Once he came down thinking I had called him. That time he said the voice called "Mr. Leach!" Mr. Wood usually called him "Jack." Sometimes he addressed him as "Leach." You see there was a distinction in the calls and there was nobody but us in the house to call. He would always come hurrying down as though he had been interrupted while dressing, so there could have been no pretence.

I have occasionally heard some of the others ask Mr. Wood "Did you call me, Ben?" In any other house, I should have paid but little attention to such things, but things were always happening there.

I remember that I did not give you Mrs. Curtis's number in yesterday's paper. She lives at — — — St., Brooklyn.

Now, an additional word about that sickness of Mr. Wood. I did not tell Dr. B. all the particulars, because I had not time. There were patients waiting. I had gone to report progress and to see about renewing a prescription. He knew nothing about the peculiar influence in the house. I do not know him well enough to know how he might view such matters. Mr. Wood never looked better than when taken with his final illness. He had been unusually well for a

long time, except the heart. His old navy friend, Dr. Pennoyer, when called in to treat him for the grip in 1888, told him he had heart disease. How much longer he had had it we did not know.

I do not now recall any other incidents that have a bearing on this subject. I am sure, however, if Mr. Wood and I were talking it over, with our "Don't you remember, etc.?" I could give you many more little things. No large ones, though, I am sure.

Now, I am going back some years. When the Spirit rappings began to create their first excitement, to my knowledge, we were living in Lexington, Mass. One of our nearest neighbors, Mrs. Saville, became interested in the subject, not scientifically, of course. I think Mrs. Saville, herself, used to sit at the table. I know Anna Saville, (the mother of David Saville Muzzy, by the way) used, with her young lady friends, to do a good deal in this line for a short time. I was small, perhaps six or seven years old. I was often there at such times and was always roped in. Two years later, my family moved to Chicopee, Mass. The craze was still on. I went to a few sances at the house of a neighbor, with a little girl friend who lived in the house with these people. When this little girl and I were alone, the next day, we used to experiment in our own little crude way. Neither of us could do anything alone, but with both at a small table, we could bring raps and tips in great number. After we had been at the table a short time, and got it into good working order, Dora would put one finger on the table and it would follow her all around the room. I would, at the same time, pass about with my hand on the wall and the raps were everywhere about me. I could never tip the table and Dora could never bring the raps. I never had any luck with planchette, alone or with other people. In the summer of 1878 or 9, I went to the public library in Springfield, Mass., to consult some reference books. I wore a full suit of black silk with black silk velvet sleeves. Almost as soon as I had placed my arm on the table, the raps began to come. I changed position, for the raps were very loud and I was afraid of attracting the attention of the other people who were there. It made no difference. The sound was loud and constant. I left the library. The next day, I went down, wearing clothing of cotton or linen. It was not silk, I had had enough of that.⁹ I had no such experience the second or ever at any other time.

9. Evidently Mrs. Wood supposes that the silk was a causal factor in the

My hair has as much electricity in winter as a cat's fur. I can never wear a watch that will keep time. The same watch would run perfectly for Mr. Wood for a year. I am no mind reader, but when the fit is on, I can tell fortunes, with cards, "to beat the band." I got so notorious for this "talent," at one time, among my acquaintances, that it came to a point where I had either to hang out my shingle in self-protection, or stop altogether. I have not told a fortune for many a day. Seriously, my acquaintances made my life miserable by teasing for fortunes.

I called on Mrs. Crocker once for a sitting. She had somebody with her at the time. Her husband carried on a coal yard, but often helped at séances for developing. On this day, a young lady, who proved to be a friend of the young lady with me, came out of one of the rooms with Mr. Crocker. She had attended a séance in the way of amusement, and had since been seeing and hearing things. Her right arm was at that moment twitching violently and painfully, and she said it had been going on in that way for a long time in the Crocker house, so that she could not go home. Mr. Crocker tried his best to restore the arm to natural conditions. He was unable to do so and was much distressed because of it. I offered my services as a manipulator and in two minutes, the spell was off. Miss Porter, the young lady with me, had tried, but had been unable to accomplish anything.

If I enter a room in which disagreeable things have happened, I feel it at once. I can't tell what the things are, but I feel the influence. We took a room in Brooklyn years ago. I felt all the time as though I was where there was a fight. The lady next us told me a couple had been sent away from the house for quarreling, they threw things at each other.

I was unpleasantly impressed with our sleeping room at — St., where we lived for four years and from which house we moved to — W— Ave. We had the second floor and a large sleeping room on the third. When I spoke to Mr. Wood about it, he said he often saw a blonde woman in one corner. Not the whole figure, but head and shoulders just about as high on the wall as a woman of ordinary height would be, standing. When we became sufficiently acquainted,

production of the raps. This is inferring from too scanty data. Certainly there are plenty of cases of raps when there was no silk about, as I can witness.—W. F. P.

I spoke to the lady from whom we rented. She looked at her sister in amazement when I gave them Mr. Wood's description, and they told me he had described the previous tenant perfectly. She was an undesirable tenant having the rooms with her husband, and had been sent away. She was not willing to go and made them much trouble. Mr. Wood had the walls repapered, wood work painted, and ceiling kalsomined and he never saw the blonde woman again.

I never saw anything anywhere except a heavy black shadow at the head of the basement stairs. It was there constantly for the first two years. I never saw it in the last two years although the light and the draperies were the same. It was always within a yard of the back parlor door, which is just at the head of those stairs. Mr. Wood never saw anything of the kind. When I was younger, I frequently saw a black cat in the room where I was. I mean when there was no cat there. I haven't seen the fellow for at least twenty-five years.

I think I have exhausted the record.

Yours very truly,

ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD.

April 5, 1907.

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP, *Sec.*

DEAR SIR:

I send you Mrs. Underwood's letter. As there is nothing of private importance you may keep it with the other "exhibits."

The newspaper clipping has one error. It was in the second battle of Fort Fisher that Mr. Wood was wounded. It was while, sword in hand, he was leading a party of volunteers from the ships at the storming of the Fort. He commanded the *Tristram* in the first battle of Ft. Fisher. He was her executive and the captain was absent. The Naval Record or Official Report of that time contains an account of the matter with Mr. Wood's report to the Secretary of the Navy, I believe. It is a good while since I last saw it in the Library. Otherwise, the sketch is accurate. There are other newspaper clippings, one from the *Citizen* particularly, in which it is stated "He had many friends." The fact was well known to Mr. Frost, of the *Citizen*, whose brother was one of his friends. This brother died a week before Mr. Wood.

