

THE CASE OF MRS. BLAKE

Introduction

By James H. Hyslop

The case of Mrs. Blake is somewhat unique. Its superficial character was not tempting to the scientific man. The reports of it associated it with all those phenomena which could claim the natural explanations of the conjurer. But to a careful investigation it yielded some interesting facts wholly apart from the problems that affect the method which gave it the reputation it bore. Under any other circumstances than those which apply to it the case would hardly have been worthy of special attention, but not being involved in professional routine and by the readiness to submit to adequate investigation it justified attention. Its accessibility to the general public and its likeness to cases that arouse suspicion required the scientific man to exhibit courage, if he defended it or spoke favorably of it. But there were certain facts reported about it by entirely responsible persons that left the scientific man without excuse if he did not give heed and justify his scepticism by an investigation. It was these facts that invited and demanded my attention, and hence I did not allow any superficial appearances to frighten me away from it. In reporting it here I am not endorsing its superficial character. The phenomena in it which most excited popular interest had a very secondary importance to me. The stories of independent voices were not the attraction in it. They actually created scepticism, instead of tending to allay it. But the supernormal information conveyed by these voices, regardless of their origin, was a thousandfold more interesting than the apparent physical miracles. They tended to cast shadows on the mental phenomena, but the layman did not seem to see this. Hence, in spite of the obstacles to scientific attention, the respectability of certain allegations regarding the case made inquiry imperative and we should have been recreant to have ignored the case.

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It came to my notice in the following manner. Mr. David Abbott, afterwards the author of "Spirit Slate-writing and Billet Tests" in the Journal (Vol. I) and who is a well known authority on conjuring, wrote to me that he had received a report of Mrs. Blake's phenomena from a fellow conjurer who

confessed his inability to explain the facts and asked privacy until he had made further investigations. He finally consented to admitting me into the case. I quote here his letter to Mr. Abbott.

"In the winter of 1904-3, after considerable long distance investigation, and after satisfying myself that the case was one worthy of close and careful scrutiny, I visited Mrs. Elizabeth Blake of Huntington, W. Va., and had two daylight sittings with her. The first person to speak to me in the horns purported to be my mother. I asked as a proof that it was she that she tell me my full name. She at once did so, but she gave my middle name wrong, saying that it was Albert; in reality, it is Augustus. All other questions she answered correctly.

"Next, my little daughter, long since dead, spoke to me. She answered many questions, among them her living brother's name, profession, where he is at present living, etc; what city, in what street, in what kind of a house I am living; finally in what cemetery she was buried, all quite correctly. My father, father-in-law, an uncle whom I did not know of (but afterward verified) and several friends spoke to me and even conversed with me. All details given by the voices were correct. Perhaps the most striking effect was the voice of an old music teacher of my boyhood days who died twenty years ago. After a few words he said he would like to play the piano for me. I expressed my incredulity, but Mrs. Blake insisted that I should listen, when, to my astonishment, I could distinctly hear passages such as he used to play, in the horns. They sounded as they would in the telephone if you were at one end and the piano and player were at the other.

"During the sittings I asked for raps. Mrs. Blake thereupon asked if a spirit would rap on the horn for me?' Sure enough sharp metallic raps came on the outside of the horn.

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The voices were usually whispers, but once the sound was so loud that it became vocal and seemed to be the voice of a man. This occurred when another party was holding the horn, and I was at least six feet away. Although Mrs. Blake usually holds one end of the horn to her ear, yet when I requested, she wrapped my handkerchief around her hand and held that against one end of the horn while I listened at the other end. The voices were quite as distinct. Also at my request two friends, who were with me, held the horn and both listened at the same time, one at each end, Mrs. Blake merely touched the horn with her fingers. The voices conversed just the same and I a distance away could hear them as well as my friends. All

this time the sounds seemed to be in the horns, not outside. Further than this, a guitar was laid on the table, and in the 'sound hole' of the instrument I distinctly heard whispers. Not only myself, but my friends who were with me heard them and conversed with them. In several instances I successfully used the horns when they lay in Mrs. Blake's lap, and once when one end was pressed against her back. All of these phenomena occurred in broad daylight (between the hours of eleven and three) and in the presence of two of my friends. I was totally unknown to Mrs. Blake, and my name had not been made known to her. I was particularly impressed by the readiness with which Mrs. Blake submitted to all suggested tests.

"EDWARD A. PARSONS."

In his letter to me enclosing this account, Mr. Abbott says of Mr. Parsons that he "is a magician of forty years' experience." This fact made the narrative more impressive than it would have been from the ordinary layman. But it would have been more impressive if the gentleman had kept a record of the facts made at the time. More detail was necessary to prevent unconscious misrepresentation. My own experiments with the case show errors and confusion that this account does not manifest. But nevertheless, the source of it made Mr. Abbott pause and there was no reason that I should scoff.

Inquiry of Mr. Parsons brought out the fact that his deceased daughter's name was Marion, correctly given by

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Mrs. Blake, and his uncle's name Alva, and that he had never known him, the uncle having died before Mr. Parsons was born. After the sitting and after verifying the fact. he recalled that his father had mentioned the name. Two other names he thinks it improper to record, as the families might object to publicity of the kind.

The account resulted in bringing Mr. Abbott into communication with Dr. L. V. Guthrie, who was the family physician of Mrs. Blake and the Superintendent of the West Virginia Asylum, situated at Huntington, West Virginia.

In due course I was invited to be present at some experiments with Mrs. Blake. I accepted and Mr. Abbott's report published herewith explains the

precautions taken against revealing the identity of his friend whom he brought with him.

Further correspondence between Mr. Abbott and Dr. Guthrie brought from Dr. Guthrie elaborate accounts of some of his experiments with Mrs. Blake. I shall quote these letters as they contain incidents which justify inquiry into the phenomena, and it was not intended by Dr. Guthrie that they should have any other importance. His own mind was not made up about the phenomena, though he had been her family physician for a long time and was in a position to know her and her husband intimately. I quote the copy sent me by Mr. Abbott. He did not give its date in the copy, but it was in reply to one of his own dated May 7th, 1906.

"I have received your letter of May 7th and am glad that you have written me at some length, as it enables us to better understand one another. I have been seriously interested in the subject at hand for several years and, if there is such a thing possible as the living having communion with the spirits of the departed, it should be, in my opinion, of more value and satisfaction to humanity than anything which has taken place on earth since the birth of Christ; for, if it is possible, even on the most rare occasions for a spirit to prove its existence, it is proof beyond a doubt as to what becomes of us after we have ceased to exist in our earthly form.

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"I heard of Mrs. Blake several years before I had an opportunity to see her and after making three efforts to have a sitting with her was unsuccessful. She is so over-run with people that it is frequently a difficult matter to make an engagement.

"To give some idea of the character of her work, I will give you a few illustrations of what she has been able to do, and will also describe as nearly as possible the character of her sittings.

"One of my employees, a young lady, whose brother had joined the army and gone to the Philippines, was anxious to receive some word from him, and had written letters to him repeatedly and addressed them in care of his Company in the Philippines, but could receive no answer. She called on Mrs. Blake and was told by the 'spirit' of her mother, who had passed away some several years, that if she would address a letter to this brother at C she would get an answer. She did so and received a reply from him in two

or three days, as he had returned from the Philippines, unknown to any of his family.

"An acquaintance of mine, of prominent family in this end of the state, whose grandfather had been found at the foot of a high bridge with his skull smashed and life extinct, called on Mrs. Blake a few years ago and was not thinking of her grandfather at the time. She was very much surprised to have the 'spirit' of her grandfather tell her that he had not fallen off the bridge while intoxicated, as had been presumed at the time, but that he had been murdered by two men who met him in a buggy and had proceeded to sandbag him, relieve him of his valuables, and throw him over the bridge. The 'spirit' then proceeded to describe minutely the appearance of the two men who had murdered him and gave such other information that led to the arrest and conviction of one or both of these individuals.

"I give you these two cases to show you that the ordinary process of telepathy could hardly be applied, as in each instance the sitter was not in possession of the facts, never had been in possession of them, and had no suspicion then or at any time of the information that was furnished by the 'spirit'. On many other instances, the information is of a nature which could have been gathered by telepathy.

"Mrs. Blake did not know me the first time I saw her and, as I was dressed with a Prince Albert coat and white tie, she thought I was a minister,

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but I had been with her only a few minutes when 'conditions' were good and my father, who had been dead about three or four months, called me by my first name and upon being questioned told me the nature of the disease which had caused his death, the exact hour and minute of his death, and many other little details connected with his last illness, and afterwards, when I had prepared a series of written questions to ask him, they were all answered correctly and in detail. I was completely taken off my feet, so to speak, at this my first interview with her, and was thoroughly convinced that spiritualism was a reality, but upon subsequent visits was not always met with satisfactory success, but must confess that, as a usual thing, the information that she furnishes is simply beyond my comprehension. I suppose I have had twenty-five or possibly thirty sittings with her, including the times that I have called on her with friends of mine who were interested in the subject. Friends of mine who go with me to see Mrs. Blake are never introduced to her by their right names; frequently I simply state that 'this is a friend of mine' and do not give any name, and I

have never yet failed to see Mrs. Blake give the correct name and other details concerning the individual. A few days ago I introduced to her one of our most prominent men in the state by a fictitious name, as he did not want it known that he had been to see her, and one of the 'spirits' very promptly called him by his correct name, and Mrs. Blake was greatly surprised when she found out whom she was talking with.

"One of my particular friends, who is a very prominent lawyer, had a seriously sick daughter, and a dead uncle who was a physician. He called upon Mrs. Blake one evening and procured through the trumpet an intelligent and practical prescription from this uncle for his daughter, with full instructions and prognosis of the case."

The same letter contains a description of the seances and methods of Mrs. Blake and this I quote also for the reader. The essential features of the same are described also in Mr. Abbott's report.

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"Her day sittings are conducted as follows: She has a tin horn or trumpet diminishing in size from the center towards the end: the trumpet is about two feet long and two inches in diameter at the center, gradually tapering down to about half an inch at each end. You sit along beside her, and she places one end of the trumpet in her hand and one end in yours and has it rest upon her lap until 'conditions' are good, when there seems to be a pulling at the trumpet, and frequently I have heard indistinguishable sounds apparently coming from the trumpet while it was lying on our laps. Now that 'conditions' have become good, the trumpet is placed one end to your ear and one end to hers, and the voices and conversations of the 'spirits' come through this trumpet into your ear. You ask such questions as you wish and frequently Mrs. Blake will ask a few questions. During these [spirit] conversations Mrs. Blake's mouth is closed and there is no apparent movement of the muscles about the neck and throat. Sometimes she holds her end of the trumpet away from her ear and in front of her a foot and a half, and places her hand over the opening in the trumpet next to her and you still get the voices.

"Mrs. Blake has an honest face, is illiterate, but has a head full of 'horse sense'. One characteristic thing about the voices that you hear is that the 'spirit' of a certain individual talks to you today and the same voice can be recognized by you at subsequent meetings without the necessity of the 'spirit' identifying itself by name.

"A great many people who visit her say that they recognize the voices of their departed friends and that they are perfectly natural and sound exactly as they did here on earth, but I am inclined to think that imagination plays some little part in this, but must confess that I have on several occasions heard voices that were identical with the voices of the individuals when they were in the flesh. I have had seven or eight 'spirits' talk to me within a period of fifteen minutes, each one of them having their own distinct voice and with the characteristics in voice and speech that I have noticed since the first time I talked to them as 'spirits'. But in talking to my father and other intimate relatives, who had splendid educations in the flesh, there were frequently grammatical errors made by the 'spirit' voices: just such errors as would creep in had the conversation been furnished by Mrs. Blake.

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"If Mrs. Blake does the talking, she must certainly be an expert and must talk through her ear. I know that certain guttural sounds can be produced in the throat without movement of the lips and it is possible that an expert could carry on a lengthy conversation in the same manner. As to this you are better informed than I.

"Her night meetings are entirely different from the day. She does not like to have strangers in her night sittings, but has frequently accommodated me by permitting some of my friends to come in. She has the room dark and with six or eight friends gathered around a dining room table upon which an ordinary guitar has been placed.

"As soon as 'conditions' are good her 'control', who is her [deceased] son, asks that prayer be given, whereupon the Lord's Prayer is repeated by every one in the room. Then the 'control' usually asks for a certain religious song. After this, and sometimes before it, there will be rappings on the table and frequently little blue lights about the size of the head of a sulphur match will be seen floating around through different portions of the room, usually over the center of the table, or over the top of the head of some of the persons in the room.

Frequently those lights will travel in pairs and will pursue an erratic course, sometimes in circles or sometimes in zigzag course. I have tried to pick up these lights off the floor, but there was apparently nothing to pick up. During these performances the guitar apparently picks itself up off the table and floats around the room over the persons, playing chords as an accompaniment as it moves around. This, however, usually takes place

while there is singing going on. Materializations take place, which, however, are not visible to myself or to any of my friends, but a few of my friends have claimed that they have undoubtedly seen vague outlines, but, of course, this may have been their imaginations.

"However, Mrs. Blake will describe in detail some of your relatives and state that they are standing right by your side or right behind your chair, and go into all details concerning their appearance. In one instance she described a sister-in-law of mine whom she had never seen in the flesh, and the next day when

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Mrs. Blake was at my office and my sister-in-law's photograph was along with several other photographs on the wall, Mrs. Blake at once recognized her and said that she was the lady who was present at the meeting the previous night.

"Sometimes the voices seem to come out of the guitar, at other times they come from up high in the room and sometimes from under the table. There are several voices which talk at these meetings that are not related to any one present, but seem to be some sort of 'controls' of the medium, and attend her meetings regularly. At times during these dark circles different persons present will be touched on the head or back by the hand of a 'spirit.' Mrs. Blake conducts these night sittings usually at her home, but has conducted them in my office and at the residence of an acquaintance of mine here in the city."

The value of the incident with the photograph and its recognition depends on the question whether Mrs. Blake had seen it prior to the sitting, as experiments had been held in the home of Dr. Guthrie, and so I made inquiry on this point. The following is Dr. Guthrie's reply:

Huntington, W. Va., Sept. 30th, 1912.

My dear Dr. Hyslop:

In regard to the seance I had with Mrs. Blake one night, mention of which was made in my letter to Mr. Abbott some time ago, in which Mrs. Blake recognized the photograph of my sister-in-law who had materialized the night before, I will state that Mrs. Blake had never on any occasion seen this photograph.

Mrs. Blake had visited my residence on several occasions previous to this

for the purpose of receiving medical treatment, and also of giving me opportunities to study her peculiar mediumship. My residence was then, and is now, a very large building belonging to the state. The portion of the building in which this photograph was displayed was not in the same part of the building in which Mrs. Blake had given me sittings and received medical attention. Mrs. Blake had no opportunity for seeing this picture until after the sitting.

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The description given by Mrs. Blake of my sister-in-law on the night of the sitting was so accurate that four of her relatives who were present immediately recognized her from Mrs. Blake's description. Minute details were given as to color of hair and the style in which she wore same, color of eyes, shape of face, stature, figure, etc., and, after the description had been given and the medium claimed that materialization had disappeared, a conversation took place between ourselves and the "voice," which further identified her as Eunice English. I cannot recall at this time any description that was given that night that was not found in the picture, except that Mrs. Blake stated that the young lady was very small in stature. Of course, the photograph would show this to some extent, but as it was only a photograph of the shoulders and face the photograph itself might leave some doubt as to the size of the individual.

Yours sincerely,
L. V. GUTHRIE.

It is the night sittings, with their accompaniment of the stock phenomena which we know can be so easily duplicated by the conjurer and the ordinary fraud, that suggest suspicion of the whole case, and but for the difficulty of explaining, under the circumstances, the information about the dead, the case might be dismissed for lack of adequate evidence that such phenomena should be investigated. But the account of them is a part of the record and should not be omitted. Their accompaniment of undoubtedly supernormal information increased the obligation to give attention to the case. Dr. Guthrie had expressed to me the wish that the night sittings be discontinued, but Mrs. Blake and her husband were always more interested in them, because they thought the phenomena were more convincing than the daylight sittings with the trumpet. They had not the slightest suspicion of the difficulty for the scientific mind in such performances. There was every evidence that they were honest about it, in my observation. I had no opportunity to investigate her for anaesthesia in my experiments, and if I had had it is possible that I should have found either normal sensibility or

subliminal hyperaesthesia, so that it would not have mattered much if I had sought to determine it.

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The description of Dr. Guthrie's sister-in-law is not so good an incident as may be desired to make an evidential point. As Mrs. Blake had visited his office we may suppose that she guessed at some relationship from the picture, described it and then afterward pretended to recognize it. Personally I know enough about her to say that this suspicion or accusation cannot be made without evidence, but as reported in this letter the incident is not evidential.

The following is a reply to Mr. Abbott by Dr. Guthrie and explains further the conditions under which the phenomena occur.

May 20th, 1906. My Dear Sir:

I have received your two letters of recent date, have also received the two copies of the "Open Court" and read articles with much interest. It is my opinion concerning Mrs. B. that you should avoid undue haste in reaching conclusions, or giving anything to the public. Every precaution should be taken in the first place to conceal our real motives in visiting her. The more confident the medium is of success and the more at ease she is with you, the more pronounced will be the different phenomena. If you visit her you should come prepared to stay two or three days, in order to properly observe and study her case.

The descriptions of the different tricks, etc., for mediums which you send me are very interesting but Mrs. B.'s performance is a little out of the ordinary. It is quite evident that Mrs. B. does not give her sittings entirely on account of the money that is derived from this source. She gave them for years and would not take money from any one, but for the last few years has been receiving as a usual thing one dollar per sitting, although people in great grief who have not sufficient money to spare this amount are charged nothing. On the other hand a great many people voluntarily pay her more than her usual fee. I have frequently, while visiting her professionally, turned away from her door at her request from six to a dozen people, who were anxious to see her and pay her one dollar each, and I have repeatedly advised her to charge five dollars and limit the sitter to thirty minutes,

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but she refuses to follow my suggestions in this respect and says it would be hard on a great many people of moderate means, who wish to communicate with their friends.

You are entirely wrong in thinking that the sounds or voices are conducted into the room by any system of pipes, or assistance from confederates. I have had sittings with her in my own office, also on the front porch in the open air, and on one occasion in a carriage as we were driving along the road. She has repeatedly offered to let me have a sitting and use a lamp chimney instead of a tin horn and I have frequently seen her produce the voices with her hand resting on one end of the horn.

Mrs. B.'s intimate friends tell me that her power is on the wane and she states that this is caused by her declining health. As a third person I have repeatedly watched during the conversation between the "spirits" and a friend to detect any movements of the throat or lips, on the part of Mrs. B., and have also tried to see if she could converse with me at the same time that the whispering in the trumpet could be heard. In two instances I have thought that this took place. Apparently while the whispering is taking place, Mrs. B. has her attention on the "spirit" and is following along with the conversation, frequently asking the "spirit" to repeat such sentences as are indistinct. At times a third person can hear the conversation nearly as well as the person who has the trumpet to the ear, as the conversation is quite loud and distinct. I have on many occasions while sitting in an adjoining room with the door closed been able to hear the conversation, but only understood words at intervals. The sound to a third person seems to come from the horn and when it is very low and weak can only be heard by the person who has the trumpet to the ear.