This is the last I shall bother you with unless something important should come to mind.

Yours very truly,
E. G. WOOD.

QUINCY, ILL., March 6th, 1907.

MY DEAR:

I have been in the Grippe for several weeks and have written no one. Today I thought I would try to write a few lines to send your very interesting recital of you and your husband's strange experiences for it is hard work I know to write out so long an account just for one correspondent and it is written so well I thought you would like to keep it to use other where, and while I *can* write I had better do so. I think you did finely to attain so perfect control over the typewriter when self taught. I am so glad I found you—or rather that *you* found *me* before I was sent over to the other side, as I think I may be soon, as so many of my own age are dropping off every day almost. Hattie Hubbard's daughter, Mrs. Bertha Parsons, wrote me a long letter with particulars as to her mother's passing onward, as Hattie had requested her to do in case of that event. Isabella Beecher Hooker, another old friend I have lived to write a little notice of *her* passing also. I think that will be the last I can do from the weakness which I now feel. I did not think I should live to so near springtime. I hope *we* shall meet on the other side the veil to talk over many things. I hope we shall not be so *rushed* there as here.

I am not writing many letters nowadays but felt I must write this to you. I do not understand *why* those rough experiences should have come to your husband—perhaps they thought that something substantial would most quickly appeal to his senses. They were not very polite at any rate. Now I must go and lie down.

With love from your friend,

SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHICAGO, April 12, '07.

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP.

MY DEAR SIR:

A very busy life with little time to call my own must be my apology for the delay in replying to your note of inquiry regarding Mrs. E. G. Wood, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Wood and I have been acquaintances and friends for many years, having first met as teachers in the Chicago Public Schools. Later we worked together on a Cyclopedia in a Publishing House in New York, and as our homes in Brooklyn were at that time near each other we often met socially. Mrs. W. is an intellectual, educated, cultured woman and not, in my opinion, at all visionary. Any statement which she might make to me on any subject I should not for one moment think of questioning for I should know that she understood and believed it as she stated it.

As to the phenomena (psychical, spiritual or whatever they may have been), which Mrs. Wood relates I cannot now recall a single instance. The reason may be that as I have been familiar with the subject of Spiritualism from my childhood they made less impression on my mind than they would upon one who knew less of its history and reported manifestations, and as the years have passed they have passed out of my mind. But I am more inclined to think that Mrs. Wood is mistaken about having told me of them. She evidently intended to do so and thinks she has. For several years before I left New York our homes were far apart. Mrs. Wood was no longer in the Publishing House, but assisted her husband in his real estate office and we seldom met. It was probably during this time that they occurred. I shall now write to Mrs. W. and ask her to tell me about them. Then if I can recall having heard any of the incidents related before I will let you know if you care to know, and I shall be quite willing to answer any further questions so far as I am able to do so. I regret that I cannot confirm Mrs. Wood's statements as I have no doubt the events took place just as she has related them to you.

Respectfully,

LAURA D. BARRON.

BROOKLYN. [April 15th, 1907]

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP.

DEAR SIR:

As Mr. V—— (my husband) to whom you wrote concerning Mr. Wood, is a very busy man, he asked me to answer for him as it was to me that Mr. Wood related these experiences while living in — W—— Avenue.

Mr. Wood was known to Mr. V—— for twenty years and he considered him a man of good practical common sense, one who had

traveled extensively, who could talk intelligently on any subject. Whose mind was considerably better than most men had, and the most fearless man Mr. V—— ever knew.

Will give you an instance which was characteristic of the man. Mr. V—— had discharged a driver for drink and the man, while intoxicated, came to the house with another man, also drunk. When I opened the door they pushed their way in so I could not close the door and demanded my husband, drawing a large knife and threatening to "cut his heart out." Mr. Wood was passing and before I could even speak he had dropped his packages, was up the stoop, and had both men out of house and on sidewalk quicker than most men could think.

Was not informed of the occurrences which happened in — W—— Ave. until they had moved away, as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wood wished to give the house a bad name, and even then was only told me when I had made some reference to the house we lived in ourselves eleven years.

Both Mr. V—— and I were shocked when we saw Mr. Wood for the first time after his illness, and we did not think he would live three months.

Would like to add that I am not a believer in Spiritualism and have never consulted a medium, but do most firmly believe that sometime one will be able to discover and control (or utilize, rather) for the good or bad of the nation and it will depend upon the persons obtaining that control, the forces, &c. that, for want of a better name, we call the Supernatural.

Yours very sincerely,

Mrs. A. B. V——.

April fifteenth, Nineteen hundred and seven.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1907.

MY DEAR DR. HYSLOP:

I called upon Mrs. Marion and Mrs. Louis G—— last evening and enclose results herewith. The former is a woman in the lower strata, in fact, appears like a scrub woman; untidily clad; all her front teeth gone; illiterate, but I think honest, trustworthy and kind-hearted. She took me into the parlor which was mostly filled up with a bed. I did not take everything she said as it seemed to embarrass her to find she was going on record,—that is, I took everything to a

certain point. From her home I walked to Ryerson St., and slowly through the block in which Pratt Institute is situated. There is a large library directly opposite the Institute, with large grounds around. There were many people on the block and it was not particularly quiet; the hour was about 8-15. I was, of course, on the lookout for anything psychic, but felt nothing. Later, on leaving Mrs. G——'s home, about 9-15, I returned to Ryerson Street and traversed the said block four times. There were fewer people, but it did not impress me as being as quiet as some of the streets down our way as there appear to be people always coming or going from the Institute or Library. It might be more psychically quiet at a later hour; at any rate I was not impressed. There was one circumstance which to some might appear strange but to me was merely coincidence. On leaving the G—— flat when about one-third down the Pratt Institute block I heard a clear sharp whistle behind me. There were three young men following me some paces behind. This whistle was a play of two notes sounded six times quickly and closely imitated one with which Mr. Luther used to announce his arrival to me. It was not *quite* the same; but very similar. I have heard many young men give it in the way this young man did last evening, but never any one just exactly as Mr. Luther did,—still, the difference is very slight,—but I never hear it even in the way given last night, that Mr. Luther's whistle is not called to mind. I did not see the young man whistle, but am confident of its source. Just what impelled him to it just at that time, of course, is a question. It was not repeated. Mrs. G—— and her daughter are very refined, lovely people, and I believe thoroughly honorable in every way. The former particularly requested me to ask you not to use her name in connection with anything she told me last night. She vouched for Mrs. Wood's character and sincerity.