I am familiar with the important part played by suggestion in ventriloquism. There is a small tube leading from the throat into the middle ear called the Eustachian Canal. It is about the size of a wheat straw. The drum of the ear is between this canal and the external ear. It is about two inches long and is formed partly of bone and partly of cartilage and fibrous tissue. Just at this time I do not wish to express my opinion as to the source of the whispering.

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You will find by experimenting with a tin horn, which is placed against your ear and the other end to a friend's ear, that by talking low down in your

throat the friend can understand some things you say, and that your lips will not necessarily move. Some sentences are in this manner much more readily produced than others.

There is a so-called medium in this vicinity, who tries to imitate Mrs. B. I visited her last fall and it did not require more than five minutes to convince me that the medium was doing all the talking.

The character of the information furnished by Mrs. B. is truly wonderful at times. I cannot imagine of any system of collecting information, trick or ordinary source that can compare with it. Of course, I fully realize that man's imagination is a wonderful thing and it is easy to deceive humanity especially on a subject of this kind and especially easy when the subject is overcome with grief. I have never heard any music in the trumpet, others have told me of it but I cannot vouch for their statements. Mrs. B. impresses one with her conscientious belief in spiritualism and I believe that she is honest in believing that the information she gives comes through her mediumistic powers. But it is possible and I am sorry to say probable that she does some things to help along the performance, in order to create a more profound impression upon the subject, but because she possibly resorts to trickery in some parts is not positive proof that it is all a fraud.

I am experimenting with the prepared cloth you sent me and also with phosphorus, and believe that I can imitate her lights with a little phosphorus. The cloth does not produce a light that looks like her production. Mrs. B. has frequently used a guitar furnished by myself and I am positive that she does not use a self-playing instrument; however, I do not state that she does not in some manner, by trickery, attend to this part of the performance. Mrs. B. has been repeatedly tested by scientists, physicians and others, who are interested in this subject, and willingly submitted to all of their tests, but several months ago she told me she would never again submit to tests as she had in the past and gave as her reasons that it was exhausting to

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her strength and an insult to her veracity. A few nights ago I had a very interesting dark circle with her, and I was particularly careful not to ask catch questions, but to her I appeared in full sympathy with her and was attending the meeting just as I would any other religious service. I have on a few occasions taken friends of mine to see her, who were unable to get results.

Mrs. B. is at present in the mountains and will return in about a week, when I will have full opportunity to study her case along the lines that you have suggested.

I hope that you will not misunderstand me in regard to my attitude towards Mrs. B. Please do not imagine that I have swallowed and believed blindly all I have seen and heard. I have endeavored to describe as accurately as possible what takes place at her seances, and when I started in to study her case after visiting many so-called mediums I was thoroughly skeptical on the subject, so far as communicating with the spirits was concerned; but thought in order to study her case at close range I would appear to her to be a first-class spiritualist and thereby gain her confidence, in order that she would be perfectly at ease and give me favorable opportunity for observation. The other "mediums" I visited were all (or nearly so) frauds and several of them have been publicly exposed.

Sometimes I have about reached the conclusion that Mrs. B. is a mind reader and an expert ventriloquist, and also has ability to talk through her ear, but in a good many instances the character of the information received did not indicate mind-reading. I would like very much your opinion concerning mind-reading. We must take every precaution to prevent her from becoming suspicious of any of our actions and I will gladly co-operate with you in every way that I possibly can. I am sorry that you are not on the ground, where you can give her your personal attention. As to publishing my correspondence, that will be a matter that we will discuss at some future time, but must insist at present that my name be left out. I sincerely hope that you will be able to make us a visit and investigate her to the fullest extent. I will be glad to hear from you at an early date.

Yours very truly,
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Omaha, Neb., Room 205 Neville Block, May 19th, 1906.

My Dear Prof. Hyslop:

Your letter is received, also one from the eastern magician who called this case to my notice, and to whom I am under agreement of secrecy, etc. I enclose copy of this letter, that you may keep track of the case.

I had expected a further report from the Dr. in the case, but so far none is

received. I had sent him material for making artificial lights in dark seances also instruction for the floating of self playing instruments by use of the aluminum telescopic reaching rod, etc., etc. I had also sent him other literature with a bearing on the subject, and much instruction in the secrets of similar things wherein trickery is employed.

I did not want to arrange to go until I am certain the case justifies so much trouble. It will be a very easy matter to decide if the voices be genuine providing the woman will submit herself to the tests I should propose.

If the voices originate in her head or throat, it could be detected by certain tests, or by enveloping the upper part of her person in a rubber sack, or by interposing a screen between upper half of her person and the trumpet. Something of this kind should produce an effect on the voices that would be noticeable. It, however, ought to be possible to detect such origin by listening at her mouth, throat, nose, etc., while sounds go on, or by keeping her conversing while the voices continue.

While she might have confederates and secrets in her house I hardly think this the case, for it is most too complicated. A good trick is always simple. There are secret speaking tubes and such things utilized in trickery, but if this were the case in this instance, her powers would remain with her home entirely.

It ought not to be difficult to decide this matter, if she be willing to submit to scientific tests. As to location she is about 600 miles from you. I would gladly give you name and address, could I honorably do so. You see I am placed in a peculiar position. I could only have this revealed to me by yielding to this condition. I was deeply interested and therefore I yielded. As soon as I know it is not a trick I am at liberty to give it to the world, but am bound to give due credit to the magician for the part he took in bringing her to the notice of humanity.

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This magician is well versed in tricks and is a dealer in them. You see people who have made a special study of these things for purposes of entertainment place great value on a good secret. They have devoted so much study and practice to such things that they prize a good secret when they find one.

I agree with you, however, and, as I wrote him, I think if it should be genuine it is the greatest day in the history of the world when it shall be

positively proved to be so.

While I would be glad to unravel a fine trick, this would be entirely insignificant compared to what I should feel if I could prove it to be genuine. The lady is away now and I think I will be notified when she returns. I will give you liberty in the case at the earliest possible moment. If I go I will try and go soon. I am not certain however that we can get all shaped around by July first.

If these voices do not originate in the vocal organs of this lady, nor in the vocal organs of some concealed confederates, I can only see one solution to the problem. Can you see any other? I am a very great skeptic, but am always open to proof, and for the reason of my skepticism, my opinion ought to have that much more value, if I should conclude this to be genuine.

Very truly,
DAVID P. ABBOTT.

Dr. Guthrie's reply to a long letter of inquiry by Mr. Abbott was as follows:

June 22d, 1906. My dear Sir:

I have received your letter of June 18th and am very sorry that I cannot give you some satisfactory information in my letter today. Mrs. Blake is still bedfast and in a serious condition. She is at present suffering from dysentery. I have seen her repeatedly during the past week but owing to her condition have not had an opportunity to observe any of the phenomena.

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So far as I am able to detect. and my experience in this matter coincides with that of several of my friends who have been patiently watching the case, the voices come from the inside of the trumpet. I do not think I am competent to carry on any investigation that will clear up this point. Myself and friends have reached the conclusion that the conversation is either produced by Mrs. Blake talking through her ear or by the voice of the denizen of the other world.

Now a word or two in regard to the voices at night meetings. Mrs. Blake very seldom uses the trumpet in her night meetings and then only on such occasions as when the voices are so weak that the conversation cannot be

understood. Without any suggestions on the part of Mrs. Blake or others present in the room, the voices at the night meetings sometimes come from under the table, and at other times they are located in different parts of the room without regard to the position in which the spectators are located.

I will now give you a sample of an ordinary conversation and experience at one of her night meetings. The last one I attended I had with me my wife, brother-in-law and his wife, and Mrs. Clara Mathers Bee, who had formerly served as stenographer at the Second Hospital for the Insane while I was superintendent. Mrs. Bee was never in this section of the state before and I had not seen her for five years. No one in this part of the state knew anything about her or her affairs. Mrs. Blake lives in Ohio and does not keep in touch with the entire state of West Virginia. Mrs. Bee lives at a remote point in the interior of this state. In addition to my friends there were three confirmed spiritualists in the crowd, who had come there from Kentucky for the purpose of having communion with their departed friends. The table was placed in the center of the room and the different persons present circled around it, but no taking hold of hands or other contact is ever made at these meetings.

As soon as the lights were turned out and quiet prevailed, the small blue lights appeared over the center of the table and in different parts of the room near the sitters. A few minutes later, Abe, her son who is the usual control, asked that the meeting be opened with prayer, which was done by giving the Lord's Prayer, as is always the case in her night meetings. A few seconds after the Lord's Prayer Abe asked for "Nearer my God to Thee", which was participated in by every one in the room who could carry a tune.

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In the meantime the little blue lights were flitting about the center of the room at intervals. All three of the strangers from Kentucky then had their different relatives talk to them. Conversation was along commonplace lines. Mrs. Bee had recently lost a young lady cousin to whom she was greatly attached and was very anxious to receive some communications from her, but was unable to do so, Mrs. Bee going so far in her experience as to call for this relative on several occasions and gave the relative's full name at different times when the voices would be so inaudible that we could not make out who they were. This, of course, would have given Mrs. Blake a clue that would have been of some assistance, but the strange part of the performance which I wish to relate was that, with Mrs. Bee's assistance which Mrs. Bee was giving to get this cousin, a child's voice spoke up as follows: "I want to talk to my Aunt Clara". Mrs. Bee then said: "What is your

name? " "My name is Stinson Bee."

(How long since you passed away ?)

Six months.

(What caused you to leave this life?)

I was burned to death and I want to tell my papa that I want to talk to him.

[Just at this point my father broke into the conversation and said:]

How do you do, Clara?

(I said: Do you know who this is you are talking to?)

Yes, it is Clara Bee.

(Yes, that is correct, but what was her name before she was married?)

Don't you think I know Clara Mathers?

My father visited me frequently while Mrs. Bee was stenographer at the Second Hospital for the Insane and before she had married Mr. Bee. Mrs. Bee had always been very skeptical concerning spiritualism until this meeting.

In explanation will state that Stinson Bee, who was a nephew of Mrs. Bee's husband, was burned to death six months from the time of this sitting and Mrs. Blake could not in all probability

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have known anything about this occurrence, as it happened in a remote part of the interior of this state, and, as intimate as I am with the Bee family, I had never heard of it. The child's voice continued by stating that he was happy and had no regrets at leaving this earth. We had all carried on conversations with near relatives who had joined "the great majority " but the conversations were commonplace and need not be given here.

On one occasion a voice supposed to be my grandfather's talked with me and I asked him what had caused him to depart from this life. Just previous to asking this question his voice had been full and strong, just such a voice

as would come from a Methodist preacher who was six feet four inches in height, but upon asking this question the voice became indistinct and I concluded that my question had put the old lady "out of business." But to my surprise, in a few minutes, my grandfather commenced to talk again and I reminded him that he had not answered my last question, and he replied by saying that I knew very well what had caused him to pass away and it was not necessary to ask such unimportant questions. I answered by stating that I wanted the question answered in order that I could be convinced as to his identity and also to know that he had sufficient consciousness and intelligence to reply. He replied by stating that the immediate cause of his departure from the earthly sphere had been a fracture of the skull.

(How did this happen?)

By falling down a stairway.

(In what town did this occur and in what house?)

At Gallipolis, Ohio, in my son's home.

All of this was correct and had happened about 25 years ago. Mrs. Blake could not in all probability have known anything about the occurrence, as she had never lived in that section, and she had no means of ascertaining anything about the circumstances, especially as this happened so many years ago.

Now, I will give you one more "sample of information" which I consider very positive proof that Mrs. Blake does not gather information by any system of collections from assistants or confederates.

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Twenty-two years ago this summer father took me to Virginia, for the purpose of entering me in college. I was an only child and had not been away from home a great deal, and was quite young, therefore he accompanied me to Blacksburg, Va., where the school was located, and introduced me to the president of the school, and otherwise assisted me in getting started. It was a military school and every newcomer was called a "rat," and it was yelled at him in chorus by the old students until it grated on his nerves to a considerable extent.

As my father and myself walked up towards the college buildings over the

broad campus the word "rat" was yelled at us with depressing distinctness. We went across the campus and on beyond the college buildings to a large grove of virgin forest where we sat down upon a large log and my father gave me some paternal advice. As he was going to leave the next morning, I felt very sad and lonely and it was with great effort that I kept back the tears, which in spite of my effort would occasionally trickle down my cheek. At all this my father laughed and said I would be all right in a few days.

Recently while conversing through Mrs. Blake's trumpet with the supposed voice of my father, I had written out beforehand the following questions to which I have added the answers of the voice.

(Do you remember the time you took me off to college?)

Yes, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday.

(When we walked toward the buildings, what was said to me by some of the students?)

They yelled "Rat" at you.

(How do you spell this word?)

R-A-T.

(Where did we go after leaving the campus and college buildings?)

We went to a large grove near the college grounds and sat down on a hickory log.

(What did I do and say while sitting on this log?)

You cried because I was going to leave and go home.

All of this was wonderfully accurate. I had forgotten the character of the log, but since being reminded of it I can see in my imagination a large rough barked log and it was more than likely that it was hickory.

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With this my father would naturally be more familiar than myself as he had been in the timber business when a young man and had been a student of botany, and a great lover of nature in his later years. He was a close

observer of everything that pertained to the wilderness.

No one living knew of this occurrence as I had never mentioned it to anyone. Now from the type of information as above shown I am thoroughly convinced that I was either talking to the spirit of my departed father, or that I was "talking to myself," in other words to my subjective mind, and that Mrs. Blake was furnishing the answers by talking through her ear. As to which of these theories is correct I am not competent to state.

If yourself and Professor Hyslop come to Huntington, I want you both to be my guests and I will, I think, be able to get Mrs. Blake to come to this side of the river, and we will have our day sittings in my office where you will have every opportunity for observation. I will write you a letter later as to her physical condition, but I feel that too much time should not be lost, as Mrs. Blake is in that condition, even at her best, that any attack of sickness may put an end to her earthly career.

Yours very truly,
L. V. G.

P. S. In writing to you I am almost as bad as a woman with my postscripts, but after I have closed my letter I invariably think of some of my numerous experiments and presume that they are interesting to you.

During the last twenty-four years of my father's life he was Judge of the Seventh Circuit of this state and his duties absorbed practically all of his time, frequently to the detriment of his personal affairs. Consequently when he died I knew very little about his estate.

Several years before his death he had some business transactions with his brother, who died two years before my father's death, but the account had never been closed or settled. Shortly after being appointed administrator of his estate I undertook to close up all business matters connected with his estate and was much annoyed at the condition in which I found the account between the two brothers.

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His brother's heirs did not know how the account stood and I could find no ledger among my father's books and papers, but after much labor in looking up old checks, receipts and stubs, I concluded that I owed his brother's estate \$595, and the same day that I reached this conclusion I called on Mrs. Blake and told the voice in the trumpet that I was anxious to

do the right thing by my cousins, that I wanted to know how much money I should pay them to square the account. The answer was: "If you will pay them \$600 it will be proper and just." This amount did not square with the amount that I had gathered from old receipts, etc., but it was a characteristic amount that my father would have paid a relation, if he had owed him \$595, as my father did not make close estimates in settling with friends and relatives.

I could give you dozens of similar experiments that I have had with her, but to do so would fill a book. However it is no more than fair to state that in some instances, even where the subject has been one of comparative ease, I have failed to get answers, Mrs. Blake explaining that she was not well or that she could not get in proper condition. But these failures have been very infrequent.

In a later letter Dr. Guthrie narrates an important incident which I quote from the letter.

"I wish to give you one more sample of her work which is both amusing and instructive. A friend of mine, who lives in a distant part of this state, came here several weeks ago and asked me to take him over the river to see Mrs. Blake. He is absolutely a stranger to Mrs. Blake and her friends, and there is no connection through which she could get any information concerning my friend. I sat in the room with Mrs. Blake and Mr. X during the sitting. The voice was strong and the information furnished of a satisfactory character. When he had finished, Mr. X and myself said good-bye to Mrs. Blake and went into the next room, whereupon my friend told me that he wished to ask Mrs. Blake a question in confidence and would prefer to have me remain in the other room, so that I could not hear the conversation.

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"I told him that he should have mentioned this fact to me before the sitting, as he would have saved much time and that the results would probably have been more satisfactory, as we had pretty well exhausted Mrs. Blake. I remained in the outside room. Mr. X went into the room with Mrs. Blake who is crippled and only leaves her chair when absolutely necessary. As soon as Mr. X had closed the door behind him a voice spoke out in the room and said: 'My son, I know what it is that you wish to ask of a confidential nature. I will answer this question without you asking it and tell you now that you will have no happiness in your household until you discharge the hired girl, for that is the cause of all your troubles at home.'

My friend was so taken off his feet by the abruptness and accuracy of [answer to] his intended question that he came right out of the room and confessed to me that that was what he intended to ask his father, and that he guessed his father was about right about the matter, since his wife had been giving him a good many 'rackets' along this particular line.

"At her night meetings two or three of us have repeatedly reached out in different directions with our hands and tried to detect whether or not she was using a 'telescoping tube.' We have never succeeded in finding anything of the kind. She usually has her room very dark, although I have been at some of her circles when we could distinguish a man's form six or eight feet off. On two occasions after night seances, when the lights were being turned on, I have noticed her fumbling her dress front. Whether she had been concealing something in her bosom or whether this was a coincidence, I do not know. On one thing I am positive and that is that the husband does not furnish any assistance at these meetings, except that he is a good singer and uses his voice with the others to get 'harmonious conditions.' Sometimes the voices at night are open and strong and then again they are merely whispers, and occasionally so weak that you cannot understand the sentence. Occasionally she gives these dark seances in my office and also gives them at the residence of her friends."

The result of this correspondence was an arrangement to see Mrs. Blake as soon as her health permitted. The details of the arrangement are given in the detailed records.

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Suffice it to say here that Dr. Guthrie has to bear the responsibility for concealing our identities, but he could not be held responsible for anything said about "Mr. Wilson", whose real name was concealed from Dr. Guthrie by Mr. Abbott. I did not make much effort to conceal mine, as I had to assume that she might have seen my picture in the papers. But nothing was told her about me until I revealed it myself. The reports must speak for themselves. The conversion of Mr. Abbott to the admission of facts which he, as a conjurer, could not explain, is sufficient reply to those who endeavor to pass judgment on the case without investigating it, and I shall not take up time discussing that aspect of it at present. I am only narrating the history of the record. The merits of the case, if it has any, will have to be considered again. The thing to be emphasized here is the reports that made investigation imperative.

Readers must not suppose that Dr. Guthrie wrote, or that we are quoting

his letters, to prove the possibility of supernormal information or communication with discarnate spirits through mediums. The facts, however impressive they may appear, when taken alone, are not sufficient to constitute scientific proof of the supernormal. But they do constitute proof that a scientific man would neglect his duties if he did not accept the challenge which such allegations issue. They are not all, or many of them, to be lightly brushed aside by "scientists of the chair". The persons who report them have shown unusual intelligence in observing the crucial points in the incidents, even if there be weaknesses in them. But at least some way of getting the information had to be employed and all who know the humble life of the man and his wife, their imprisonment, as it were, away from easy access to the outside world, the small means at their disposal, and the costliness of detective work must readily admit that the burden of proof lies on the man who suspects it and he must make it compatible with the facts, on the one hand, and with the circumstances in which Mrs. Blake is placed on the other. This situation made the case a most interesting one. The perplexity of Mr. Parsons showed that he did not know how to apply ordinary explanations,

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and he makes no mention of the conditions under which such ready information was supplied. Mr. Abbott soon surrendered his conjectures when he got on the ground and had his experiments. All this justified the interest excited by the case, and prepared the way for a serious consideration of its claims.

I have alluded to the difficulty Mrs. Blake would have in obtaining information. The facts to be taken into account on this matter are the following. She lives on the Ohio side of the Ohio river, a river that is navigated by steamboats of considerable size. Bradrick is the name of the little village opposite Huntington in West Virginia, the latter a city of some size on the southern shore of the same river. Bradrick has only a few inhabitants, perhaps thirty or forty. No ferry connects it directly with Huntington. This ferry is two or three miles further down the river, which has to be crossed from Bradrick to Huntington by small skiffs. There is no railway connected with Bradrick and none to the north for many miles. At least this was true at the time of my own visits and experiments. The husband is a pensioner on the government as an old soldier. The two live an exceedingly humble life and have no means to engage in the enterprises of the detective frauds. Besides more people are turned away from sittings than get them, and this indiscriminately. Mrs. Blake was brought up in the Christian church, according to her own testimony, and

was expelled from it because of her mediumship. This can well be believed, when we consider that she believes firmly in the Divinity of Christ, according to her own statements, and has no patience with the sceptic on that point. She evidently used this belief to test my honesty as a man in the investigation. She was anxious to know whether I believed in the Divinity of Christ and I had to evade a direct answer. She seemed suspicious of me on that account and I had to display tact to remove the suspicion. Frauds are not usually made of such stuff, and you would have to make fraud double-dyed and myself badly mistaken in estimating the woman's sincerity, to prove any other verdict. I have no doubt of the woman's sincerity and honesty in this respect and also in her work. All the facts sustain this judgment and nothing of any marked evidential character against her came under my observations.

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But this does not militate against the hypothesis that she may be guilty of unconscious actions that might be mistaken for real evidences for fraud. I have found this class constantly doing things that create suspicion or even convince the conjuring class of fraud, and my report shows situations, movements, and actions where no other suspicion is entitled to the first recognition. But I obtained no proof that she was consciously trying to cheat, even in the dark seances which gave me nothing that was striking or especially interesting as evidence. Unfortunately I was not prepared, and the circumstances did not permit me, to investigate Mrs. Blake for hysterical symptoms. I was really not interested in that aspect of the case, as there was neither time nor means to investigate her in that direction. I did not agree with Mr. Abbott that the case, if genuine, was superior to Mrs. Piper. The reason for this is that I was never impressed with the primary importance of physical phenomena in the study of spiritism, though there is no doubt that the popular mind expects the problem to be solved by that sort of evidence, and hence concentrates interest on what is really least effective in the argument and most difficult to prove, while the mental phenomena are both more easily proved to be genuine and are the proper ones for settling the issue. I was content if I could get evidence of supernatural mental phenomena and I would let the physical go by default.

Too many people fail to distinguish two separate types of alleged phenomena in such cases whose genuineness must be proved by separate methods. They suppose too readily that, if the information is undoubtedly supernatural, the method of delivering it will be so too. But this is not correct. There is no reason why the information should not be genuine and the method of giving it to you fraudulent. When it is too difficult to decide

whether the physical aspects of a case are as alleged, it will be necessary to determine whether the information given is supernormal, and it is comparatively easy to do this, if there be any genuine mediumship in a case. This issue settled we need not go farther, tho any defect of character reflected in the physical side of a case will throw suspicion on the mental and simply double the obligations of the investigator.

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It was with this conception of the problem that I went into the case and I did not care whether the voices were independent or were produced by Mrs. Blake in a most unusual way. She might be an unusual ventriloquist for all that I cared, or any other sort of a genius capable of deceiving the most expert conjurers. That made no difference to me and I was content to let any one have his theories on that point, if only I could secure evidence that she could supply supernormal information.

Readers of the detailed records of my sittings will observe that I did not obtain much that I could be sure was supernormal. In that respect the sittings were poor. The best that I got were the names of my uncle and aunt, the latter having recently died. They were hardly due to chance, coming together as they did, but there was not enough of associated incidents to reinforce their meaning. My father's and my wife's names could not be emphasized in an evidential issue, as my Piper report was mentioned in the papers widely enough to make casual knowledge of me and of them quite possible, and, tho I doubt if she knew anything about the facts, I waive that belief entirely in favor of scepticism. But the same cannot be said of the names of the uncle and aunt referred to, though the evidential character of their mention will have to be received with a doubt, so far as a scientific verdict is concerned, as Eliza is common and David might have been due to the momentum of Mrs. Blake's mind after the sitting with Mr. Abbott and getting the name Davie for his uncle.

But one of the most important things about my sittings is the record. I took notes and reported mistakes and irrelevant remarks as fully as was possible. I did not, of course, get everything in the way of chaff, as it was impossible to do so. But I carried out my intention to take note of names whether correct or incorrect, and the appearance of my records, even if they had contained much evidence of the supernormal, creates a very different impression from that of the memory

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reports by others. It is this constant contrast between what memory reports of such cases and what the stenographer would report that arouses suspicion as to the alleged important facts in any instance. I have invariably found mediumistic phenomena less striking when adequately reported than when we have to rely upon the incidents selected by memory and perhaps reported as interpretations rather than as facts. But I do not object to this chaff, if it be sprinkled with a modicum of what is undoubtedly supernatural. My own sittings are probably typical of the average in respect of the chaff, and are without the striking evidence that would compel a sceptic to pause. It is different with those of Mr. Abbott and Mr. Clawson. Though they did not produce as detailed a record as I did, I know the two men well enough and other reports which they have written, to say nothing of the really striking nature of the names and incidents given, not to discount theirs as I must my own sittings. Theirs were excellent tests and Mr. Abbott is quite justified in recognizing them as inexplicable by any of the usual explanations.

There is no trance with Mrs. Blake in the daylight seances and there was no evidence of it in the night sittings. She seemed to be as normally conscious in the dark seances as in the daylight work. But this proves nothing. After what was observed in the Burton case and that of the young boy, the son of the clergyman, regarding partial anaesthesia, there may well have been dissociation enough in the case of Mrs. Blake to cause a great deal of automatism which would not be easily detected. I was not prepared for this phenomenon when I made my experiments and hence made no examinations for it. But there was occasionally at the night meetings indication of its possibility. When we tried for independent music on the guitar or its movement without contact, the phenomenon did not occur under test conditions and there was some appearance, no evidence, of the influence of Mrs. Blake's hand moving it. I could not obtain the evidence as there was danger of breaking up the experiment if I were too rude in my methods. The normal control of the voice in such seances is not proof that the woman was wholly normal. She may have been seized with anaesthesia in that part of the

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body necessary for producing the phenomena and have believed herself, from lack of sensibility, that she did not do the acts. I had no means at the time of determining this and indeed did not suspect it, having later learned from the Burton case what the liabilities are. But some things occurred, as I

have said, which suggest just this state of affairs. If it exists, this is only another case wherein the conjurer's methods are out of place in the study.

After all that has been done with Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Chenoweth, Mrs. Smead, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Holland and others, there are no further perplexities with such mental phenomena as Mrs. Blake manifests. Normal methods of acquiring the information are excluded and the field of explanation is free. I do not care to enter into theories in the case. The type of phenomena is clear and the information obtained and conveyed by Mrs. Blake superficially explains itself and only offers another illustration of what we are familiar with in other instances. It is the connection with apparently physical phenomena of some kind that gives the case an additional interest. This is the reason that I have given the case notice in this way. It has some of the characteristics of what are called professional mediumship. The lady accepts pay for her work, but makes no definite charges, leaving the matter to the discretion of the sitter. The admission of the general public to a limited extent helps to classify her also, but the extent to which she admits strangers from a distance who come unannounced is a defense of her honesty and it is only the type of phenomena in the night meetings that arouses suspicion. The rest of them in daylight create a problem, whatever the explanation.

We have been accustomed to automatic writing and the accompaniment of the supernormal, assigning the physical side of the phenomena to subconscious action of the psychic. But it is not so easy to do this with the voices of Mrs. Blake. If the seances were in the dark and the trumpet were not held to her ear, the case might be suspected of a very much simpler explanation than it must receive. But occurring in the daylight, with the trumpet placed at her ear and her lips unmoved, the only conjecture that can be entertained is just what Dr. Guthrie suggested; namely, that she talks through her ear!

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This is about as anomalous as the hypothesis of spirits could ever be. We have no established cases in which the human being could carry on conversation through the ears. Hence we cannot appeal to such a process without responsibility for evidence.

Now we know that the bones of the jaw will convey sound to the ear with more readiness than the air. One has only to put a wire between the teeth and have it tapped lightly when thus held and then compared with the sound when not held by the teeth to see how sound vibrations can be

conveyed by the bones of the jaw and head. Now suppose that the vocal chords are used to articulate words, whether in whispers or otherwise while the lips are closed— all of us can do that, though articulate words cannot be heard— and then a metallic trumpet be held to the ear, may not the vibrations be carried via the Eustachian tube to the ear and thence to the trumpet and issue as sound. This can take place to some extent. Dr. Guthrie calls attention to it in his letters to Mr. Abbott and while I was experimenting with Mrs. Blake, as my report shows, I tried the experiment with Dr. Guthrie and each was successful in getting words through the trumpet to the other without opening his lips and merely using the vocal chords to whisper words. We were not successful in doing what Mrs. Blake can do, but we were able to suggest a bridge over which an explanation may travel in such phenomena. I tried the same experiment more elaborately at home on two other subjects, but without even the success that I met with Dr. Guthrie. I embody the report on these experiments as made at the time.

New York, Sept. 13th, 1906.

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The following is a record of some experiments with a trumpet such as is used by mediums in their seances. I had one made for the purpose of trying whether I could produce articulate sounds for others' hearing in it by merely using the vocal organs as if speaking without uttering any sound that I myself could hear. It will be remembered that I had successfully tried such an experiment in connection with the experiences with Mrs. Blake and was able both to transmit and to receive articulate words in this manner. The trumpet made for the purpose was a double one, if I may so call it. I had two tin horns made so that at their larger ends one would fit over the other. The smaller end was about one inch in diameter, the larger about two inches, and each about eighteen inches long. The smaller ends had a flare. The two were made to be put together so that the sound could be better confined. In all they made a single trumpet of about three feet in length. I tried the experiments with my little boy and a young man who is in the house. The trumpet was held to our ears and neither of us held an end at the mouth, so that there was no chance to communicate sounds directly from the mouth to the trumpet. If any communication of this kind were possible it had to be through the bones of the head and the Eustachian tube.

In the first experiment I articulated the words "Jack the Giant Killer" by simply moving the muscles of the throat and vocal organs as if trying to speak them. I made no sound whatever that I myself could hear. I kept my lips tightly shut and occasionally I placed my fingers on my throat to see

how much muscular activity I could detect and could discover very little evidence of it, though I was quite conscious of the movement or effort at movement by speech. I could see very clearly why an objective observer would have difficulty in detecting signs of either lip or throat movements. There was little to be noticed by the fingers and perhaps only the closest observation would detect any. After repeating these efforts at vocalizing the words named above for several times I would stop and ask the person at the other end of the trumpet if he detected any words. I give what was told me below. I should add that I did not tell my little boy what he was to expect. I merely asked him to tell me if he heard anything. My object in the experiments was not known. The following were his answers to queries as to what he heard:

1. Felt like a hammer striking a railway a long way off.
2. Sounded as if you were swallowing something.
3. Sounded like a person swallowing water.

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As the percipient failed each time I endeavored to articulate more distinctly, if articulate is the term to use, the effort being to define the muscular action more clearly. I could detect in my own feelings reasons for the descriptions made of the effect, especially from my memory of what occurred in the experiments with Mrs. Blake, where the sounds had a metallic effect on the tin trumpet. I did not notice any such effect from my own action in this case, as I was probably too intent on the work of suppressed articulation. But I can well understand why the percipient reports such sensations with himself through the metallic trumpet.

I then changed the phrase or words to be articulated and in the same manner as before expressed the words: "How are you? Are you well?" The following were the answers of the percipient, my little boy.

4. No words heard.
5. Sounded like a man walking across the floor and snapping his breath at the end.

I then changed the sentence to "Can you hear what I say ? " The following were the results.

6. Clicks.

7. Only grunts. [I had articulated a little more vigorously.]

8. Sounded only as if the lips were moving.

9. You what are. [I had almost whispered in this case.]

10. What are you.

11. What are you duh. ['dull' explained by percipient as the sound he received.]

12. What.

13. What are you. What do you say.

I then changed both percipient and words. The percipient was the young man in the house and the words were: "Hello, how are you ? "

14. Sounds like thunder.

15. Whispers, but not distinct.

16. Some whispers and heard the word "there."

17. I get no sense, but only whispers, like steps on the floor or hammering.

18. Nothing at all. [I had spoken or articulated much faster.]

19. The word "Yes."

20. As if a person was laughing.

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It will be apparent in these experiments that there was no real success in the effort to communicate articulate sounds. In a few instances the success was approximated, but not reached, save as showing a tendency of the percipient's mind to misinterpret sounds.

We had to suspend attempts at times because of the rumble of the street cars half a block off—about 600 or more feet—their sound being interrupted by houses between us and them. When the cars were not actually running by there was general quiet. But I noticed that the noise of the cars was much more distinct in the trumpet than to the unaided ear. Apparently the metallic medium had something to do with rendering the vibrations more distinct. But by suspending experiments while the cars were passing we removed their disturbing influence on the effects so far as is possible in a noisy city. But allowing for all this in the repetition of the experiments and endeavors at clear and well denned muscular action in the throat the result was not made what it is wholly by these disturbances.

It will be apparent that we did not reproduce the phenomena of Mrs. Blake. That her vocal organs act at least sympathetically with the voices in the trumpet there is no doubt, but that they cause all the phenomena is not proved by the imitative experiments recorded. Besides, the fact that voices will occur in the trumpet when held merely in the hands, as shown in the cut, amply proves that the conveyance of sound by the Eustachian tube is not the explanation or not the only explanation. We have yet to show that intelligent sounds can be conveyed by the hands in this way. The loudness of the sounds in some cases excludes the supposition that the voices are conveyed from the vocal chords to the trumpet. I have heard the sounds twenty feet away and could have heard them forty or fifty feet away, and Mrs. Blake's lips did not move. It still remains to get any clear hypothesis to explain this aspect of the phenomena. Even to say "spirits" would not satisfy the ordinary scientific man. He wants to know the mechanical processes involved, as we

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explain ordinary speech. It may be true that spirits are the first cause in the case but there are steps in the process which intervene between their initiative and the ultimate result. It is that which creates the perplexity more than the supposition that spirits are in some way back of it all. The layman does not understand the scientific man's curiosity here and the scientific man does not understand the layman's resort to spirits. In fact, the layman is satisfied if he can set up a cause which initiates the process and the evidence of personal identity in the phenomena satisfies him that spirits are in the series, but he asks no questions about the intermediary steps to the mechanical result, while the scientific man cannot see how spirits can institute a mechanical event without the use of a mechanical instrument.

If Mrs. Blake's voice were used to convey the messages, as in the case of Mrs. Piper's automatic speech, and her hand in automatic writing, the mechanical aspect of the phenomena might be referable to the subconscious. But we do not have that resource in this case, at least as anything more than a sympathetic agency. There are mechanical perplexities surviving after we have admitted all the spirits you please, so that the layman and the scientific man may both be correct in their feelings about such cases. The spirits may be there, but they do not explain everything. The anomaly for the scientific man may still be there whether you invoke spirits or not. This is an important thing to be kept in mind. In any case, there are a few phenomena which indicate that the chasm between the work of Mrs. Blake and that of other mediums is not so great as appears superficially. The sympathetic action of the vocal organs shows that there are connections between the case and other instances of automatism and it only remains to establish more links between them.

It should be said that the variations of the voice and the identity of the voice in the same personality through years of communication are decidedly against the hypothesis of conveying the voice of Mrs. Blake by the bones of the head or the Eustachian tube. The phenomena at this point are too systematic and the variations too spontaneous to be indicative of such an explanation.

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On the whole, then, I do not think we have gotten a full explanation of the voices and it is not necessary to have it. The case is reported as a unique one for comparison with others that may occur in the future and that may be investigated in their earlier stages. It cannot be set up as a crucial instance in favor of large theories. It can only deserve record for what it appears to be and the future will decide its character. There can be no doubt in my mind that some of the information conveyed is supernormal. Dr. Guthrie's experiment with the contents of boxes is, to say the least, fairly conclusive, and the experiments made to see if Mrs. Blake could tell what he did when on a hilltop far distant from home are good ones. That of getting the combination of a safe when the living did not know it is also a strong incident. With these evidences of supernormal knowledge, however we choose to explain it, we may well lay aside all perplexities about the apparent physical anomalies in the case and await the occurrence and investigation of other cases.

The cut accompanying the report should be explained, as its significance would not be noted without that explanation. The photograph was taken for

the purpose of illustrating the conditions under which voices were heard in the trumpet, and Mr. Abbott was holding the trumpet to his ear for the purpose of testifying to the existence of voices while the picture was being taken. Mr. Clawson and myself were watching Mrs. Blake's face and mouth to attest that they were not sensibly doing anything. Mr. Abbott heard voices during the process.

The following is the order in which the detailed record is printed; it begins with the reports by Dr. L. V. Guthrie. Following them will be the articles printed by David P. Abbott in "The Open Court" for May and June, 1908. The report of James H. Hyslop comes next, followed by that of Mr. and Mrs. Clawson, and the miscellaneous accounts come last.

REPORT BY DR. L. V. GUTHRIE

The following is the record of Dr. L. V. Guthrie and some personal experiences which have some bearing on the record as cross references. Dr. Guthrie is the Superintendent of the West Virginia Asylum situated at Huntington, West Virginia. He is a physician well known in that state and outside of it. He has kindly consented to the use of his name. The personal experiences opening the record do not directly bear upon the experiments with Mrs. Blake, but they show some tendency to cross reference, not only between Dr. Guthrie and his wife, but also in connection with Mrs. Blake. The dream of Mrs. Guthrie will also have some interest in connection with her experiences at some of the dark seances of Mrs. Blake, inasmuch as the dream indicates psychic tendencies that make the subjective perception of lights more credible as significant phenomena.

The record contains accounts of experiences which were described in the letters to Mr. Abbott which I embodied in the Introduction. They are repeated here as a part of Dr. Guthrie's report to me and also to enable the reader to compare the two accounts.—Editor.

Personal Notes.

On the 21st day of January, 1897, a telegram was handed to me addressed to C. C. S. in my care. At that time I lived in Point Pleasant and Mr. S. lived four miles from that place in the country. I opened the telegram to ascertain whether or not it was of sufficient importance to send out to him at once or would wait until the afternoon mail. The telegram was as follows: "Columbus, O. John seriously ill. Come at once and bring Dr. G. with you." At this time la grippe was very prevalent and frequently complicated with pneumonia, and I myself and my family all thought John had pneumonia and grippe. As I started out from my home to hunt the stable boy for the purpose of sending the telegram to the

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country something said to me "John has obstruction of the bowels and the seat of trouble is below the umbilicus." I cannot say that I heard a voice but at the time it produced a feeling of slight electric shock along my spine. Mr. S. came to town and we went together to Columbus. He also thought John had pneumonia. A relative met us at the train and I said to him as soon as we had entered a cab, "Charley, what is the matter with John?" Ans. "The

doctors think he has obstruction of the bowels." The next morning the patient was still worse and we operated on him and when we opened the abdomen the obstruction was easily found and was located below the umbilicus. The patient died within twenty-four hours after the operation.