Accept my thanks for the copy of *Proceedings*.

Sincerely yours,

LILLIAN DOUGLAS BOSTOCK.

April 24, 1907.

Mrs. Marion, — Avenue, Brooklyn, *in re* occurrences at —
W—— Ave.

"I hain't never seen nothing myself; never seen anything like

that, but Mrs. Wood did and Mr. Wood, and I visited her and she told me about them. They used to throw Mr. Wood off the bed and chair and I know he was hurt. Another man saw the same old man. First-off they thought it was someone in the room, but it was not."

(Where were Mr. and Mrs. Wood living at the time?)

Right next door. Since then more families have moved in.

(Do the people now there see or hear the spirits?)

No, not as I know of, but it is a very unlucky house; they have had losses, but I don't think they see anything. They thought it was old Mr. Hammond; he kept a grocery store and he looked like Mr. Wood. Isn't it funny the others don't see him? We would speak about it. Now I never see anything and I hope I never will. I was up to my daughter's at Hasbrouck Heights and I slept in the same bed, and in the night I thought she was there, but I guess I only thought so.

(Did your daughter die?)

Yes, and I was so fond of her, and she was of me. I was going up there to-day, but I thought you might come to-day or to-morrow so I did not go. She left six children and she was quite wealthy.

(That is very sad, one of the hardest things in life to have to part with those we love, but it comes to all of us,—tell me, you say the spirit of the old man would call?)

Yes, the spirit used to come down and call. Her husband would say, "Baby, I think some one is calling," and she would say, "Oh, no, it was nothing." I never saw nothing. I was never in there at night; but he would take the chair and throw Mr. Wood right over. Mr. Wood died two years ago. I stayed with her a whole week. We never saw him. The other day she was coming down the street and she said she thought she heard his voice say, "Baby" twice. He thought the world of her. I guess it was her thoughts.

(Did any one else see the spirit of the old man?)

One strange young man saw it once. He was the only one. He was about seventeen; it was the family who lived there right after the Woods, but he would not stay in the house; they moved out. They all thought it was old Mr. Hammond; he was about seventy. Do you know how old Mrs. Wood is?

(No.)

[From here on did not take anything further as it was more or less personal and a repetition of the foregoing.]

April 24, 1907.

Mrs. Louis G——'s experiences at —— Avenue, Brooklyn. House has since been torn down.

(Dr. Hyslop has advised me that you have kindly consented to give him a record of some interesting experiences you have had?)

Oh, they are nothing! They are really not worth mentioning; I never thought anything of them. I heard footsteps. I was never afraid; they used to come down the attic stairs, through the halls down the other stairs and into the lower hall. I heard them many many times; in the night and in the daytime; they were accompanied by the rustling of a skirt like someone wearing a long train. The dog heard it. He would hear it and run to the door and see nothing, and come back with the most curious expression as if he did not understand it. His name was Rover. [Was shown a photograph of Rover.] He would look all around. He was a Newfoundland.

(Did the dog appear to be frightened?)

No, it never seemed to frighten him; it seemed to mystify him. Another strange thing was, the steps always came down the stairs, but never went up. My daughter heard the steps also, but never said anything to me about it, and I never said anything to her. We lived there eleven years. The house was $2\frac{1}{2}$ stories, with gables on three sides, East, West, and South, and in between these gables were low attics. I never could keep these attic doors shut. There was no latch on it; there had been a padlock, but it had been broken off, so I got a wedge that I would push into the staple, the wedge being smaller at one end than the other, could not fall through, but was pushed in tightly and the door securely fastened, but the next time I went up stairs the door was open. I could not keep that door shut. That was the East attic; the wedge was always lying on the floor. I never could account for it. My daughter and I never said anything about it except once. Soon after we moved into the house she came running down stairs and said there was someone in my room. I hurried up stairs—nobody there. It was the only time she ever mentioned it. I used to hear doors slam sometimes. One evening I was sitting in the kitchen; the kitchen gas was the best light in the house. My sister was a very nervous person. She was visiting us. I heard the footsteps and hoped she would not notice it. Then I heard the door slam. She said, "No, it is up stairs." I said I would go up and find out, and I did and found the attic door

open. I shut it and fastened it tight and then went down stairs, but had not been down many minutes before it slammed again. I had said it was probably Mr. G——. Mr. G—— was in bed and asleep. "There," she said, "it is again." I said I would see if it was Mr. G——, and went up stairs and the door was open again, but I came down and to ease her mind said, "There, you see it was Mr. G——!"

I did not hear it every day, but sometimes, and very often. After we left there I spoke to my nephew about it and he said he had seen Rover go to the door many times in that curious way. When in the house alone I was never afraid, only I would never sit with my back to the door.

(Have you ever heard any past history connected with the house?)

No, I never heard anything about it. I did not know who the owner was, and I did not become acquainted with my neighbors,—they said we were rather exclusive,—so consequently we did not hear any reports in connection with the place, but I was always very fond of the house.

(Would you mind giving the location of the house, or would you prefer not to have it known?)

No, I don't know that I mind now; the house is torn down now, it was No. 188 Waverly Avenue—a detached house. The people who had it just before we did moved out very suddenly; they did not notify the agent. He said they moved out within two days. When I got there the water back had frozen and burst. I heard that the former occupant was a sea-captain, but I do not know whether that was true or not.

(You say you do not know who the owner of the house was?)

No; the Pratts bought it while we occupied it, I know. The evening we moved in a little boy came from the grocery store with some things, but would not come up the steps, just reached them up as far as he could. "Have you seen your ghost?" he asked. I said we had not and he said, "Why, it's there in the house, in the cellar," and then he took to his heels and ran. That is really all there was. At one time the bell rang, just a single ring once in a while, and when I got to the door would find no one there. I attributed it to boys for a while; finally one day I was standing near the door when the bell rang so I opened it quickly and there was no one in sight. Then I determined to investigate, and I followed the wires to the cellar, and

in one place found a hole where they went through the wall, and by putting my finger lightly on the wire the bell would ring in the hall, so I said, "Oh, that is master rat," so I stuffed it up with papers and never heard the bell ring after that. I did not mind the footsteps, but I should have moved out if I could not have accounted for the ringing of the bell.

[Mrs. G——'s daughter confirmed all of the foregoing and stated that she had many times fastened the attic door together with the wedge, and had gone back five minutes later to find the wedge lying on the floor and the door open.

In speaking about Mrs. Wood, Mrs. G—— stated that she was a woman of integrity, common sense and not given to imagination and that she would thoroughly believe anything she said. She said that during the time of Mr. Wood's illness, and directly after, that he looked terribly; that she had heard how terribly the spirits treated him and intimated that it must have been dreadful. Her nephew had also commented upon Mr. Wood's physical condition.]

SALEM, April 25th, 1907.

DR. HYSLOP.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter in regard to Mrs. Wood received. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wood have told me of their experiences in a former residence. Mr. Wood spoke of hearing voices calling Mrs. Wood and of hearing footsteps on the stairs and thought he felt the presence of some one around him until it became rather annoying. Mrs. Wood also told me of the same experience as well as I can remember as it was told me over five years ago. I was much interested as I have had a similar experience myself.

MRS. S. E. GLIDDEN.

BROOKLYN, April 25th, '07.

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP, *Secretary*.

DEAR SIR:

I enclose the card of Mr. Wood's friend and attorney, Mr. Holywell, who will be able to give you a better all round estimate of Mr. Wood as a witness in such cases as those I sent you, than a business associate, merely. Mr. Holywell is about 36 years old but in no sense fanciful. I hurriedly told him a few incidents the other day

when I was down on business. I included the "apparition" which he declared must have been an optical illusion. When I reminded him that it could not have been an optical illusion that pitched Mr. Wood into the coal bin, he smilingly agreed. If you wish the names of one or more business men who knew Mr. Wood on the shrewd, practical, business side, I can furnish scores from Wallabout Market alone, but have so far refrained, because that aggregation of men is like a gossiping village. They'd all be asking one another "What's up?"

ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD.

Of the following two stories one is second hand and uncorroborated. It was not possible to find the man to whom Mrs. Wood referred me. But the other story, tho not certainly first hand is nearly that. But it is old and also uncorroborated. We are not required to speculate as to the explanation. All such phenomena are apt to be misunderstood even by those who are the most incredulous about them. To the present writer it is easy to believe them as narratives of experience, tho he would suspend judgment regarding the cause or explanation. We have gone far enough in psychic research to recognize the existence of significant or veridical hallucinations and that fact removes half or more of the mystery attaching to such stories. We may believe that the informant is veracious in reporting his or her experience, tho we make allowance for their supposition of a reality that is not actually there or apparent. I report the accounts, therefore, as something of which we have still to assure ourselves that we correctly understand them.—J. H. H.¹⁰

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1907.

DR. JAMES H. HYSLOP, *Secretary*.

DEAR SIR:

I do not, of course, presume to argue the reality or unreality of

10. As several stories follow, two of them in an included letter by Mrs. Davis, and as one of those referred to by Dr. Hyslop is included in the two emphasized by Mrs. Wood in the beginning of her letter, the reader is in danger of being confused. I have designated the stories meant, in the order of Dr. Hyslop's remarks regarding them, by the letters A and B in brackets.—W. F. P.

ghosts as the term is generally used. I know nothing about it. I do not believe we can communicate with those who have passed on, for reasons personal to myself. I have never had so clear an opposition to the notion that we can, as has come to me since Mr. Wood's death. But let that pass. I here send you two stories, one the regulation ghost story, the other, in a limited degree, in the direction of Mr. Wood's experience. The ghost story I will give verbatim from Mrs. Davis's letter.

Newmarket, Dec.

MY DEAR MRS. WOOD,—

* * * * *

I sometimes don't know what to believe, some things are so strange. Now, only a short time ago my daughter Annie, Mrs. Hudson, said she went to her work, she was feeling tired and as she took up her work she said, "Has it always got to be like this," when suddenly her husband appeared to her and said, "You dear little girl, don't you worry, I am watching over you and everything will be all right." She saw his form as he passed her but not his face. Now those were the very words he used to say to her when she did not feel right. There were some things he wanted her to promise him. If he died one thing was she would not wear mourning. "Why, Henry!" she said, "You would not know it if I did." "I don't know about that," he said, "I think I will," and I think he does. Annie was everything to him. Annie has a good job and makes twenty dollars and more a week.

My mother would not let her children have ghost stories told them, but one day after I was married she and I were going to get some barberies and as we went through the fields she told me who used to own the land where there used to be flowers, and she said the field beyond where we are used to belong to the Hansons and there I saw a ghost once. I was working at Judge Ballard's doing house work and had one afternoon off, so I used to go home to Lee and used to go home across the fields as it shortened the way; and one day I was walking across that field I saw someone walking around. She was looking down to the ground as if looking for something. She was very pale and had light hair which hung low over her shoulders, and was dressed in a figured print dress. Mother said she did not want the woman to see her, so she turned around but looked back after a few moments and the woman was gone, but where? for there was not even a rock where she could hide. Then mother said I was really frightened and ran all the way to her mother's home, and when I got there mother said, "Why, what is the matter?" I told her what I had seen and she said, "Why, Sallie, that was Susan Hanson. I have seen her wear that dress many times." Others have seen her also. She lived with her uncle as her parents were dead, and she had considerable money and land, and before she died she told her uncle she wanted her parents graves and hers to have headstones and a fence around the yard, but he did not do it. She said if it was not done she would come back, and

grandma said she came quite often. There was not a sign of a grave there. Mother said she had walked over it more than fifty times before.

Now such a statement as that, coming from mother, I cannot help believing, and know it is true; but why don't they come only to those that has wronged them, why to innocent people I can't see.

[Full name and address of Mrs. Davis given.]

(Mr. Bryan is the janitor in charge of some flats in the upper part of New York City. He is employed by the agent who has charge of this property and was sent over by this agent during the latter part of last summer to do some small bits of carpentry work here, he being an all around handy man. The house on the west side of me was vacant and people were constantly coming to look at it with a view to renting. One day I was in my kitchen and Mr. Bryan was at work in the laundry adjoining. The steps overhead in the other house sounded exactly as though people were walking in my house and for a moment I thought some interloper had got in. Mr. Bryan agreed with me that it was rather startling at first hearing. But my dog had not given notice of any arrival, so I knew before going up to see that it must be in the other house. This led Mr. Bryan to relate the following incident, the conversation having turned on odd happenings.)