In connection with this case I wish to state that the night I arrived at Columbus my wife, who was still at Point Pleasant, dreamed that John was operated on for some trouble in the abdomen and that he died.

One morning just before daybreak while asleep I dreamed of finding a fountain pen. While in this dream my door bell rang and I was called to a very sick patient in the country. The call was urgent and saddling my horse I was soon in the saddle with thoughts of something besides dreams, but had not gone more than 100 yards from my house when I saw a dark object in the dust in the road. Thinking it was a new lead pencil I jumped off the horse and picked it up and discovered that it was the identical fountain pen that I had seen in my dreams about twenty minutes before.

These two experiences occurred some twelve years ago along with two very similar experiences of a nature that I cannot record. They all occurred within a period of two years but nothing of like nature ever occurred to me since.

L. V. GUTHRIE.
Personal Experiences.

I called on Mrs. Blake at her residence at Bradrick, Ohio, in October, 1904, accompanied by my wife. I had every reason to believe that Mrs. Blake did not know either one of us. Prior to this time I had absolutely no faith in spirit communication

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but had heard so many miraculous incidents of Mrs. Blake's supposed power that I concluded to have a personal experience with her. I did not give her my name, in fact, neither she nor her husband asked me any questions. Some one was having a sitting with Mrs. Blake when we called and we waited in an adjoining room and Mr. Blake entertained us by telling us of his wife's wonderful power, but during the entire wait he did not ask a single question concerning my identity. When we went into the room with Mrs. Blake, after a few minutes' general conversation she handed me one end of the trumpet, whereupon it immediately began to feel heavy with a drawing sensation towards my ear, all of which could, of course, have been

produced by the medium. I placed one end of the trumpet to my ear and Mrs. Blake did likewise. Immediately a voice said "How do you do, Lew. I am so glad you came to talk with me."

Q. "To whom are you talking?"

A. "My son, Lew."

[Not wishing to give the medium any clue and also not wishing to permit my imagination to get the best of me I insisted that this name should be repeated.] Whereupon the answer came, "Lew, Lew," and was easily understood by me, but I pretended not to understand and Mrs. Blake said "Perhaps this lady with you can hear better than you," whereupon my wife placed my end of the trumpet to her ear and said "Who is this speaking? " The answer came, "F. A. Guthrie," so plain and distinct that I heard every word although the trumpet was three or four feet from me. I again took the trumpet and said, "If this is my father speaking, answer the following questions. Date of your death, immediate cause of death, who was present at the death bed?"

A. "I am not dead but my spirit left my body on the 16th day of August, 1904, at 8.00 o'clock in the morning. The cause was inflammation of the stomach and bowels. My kidneys were also affected. Yourself and mother were at my bedside when I passed over." All of this was absolutely correct in every respect but I did not know at the time that his kidneys had given him any trouble, but afterwards discovered that three days before his death he had gone to a drug store at Point Pleasant and purchased medicine for his kidneys.

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(How long before you passed over did you know you were going?)

Two days.

[This was probably correct as forty-eight hours before his death he had the first alarming symptoms.]

(Why didn't you tell me you were not going to get well?)

Because I did not want to worry you with it and I am very sorry that I was compelled to leave my business affairs so badly tangled. Do not worry,

everything will turn out all right. There is plenty of property to pay all of the debts and leave considerable besides.

[At the time of my father's death his affairs seemed to me in very bad condition,—several outstanding notes, several of them necessitating immediate action, and at that time it seemed to me that only by the hardest of work and most careful management I should be able to settle up the debts in full. However, this all turned out as the voice had indicated. The voice purporting to be that of my father stated that he was perfectly happy and gave me much information concerning his property, going so far as to place values on different tracts of land.]

(Did you suffer any at the time you passed over?)

No, not at all. [Probably true.]

Following will be found a brief account of some of my more important sittings.

In settling up my father's estate I found a very complicated state of affairs existing between his estate and the estate of one of his brothers and I was unable to ascertain the exact amount of indebtedness, but after going through a lot of old papers I came to the conclusion that my father owed this brother about \$595.00. I asked the voice the following question: "How much must I pay D. P.'s heirs?" A. "Give them \$600.00. That will be all right and should satisfy them." [This would have been his way of settling the account of 595 dollars had he been alive.]

At another time when I had gotten into a law suit over one of my father's tracts of land I remarked to the voice:

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(Do you know that Mr. W. is trying to steal one of our tracts of land?)

Yes, but he can't do it. You will beat him in that matter.

(Am I getting along all right in the law suit that I have against him ?)

Yes, and you should make preparations to compromise the suit. He wants to compromise now.

A short time after this Mr. W. came to my office with his attorney and voluntarily made a proposition to compromise the suit on my terms, which

was done. Mr. W. lived in Central Ohio and Mrs. B. has never seen or heard of him.

While we were getting ready for this suit and taking depositions I asked the voice if he knew who my attorneys were. He replied "Yes, Attorney John W. English and Charley Hogg of Point Pleasant." This was correct. I will here remark that Mrs. Blake had no opportunity of knowing these facts and my own family did not know who my attorneys were in the case. One night at a dark circle a voice said:

How are you, Doc?

(Who is it speaking?)

Your uncle George.

(You must be mistaken. I never had an uncle George.)

You always called me uncle George. I am your uncle George Lewis.

(Uncle George, were you white or black when you were on earth ?)

I had a white wife!

A good many years ago a colored man living at Point Pleasant, where I was raised, had died. I had always called him uncle George, and it was true that he had a white wife.

Before going to see Mrs. Blake at a recent sitting I wrote out the following questions and have hereto added her answers.

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Twenty-two years ago my father took me to Virginia for the purpose of entering me in college. I was an only child and had not been away from home a great deal and was quite young; therefore, he accompanied me to Blacksburg, Va., where the school was located, and introduced me to the president of the school and otherwise assisted me in getting started. It was a military school and every newcomer was called a "rat" and it was yelled at him in chorus by the old students until it grated on his nerves to a considerable extent. As my father and myself walked up towards the college buildings over the campus the word "rat" was yelled out with depressing distinctness. We went across the campus and on beyond the

college buildings to a large grove of virgin forest where we sat down upon a large log and my father gave me some paternal advice. As he was going to leave the next morning I felt very sad and lonely and it was with great effort that I kept back the tears which in spite of my efforts would occasionally trickle down my cheek. At all of this my father laughed and said I would be all right in a few days.

(Do you remember the time you took me off to college?)

Yes, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday.

(As we walked towards the buildings what was said to me by some of the students?)

They yelled "rat" at you.

(How do you spell this word?)

R-A-T.

(Where did we go after leaving the campus and college buildings?)

We went to a large grove near the college grounds and sat down on a hickory log.

(What did I do or say while sitting on this log?)

You cried because I was going to leave you and go home.

All of this information was absolutely correct except that part which applied to the hickory log and in that my memory does not serve me. My father had been in the timber business at one time and was a close observer in all lines that applied to it.

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On one occasion a voice supposed to be that of my grandfather talked with me and I said;

(What caused you to depart from this life?)

You know perfectly well what caused me to pass away and it is not necessary for you to ask any more such questions.

[I answered by stating that I wanted the question answered in order that I could be convinced as to his identity and also to know that he had sufficient consciousness and intelligence to reply.]

The immediate cause of my departure from the earthly sphere was a fracture of the skull.

(How did this happen?)

By falling down a stairway.

(In what town did this occur and in what house?)

It occurred in Gallipolis, O., in my son's home.

All of this was correct and had happened about twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Blake could not in all probability have known anything of the occurrence as she had never lived in that section and she had no means of ascertaining anything about the circumstances, especially as this happened so many years ago. Then I asked my grandfather if he remembered what he used to do to entertain me when I was a child and he replied that he remembered it with great distinctness. Then I asked him what it was. His reply was that he had made little boats and put them in a tub of water in the house and that we had played with them. This information was correct and the incidents mentioned took place nearly thirty-five years ago at Point Pleasant, W. Va.

(Grandpa, what was your occupation when on earth?) I preached the truth and will preach to you again through Mrs. Blake.

He was a minister of the Methodist church for about forty years and has frequently at Mrs. Blake's meetings delivered rather lengthy addresses on the Bible and kindred subjects.

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At another sitting when the voice was talking to me I said,

(Pa, do you know that one of our patients escaped from the Institution a few days ago?)

Yes, that fellow Currence got away and he is a bad man. He hid in the woods three days and is now in Nicholas County.

The name given was correct and he was also a criminal and a bad patient but is still at large and consequently I have had no opportunity to verify any other part of the statement. We had been extremely careful to keep this matter a secret during the first week after the patient escaped and it is practically impossible for Mrs. Blake to have known anything about it.

Currence did go to Nicholas Co. and claimed that he hid in the woods, but he was such a noted liar that I am not sure about that part. Learned from reliable people that he was in Nicholas County. [Subsequent note.]

One afternoon I persuaded my brother-in-law, Lew English, to accompany me to a sitting. A voice purporting to be that of my father greeted me through the trumpet.

(Do you know who this is with me?)

Yes, it is Lew English.

(How long have you known him?)

Thirty-odd years.

(Repeat this and try to give me the exact number of years?)

All his life. Do you understand that?

Another voice now spoke and I asked who it was. The answer was, "I am John S. Lewis, Lew English's grandfather and I want to talk to him."

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English took the trumpet and the voice gave the correct age at death of John S. Lewis and other points of identification. English asked if there was any other member of the family there with the grandfather.

Yes, your aunt Mary is here.

(You must be mistaken. I never had any aunt Mary.)

You know who I mean.

But English still insisted that he did not have an aunt Mary and the voice grew weak and nothing more of importance was said.

As we were crossing the river in a skiff coming back to the West Virginia side it suddenly dawned on English that the grandfather had always called his wife Mary and in speaking of her to the numerous grandchildren, nieces and nephews, he had always said "your aunt Mary " and this was undoubtedly who was meant in the conversation.

Shortly after this in a night sitting my grandfather greeted Lew English after talking with me, and English thought it would be a good opportunity to mislead the medium and gave the following question:—

(Grandpa, where was the last place you saw me while on earth ?)

I never saw you at all while I was in the flesh but I have seen you at these meetings since I passed over.

As English and myself were born and raised in the same town and our families had been on most intimate terms for many years and I had married his sister, it would have been naturally presumed that Mrs. Blake thought English had at sometime seen my grandfather.

Another voice soft and low in pitch greeted my wife.

(Who is this speaking?)

This is your sister Eunice, and I want you to sing and help out with the meeting.

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(Eunice, you know I can't sing.)

Yes, you can. You sing to the babies when you put them to bed.

(What do I sing to the babies when I put them to bed?)

Go tell aunt Nancy.

[This is the only thing that Mrs. Guthrie has ever attempted to sing when putting the babies to bed, and she has not used this song for more than

three years as the youngest child is past five years of age. A child's voice now spoke and Lew English said:—]

(Is this you, Fanny?)

No, it is Julia, but Fannie is here.

[He has lost two sisters by these names some twenty years ago.]

(Do you remember the last time I took you driving?)

Yes, you took me to the fair ground back of Point Pleasant and as we returned you stopped at Eastham's and got something to eat.

[This is all true except that they had stopped at Eastham's and gotten a drink of water instead of something to eat.]

(Do you know where Charley Beale is?)

Yes, he is at Point Pleasant. [Correct.]

(Is Charles Tippett with you?)

No, he is not here and he does not want you or any of his people to know where he is. [It was correct that Beale was in Point Pleasant at that time. It was also correct that Tippett had left home under embarrassing circumstances about twenty-two or twenty-three years ago and has kept his whereabouts concealed from all of his family and friends.]

One day when I called on Mrs. Blake professionally and did not expect to have a sitting, I heard a voice which sounded as though it was in her lap but the sound was so weak I could not distinguish what was being said. Mrs. Blake apparently did not hear it and there was no interruption in the conversation between us. As I picked up my hat to leave her I heard the voice again and Mrs. Blake said, "Someone wants to speak to you." I sat down beside her and placed the trumpet to my ear and the voice said, "Lew, this is your father. I did not want you to go without speaking to me."

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(Do you know what is the matter with aunt Lucy?) [A relative of mine who is quite ill in a distant town in Ohio.]

Yes, I do.

[And he proceeded to give a correct diagnosis of her illness and said that it would only be a short time until she would pass over.]

[Eunice, Mrs. Guthrie's sister, speaking to Mrs. G.:—]

I have been trying to communicate with you independent of Mrs. Blake.

(When did you try to communicate?)

I rapped three times on the window sill in your bed-room a week ago Thursday night.

[A week ago Thursday night Mrs. Guthrie distinctly heard three raps on the window sill in her bed-room at about eleven o'clock at night. She was wide awake at the time, was not thinking of raps or any other spiritistic phenomena and was at a loss to account for it. She reported this to me next morning after it occurred.]

For some time past I have been endeavoring to think of some method of testing and investigating Mrs. Blake's power that would enable me to form a definite opinion, and last night, August 19, 1906, I had a favorable opportunity.

I took eight new O. N. T. thread boxes, all of them identical in appearance, and put different articles in them which had formerly belonged to my father, and carefully packed them in cotton so that it would be impossible to shake the boxes or otherwise determine the contents of them by weight or external appearance. The boxes were carefully packed by me myself, no one else was in the room at the time and no one knew the contents of any of them except myself. After packing them, the lids were placed on and rubber bands applied to hold the lids in position. Then the boxes were thoroughly shuffled or mixed, in order that it

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should be impossible for me to know the contents of any individual box. After this was done the boxes were stacked on my desk and I requested the bookkeeper, who was called into the room for the purpose, to draw at random one of the boxes from the stack while my back was turned towards the boxes. The bookkeeper did not know the contents of any of the boxes, and did not know the object of the drawing until after the drawing was done

and I explained it to her. Then I placed the box in my coat pocket and took my father's pocketbook in another pocket and started for Mrs. Wood's residence where I was to meet Mrs. Blake at 8.00 o'clock, P. M.

My wife, L. S. English and Mrs. Humphrey Devereaux, who was visiting me, accompanied us in the carriage to the seance. While en route I gave English the pocketbook and remarked to him that we should probably get results with the pocketbook because we all knew about it but that I would bet \$5.00 that no one would be able to tell the contents of the box.

The seance opened as usual with the Lord's Prayer, followed by the religious song "Nearer my God to Thee." The usual manifestations, table rappings and a few small lights, and the conversation opened up. There were eight others present at the seance beside ourselves, making a total of twelve.

The first voice to speak purported to be that of my grandfather and he talked in a loud and distinct voice and said that he had never up to the present time told me much of his present condition and that he wanted to tell me how happy he was and what a grand and joyous home he had on the other side, a home that was not prepared by scientists but by God, and it was an eternal joy, etc. He talked on in this strain for several minutes and gave me some advice which is not important in this connection. Following this conversation some of the deceased relatives of some of the strangers present conversed with them. Later on, different voices conversed with Mrs. Devereaux. Mrs. Devereaux does not live in this section of the United States and was a total stranger to all present with the exception of our party.

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I determined not to ask for my father, but to wait until he voluntarily spoke, and had just about begun to think that he was not going to talk when he greeted me by stating that he had not talked earlier as he had given way to the other spirits to talk to their friends. He then spoke to Mrs. Devereaux, calling her by her first name. He had known her from infancy although he had not seen her for several years. His voice gained in strength and clearness of enunciation and I thought it a good opportunity to put my test questions, whereupon I said:

(Pa, can you tell me if we have anything with us that had formerly belonged to you?)

Yes, you have.

(What is it?)

My pocketbook.

(Who has your pocketbook?)

L. S. English.

[Then he resumed his conversation with Mrs. Devereaux and while he was thus conversing I explained to my wife that I had a box in my pocket but did not know contents of it and asked her to put the question to him. She said:] (Judge, can you tell me the contents of the box that Lew has in his pocket?)

Yes.

[Then I said to him,] (I am very anxious for you to be able to do this in order to report it to Professor Hyslop and if you say so I will take the lid off of the box and enable you to better see its contents.) [He replied that it was not necessary to take the lid off the box, that he could see the contents as well with the lid on as if it were off. I then said] (Well, what is in the box?) [He replied by saying,] (My pass I used to travel with.)

Mrs. Blake's control then spoke up and said that his mother's strength was about consumed and the meeting would come to an end, whereupon the voice purporting to be that of a deceased minister pronounced the benediction.

A light was produced and the contents of the box examined and the pass above referred to was found inside of the

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box. I will here state that my father had from ten to a dozen annual passes each year, several of which he never had occasion to use at any time, but the pass found in the box was the one he did ninety per cent of all his traveling with.

I have never at any time since I have been attending Mrs. Blake's seances heard as loud and strong voices as I heard last night, and with as little

hesitation. One voice, which claimed to be that of Rev. Henderson of Colorado, could have been heard a hundred yards and he sang a hymn through from beginning to end in the same loud and distinct voice.

[I made inquiry of Dr. Guthrie to know if Mrs. Blake had handled the box in the experiment which he narrates above, and the following is his reply.—J. H. Hyslop.]

Huntington, W. Va., Sept. 7th, 1906. Dear Professor:

Replying to your note of Sept. 1st will state that at the seance with Mrs. Blake on Aug. 19th, Mrs. Blake did not know Mrs. Devereaux's name until it was given by the voice. Mrs. Devereaux's first name is Bertha. The sitting or seance was given in a dark room, so dark that you could not see anything in the room. The contents of the box were given while the room was dark, towards the close of the seance. Mrs. Blake did not at any time handle the box or have it in her possession, in fact the box was never out of my possession at any time during the meeting and the only time it was out of my possession before the meeting was when I turned my back to the stack of boxes in the office and had one of them drawn at random and handed to me, and I placed it in my pocket where it remained until I removed it from my pocket during conversation with the voice, when I offered to remove the lid to enable the voice to identify the contents. However, the lid was not removed until after the seance was closed and the lights turned up.

Yours very truly,
L. V. GUTHRIE.

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Night Seance with Mrs. Blake, August 19, 1906. Dictated by Mrs. Humphrey Devereaux.

An indistinct voice spoke and I said, "Is it father?" Some one at the table said, "No, it is a woman's voice." It came indistinctly, "Marion", but Mrs. Blake suggested "Mary" and the voice said, "No, no," and repeated "Marion". I asked her where she was when she passed over and she replied, "At your home".

(Did you receive proper medical attention at your last illness or should you have passed off?)

Yes, it was my time.

(Marion, what did we do when we used to take walks together into the country?)

I painted. [Then the voice suddenly became stronger and she said,] "Bertha, praise the Lord, but I cannot talk more."

I had a dear friend by the name of Marion Shipman who died in my home town sixteen years ago. Her friends and family feared that she did not receive proper medical attention. We were close companions and frequently walked together into the country, where she amused herself by sketching in water colors.