[A] Mr. Bryan is a man apparently between sixty-five and seventy. He is an angular, wiry person, suggesting a tough piece of wood. He told me his profession or real occupation until past middle life was that of a diver. He was in India in the employ of an English railroad company who had built and controlled a short line of, I think he said, about 130 miles. This railroad crossed a river flowing into the sea. It was Mr. Bryan's business to keep in repair the parts of the bridge or bridges which were under water. Possibly, he said he helped construct such portions. At all events, his work was constantly under water in his diving suit. He said there were times when he was unable to work where he wanted to because of the tide and on these occasions he used to seek a sheltered spot and go to sleep in his diver's dress, under water. The result would be that when it came time to go to bed he would be unable to sleep. His quarters were a tent, open on all sides, with a covering or canopy of bamboo, floored, I think he said. It was in the jungle. Being unable to sleep, he would take a book and read until, entirely alone, he would have his attention drawn by a gentle tap on his leg.

Then the tap would come on the other leg. These taps would increase in force until they were quite strong. He would think at first that some animal was about but could find no trace of one. Then, he said he would lay aside his book through sheer nervousness, look to see that both of his revolvers were all right and taking them with him, would go to bed.

[B] There was one experience in telepathy, I suppose I must call it, that I did not give you for the reason that the recollection was so hazy that I was not sure whether it was mine or Mr. Wood's. I think, though, it was mine. That impression grows as I try to recall the incident. We will assume that it was mine, for story purposes. It was one of us, anyhow. I told Mr. Wood one morning that I dreamed of receiving a letter of four lines from some one with whom I had had business dealings in the past but with whom I had not been in communication for months and repeated word for word what the letter contained, which was something quite foreign to any business that had ever been transacted between us. The morning mail brought the letter of which I had dreamed. It was identical with the letter of the dream. It had been written and mailed prior to the dream.

It was quite a common thing for Mr. Wood to anticipate the arrival and general purport of an unexpected letter and he often used to tell me that an unopened letter which he held in his hand contained something quite the reverse of what he had a right to expect. He was always correct.

Yours very truly,

ELIZABETH GLIDDEN WOOD.

SUMMARY BY W. F. P.

It may be of use to make a summary and classification of the most of the phenomena which were connected with the house on W. Avenue or with Mr. and Mrs. Wood personally, with some brief discussion of the same, here and there.

First Impressions. Within two hours after taking up residence, Mr. Wood was impressed "strangely and unpleasantly," and had the impression that he would die there. He did not, but nearly did from illness twice, apparently recovering the second time only by self-assertion.

INITIAL CONSIDERATIONS.

Mentality and Character of the Narrator. There is no question, from the language and general treatment of her narrative, that Mrs. Elizabeth G. Wood was a woman of more than average mentality. But this is still more evident in some other papers furnished by her to the Society, notably one in which she reports experiments of hers tending to throw light upon the nature and mechanism of what are called "automatic drawings." Her investigations and theorizing in this field reveal a keen, critical spirit, and a desire for rationalizing such problems.

A former associate of Mrs. Wood, as teacher and co-worker in work on a cyclopædia, Mrs. Laura D. Barron, says: "Mrs. Wood is an intellectual, educated, cultured woman, and not, in my opinion, at all visionary. Any statement which she might make to me on any subject I should not for one moment think of questioning, for I should know that she understood and believed it as she stated it." Mrs. G., whom the agent of the Society reports as "very refined and lovely," vouched for Mrs. Wood's character and sincerity, and stated that "she was a woman of integrity, common sense, and not given to imagination, and would thoroughly believe anything she said."

Mentality and Character of Mr. Wood. This gentleman was a real estate broker, and in the Civil War had been a naval officer who had served bravely and been wounded. The story told by Mrs. A. B. V. illustrates his uncommon resolution and courage. The husband of this lady pronounced him the most fearless man he ever knew. Mrs. Wood, who ought to have known her husband, says that he was a man of great courtesy, generous, kindly, "square and honorable in all his dealings," "outspoken and thoroughly honest." Mrs. A. B. V. also says that he was "a man of good practical common sense, one who had travelled extensively, could talk intelligently on any subject, and whose mind was considerably better than most men had."

Opinions of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. The couple were not Spiritualists, did not belong to any Church, but rather favored the Unitarians. Both were convinced of "telepathy and clairvoyance as scientific facts." Even after the four years in the W. Avenue house, as a later letter states, they "were both satisfied that it [what took place in the house] did not proceed from the

dead. Mrs. Wood had a notion that "so-called ghosts and visions" are "stored away in imperishable atmosphere [she would doubtless now call it *ether*], having been pictured under just the right conditions as photographs of other sun pictures are produced, to be brought out when the physical eye of the beholder is in exact focus to perceive them." And so on, and so on, almost as cleverly as more than one scientific person who attempts to explain the undetermined in terms of the incomprehensible. All of Mrs. Wood's correspondence testifies to her preference for a "scientific" interpretation of her odd experiences, and it appears that her husband was inclined the same way.

Duration and Intensity. The phenomena began the first month, and continued throughout their stay of four years. The troublesome ones decreased much during the final six months, beginning with an assertion of will to resist on the part of Mr. W. during a nearly fatal illness.

Sharers in the Phenomena. These were Mr. W., Mrs. W., two male roomers named Leach and Hicks, certain other persons undesignated, two dogs and a cat. After the W.'s left, a young man had a parallel experience, and tenants had "bad luck." During the occupancy of the Woods, Mr. W. had the unpleasant experiences, Mrs. W. not.

SUMMARY OF PHENOMENA.

Apparitions. A woman was seen by Mr. W. He often saw shadowy forms, which he declared were not shadows. The tenant "Tom" saw a figure which moved about, resembling Mr. Wood (who resembled one "Hammond," who, after unhappy experiences in the house died there two months before the W.s took it, so much that an old friend of Hammond talked with W. for a time supposing that he was talking to Hammond). After the W.s left an apparition of the same description was seen by another roomer, who had not seen W., nor heard the story of Tom.