Wishing to speak to an old friend by the name of Arthur Neill, I called for him and in the course of about ten minutes a voice said, "How do you do, Bertha," and I said, "Who is it?" and he said, "Don't you know me, Arthur Neill?" I then asked, "What is my husband's name?" He replied, "Humphrey Devereaux." [Correct.]

(What caused you to pass over?)

Inflammation of the stomach and bowels and brain; my head, you know.

(Would you like to talk to any one?)

I would like to talk to Ella.

(What about your brothers, can I tell them anything?)

Tell Ernie I talked to you.

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Mr. Arthur Neill was born, raised and died in Arkansas. His last illness was as he stated, digestive troubles followed by a general breakdown and finally paresis. His favorite sister, Elinor, he always called Ella. He frequently playfully addressed his brother Ernest as Ernie. The next one who spoke to me gave information and advice of so personal a nature that I cannot put it on record.

BERTHA DEVEREAUX.
Oct. 17, 1906.

Medium, Mrs. Blake. Present, Mrs. J. W. English, and Miss Grace Gibbons of Point Pleasant, W. Va.

Every possible precaution was used to prevent Mrs. Blake from learning the identity of either one of these parties. Miss Gibbons took the trumpet and a voice said, "I want to talk to mother", but by repeated questioning I was unable to find out the name of the mother or the person talking. She gave a name which had three parts but I could not understand either one of them and then a man's voice came and I asked who it was.

This is Arthur.

[This voice after talking a few moments became natural and I was able to recognize it as that of my brother-in-law, Arthur K. Fenton. The voice said:] I want to talk to Ella. (Well. Arthur, Ella is not here.)

Tell her to come.

[I replied that traveling on the train made her sick. He answered by saying that he would take care of her on the train and prevent her from being sick. He also said:—]

I want the children to come with her.

(How many children has she?)

[The answer sounded like four, which was incorrect. there being only three. The Ella above referred to was his wife and my sister. After a few general remarks the voice ceased speaking. A. K. F. died several months ago.]

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[The next voice to speak was that purporting to be that of my grandfather Gibbons.]

(Grandfather, this does not sound like your voice.)

Yes, it is.

(Who is with you?)

[The answer was so rapid and indistinct that I could not detect the names

but he mentioned last the name of aunt Lida. This was the name of the last one of his people who had died.

Another voice sounding like that of a woman now began to talk.]

(Who is this?)

Don't you know me ?

[I said, "Yes, I think I do," and by the tone of voice and characteristic expressions I felt satisfied that it must be my mother. She talked on for a few moments and used several of her characteristic expressions. She called me by my given name, Grace. Another voice now appeared and said, "I want to talk to my mother" but was unable to give the mother's name but said:—]

I passed away when you were 18 years old.

(Are you related to me?)

No, I am not, but I knew you.

(Where did you know me?) [But I was unable to understand the name of the town or city but caught the name "Virginia."

Mrs. J. W. English now took the trumpet and a voice said:—]

How do you do ?

(Who is it?)

Fannie. [Whereupon Mrs. English began to cry and the voice said, "Mother, do not cry. I do not want you to do that. I am so glad you came to talk with me." Mrs. English here put the trumpet down and the sitting was at an end. Mrs. English had a daughter, Fannie, who died about twenty-five years ago.]

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Night Circle at Mrs. Blake's at 7.30 PM.

[A voice spoke out loud enough for every one in the room to hear and said:—]

Grace, I want to talk a long time.

[My mother used to like to talk a great deal. I said:—]

(Papa has not talked to me tonight. Where is he?)

He is here but I want to talk a long time.

[Another voice, that of a man, said, "I am here, Gee." This was the name commonly used for me at my home although he had not called me by it as frequently as some of the other members of the family. Some one spoke to Mrs. English and said :—]

How are you, Fannie?

(Who is it?) [And the answer came "Some English." She asked if it was Nat, and he said, "No, it is Gus." Mrs. E. had two brothers-in-law, Nat and Gus, both dead.]

I am glad to see you and glad you came.

[The voice now changed to that of a woman but was very weak and indistinct.]

(Who is it talking?)

This is Eunice, [and she said something which could not be understood.]

(Eunice, do you know whom you are talking to?) [The voice here changed and a man's voice said:—]

I am talking to aunt Fannie.

(Who is it talking?)

John Sehon, aunt Fannie, I am here.

(Is your father with you ?)

No, he is in the fourth sphere and is not with me. I am in the seventh.

(John, where were you when your father passed over?)

I was with him and helped him over.

[The voice here changed to that of a girl and said:—]

Mama, this is Fannie. I am glad you came back to see me. I am perfectly happy and want you to be and come.

(Fannie, are Julia and Freddie with you?)

Yes.

[Mrs. English had a nephew by the name of John Sehon, who died about nine years ago. His father died about six months ago. Father Guthrie now spoke and said:—]

How do you do?

(Are there different spheres in heaven?)

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Yes, there are twelve. I am in the 11th and the 12th is for the children. You know the Saviour said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

(How is Mrs. Saunders getting along?)

She has passed over and is in the third sphere.

(When did she die?)

[And I thought he said last week and repeated it, but he said,] No, no, this week. [Correct. Then a woman's voice said,] Tell Clara I am here. [Clara is Mrs. S.'s sister and lives in Point Pleasant, W. Va.]

Grace Gibbons.

[During the last two months Mrs. S. had been very sick and we had repeatedly asked after her when at sittings with Mrs. Blake and always put the question so it would fit whether she were dead or living, and were careful to convey no information to Mrs. Blake. The first time I asked about her I was told by my grandfather that she was very sick, would soon pass

over but that she was ready to go. At that time she was praying every day that she might die soon. A few days later I was told that she had not passed over but would do so soon. At a recent visit to Mrs. Blake I said to a voice purporting to be that of my father:—]

(Do you know what is the matter with Mrs. S.?)
Yes.

[And then he proceeded to give me an exact diagnosis of her disease and said] She will soon be on this side.

The prognosis was as correct as the diagnosis, for she died last Monday.

A voice now spoke to Mrs. English and said, "How do you do?" She asked who it was and he first said, "F. A. Guthrie" and then said, "Judge Guthrie. I am glad to talk to you." She said, "Yes, it has been a long time since I talked to you." She thought he said four years but when she repeated it he said, "No, two years this summer?" which was correct.

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Fannie, Julia and Eunice, were sisters, daughters of Mrs. English. The first two have been dead about twenty-five years. Eunice died two years ago and has been a good communicator. Fannie has talked a few times to her brother, Lew English, as has also Julia. Now, at Mrs. English's first sitting we all expected to hear Eunice talk, but instead of Eunice it was Fannie, and at the second sitting at night Eunice had very little to say and her voice was very weak and when Mrs. English said, "Eunice, who are you talking to?" the voice changed to a man's and said, "I am talking to my aunt Fannie," and said he was John Sehon.

Was Eunice so overcome with her mother's presence that she could not speak or was she in the "conspiracy" with us to conceal her mother's identity from Mrs. Blake? Mrs. Blake did not connect Julia or Fannie with Lew English or my wife, because they have talked so seldom to any of us and not at all for several months. Mrs. Blake did not know who Mrs. English was until several days after the sittings, when we told her.

(L. V. G.)

Nov. 26, 1906. Report of night sitting with Mrs. Blake on Sunday evening, November 25th, 1906. Present, L. S English, wife, and Mrs. Guthrie and myself.

Before going to Mrs. Blake's we agreed that during the meeting we would not ask for any one and that we would all concentrate our minds and attention on one certain living individual in order to see if our thoughts would have any influence over the medium. A few minutes after the light was extinguished several distinct raps were heard on the table and a few small pale blue lights were seen in the room. Following this was an inaudible voice which gradually grew stronger but we were not able to understand anything that was said. Following this was a voice purporting to be Eunice English which seemed to come up from under the table. She called each of us by name and said "Good evening." "I am glad you all came." This voice was interrupted by some one greeting Mrs. English, calling her by her first name, "Jennie." This voice seemed to originate in the guitar which was lying on the table. She asked who it was.

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Eva Hoover. [Mrs. E.'s sister-in-law.]

(Eva, do you know how George is getting along?)

Yes, he is getting along all right.

(What is George doing?)

He measures the ground.

[Question repeated.]

He is an engineer.

[She also made an effort to tell where he was located but we were unable to understand her. George is the son of Eva Hoover and is a civil engineer and at present located in the state of Michigan. Following this a child's voice said:—]

Aunt Jennie, I am here and want to talk to you.

(Who are you?)

I am Annie Hoover.

(Were you Jake Hoover's child?)

No, I was John Hoover's child and named for my aunt Annie.

(How old were you when you passed over?)

If I had lived I would have been 13 years old now and I was going on four years old when I passed over.

[None of us know anything about Annie Hoover. There is a John Hoover living near the old Virginia State line and we will ascertain if possible if there was such a person as Annie Hoover as above stated.]

[Later inquiry of Dr. Guthrie resulted in the following statement : "I regret that I have never been able to follow up anything concerning the Anna Hoover incident, as all the parties have moved out of this section."]

[Another voice now spoke and we understood it to say "Aunt Lissie." Some one said:—]

(Is this aunt Lizzie?)

No, this is aunt Lucy. Lew, I want you to help Charley. He can't do any good on the farm. (What do you want me to do?)

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Have him leave the farm and you help him.

(I am afraid that is impossible. He won't listen to me.)

Tell him that I said so.

(Aunt Lucy, do you know Stephen B. Saunders?)

Yes, he is here in the fourth sphere. I am in the seventh.

(Can you find out from him where he buried his money?)

I know, but it is not proper to tell every one.

(You can tell me for I do not want it for my own use but would like to have it for Charley.) [Her son.]

It was buried near an old apple tree on the Saunders' farm near a gate.

Something was also said about a certain corner and from her conversation, part of which could not be understood, I infer that the apple tree above referred to is not there now but had been at one time. Charley, above referred to, is her son living on a farm in Central Ohio, but he has not met with success. Stephen B. Saunders is "aunt Lucy's" husband's father and on his death-bed he tried to tell his children where he had buried some money but he was unable to make them understand on account of unconsciousness overtaking him.

My father and grandfather both talked in very loud and distinct voices and I asked my father if he knew where my mother was. The reply was: "Yes, she is over to your place with the children." [Meaning my two children, which was correct.]

Their conversation was along general lines but did not furnish much of evidential value. However, my father talked concerning a law suit which I am in and said that my attorney had properly prepared the necessary papers, that the suit was getting along nicely, and that I would win it. [My father was an attorney-at-law.]

The individual above mentioned on whom we had centered our thoughts for the evening did not appear and no mention was made of him in the meeting.

L. V. GUTHRIE.

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Record of night sitting with Mrs. Blake on November 29, 1006, at the residence of Mrs. Wood. Present, L. S. English and wife, Mr. Wood and wife and .son, Mrs. Blake and husband, and Mrs. Guthrie and myself.

Immediately after the lights went out there were the usual rappings, table shakings and small blue lights. A great deal of conversation was furnished by voices but not a great deal of this was of evidential value. However, a voice purporting to be that of my Aunt Lucy referred to in a previous report, began asking me to look after Charley, her son, and give him a job at this Institution.

(Aunt Lucy have you seen any of your children since you passed over?)

Yes, Clara and Bessie are both here with me, [and immediately the voice changed and said:] Yes, Cousin Lew, this is Clara and I am here and happy.

(What was your occupation while on earth?)

I wrote on the typewriter and taught school.

(But what particular thing did you do as pastime?)

I wrote poetry.

[Clara and Bessie were daughters of "Aunt Lucy" and both have been dead several years. Clara was quite an expert on the typewriter and frequently wrote poetry, also taught school at one time.]

To a great extent I solved the mystery at this meeting concerning the origin of the voices and force that carried the guitar through the air and the lights. I can not say that I solved the mystery of all of the lights, of all of the voices and physical demonstrations with the guitar, but I am positive that I know the source of four-fifths of all of the voices at this meeting and eight-tenths of all of the lights and other physical manifestations but at this time I do not care to explain the matter in my record.*

L. V. GUTHRIE.

Huntington, W. Va., October 10th, 1912

My dear Doctor:

In regard to my statement that "I had found out how four-fifths of the voices and eight-tenths of all the lights and physical manifestations were produced", I wish to state that I was perfectly honest in this opinion at the time I expressed it, but after several years with this medium I am now compelled to confess that the voices are a greater mystery to me now than several years ago, and I have no explanation to offer.

As to the lights, I feel quite sure that it is possible to reproduce fraudulently eight-tenths of all the lights I have ever seen at Mrs. Blake's seances. I do not mean by this that eight-tenths of the lights are fraudulently produced, but on the other hand there has been, in my opinion, a small proportion, about two-tenths of these lights that could not have been produced by Mrs. Blake. In fact, I have seen on numerous occasions lights just like these

when Mrs. Blake had not been in the same building or in the same state, and when it was utterly impossible for them to have been fraudulently produced. As to their nature I have no explanation.

Sincerely yours.

L. V. GUTHRIE.

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Sitting with Mrs. Blake, April 17, 1907.

Present, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Guthrie and myself. Meeting took place at the home of Mrs. Wood in Huntington.

While in general conversation with Mrs. Blake my name was spoken in a loud whisper and apparently coming from the corner of the room in which the trumpet she usually uses was leaning, about four feet distant from Mrs. Blake. I procured the trumpet and placed it in her hands and a voice purporting to be that of my father greeted me. After a few minutes' conversation along general lines I asked him to whom he gave the \$25.00 I paid him on a rent account about twelve years ago.

I gave the money to you.

(How long ago has it been that I found out that you gave me this money?)

You did not find it out until I had passed away. [This was all correct.]

In explanation will state that about twelve years ago I had a settlement with my father for some rents which I had collected for him and gave him my check for \$25.00 the amount due him. After his death some two years and a half ago, in looking over his old papers, very much to my surprise, I found this check which had never been cashed and consequently the amount was still standing to my credit in the

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bank. Mrs. Blake had no possible means of acquiring this information through ordinary channels.

The voice purporting to be that of my father still continued in conversation and discussed a lawsuit which I am now in over some land in one of the counties of the state. I was told that I would be successful in my suit and the personnel of my attorneys was discussed intelligently by this voice, much information of a general character being given.

(P. S. June 20, '09. I won the lawsuit just as the Voice said I would fourteen months before the case was called.)

After my father had died and his body had been properly embalmed and placed in casket I left the room and went into the side yard near the house and plucked a white rose, returned to the house and placed the stem of this rose between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand over his breast. This was done just a few minutes before the lid of the casket was fastened in place and was the last thing I ever gave my father. With this incident firmly impressed in my mind, at a sitting I asked the voice purporting to be my father the following question: "What was the last thing I ever gave you ?"

The answer came prompt and distinct, "A handkerchief on Christmas." This was correct from the standpoint of what I had given him during his lifetime but had entirely escaped my memory and I was thinking of nothing but the rose; whereupon I acknowledged the correctness of the answer but stated that I had given him something later than that and after his death and wanted to know what it was.

A flower.

(What was the color of the flower?)

It was a white rose.

(Where did I get this rose?)

In the side yard at home.

[Another sitting. My grandmother on my father's side talking.]

(Grandmother, what caused you to depart this life?)

My finger was hurt and it went to my head.

(How did it happen that your finger was hurt?)

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I put my hand down in—and a rattler bit me.

(Do you mean a rattle snake bit you?)

No, no.
(What was it?)

[And the only thing I could understand was the repetition of the word "rattler" and I was also unable to distinctly understand what it was she had put her hand down into.]

In explanation of this will state that about thirty-five years ago my grandmother had put her finger in a rat-trap in which was confined a live rat. The rat had bitten her through the forefinger or thumb, I have forgotten which, and this produced lockjaw from which she died in a few days.

A voice addressed me [Mrs. English] and said:

Jennie, Jennie.

(Who is it?)

Uncle John.

(What uncle John?)

[I did not understand the answer but after having been repeated three or four times came distinctly:—]

Uncle John Hoover.

(Where were you when you passed away?)

At the red house.

(What shall I tell cousin Annie?)

I am with her every day.

(What sphere are you in?)

Seventh.

(Do you ever see cousin Bettie and cousin Charley?)

Cousin Bettie is in the eleventh sphere and cousin Charley in the fourth.

I had an uncle John Hoover, who died at his home which had always been called the "red house ", situated in the interior part of the state.

Cousin Bettie above referred to was an unusually good Christian woman, while cousin Charles was rather wild and dissipated.

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My maiden name was Hoover and Mrs. Blake has never had any opportunity to find out anything about my family.

I distinctly heard a voice conversing with another voice or at least the two voices were talking at the same time and at the same instant that Mrs. Blake was talking to me.

JENNIE HOOVER ENGLISH

In two years' careful observation of this case I have heard of four incidents where the sitter was quite positive that the voices were produced at the same time Mrs. Blake was carrying on a conversation with the sitter or some one else in the room. In one instance it seemed to me that a voice spoke while Mrs. Blake was singing and the person who was sitting immediately to the right of Mrs. Blake at the time declares that this took place.

Several months ago at a night sitting I felt almost certain that a voice spoke some four or five feet distant from Mrs. Blake while she was conversing with some one else at the table.

At a sitting last night, September 20, 1906, it seemed to several of us present, including Prof. Hyslop, that two voices were produced simultaneously and it is quite sure that neither one of these voices was produced by any of the sitters. A few minutes later while Mrs. Blake was in earnest conversation with Mrs. English, a voice spoke to my wife, who was at the other end of the table from Mrs. Blake, and continued to talk in an inaudible child's lisp, but owing to the fact that Mrs. Blake and Mrs. English were both talking it was impossible for my wife, Mr. English or myself, who sat at the end of the table, to understand what was said. I remarked that some one was trying to talk at our end of the table and for everybody to keep quiet, but Mrs. Blake and Mrs. English did not heed my request but kept on talking and the voice at our end of the table kept attempting to make us understand something. I remarked the second time that some one

was talking at our end of the table and I said, "Can't you people keep quiet a minute?" Whereupon Mrs. Blake and Mrs. English discontinued their conversation and the voice at our end of the table still attempted to convey some message

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to us but was so weak that we could not understand the words. This is the first time since I have been attending Mrs. Blake's sittings that I have been reasonably sure that I heard a voice at the same time Mrs. Blake was conversing.

April 30, 1907

Medium, Mrs. Blake. Present, Mrs. S., Mrs. Guthrie and myself.

Mrs. S. took the trumpet and was greeted by a voice calling her by a short name but it was so indistinct we could not make out what was intended.

(To whom are you talking?)

To one of Andy's daughters.

(Which one of Andy's daughters?)

The first born. [Mrs. S.'s father's name was Andy and she was the oldest of his children. Another voice now greeted Mrs. S.:]

(Who are you?)

I am grandma S. Your husband's mother.

(What is my husband's name?)

Arnold S. [Correct.]

(Where is he today and what is he doing?)

He is now in Cincinnati in Dr. O.'s office for treatment.

(What is the matter with him?)

[The answer came indistinct but stated that there was a growth on his body. Mrs. S. prompted and said:]

(On his hand?)

No.

(On his shoulder?)

No.

[Then the answer came sufficiently distinct for all in the room to understand and said:]

He has a growth on an artery in his neck.

(Should this growth be operated on?)

No, no, do not operate on it. He will live longer without the operation.

[Mr. S. was in Cincinnati for the purpose of seeing Dr. O. as above stated and has a growth on the carotid artery in his neck.]

Another voice greets Mrs. S. and states that she is Mrs.

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S.'s great-grandmother H. and after a few commonplace remarks in response to commonplace questions the following conversation took place:

(How is my mother's health?)

Quite good.

(How is my father's health?)

Not very good. He is suffering with Bright's disease.

(How is my grandmother's health?)

It is very bad and she will be with you on earth a very short time.

(What is the matter with my grandmother?)

She has a cancer in her left breast.

(Is she receiving proper medical attention?)

Yes, nothing can be done for her except to make her comfortable. You should have your mother go to see her at once or it will be too late.

[Mrs. S.'s grandmother above referred to is suffering with a cancer of the breast but Mrs. S. does not know which side is affected. Mrs. S.'s mother is in good health but the father has been complaining with rheumatism, etc., for some time. However, if he has Bright's disease none of the family know anything about it.]

[Another voice claiming to be that of grandpa S. spoke.]

(Where did you die?)

In the old country. Switzerland.

(Where did you reside in this country?)

Near Oakland, Maryland. [Correct.]

(Why did you go away from home and leave your people to go among strangers ?)

I went away to drown my trouble and worries. Tell my son, Arnold, I want to talk with him.

Grandpa S., after losing his wife, became a changed man in disposition and was inconsolable and left all of his relatives and was never heard of any more. It is not known whether he died in this country or in the old country above referred to. In the conversation he attempted to give the name of the town in Switzerland where he died but we were not able to understand it.

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Much conversation of a general character took place between Mrs. S. and her several deceased relatives but practically all of it was commonplace and non-evidential, with the exception of that herein recorded.

Mrs. S.'s identity was positively not known to Mrs. Blake and in conversation with Mrs. Blake no "fishing" was done and no leading questions were asked.

L. GUTHRIE

June 15, 1908. Time, 10.30 A. M.

Medium, Mrs. E. Blake. Present, my wife and myself.

Immediately before leaving the West Virginia Asylum I conversed with General Boggs, Private Secretary to Governor D., by long distance phone, who informed me that Governor D. was going through Huntington on the 1.25 PM train and requested me to meet the aforesaid train for the purpose of seeing the Governor.

After a few preliminary remarks with Mrs. Blake a voice addressed me claiming to be Lutie D , the deceased wife of Governor D. and said, "Governor D. is in a very critical condition and I want you to tell him for me that he must pray more and prepare himself for the other world and by praying and constant effort he will be able to be in the same sphere with myself when he comes over."

(Mrs. D., when am I going to see the Governor?)

In two or three days.

(Am I not going to see him today?)

No, you will not see him today.

Another voice purporting to be that of my grandfather G. speaks and after some commonplace remarks I asked, "Grandpa, can you tell me what is the matter with aunt Salina?"

"Yes, your aunt Salina is in a very critical condition, will live only a short time and if you should ask her what is the matter she would say ulceration of the stomach but she has cancer of the stomach." Mrs. Blake does not know who aunt Salina is or where she lives or anything about her.

In this connection I will state that aunt Salina died five days after this and when I attended the funeral at Gallipolis, Ohio, I asked her daughter what aunt Salina seemed to think her trouble was and she told me that she invariably referred to her trouble as being sores in her stomach and never referred to it as a cancer. This was entirely unknown to me although I was aware of the fact that she had a cancer of the stomach but am positively certain that Mrs. Blake knew nothing of any of these facts.

Another voice addressed me claiming to be that of my father and after some conversation which was not particularly evidential, said: "Lew, I told you twelve months ago that your mother was in a very critical condition. You now realize that what I then told you was correct. She will not live very long. The operation which you had performed was only of temporary benefit and do not operate on her any more, as nothing will do her any good."

In this connection I wish to state that a year ago my mother's health was apparently better than it had been for several years and we had no reason to have any apprehension as to her condition but the voice purporting to be my father's told me then that her condition was deceptive and that her health was very bad. About ten months ago she began to show symptoms of a malignant growth which is steadily progressed until now she is practically bedfast all the time. The above referred to operation was performed with a view to temporary relief and it is possible that Mrs. Blake knew something of the particulars. However, Mrs. Blake had no normal means of knowing more of my mother's condition twelve months ago than I knew myself and it is quite evident that the malignant growth had developed a year ago but had not sufficiently advanced to produce symptoms.

I hurried through my sitting with Mrs. Blake in order to go back to the West Virginia Asylum, eat my dinner and meet the 1.25 train. As I drove up to the front porch of the Asylum I was informed that Governor Boggs had tried to get me by long distance phone twice during my absence and on the second unsuccessful effort he told the bookkeeper to leave word for me that the Governor was not in condition to travel

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and consequently would not be on the 1.25 train, but would probably be able to take the trip in two or three days. This confirmed the above information. However, on the 17th the Governor was able to make the trip and I accompanied him as far as Cincinnati.

On October 1, 1908, Dr. A. E. Craig, who had been treated in this Institution for morphine and whiskey habit and had recovered and was serving in the Institution as a medical interne, was on his death bed realizing full well that he only had a few hours to live.

Craig was an old bachelor, high-strung and rather irritable in his disposition; had a very characteristic way of expressing himself, was a physician and was practical but rather an obscure character and very few people outside of the Institution knew him.

On October 1, 1908, I visited his room to see if there was anything additional that I could do for him, and the following conversation took place between us:—

(Craig, is there anything that I can do for you?)

Yes, I would like to have some lemonade. I have about finished my career and know that I am at the end of my string.

(How do you feel in regard to religious matters?)

I was formerly a Presbyterian but have taken very little interest in the church of late years.

(What do you think about spiritualism?)

Lew English has talked to me about this and it may be that there is something in it. I would like to see Mrs. Blake.

(If after you have passed over the Great Divide you find that there is anything in spiritualism will you promise me that you will come back and communicate with me through Mrs. Blake?)

Yes, I will try. I will do the best I can.

After a few other remarks to me I turned to the door to leave him. He called after me and said, "Don't forget the lemonade." I did not see him any more as he died the following morning.

All of this conversation I kept strictly to myself and ten days afterwards visited Mrs. Blake for the purpose of ascertaining if he was able to keep his promise to me. It was a dark circle and Lew English and his wife, Mrs. Guthrie and myself were present in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Blake.

Late in the sitting a weak, mumbling voice tried repeatedly to attract attention and as there seemed to be some of the characteristic tones of voice that had belonged to my friend, the doctor, I replied to him by saying: (Who is it?)

Wm. Edward. [Repeated two or three times.]

(Did I know you?)

Yes, you doctored me.

(Where did you live?)

In the country above Point Pleasant on the river.

(How long since you lived there?)

Ten or twelve years, [but answer indistinct.]

(Are you giving me your correct name?)

No.

(Please do so.)

C-r-a.

(What did you do while on earth?)

I practiced.

(Where did you practice?)

Right there [Answer indistinct.]

(What was the last thing you asked me to do for you ?)

To get me some lemonade.

(What was the cause of your death?)

Consumption. Both of my lungs were gone. I am glad to talk with you tonight. I knew you would come but I am very weak and cannot get conditions to tell you all — wait — I am glad you understand.

(Did we have any conversation the day before you died?)

Yes, I told you I was about gone. I am glad you understand.

(What else did we talk about?)

We talked about religion and spiritualism and I promised you I would come back and communicate with you if possible.

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(Did you leave anything you wanted your people to have?)

Yes, I want my brother, Edward, to have it.

(Have what?)

The proposition. It is sealed.

(Where is it?)

It was in the office. You have it now.

(Where?)

In your left hand near your left side. [Correct.]

(What is in the proposition?)

I told them that I wanted Edward and aunt Mary to have the property.

(Where was the proposition found?)

In the corner with my things.

Lew, Lew, [addressing Mr. English] I thank you for talking to me about this. It put me to thinking. I am happy.

(Did you leave anything else for your people that they did not get?)

Yes, in the office at No. 1. [Ward No. 1. but answer indistinct.]

(What did you leave?)

My box of tools and a watch.

In explanation will state that Dr. Craig has a brother, Edward, in Charleston, W. Va., and he also has an aunt Mary. The proposition referred to was probably a sealed letter found in the corner of his bureau drawer and addressed to his mother. This letter had been delivered to me by Mr. English and had been kept under lock and key until my experiments in the case were considered finished. Dr. Craig had a small box of carpenter's tools which he valued very highly and was very particular that no one borrowed them. These tools were found after this sitting in what was known as the office at No. 1 Building. Dr. Craig was born and raised in the country on the river ten or twelve miles from Point Pleasant. In addition to the box of tools referred to he had a watch at the time of his death. His death was caused by pulmonary tuberculosis.

In about two weeks after this sitting I visited Mrs. Blake and had another conversation with the voice that purported to be my departed friend but I was unable to get any additional information as to the contents of the letter or proposition.

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Subsequently Mrs. Guthrie and Mr. English visited Mrs. Blake for the purpose of finding out the contents of the letter and practically the same information was given as in the first sitting.

Upon opening the letter there was found no reference to Aunt Mary or to any property. The brother's name was mentioned but not in connection with any property. The question naturally arose in my mind "Was the above information furnished me from telepathy and spirits had no part in it, or was it my departed friend communicating with me and unable to remember the contents of the letter?" Of course it was possible that there was some other document he left which we did not find.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that we, the undersigned, were present and heard the voice purporting to be that of Dr. A. E. Craig in conversation with Dr. L.

V. Guthrie at a seance with Mrs. Blake at her home on, or about, October 10, 1908, and we corroborate the statement made by Dr. Guthrie which is hereto attached.

We further certify that on the 1st day of December, 1908, we visited Mrs. Blake for the purpose of endeavoring to gain additional information on this subject and that the following conversation took place between the voice purporting to be that of Dr. A. E. Craig and ourselves:—

Lew, Lew. [Mr. English.]

(Well?)

You found the tools where I told you?

(Yes. Doc, you didn't have any property, did you?)

No, very little, but — want them to have it.

(You didn't have any aunt Mary, did you, Doc?)

Yes, aunt Mary Alexander.

L. S. ENGLISH,
MRS. L. S. ENGLISH,
MRS. L. V. GUTHRIE.

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Personally appeared before me the undersigned Notary Public, L. S. English, Mrs. L. S. English, and Mrs. L. V. Guthrie, who, being first duly sworn, state that the foregoing statements are true and correct to the best of their knowledge and belief.

J. R. BLOSS,
Notary Public for Cabell Co.,
Huntington, W. Va. West Virginia.
Dec. 1908.

Inquiries regarding the Craig incident for further information resulted in the following reply.—Editor.
Huntington, W. Va.,

Dec. 21st, 1908. My dear Doctor:

Replying to your letter of Dec. 11th relative to a supposed communication with Dr. Craig through Mrs. Blake I will state that:—

1. I have no reason to believe that Mrs. Blake knew anything about his death or anything of his personal affairs; in fact, had I thought that she did I would not have taken the trouble to record the case. I do not suppose that Dr. Craig ever heard of Mrs. Blake before he came to the Institution and I know that he had never had a sitting with her.

2. Dr. Craig was not well known in this community outside of the patients and employees of the Institution. He did not mix with people to any extent, but on the other hand to some extent was rather a recluse.

3. Point Pleasant is about 45 miles from Huntington and Dr. Craig was born and raised on a farm about 12 miles up the Kanawha River above Point Pleasant.

4. I do not think that Mrs. Blake knew that we had such a patient at the Asylum.

5. Up to the time of my sitting with Dr. Craig [as communicator] none of us present knew that he had an Aunt Mary.

6. I have been personally acquainted with his brother Ed. for two or three years.

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1. Outside of a watch, some tools, and a few surgical instruments I do not think that he had any property.

Dr. Craig was employed about the Asylum in looking after flowers and shrubbery on the grounds, and acted in the capacity of a medical interne and trained nurse in a few special cases. He seldom left the institution for any purpose and as above stated did not associate with other people to any extent.

I feel certain that Mrs. Blake knew nothing whatever of his affairs, and I

know that she knew nothing of the conversation which took place between Dr. Craig and myself a few hours before his death.

With the exception of the Aunt Mary part of it I would be inclined to attribute the whole affair to telepathy between living minds. However, the characteristicness of the voice and the manner of wording sentences was a strong indication to me that it was either Dr. Craig's spirit or that Mrs. Blake was able to read my mind in such detail that she could reproduce his characteristic way of speaking and pronouncing words but perhaps I had better leave these theories to greater minds. With kindest regards, I remain

Yours very truly,
L. V. Guthrie.

The following letter is from Dr. Craig's brother in reply to inquiries from Dr. Guthrie.—Editor.
Charleston, W. Va., Dec. 16th, 1908. Dr. L. V. Guthrie,

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 15th inst. received. I do not know whether my brother had any property or any interest in any property of any kind. He had an Aunt Mary Jane on my father's side of the house, who married Robert Alexander, a merchant, who did business in Gallipolis, Ohio, Point Pleasant, Beech Hill, and Buffalo, W. Va.

I received the letter you mailed me some days ago addressed to my mother and handed it to my sister, as my mother is sick and hardly able to stand the contents of such a letter, which was about as follows:

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It recounted his failures and follies, discussed his then present condition of health and possibility of death, but still expressed a hope that he would get well and be able to do considerable more work. This letter was written August the 8th, when you were writing to me to come to see him and so much disturbed about his condition. I was there August the 13th, and this letter did not refer to any property that belonged to him, containing only such information as a man in his condition would write to his mother.

He boarded with his Aunt Mary in his younger days and went to school. She was particularly fond of him, and while your letter is an enigma to me, I

conclude that in the delirium of his last illness he must have talked about his Aunt Mary, etc. I would like to hear farther from you on the subject at any time and will give you any additional information I can,

Yours very truly
Edward M. Craig

October 22, 1908

Night before last (October 20, 1906), between 12 and 2 o'clock A. M., I distinctly saw a shadow of a man on the window near the dresser in my bedroom and it remained there for some fifteen or twenty minutes during which time I made close observation to ascertain if possible its cause. I got out of bed and changed my position in the room but the shadow still remained on the window and Elizabeth, my five-year-old child, who was sleeping with me, awoke out of a sound sleep, raised up in bed and said, "Mama, what is that?" looking directly at the shadow. I assured her it was nothing but a shadow and she went back to sleep.

Last night I attended a night seance with Mrs. Blake and when a voice purporting to be that of my father-in-law, F. A. Guthrie, was talking, I asked him why he did not make himself seen or heard by some of us when away from Mrs. Blake. He replied that he had done so on several occasions.

(When was it ?)

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You saw my shadow on the window near the dresser in your bedroom last night.

(Who else saw it?)

Elizabeth.

(Why is it that you show yourself to me instead of to your son, Lew?)

You have more power to see than he has.

This shadow I had seen on the window had not been discussed or told to any one except my husband, and therefore Mrs. Blake had no opportunity to be in possession of these facts. Other voices talked to us last night but

the most of the information was of a general character. All voices were distinct and sufficiently loud to be heard by every one in the room.

MRS. L. V. GUTHRIE.

[Not dated.]

Mrs. M. E. Wass' experience with Mrs. Blake. Sitting took place at the West Virginia Asylum at Huntington.

Mrs. Wass was an entire stranger to Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Blake had no opportunity of knowing anything of the details or history of Mrs. Wass' family affairs.

The trumpet was placed to her ear and a voice said, "Mother, mother."

(Who are you talking to?)

I am talking to my mother. I am your son. I am happy and I want you to pray and be happy too. What can I do to make you know that I am happy? I am happy and I want you to know it.

(Can you tell me some little thing that happened in our home when we were together?)

Yes, lots of them.

Then he proceeded to tell something but could not be understood owing to indistinctness of the voice. " It has been a long time since I talked to you, ma, hasn't it?"

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"Yes, eleven years." He said, "No, Ma, twelve years," [which was afterwards found to be correct]. He then said "Now. mother, you know this, you haven't forgotten this. You know the time pa whipped me about the wagon." " No, I haven't forgotten that." [The boy's father gave him a severe whipping about something in connection with a wagon.]

(Where did we live when your little sister, Fannie, died?)

In the bottom, ma. You thought I had forgotten that, didn't you? We afterwards moved up on the hill. [Correct.]

I did not know it had been so long ago. I thought you had forgotten. I know one of your aunts here.

(Do I know her?)

No, you never saw her. [Mrs. Wass neglected to ask who the aunt was.]

At this instant while the voice was plainly talking Mrs. Blake addressed a question to Mrs. Wass. Mrs. Wass is positive of this and says that no power on earth could ever make her think anything else but that the two voices, Mrs. Blake's and the one in the trumpet, were in use at the identical moment.

About this time another voice spoke and Mrs. Wass' son said "Do you want to speak to aunt Fannie?" "Yes." Then she heard a voice, soft and sweet, say, "Mammy, mammy." Mrs. Wass asked who she was speaking to and the voice said, "My mammy, I am your daughter Fannie." [This child always called Mrs. Wass "Mammy."]

(How old were you when you passed over?)

One year, six months and twelve days. [Correct.]

[About that time Mrs. Wass' husband's mother came and said:—]

How do you do, Ellen? [Which was Mrs. Wass' first name.

Mrs. Wass said:]

(I am all right. How are you?)

[The voice said:] I am happy, praise the Lord. What can I do to make you know me?

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(I don't know, grandma, but can't you think of some little thing that happened when we were in our home?)

Yes, lots of them. Don't you remember those pillow slips I gave you in remembrance of me?

(Yes, I shall never forget them.)

[Thirty-six years ago she had given Mrs. Wass a pair of pillow slips to be remembered by.]

Following this conversation Mrs. Wass' brother and father spoke to her but did not give any definite information.

I hereby certify that the above statement is true and correct.

MRS. M. E. WASS.
Huntington, W. Va., Jan. 8, 1909.

Sitting with Mrs. Blake by appointment at her home at 2.00 P. M. Present, Mrs. B., her husband and myself.

Explanation.

On December 29th my mother had died and I was anxious to see if there would be any information from her of an evidential character through Mrs. Blake, and as my mother had left a sealed letter addressed to me the contents of which I knew nothing of, it afforded me a favorable opportunity to make a test. This letter had been kept securely locked in a burglar-proof safe until such time as I could have an opportunity of interviewing Mrs. B.

[Voice in trumpet:—]

Howdy do, Lew. I am so glad you came.

(L. G.: Who is it?)

Your father. Your mother is here and is all right.

(I am glad she is all right. Can she talk to me?)

I am here. This is your mother. I am glad to be free from pain and I am happy. You are all right and the propositions you have in hand will be all right and be successful.

[I was assisting in the consolidation of two banks and was also getting ready to invest some money in a new enterprise.]

(How about the C. stock?)

It will be all right and will make money after a while.

(Am I safe in investing more money in it?)

Yes, it will come out all right.

(About one hour before you died I asked you an important question. Were you conscious?)

Yes, perfectly, but was too weak to talk.

(Did you suffer any pain during the last few hours of your life?)

No, not at all.

(I asked you a question about one hour before you died and again in a few moments and I am not sure that you answered it. Did you, and if so, how?)

Yes, I answered it by nodding my head, meaning yes.

(Can you tell me what was the question?)

You asked me if I saw any of my people or relatives while in that condition.

(No, that was not what I asked you. Think again.)

* * * [The voice mumbled something but I could not understand and after repeated questioning on this subject I gave it up.]