Auditory Hallucinations. Mrs. W. often heard what appeared to be the patter of a small dog's feet, and even its "excited pants." She would often hear, apparently, the swish of silken skirts, differing from the rustle of her own skirts. At

times she heard a voice, seeming as though it came from a point over the house, calling her name, always twice in succession. On one occasion both Mr. and Mrs. W. heard the name pronounced loudly four times, and the dogs barked as though welcoming someone. Both would hear a light footstep pass in a hall, and the squeak of a certain well-known creaky board, when no one besides the two were in the house; at such times the dog also showed every sign of hearing and even following a person. Mrs. W. once heard a mysterious sound coupled with a true premonition. On another occasion she was roused from sleep by the command, "Go down stairs to Ben," and found that there was grave occasion. Other persons in the house had auditory hallucinations. Several times Leach came down stairs saying that his name had been called and supposing that Mr. W. called him, there being no one besides the W.s and himself in the house. Others heard their names called and supposed that Mr. W. was responsible. There were also experiences as of an interior voice, rather than of one which affects the outer ear. Both simultaneously received the same impression of a "voiceless voice" bidding them to get out of the back parlor and stay out else they would be killed, whether the reference was to the danger from a defective ceiling or not. Mrs. W. needed the presence of her husband on another occasion, and the "voiceless voice" said to her "I will send him home," and sure enough, he came.

Premonitions. Mr. W. felt, directly after first entering the house, that he would die there. This was not fulfilled, but he twice nearly did so, and apparently saved himself in his second illness only by rousing all his energies in resistance; a course which fits into more than one theory of the cure. The couple had a simultaneous impression conveyed in form of words, that they should get out of the back parlor and stay out, or be killed. Since they obeyed and closed the room, there was no chance of exact fulfilment. To be sure, the ceiling did not fall, if that was the meaning, but there may have been danger of its doing so; there is simply no evidence of the fact. And the meaning may not have been that, or there may not have been any meaning at all; we have not the data to settle the questions which arise. Whatever weight the incident has, its aspect as a purported premonition must be in the light of other premonitions which were fulfilled, and in

connection with the rest of the phenomena. Again, Mrs. W. was roused from a sound sleep by the command "Go down stairs to Ben," shouted to her husband as she rushed down, and halted him just as he was about to step through an open door under the impression that it was that of a closet close beside, and plunge down the cellar stairs in the darkness. She may have heard him go down stairs in her sleep, but it is stretching the doctrine of somnambulic hyperæsthesia too far to suppose that she could tell within five feet where he was walking in the basement. Again, in connection with a noise unaccounted for, the thought took possession of Mrs. W. that something had happened to her husband. He was brought home several hours later severely injured. It is not stated just when the injury was incurred. It would seem that to an intelligent woman like Mrs. W. the memory had a secure *point de repere* in the puzzling noise, when she recalls the interpretation which she put upon it at the time. The noise may have been occasioned by whatever the reader pleases; the point is that when she heard it the thought shaped itself in her mind that something had happened to her husband, and something very serious had just happened or was about to happen.

Telepathy? The most plausible instance of what may have been telepathy is that in which Mrs. W., wishing the presence of Mr. W. in an emergency, hears a "voiceless voice" say, "I will send him home." About half an hour afterwards he comes home, saying that he had put off an appointment, since something told him that his wife wanted to see him. If the reader is convinced by the general body of evidence with which he has become acquainted that spirits are able to communicate in a practical way with at least some human beings, this incident to him gives no certain assurance that telepathy from Mrs. W. is the explanation. If he repudiates the spiritistic hypothesis, then of course for him the explanation is telepathy or extraordinary coincidence. Then there is the quite or nearly simultaneous impression of both that they must stay out of the parlor or be killed, which may have been what Mrs. W. conjectures was "simply a case of telepathy," though, as we have seen, a remarkable one. It is hard to understand how the voice bidding Mrs. W. to go down stairs to her husband could have been the result of telepathy from him, since he was entirely unaware of the danger which threatened him.

Clairvoyance? According to Mrs. W., her husband often foretold the coming of hitherto unexpected letters, and the general purport of their contents after they arrived. But this alleged power seems to have been possessed before and after, as well as during, the occupancy of the house on W. Avenue, and so is not integrally connected with it.

Accidents. Many accidents seem to have occurred in the house during the occupancy of the Woods, coming near injury of Mr. W. in particular, but also of other persons, not including Mrs. W. Also, during the same period, Mr. W. suffered an unusual number of accidents and unpleasant happenings, outside of the house. After leaving it, matters seemed to resume their earlier average. If all this merely *happened*, in the reader's opinion, he still has plenty of phenomena to mull over.

"Practical Jokes of a Low Order." We may adopt Mrs. W.'s title for the lack of a better. What seemed to the couple like practical jokes of an unseen force consisted of sundry seeming pushes, pulls, twitches, trippings, punches, etc. If Mr. W., whom his wife had always found to be "square and honorable in all his dealings," and who was generally held in respect, purposely simulated these, it is odd that he began to act in such a strange fashion after he began to live in a particular house, and ceased when he left it. There seem to have been no memory lapses which would suggest the development of a pranky secondary personality, likewise oddly appearing and disappearing with the entrance into and departure from this house. If Mr. W. was subject to auto-suggestions, we still have the puzzle of synchronism. It might be suggested that his singular apprehensions when he entered the house caused the later twitches, falls, etc. But we need auto-suggestion to explain the initial apprehension itself, and we are stumbling upon a problem like the ancient one of which came first, the hen or the egg, and how. Besides, the notion that fear entered as a causal factor is opposed to the fact that Mr. W. was a notably bold, fearless and determined man. It may as well be added in this place that the theory of suggestibility as a mode of accounting for the mass of phenomena, meets the formidable objection that Mrs. W. experienced many pleasant phenomena but no unpleasant ones, as she ought to have done by suggestion from her husband, if the theory is to hold.

A Supposed Beneficent Influence. Besides the malignant influence supposed to have been exerted, Mr. and Mrs. Wood thought themselves justified in believing that there was a counter and benevolent agency at work. "Individually," says the lady, "I was guarded rather than annoyed. There were times, also, when I was used as an instrument to help him." She refers to such incidents as the voice which summoned her to save her husband from falling down the cellar stairs. She has in mind also incidents which to her seem indicative of a purpose to help and protect both, such as the "voiceless voice" which warned them to forsake the back parlor, and another "voiceless voice" which I have not hitherto referred to, which ordered them to "get out" of the house altogether, at the same time that Mr. Wood felt what seemed to be the pressure of a friendly hand. There is also the curious incident, to which some will be inclined to attach some weight and others no weight at all, when Mr. W., being deprived at the time of the use of one foot, suddenly felt as though he were being helped across the room by an invisible helper, while Mrs. W. at the same time helping him on the other side, felt as though his weight were suddenly lessened. By themselves, the stated evidences of a "friendly influence" could hardly be convincing to others than the witnesses, but the reader will have to determine whether or not they become credible and reasonable as a part of the whole scheme.¹¹

Telekinesis? The statuette incident stands by itself. Personally, I strongly incline to think that Jack did have a chance to play a trick, or else Mrs. W. herself laid the figure on the bed and forgot it.