[Voice.] I want to talk to Kathleen and also to Lynn. [My daughter and wife.] Watch over Kathleen and make a good girl of her.

[L. V. G.] (I think she is a pretty good girl without any of my assistance.)

Yes, but I want her to be an extra fine and good girl. You know she is my favorite of the children. [Heavy bass voice here breaks in and says:]

Yes, Lew, you know she was my favorite, too.

(Mother, you left me a letter marked private. Can you tell me anything of its contents?)

Yes, I wrote you that letter while on my bed. ; (Can you give me the date you wrote it?)

Yes, [Followed by mumbling sentences that I could not understand.]

(Did you write it before I left for Florida or after I returned?)

* * * Mumbling conversation still continued and I could only make out the sentence " Nov. 27

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The explanation to this date would probably be that I received a letter from her while in Florida dated November 27th, but this was not the letter in question.

(What did you write about? Can you remember?)

I wrote to you about what I wanted done with my property. I wanted Kathleen to have my bank account, \$400.00 odd dollars, but I want Elizabeth to have some too. I want you to do what I have told you in the letter.

(Anything else in the letter?)

Yes, sell the residence property in Point Pleasant as you will never move back there and you [might] just as well sell it. You will never live in Point Pleasant but you will be with me before long and you must be prepared like I was.

(When you died where did your spirit go?)

It stayed with my body until the body was put away and then my spirit took its flight.

When I left Mrs. Blake I was not particularly impressed with my sitting mainly on account of the fact that I was not able to get a definite answer to the question I had asked my mother on her death bed. Also did not believe that I had secured a single sentence that was in the sealed letter which I had in my pocket. After leaving the house and going down the river bank crossing the river to the West Virginia side I wrote on the back of the letter that portion of what the voice had said the letter contained. Then I opened it

and found that the first sentence at the head of the letter was exactly as the voice had told me, "I am writing you this letter while on the bed." Following this the letter read " I want Kathleen to have my bank account and I want Elizabeth to have the \$20.00 gold piece you gave me for Xrnas." Then followed other instructions that she wished carried out, and it is possible that the portion of the letter not perfectly understood by me as given by the voice would have been the same as the contents of the letter.

Returning to my office I told my wife that I had not been able to get an answer to my important question asked my

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mother shortly before death, whereupon my wife told me that at one time she was in the room alone with my mother and that she had asked my mother if in her semi-conscious condition she could see or recognize any of her deceased relatives. This was entirely unknown to me and it is possible that my mother in her exhausted condition may have gotten confused between my wife's question and the question I had asked.

(Signed) L. V. GUTHRIE

The following is an important record made by Dr. Guthrie as it represents an interesting mistake. A lady had an excellent sitting with Mrs. Blake and four days later her brother went to see the medium and the communications were confused and a striking error occurred.—Editor. Huntington, W. Va., Aug. 9th, 1906. My dear Professor:

I have received your letter of August 5th and am glad to state that Mrs. Blake's general condition is still improving and she is limiting, to a considerable extent, the number of people to whom she gives sittings. I witnessed a peculiar freak in her case which I wish to report to you. I will make it as brief as possible.

A friend of mine, by the name of Tol. Stribling, who is the brother of the Miss Stribling you met while here and resides in a neighboring town, called on Mrs. Blake with me last year. The sitting was one of the two failures which I have seen since I have known Mrs. Blake. At that time he was unable to get anything except a few muffled sounds, and very little information, practically all of which was incorrect. Recently Miss Kate Stribling, the sister went with me to Mrs. Blake's and conversed freely with her father and mother, both of whom have been dead many years. Also talked with two sisters, who had died in infancy, about forty years ago, and

conversed with other friends and relatives "who had passed over," and all the information she received was correct and distinct. Four days after this the brother Tol. went with me to see Mrs. Blake. A voice claiming to be that of his mother called him "Tollie," her baby boy.

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This was correct, but went on to state, as he understood it, that she wanted to talk to his father. He asked where his father was and the voice replied, he is at your home in Point Pleasant. A few minutes afterward another voice, much louder, spoke and claimed to be his grandfather Stribling. Question, "Grandpa, what did you do here on earth ?" Answer, " I was a preacher." Question, "Please say that a little more distinctly." Answer, "I was a minister of the gospel. Can you understand that?" The voice then proceeded to state that the sitter was his favorite of all his grandchildren, etc., when the truth of the matter was that this grandfather had died before Tol. was born and had never been a minister, but was an attorney-at-law, and the strange part to me is that the father in spiritual form should give the daughter accurate information four days previous and then the mother should make a mistake in saying she wanted to talk to the father, that he was at the sitter's home in Point Pleasant. Did the "wires get crossed?"

Sincerely yours,
L. V. GUTHRIE

Inquiry developed the following facts. The sitter bore a strong resemblance to his father and though he denied that he had been his father's favorite son, saying that his father "showed no favoritism between his children", Dr. Guthrie thinks that this judgment was due to the man's modesty. His paternal grandfather was an attorney-at-law; his maternal grandfather a civil engineer. His father had lived all his life at Point Pleasant, and his mother, from the date of her marriage in 1864 until her death. His paternal grandfather had also lived at the same place from early manhood until his death in 1854. His maternal grandfather was there only on visits. The sister was living there at the time of the sittings. No important relative had been a clergyman during four generations and none that Mr. Stribling knew of at any time.

It is apparent, therefore, that we cannot explain the confusion by any probable mistake.

Medium, Mrs. Blake. July, 1910. This visit was for the purpose of prescribing for the Medium, who was sick. After finishing my examination, etc., Mrs. Blake suggested that more than likely some of my departed people wanted to talk to me. She took the trumpet and, placing one end against her own ear and the other end to my ear, a voice greeted me very distinctly, purporting to be that of my father. A commonplace conversation took place and I remarked that I had just returned from inspecting the tract of coal and timber land which my father had owned at the time of his death. Voice, "Yes I knew all about your visit, I was with you." Question, "I walked up to the top of the highest peak on your property and what did I do while there that was out of the ordinary?" Answer, "You sat down and engraved my letters on the earth."

Explanation. After spending two or three days on this property prospecting for coal I concluded to climb to the top of the highest knob on the property. I made the trip alone, and feel sure that there was no one within two or three miles of me while there. I was quite fatigued when I reached the top and sat down on the ground which was covered with an even layer of moss and had the appearance of a green carpet. While resting in this position, my thoughts centered on my father, and almost automatically I took my fingers and picked out little pieces of moss forming the letters "F. A. G." his initials. I did not tell any one what I had done while on the mountain top, and, of course, Mrs. Blake had no possible normal means of knowing anything about it.

L. V. GUTHRIE

Medium, Mrs. Blake. Present C. P. Snow of Washington, D. C., Mr. Blake and myself. Time 8 P. M. some time in June.

In this record I am leaving out all information directed to Mr. Snow, and all that was intended for myself with the exception of the one subject as given below. This was a dark circle and a trumpet not used. The voice was very distinct. Mrs. Blake was suffering with a severe cold, was very hoarse and coughed a great deal during the evening.

Mr. Snow and myself did not take part in any of the singing, but Mr. Blake sitting at the extreme right end of the table sang several religious songs in company with a voice which apparently came from two or three feet back of Mrs. Blake who was at the left end of the table. This voice was a deep rich bass, and I do not see how it is possible for Mrs. Blake to have produced it, and am positively certain that there was no one else in the room except the four of us above mentioned.

Voice addressed me purporting to be my father, and after several commonplace sentences I said "Pa, did I do anything out of the ordinary just before going to bed last night?" Answer, "Yes you did." Question, "What was it?" Answer, "You stood and looked at my picture a long time before you went up-stairs.

Explanation. This was correct. I had just received a new portrait of my father and after my family had gone up-stairs to bed, I looked at the new picture and compared it with an old portrait which was hanging over my writing desk, and endeavored to make up my mind which I liked the best. I started up to bed after turning off the lights, and came back, turning on the light, and again compared the two pictures. No one knew that I had done this, not even any member of my own family.

L. V. GUTHRIE

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THE HISTORY OF A STRANGE CASE
A Study in Occultism
By David P. Abbott

Is spiritualism all deception and illusion? Is there no grain of truth to be found under the great mass of fraud and trickery with which a vast army of charlatans have disgraced it? Are the efforts of the Society for Psychical Research to prove fruitless? When all of the fraud and deception is cleared away, will nothing remain? These questions I have been asked time and again. What will the answer be?

Do no whisperings of hope from the great beyond ever echo down the infinite corridors of darkness? Will the pale vanished faces of our loved ones, that haunt the shadowy mists of memory, ever again stand before us in the bright sunlight of day? Will we ever again hear the dear voices that have long been stilled? Must we, with tottering steps supported only by

blind faith, go down the hillside of life into the infinite darkness of the eternal valley? Is there no turning aside—no escape? Must we face the inevitable annihilation of the unity of self? When science lifts her torch and peers into the surrounding darkness, is there no gleam of hope to be seen? Will a new dawn ever break, with its countless songs of gladness bursting from the throats of the twittering love-birds of joy? Oh, beautiful Nature, how thy children adore thee! Oh, infinite Power, that animates and directs the great All, why this insatiable longing for immortality in the hearts of thy children!

I have been asked again and again, if, in all of my investigations, I have found nothing that I could not explain: if all has been perfectly simple and commonplace as soon as I witnessed it: if all of the mystery and romance disappear upon investigation. I have finally removed certain difficulties to publication, and shall now give to the public an account of the most remarkable

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that it has ever been my fortune to investigate. Among all the cases of my investigation, it stands unique and alone, entirely in a class by itself; still to a certain extent shrouded in mystery, with some features which I have not yet thoroughly explained satisfactorily to myself. The memory of this remarkable experience, and the weird and dramatic effect of what on the surface appeared to be the voices of the dead talking to me and exhibiting an intimate knowledge of my family history, will remain with me through life.

II

On March 1, 1906, the carrier left at my door a letter that was destined to disturb my peace of mind, and to furnish me much material for thought for some time to come. Shortly before this I had published in *The Open Court* an article entitled, "Some Mediumistic Phenomena." I had vaguely wondered if this would not indirectly bring to my notice some accounts of strange phenomena from remote places in the world. Such was this missive.

This letter was written by a gentleman in New Haven, Connecticut; and in it he described a strange case that he had witnessed in a remote village one year before. The writer, Mr. E. A. Parsons, was unknown to me; but he introduced himself as a magician. He stated that having read my article and

noted my knowledge of trickery, he desired to lay this case before me, in the hope that I might be able to explain it. I here quote from his letters:

"I will describe an experience which I had with an elderly lady in a little town in Ohio last year. She uses two tin horns or trumpets, each fourteen inches long, and two and one-half inches in diameter at the large ends, tapering to one inch at the smaller ends. The large end or bell of one horn is so made as to slip tightly into the large end of the other. On the smaller or outer ends of this double trumpet are soldered saucer-shaped pieces large enough to cover a person's ear. The trumpet is empty and can be examined by any one.

"Her very marvelous power is this: The sitter takes one end of this trumpet and places it to his ear. while the lady does the same with the other end, placing it to her ear.

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At once the sitter plainly hears whispers in the trumpet. These purport to be the voices of the spirits of his dead friends and relatives. They reply to any questions which he speaks out loud. During this time the lady's mouth and lips are tightly closed, and she makes no motions of the throat or lips. She will, instead of holding the trumpet to her ear, hold her palm against it; or allow him to place one end of it against her back. She will, if preferred, permit two spectators to each hold an end, she merely touching the center with her fingers. In either event one hears the whispering just the same. Now this is done in broad daylight, anywhere, even out of doors. I investigated this phenomenon seven hours altogether, giving it every possible test, but could obtain no clue to it. I found that it was not ventriloquism, as the voices were really in the trumpet; besides, ventriloquists can not speak in whispers. I proved beyond question (as have many others) that the voices were really in the trumpet .

"The information which I received from the whispers was correct in every case. I had never seen the lady before, nor had I been in Ohio previously. Now the production of intelligent language inside this trumpet in daylight, three or four feet away from the medium, I regard as more wonderful than anything I have ever known. I now have the trumpet, having purchased it. Can you tell me how the whispered words were produced?"

In a subsequent letter he said: "The description I gave you was not overdrawn in any way. The lady is the wife of an humble farmer and resides in an obscure country village. She has resided there all of her life

and has reared a large family of children. She has never been over twenty miles from her home and has but little education. She is, however, very intelligent. She gave her sittings for a long time free of charge, and later began charging ten cents. She now charges one dollar, but does not insist on anything.

"She can use a glass lamp chimney or any closed receptacle in place of the trumpet; and I have heard the voices just as plainly coming out of the sound hole of a guitar that lay upon the table. The guitar has also played in my presence, independently, but faintly. There was no music box in it, as is generally the case. She has also caused music to sound in the trumpet. and raps to sound on the outside of it.

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"Three of my most intimate friends have seen her several times. Two of them were with me at my investigations. I have known of this lady for six years; and finally, having heard so much about her, I journeyed six hundred miles to see her in January, 1905. The lady was at many times talking with persons in the room at the same time that I was listening to the voices. I noted this with great care. Sometimes two different voices would whisper at the same time, as if one were trying to get ahead of the other.

"Of course we know how mediums usually gather information, but this lady had no means of knowing anything about me; and yet the voices told me, correctly, many things of my own private life. Among those who talked with me were my mother, my daughter (dead twenty-two years), and my grandfather. My daughter told me where I lived, what kind of a house I lived in, what her living brother was doing, where she was buried, etc. An old music teacher of mine, of whom I had not thought for ten years, announced himself and said he would like to play for me. Then I actually heard faint but distinct sounds of piano-playing in the trumpet, and my friends in the room also heard it. The sounds were like they would be if one were listening to a piano over a telephone. My father and my father-in-law spoke to me; as did also an uncle of whom I had no knowledge, but whose existence I afterwards verified. My mother gave her own name completely, but failed to give my middle name. She gave it as 'Albert,' when in reality it is 'Augustus.'

"At one time I heard an open voice in the trumpet for a moment. I also listened at her mouth and throat when voices were speaking, but could detect no sounds. I found the positions of the voices in the trumpet would vary, sounding at one time nearer to one end, and at another nearer to the

other end. I had noticed the varying strength of the voices, and the lady told me of this change of position. I verified it by listening outside the trumpet when others held it, and found the voices to vary one foot and a half in location. I was particularly impressed with the openness of the lady, and with her perfect willingness for me to test her powers in any manner that I desired. She afforded me every opportunity to make such tests, giving me seven or eight hours of her time. I suppose this thing to be a trick;

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but with over forty years' study of magic, and with the acquaintance of all the great magicians, I was entirely unable even to surmise how it could be done. It is either a trick or it is the work of His Satanic Majesty.

"Now I believe I have discovered a medium as good as Home, and I hesitate about making public her name and address. You understand, any medium possessing this secret would think his fortune made. I am no medium, but I certainly want the secret. If this prove to be a trick, I do not want its secret given to the world, but desire to keep it for private use. If you see fit to sign a contract binding yourself to respect this desire, and not to reveal the secret of the performance without my consent, I will be pleased to furnish you the name and address of the lady. I shall expect you to give me the fullest results of any investigations which you may make."

On receipt of this letter I immediately signed and returned the required agreement to Mr. Parsons. I received in return the coveted information. Being now at liberty to reveal all of the details, I shall state that the lady is Mrs. Elizabeth Blake, of Bradrick, Ohio. This is a little village of few houses, on the banks of the Ohio, just across the river, north from Huntington, West Virginia. The place is reached from Huntington, most directly, by a row-boat ferry.

After receiving this information, I decided to try to learn from other sources if the case were really as described by Mr. Parsons. About this time I learned that the latter gentleman is well known in the world of magic under the nom de plume of "Henry Hardin," and that he is a dealer in magician's secret. Had I received this account from other sources, I should have given it but little credence, inasmuch as I have investigated so many other cases, and have invariably found nothing but trickery. But here was a strange report from a man versed in the arts of trickery; an expert himself, and one not easily deceived. Surely, this, at least, warranted investigation.

I had always been very skeptical, never believing in spirit communion,

telepathy, clairvoyance, or anything of the kind; and as to physical phenomena, I had found everything very commonplace and devoid of mystery when I had an opportunity to see it myself. I could not help wondering and pondering; and asking myself if, after all, it were possible for a being

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to exist on this earth with any powers out of the ordinary; or with any faculty not common to the rest of the race. Decidedly, I could not believe such a thing possible, and yet, how could an expert magician be deceived with such a thing? I felt greatly puzzled; and although I had no faith in spirit communion, decided to investigate further.

I wrote a letter to the professor of science in the schools at Huntington, telling him that I knew of a strange case of psychic phenomena in his vicinity, and proposing to engage him to investigate it for me. I was a member of the Society for Psychical Research and I offered to furnish him with proper credentials, etc. I enclosed a stamped envelope, but he did not even condescend to reply. Next, I wrote directly to Mrs. Blake, and invited her to visit my home. I told her I was a business man of Omaha, and offered to furnish references as to my standing. I also offered to defray all expenses of her journey.

Mrs. Blake did not reply in person; but I received a letter from a gentleman of very high standing, whom I shall call Dr. X—, as he does not desire me to use his name. This gentleman happened to be her physician. He informed me that Mrs. Blake had fallen from her chair at some previous time, rupturing the ligaments of her ankle; that this had resulted in blood poisoning and had left her crippled; that since that time she was compelled to go about on crutches; that inaction frequently resulted in attacks of acute indigestion; and that she was thus in such a state of health as to prevent her making any journey. He thanked me in her name for the invitation.

Now, this gentleman seemed to be accommodating; so I took the liberty of again writing him, asking for a report from him on the powers of his patient; for his own opinion of the case, etc. This he kindly gave me; and this was followed by several letters, going into great detail of what he considered the most important case in the world.

His report corroborated all that Mr. Parsons had written me; but I noticed that he attached greater importance to the information given by the voices, than he did to the phenomenon of the voices themselves. This was just the

reverse of the estimate of the case formed by Mr. Parsons, for the latter regarded the phenomenon of the voices as the greater mystery.

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Dr. X— stated that at his first sitting he was completely "taken off his feet, so to speak," and considered spirit communion as proven; but that upon subsequent occasions, he was sorry to state things had occurred to lessen this belief. He related many marvelous incidents of conversation with the voices, and stated that he had taken many friends to the lady under assumed names; yet he had never failed to hear the voices call these persons by their right names, etc. He also stated that the information furnished by Mrs. Blake's voices at times had seemed so marvelous that he had seriously contemplated referring her case to the Society for Psychical Research, in order that he might have an authoritative statement with regard to what her powers really consisted of. I quote a few extracts from many in his letters.

"Twenty-two years ago this summer, my father took me to Virginia for the purpose of entering me in college. I was an only child, had not been away from home a great deal, and was quite young; therefore he accompanied me to Blacksburg, Virginia, introduced me to the president of the school and otherwise assisted me in getting started. It was a military school, and every newcomer was called a 'rat,' and this was yelled at him by the older students in chorus until it grated upon his nerves to a considerable extent.

"As my father and myself walked up towards the college buildings over the broad campus, the word 'rat' was yelled at us with depressing distinctness. We went across the campus and on beyond to a large grove of virgin forest, where we sat down upon a large log; and here my father gave me some paternal advice. He was going to leave the next morning and I felt very sad and lonely; and it was with great difficulty that I kept back the tears that in spite of myself would now and then trickle down my cheeks. At all of this my father laughed and said that I would be all right in a few days.