POINTS FOR CONSIDERATION.

Animals as Witnesses. On one occasion when both Mr. and Mrs. W. heard her name called, "Mrs. Wood! Mrs. Wood!" she declares, "I paid no attention but continued our conversation. Mr. Wood looked at me with surprise and told me that somebody was calling me, and asked if I had not heard. I said, with indifference, 'That's the ghost.' He insisted it was not possible,

11. One might mention here also the phenomenally rapid recoveries made by Mr. Wood from illness, bruises, scars, etc.

that it surely was not a person. Just then it rang out again, louder and clearer than before: 'Mrs. Wood! Mrs. Wood!' Both dogs barked at the second call, not as though frightened, but as though to tell us somebody was at the door." There was no living person within range to have uttered the cries. What roused the interest and barking of the dogs? Not any excitement on the part of the woman, according to her account, which states that she continued the conversation after the first call and went on talking as though nothing had happened, and then answered his question indifferently. And as to Mr. Wood, it would seem as though a man bold enough to advance upon two belligerent men, one of them armed with a knife, and put them out of a neighbor's house, would not get excited and yell even at the sound of a voice that he at the time supposes to be that of a living person. And people who own dogs do get acquainted with the habits of the animals, and are the proper judges of whether they do anything unusual.

At times, we are told, the two dogs and the cat showed unaccountable fright in the back parlor. "The Yorkshire was particularly sensitive to its influence. He would sometimes crouch and shiver in seeming terror and run to us for protection. The setter, at such times, would drop her tail between her legs and run down stairs into the kitchen or into the yard if the door was open. The cat would fly out of the window with back and tail up as though angry and terrified. We always took the dogs out of the room when they showed fear, as they did sometimes when we perceived nothing." We have here an interesting puzzle which I, for one, am not disposed to blink. And why was it that "they never displayed this fear in any room except the back parlor, or in any other house"?

Also, as we have seen, when the sounds of walking in a hallway were heard, even to the squeak of a familiar defective board, a dog seemed even more conscious of what was going on than his master and mistress. This was the sensitive Yorkshire. "Barney would hear it and go to the door and sniff and wag his tail. When we opened the door, he would run frantically and joyously about, sniffing, and would sometimes run half way up stairs as though he was following somebody whom he liked." What excited the dog? And since he was "a remarkably fine

little watch-dog, very sensitive to sounds, and not friendly with any but his master and mistress," why did he show signs of joy? Even if he saw Mr. and Mrs. Wood looking at the door—or what you please—is it a fact that a dog "keen in sight, hearing and smell" will be deceived into thinking it hears what does not exist?

(Compare the account by Mrs. G., of the dog that seemed to hear the mysterious footsteps coming down the stairs and through the halls, and would "run to the door and see nothing, and come back with the most curious expression as if he did not understand it." There are many instances reported by witnesses of good standing, of dogs, cats, horses and other animals which seemed to sense a presence other than that of a living being.)

The Relation of the House to the Phenomena. We have already seen that Mr. W. was seriously ill twice while in the house, which fact, taken alone, is not singular, even though he enjoyed better health afterwards. Also that a number and variety of accidents happened in this house beyond the ratio of previous and later experience, and his business seemed to suffer while he remained there. What is more noteworthy is that all sorts of queer and annoying impressions were experienced by him, as though he were tripped, pulled, pushed, etc., by an unseen force, and that these impressions seem to have begun and ended with the sojourn in that particular house. Also he and his wife underwent a variety of other phenomena, beyond all precedent in their lives as well as all later experience. In this house only, too, did the dogs and cat act in the odd fashion described. At least one closely similar story of an after tenant came to the ears of the Woods, and it was afterwards said by neighbors that after renting tenants did not have "luck" there, which statement Mrs. W. backs up with her own statement. There is no record of anything out of common happening in the house before the Woods entered it, but if the theory that one Hammond was the ghost principally concerned is correct, there would be reason for this in the fact that Hammond died only two months before the occupancy by the Woods.

Centering of the Phenomena in the Back Parlor. Here Mr. W. suffered his nearly fatal illness which baffled the physician, and recovered after and together with a tremendous exertion of

will, whether that operated by direct mental action upon his body, or by downing the supposed malefic influence. A later tenant was ill in the back parlor and finally got up from his bed declaring that he would die if he stayed in that room. From the number of "low practical jokes" which happened in that room, and from his feelings there, Mr. W. judged that the "influence" operating adversely to him proceeded from it. Mrs. W. was "always affected unpleasantly" by it, although her husband did not share this particular feeling until his illness. She could not endure to enter it alone in the daytime, when "a heavy, black pall seemed to overhang the entire room, suspended from about midway from the ceiling." Once the two parlors were thrown together, this feeling ceased. Accidents and peculiar phenomena were not limited to that room, but none happened in the front parlor, opening out from it. Only in the back parlor were the dogs and cat affected by fright.

Was the Spirit of Hammond Causally Related to the Phenomena? There was never heard of anything odd happening in the house prior to the occupancy of the Woods. Mr. Hammond died but two months previous *in the back parlor*, and it would appear that the rooms were vacant in the meantime, as he is called "the tenant preceding us." On the other hand, as we have seen, phenomena continued after the Woods left, whether in equal measure there was no opportunity of ascertaining. Twice an apparition was seen in an upstairs room resembling Mr. Wood, who so closely resembled Hammond that he was taken for him by a friend of the latter. The second time, the apparition was seen by a man who had not met Mr. W., and who had not heard of the former appearance. A man who had known the late tenant, when given a description of the apparition, exclaimed, "Good Lord! that's Hammond." The apparition, as seen independently by the two men, had his hair combed differently from Mr. Wood, and had more of it. Unfortunately, it was not learned how Hammond combed his hair. It appears that Hammond had an unhappy life in the house—that is to say, he had the emotional complex connected with the house which is supposed to favor an earth-bound state, or at least the memory of a spirit dwelling on a particular house or spot. Mrs. W. often heard what appeared to her to be the patter of the feet of a small dog

and its "excited pants," and did not until years afterward connect the fact that Hammond had owned, up to the day of his death, a small dog.

Right here the inquiry may be made, "Suppose this to be a case of haunting, are we to conclude that the spirit of the Hammond dog was present, and following Mrs. Wood around? Not so, even though the dog is a factor in the case, for the cause might be merely the thoughts of the spirit, dwelling on the dog. This is said, not that we are urging the spirit theory, but to be fair to any theory which is put forward.

Previous and Subsequent Psychical Experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. In another house Mr. W. frequently saw the head and shoulders of a blonde woman who fitted the description afterward given of a former tenant. Whether she had died in the meantime does not appear. He was also supposed to have a clairvoyant power regarding letters, already set forth, and it would appear that this was not dependent upon the particular surroundings, nor limited to a particular period.

Mrs. W. testifies to two predictive dreams, both said to have been fulfilled in detail, but these are scientifically discounted by their old date and the lack of contemporaneous record, etc. She had unpleasant impressions regarding the room where her husband saw the blonde woman, before she heard of the apparition, if her memory is to be trusted. It seems to have been not uncommon for her to take impressions from a room, and she tells of a case in which a room made her feel as though she were where there had been a fight, and it proved that a couple had been sent away from the house for quarreling. We cannot estimate what importance to affix to this, not knowing whether it had had many or but few tenants. In the house where the blonde appeared to her husband, Mrs. W. for two years saw "a heavy black shadow at the head of the basement stairs, which then disappeared, though there was no change in the draperies or the lighting and was never seen again.

None but a very simple-minded person, I think, would suppose that there was really a shadow, for instance, where Mrs. Wood seemed to perceive one. It was a subjective experience, pathological or occult, as the case may be. The object of this section is simply to ascertain to what extent the couple had what

may be called the psychic makeup, but particularly to discover what relation their experiences of the sort in the W. Avenue house bears to the general run of their experiences before and after. It proves that they had been and continued to be, capable of such experiences, but that they burst out in much greater volume during the two years in this particular house.

A Theory to Account for the Phenomena on Normal Grounds. I have endeavored to think up some theory which would most plausibly account for the phenomena described without recourse to the occult, whether spiritism or telepathy or a combination of the two. Dual personality, auto-suggestion, nerves, might account for a part, but not the most important part, nor could we suppose that both Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and also two male roomers, were all victims of one or another of these. I think that the most plausible theory is gas poisoning. The hint is derived from a report of "An Investigation of a 'Haunted House' in *Science*, N. S., for May 9th, 1918. Here the learned doctor found that carbon monoxide gas, with some admixture of sulphurous oxide gas, escaping from a defective furnace, was responsible. There is no question in this case that the gases were present, that they produced various uncomfortable physical symptoms, that they furnished at least a predisposing cause. But the report quite ignored the features which most caught the attention of the psychic researcher. The heads of the household of high intellectual and social rank in Boston, together with other persons in the house, certified to apparitions of identical description seen by different persons independently of each other, to inexplicable sounds issuing from the same quarter independently heard by different persons situated up stairs and down stairs at the same time, etc. It was these coincidences which most needed explanation, which the gas completely failed to explain, and which the physician's report passed over in silence. It must be admitted that in the case before us the gas theory has to meet with the same difficulty, and others. Let us enumerate the objections which the theory has to encounter.

1. Since no rumor of uncanny happenings during the thirty-five years of its previous history could be ascertained, although one of the informants lived next door for the greater part of that time, and since the next tenant after Hammond's death felt dis-

turbance and a powerful impression of threatened evil on the very first day of his entrance into the house, the theory we are proposing requires that the trouble with escaping gas began soon after the death of Hammond. This would be possible, of course, but the coincidence brings up the visual image of a question-mark.

2. If gas escaped from a defective flue, the fact was never discovered, either during the four years when the Woods were there, or afterwards, so far as is known.

3. The inmates of the Boston house suffered the symptoms which we would expect, headache, lassitude, feelings of pressure by night, pallor, loss of appetite, etc. Mrs. Wood shows a disposition to describe all the unpleasant experiences in the Brooklyn house, but never mentions anything in this category.

4. The phenomena centered in the back parlor, but occurred in some measure in all parts of the house *except* the front parlor. But the front parlor opened out of the back one, and the rooms were frequently thrown together. If gas was responsible, by what miracle was it kept out of the front parlor? Or, if really there, why were not its troublesome and hallucinating effects ever produced there?

5. If Mr. Wood was brought to death's door through illness caused by carbon monoxide, it is hardly credible that by a mere effort of will he could successfully have refused to be poisoned any longer, and have recovered his normal health.

6. As in the Boston case, the gas theory fails to account for what is the very heart of the case, namely, the simultaneous experiences of identical or closely similar character, the seeing of an apparition of identical description by two persons at different times independently of each other (the description corresponding with that of the dead Hammond whom one of the witnesses had never seen), the cases of apparent telepathy, the mysterious awakening of Mrs. W. with the knowledge that her husband down stairs was in a danger of which he was not himself aware, etc.

It looks as though the hypothesis of gas poisoning would not help us much toward a normal solution of the case.

It is hoped that the classification and analysis of the motley of

phenomena related in the letters of Mrs. Wood will render these somewhat easier for the reader to handle.¹²

12. *If* Hammond's spirit was active in the "hauntings," and *if* the emotional complex controlling him was the memory of a man of whom he in the latter part of his lifetime had been jealous—as, from the neighborhood gossip and the very language of the relict herself, seems probable he had been—we might make plausible conjectures which cannot be proved. The malevolence seemed turned against Mr. W., never Mrs. Wood. Neither is it related that any lady saw an apparition resembling Hammond, but two men. We might suppose that the spirit hated men in the house, because he hated the man who was formerly a member of the household. Perhaps this man occupied the same room at night that was afterward occupied in turn by the men who saw the apparition resembling him. Perhaps flirting went on in the back parlor which roused his jealousy. It may be that these were not the facts, and yet they may well have been the facts. Certainly, it would be preposterous to imagine such features with no context of ascertained facts to which to attach them, but since we have a number of facts regarding Hammond in his lifetime which curiously fall into line with the phenomena observed after his death, it is permissible to fill out the outlines a little, in merely tentative fashion.—W. F. P.

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