"When conversing through Mrs. Blake's trumpet with the supposed voice of my father, the following conversation with the voice occurred. I had previously written out the questions and I have since added the answers of the voice:

"Do you remember the time you took me off to college?' I asked.

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"Yes, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday,' the voice replied.

"When we walked towards the buildings, what was said to me by some of the students? '

"They yelled "Rat" at you.'

"Spell that word,' I requested, as I desired no misunderstanding.

"R—a—t,' spelled the voice.

"Where did we go after leaving the campus and college buildings?' I next asked.

"We went to a large grove near the college buildings and sat down upon a hickory log,' responded the voice.

"What did I do and say while sitting on this log?'

"You cried because I was going to leave you and go home,' answered the voice. All of this was wonderfully accurate, but I do not know whether or not the log was hickory."

In another letter he says: "On one occasion a voice supposed to be my grandfather's talked with me, and I asked it what had caused him to depart this life. Just previous to asking this question the voice had been full and strong; but upon asking it the voice became indistinct, and I concluded that my question had 'put the lady out of business.' To my surprise, in a few minutes my grandfather commenced to talk again; and I reminded him that he had not answered my question. He replied by saying that I knew perfectly well what had caused him to depart this life, and that it was not necessary to ask such unimportant questions.

"I replied by stating that I wanted the question answered, in order that I might be convinced as to his identity; and also to know that he had sufficient consciousness and intelligence to reply. He then stated that the immediate cause of his death was a fracture of the skull.

"How did this happen? ' I asked.

"By falling down a stairway,' answered the voice. . " ' In what town and house did this occur?'

"In Gallipolis, Ohio, in my son's home,' again responded the voice. All of this was correct.

I next asked my grandfather's voice if he remembered what he used to entertain me with when I was a child.

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He replied that he did; and that he had made little boats for me, and had floated them in a tub of water. I asked how old I was when this took place, and he replied that I was five years old. This was correct, and had occurred some thirty-four years ago."

Again Dr. X— says, "In addition to her daylight work, Mrs. Blake gives dark seances. At these, the voice of her dead son Abe usually opens the meeting with prayer, and some hymns are sung by all present. During this time, numerous little blue lights flit about the room; the guitar is frequently floated over our heads, etc. After this, voices speak up in various parts of the room and address those present. I attended one of those night meetings recently.

"In addition to others present, I took with me Clara Mathers Bee, who had formerly been my stenographer, but whom I had not seen for five years. She was a total stranger to the others present, and resides at a remote point in the interior of the state. Mrs. Blake does not keep in touch with the whole state of West Virginia, and knew nothing of this lady.

"Mrs. Bee had recently lost a young lady cousin, and was very anxious to communicate with her. She even went so far in her inexperience as to call for this relative on several occasions, giving her name in full. This, however, brought no results, although Mrs. Blake could have made use of the knowledge thus acquired. Finally, during an attempt to communicate with this relative, a child's voice spoke and said, 'I want to talk to my Aunty Clara.' It was some time before any one answered and no one seemed to understand for whom this was intended. Presently Mrs. Bee said, 'Do you want to talk to me?'

"Yes, you are my Aunty Clara,' the voice replied.

"What is your name?' asked Mrs. Bee.

"My name is Stinson Bee,' answered the voice.

" How long has it been since you died?'

"Six months.'

"What caused you to leave this life?'

"I was burned to death; and I want you to tell my papa that I want to talk to him,' responded the voice.

"In explanation I will state that Stinson Bee, who was a nephew of Mrs. Bee's husband, was burned to death six months before the time of this sitting.

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Mrs. Blake could not have known anything of this, as it happened in a remote part of the interior of the state; and as intimate as I am with the family, I did not know of it.

"Just at this point my father's voice broke into the conversation and said,' How do you do, Clara? '

"Do you know who this is that you are talking to?' I asked.

"Yes, it is Clara Bee,' responded the voice.

"That is correct, but what was her name before she was married?' I asked.

"Don't you think I know Clara Mathers? ' the voice replied."

These are but few of many incidents which Dr. X— has related to me in great seriousness. He is a well educated and highly respected gentleman, of the highest standing in his community. There are reasons why he does not desire his name used, and this is why I omit the name; but it can be had in private. In one letter he informed me that during the daylight sittings, Mrs. Blake first seats herself beside the sitter, each allowing the trumpet to rest with its ends in their adjacent palms. Soon the trumpet begins to grow heavy, and then finally, one end of it seems to attempt to move upward to the ear of the sitter. This means that conditions are right and that a voice desires to speak.

He further stated that close friends of Mrs. Blake who were in a position to

know, informed him that of late Mrs. Blake was rapidly losing her powers; and that they were not nearly what they had previously been. He suggested, in case I contemplated an investigation, that I make it as quickly as possible, for he said that her health was such that any sudden attack was liable to terminate her earthly career. He also suggested that I write nothing further to Mrs. Blake, and in no way let her know that I contemplated making such an extended journey to see her; as he had found results much better when she did not think she was especially investigated. He thought I should simply act as if I had been passing and had merely stopped off on my journey.

After receiving these reports, I determined to investigate this case if possible. I wrote to Prof. James H. Hyslop, Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, and detailed the case to him, asking if he would assist me. Meanwhile I wrote Mr. Parsons, and secured his permission to lay the matter before Professor Hyslop.

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I did not tell the latter the name or location of the lady but explained that it was within one hundred miles of Cincinnati. Also, I wrote to Dr. X—that I would like to be informed if Mrs. Blake were at home and well, as I wished to come. He replied, informing me that she was at that time visiting in the mountains; but that immediately upon her return, he would notify me. This he did; but she was suddenly taken sick on her return, and this prevented my making the journey. Dr. X—, however, stated that he would instantly inform me on the recovery of Mrs. Blake's strength, as soon as such should enable her to give sittings. He again urged me not to delay, if I desired results of value, stating that undoubtedly her powers would soon be gone.

Meanwhile, Professor Hyslop met a lady from that section of the country, who told him of "a wonderful medium, a Mrs. Blake near Huntington, West Virginia." Professor Hyslop then wrote me that he thought he had discovered the identity of the lady, and asked me if this were she. I wrote in reply that it was. I mailed the letter from Omaha to Professor Hyslop, who was then in New York at Hurricane Lodge on the Hudson. In just two days after mailing the letter, I received a telegram from Professor Hyslop, saying, "I start for Huntington tonight."

Now, I did not desire any one to arrive on the scene ahead of myself: for I wanted to thoroughly satisfy my own curiosity. I therefore immediately telegraphed Dr. X— at Huntington as follows, "Professor Hyslop wires his

starting. Shall I come?" In an hour I received this reply, "Just as well now as any time." During the wait I called up, by telephone, my cousin Geo. W. Clawson of Kansas City, Mo., to whom I had previously described the case, and induced him to accompany me. So far I had not revealed to him where we were going, except that it was beyond Cincinnati. Mr. Clawson had a short time before lost a daughter whose Christian name was Georgia Chastine, and was very greatly grieved over her demise. It was the hope of obtaining some proof of a future life through communication with her that caused him to yield and to go with me.

The next morning I took the train for Kansas City, where I was joined by Mr. Clawson; and we started on our one-thousand mile journey. I asked Mr. Clawson to choose a name to travel

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under, and to keep his real name secret, as I wanted no possibility of deception in my investigation. The name he chose was "C. E. Wilson," that of a friend of his. He made the journey under this name and registered under it at the Florentine Hotel.

I had resided for a few years in Omaha, but was not generally known there. My parents reside at the village of Falls City, Neb., and are well known there. I knew that, should my friend Dr. X— desire to do so, it would be possible for him to employ some one in advance to obtain information in regard to my relatives and family. I regarded him with far too much respect to think such a thing would happen; but in order to remove all possibility of fraud, I desired to take with me an unknown person under an assumed name. This was why I decided on Mr. Clawson. I did not reveal my intention to any one.

I had previously written to Dr. X— that I was liable to bring an unknown person with me, but I gave him no idea of who this person would be. I did not think that any one would be able to reach out through space one thousand miles and read my mind, discover whom I intended taking, and then look up his history in advance. I considered Mr. Clawson a desirable person to go with me, as both of his parents were dead; and also on account of his great desire to communicate with his dead daughter, if such a thing were possible. He also had a brother by the name of "Edward," who had died when quite young, and a son who had died within a few days of birth. However, these last two instances I did not know until after our sittings. The reader should remember these facts and names, on account of what is to follow. I did not expect results of much consequence myself,

owing to the fact that I have no immediate dead, with the exception of two baby brothers, my grandparents and some uncles and aunts. I therefore could not expect to receive results of much importance, whatever the power of the lady might be. We journeyed continuously for two nights and a day, arriving at Huntington in the early morning hours of Monday, July 23, 1906.

III

About eight o'clock that morning I telephoned to Dr. X— that I had arrived with a friend. The Doctor resided in a beautiful park a short distance in the country.

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He soon arrived at our hotel with his carriage; and I introduced my friend, Mr. C. E. Wilson (Mr. Clawson, under his assumed name), to him. The Doctor then drove us to his residence for a short time. He showed us a copy of a letter to Mrs. Blake which he had dictated a few days before, and which stated that he expected two friends from New York to visit him; and that he wished to take them to see her, and he hoped she would receive them and do the best she could, even if not entirely recovered from her recent illness. He did not give any names in his letter; and he assured me that, since the time of answering my letter to Mrs. Blake at the beginning of our correspondence, he had never mentioned my name to her.

To the Doctor himself, I was a total stranger, with the exception of what he had learned of me in my letters to him, and also what information he had gleaned from my article, "Some Mediumistic Phenomena," before referred to. The Doctor had in his possession one of Mrs. Blake's double trumpets. We examined this thoroughly: and taking it we drove to the Ohio River, and crossed in a row-boat to Bradrick, Ohio. This village consists of about one dozen cottages situated along the river bank. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and Professor Hyslop had not yet arrived, the night boat on which he journeyed down the Hudson having been delayed. We went up the bank and turned to the left to Mrs. Blake's cottage. The ferry landing is close to her house, and most of its patronage seems to come from her visitors.

Mr. Blake was sitting on the porch and he received us. He informed us that

he had just turned away a number of persons who desired sittings with Mrs. Blake, and that she could not receive us professionally. However, we were not to be dismissed in this manner, and we refused to leave without at least seeing her. Mr. Blake then told us we might enter, while he remained outside to turn away visitors. We entered the little parlor; and Dr. X—stepped through the open doorway and spoke to Mrs. Blake, telling her he had his two friends with him whom he wished to bring in. She readily consented and we entered.

She was sitting in a large rocker by the window in her little room. Her crutches were by her side, and she seemed a very pleasing, though elderly and frail lady.

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We were introduced merely as " friends," and we conversed with her for a few moments. She said she was born and had resided all of her life within two and one-half miles of her present home. She explained that she had possessed her power since a child. She said that as a little girl she had heard voices in her ears, and that some gentleman had experimented with her. He found that a closed receptacle confined the sounds and made the words clearer. After this, the present trumpet had been devised, but she could use any closed receptacle. She said since her sickness, she had lost her power, so that she could "get nothing satisfactory any more." She said that her power was declining so rapidly that she felt she would have to give up the business entirely. She expressed her willingness to try, but stated that she could not satisfy any one now like she used to do when her health was better. Meanwhile, her husband kept coming in and going out, as if he were watching her closely to prevent her giving a sitting. She, herself, seemed very accommodating; and I felt assured that, but for him, we could conduct some interesting experiments. Finally Dr. X— went out and talked to him, and succeeded in securing his consent for a short trial.

Mr. Clawson now seated himself beside the lady, and she instructed him to take one end of the trumpet in his palm, while she did the same with the other end.

In a moment Mr. Clawson remarked, "How heavy that is getting!" and as he did so, I thought I heard a faint whisper in the end of the trumpet that Mr. Clawson was holding. It was, however, so faint that I could not be certain of it. It was more like a single syllable, the drawing of a breath, or like a hissing sound, but it was very indistinct. In a moment the trumpet began to

rise toward Mr. Clawson's ear, and the lady said, "Some one wants to speak to you, sir; place the trumpet to your ear." He did so, and she placed the other end to her ear.

Whispered voices in the trumpet now began to address Mr. Clawson, but from the outside I could not understand what was said. Mr. Clawson seemed unable to do much better, and it appeared that the sitting would prove a failure on this account. Mrs. Blake now spoke and said, "Please try and speak plainly, dear friend, so that the gentleman can understand you."

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The voice now seemed to become more distinct, and Mr. Clawson asked the question, "Who are you?" He did not appear to understand the reply: for he repeated his question a few times. as one does at a poorly-working telephone. Finally I heard him say, "You say you are my brother Eddie? " Mr. Clawson seemed confused at being unable to understand the many whispered words in the spoken sentences; and turning to me. he said, "You take the trumpet and see if you can understand any better."

I may here remark that up to this time I did not know that Mr. Clawson had a dead brother "Edward," and that I supposed this to be an error until afterwards. During the time that the voices were speaking, Mrs. Blake's lips were tightly closed, and there was no motion of them. She appeared to be listening intently to the voices, and trying to follow the conversation.

I now took the trumpet. A voice spoke a lengthy sentence or more, which was so inarticulate that I could not understand it. Finally I heard the words, "Can't you hear me? "

"Yes. Who are you ?" I replied.

"I am your brother and I want to talk to mother. Tell her" responded the voice, the last words becoming indistinct.

"What shall I tell her?" I asked. The voice then took the tone of a child's voice, low and almost vocal, and said, "Tell her that I love her."

The only dead brother that I have, who was old enough to talk before his death, was named "Thomas." He was two years older than I, and three years old at death. I now said, "Give me your name." The voice then repeated an inarticulate name many times, but I could not understand it. It

appeared to sound like "Artie" or "Arthur." In fact it sounded first like one, and then like the other would sound, were I to try to whisper them in an inarticulate manner. I did not repeat these names, and the voice gave up the attempt. I now handed the trumpet to Mr. Clawson, and the voice kept repeating, "I want to talk to my brother," so he gave the trumpet back to me.

"Whom do you want to talk to? " I asked.

"I want to talk to my brother Davie—brother Davie Abbott," responded the voice. I could hear the name "Abbott " repeated several times after this, and then the voice finally ceased.

Mr. Clawson now took the trumpet. I may remark that although Mr. Clawson's parents, and also a little son who was never named,

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were dead, his whole heart was set on obtaining a communication from his daughter Georgia, who had recently died; and unless he could do this, the whole sitting was a failure as far as he was concerned. This daughter had been very affectionate, and had always called her mother by the pet names of "Muz " and "Muzzie." She also generally called her father "Daddie," in a playful way. She had recently graduated from a school of dramatic art, and while there had become affianced to a young gentleman whose Christian name is "Archimedes." He is usually called "Ark" for short. Mr. Clawson had these facts in mind, intending to use them as a matter of identification.

A voice now addressed Mr. Clawson, saying, "I am your brother."

"Who else is there? Any of my relatives? " asked Mr. Clawson.

"Your mother is here," responded the voice.

"Who else is there?"

"Your baby."

"Let the baby speak and give its name," requested Mr. Clawson.

This was followed by many indistinct words that could not be understood. Finally a name was pronounced that Mr. Clawson understood to be "Edna." He had no child of that name; but in what followed, although his lips

addressed the name "Edna," his whole mind addressed his daughter, "Georgia."

"Edna, if you are my daughter, tell me what was your pet name for me?" he asked.

"I called you Daddie," the voice replied.

"What was your pet name for your mother?"

"I called her Muz, and sometimes Muzzie," responded the voice.

"What is my name?" asked Mr. Clawson, but the reply was so indistinct that it could not be understood.

I now took the trumpet, but received nothing satisfactory— merely inarticulate words. Soon I was quite sure that I heard a voice announcing, "This is Grandma Daily." My grandmother on my mother's side was Mrs. Daily ; but as she had always called me "Davie" as a child., and as the names "Daily" and "Davie," when whispered, sound very similar, I decided that possibly the

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voice had whispered, "This is Grandma, Davie." I did not wish to misinterpret sounds and thus aid the lady, and I desired to be very certain of all my tests; so I did not repeat the name "Daily," as most persons would have done. I waited, expecting the voice to pronounce the name unmistakably.

A number of inarticulate sentences which I could not understand were now spoken. However, among the words I heard first the name "Harvey," and then "Dave." After this I heard the name "Dave Harvey." Next, I heard the initials "J. A.," and I also heard a name that seemed to be "Asa." I have an uncle who is dead, and whose name was "Richard Harvey". The name of his son who is now living is "David Harvey." An uncle of mine who is dead was called by the name of "Asa," but his name had been given in my article referred to before. I have a living brother whose initials are "J. A."

Mr. Clawson now took the trumpet and attempted to talk to some inarticulate voices. Finally a voice said, "I am Grandma."

"Grandma who?" asked Mr. Clawson. I could not understand the reply; but I

heard Mr. Clawson repeat, "Grandma Daily?" with a rising inflection. He then turned to me and said, "That is pretty good. The voice says that Grandma Daily is here."

At this point Mrs. Blake terminated the sitting, claiming that her strength was leaving her. It had lasted probably twenty minutes. At one time Mrs. Blake had turned her back to me so as to use her other ear. At this time her face was next to the wall, and I could not see her lips; but I thought I detected a twitching of the muscles of the throat. The sounds were really in the trumpet, and there was no doubt that they did not issue from the nose or mouth of Mrs. Blake.

A few times during the sitting she took the trumpet from her ear, allowing it to rest in her palm. This would be for an instant at a time. During such time there was no cessation of the voices in the trumpet; but the fingers of her hand that were over the end of it seemed to be separated. At such times the voices seemed to originate at her hand, and were not so distinct as usual. When the trumpet was at her ear they seemed to originate there.

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After the sitting, we told Mrs. Blake that we had a friend who would arrive on the next train. We stated that we very earnestly desired him to meet her, and finally she agreed that we should bring him and return in the evening. Then we presented her with a neat sum (as we desired her best services), and took our departure.

We crossed the river, returned to the home of our friend Dr. X—, and then sent a driver to the train to see if Prof. Hyslop would arrive. Mr. Clawson went with the Doctor's driver to the train. In a short time they returned, bringing Professor Hyslop with them. Immediately after noon we dictated to the Doctor's stenographer a concise account of our morning sitting. It is from these records made at the time that this account is taken. Each of us dictated separately all that he could remember. We then compared our reports and corrected them.

A little later in the afternoon, we drove to the river again and crossed to Mrs. Blake's cottage. We were received, and had quite an interesting conversation with her. During this time Professor Hyslop questioned her minutely about the history of her case. We desired a sitting, but she declined to give us both a daylight and a dark seance; so we waited a few moments, as it was rapidly growing dark; and we then had a dark sitting, intending to have a daylight sitting the following day if possible. Mrs. Blake

agreed to this, and said if her strength did not fail her, she would give us a sitting the following morning.

It now became quite dark, and we arranged ourselves around a small table. We were conversing at the time; and having my mind intently on her work, I thoughtlessly said to Mr. Clawson, "Mr. Cla—, take this seat." The others were talking at the time, I was not speaking loudly, and I discovered my error in time to omit the last syllable. I was quite sure that it was not noticed at the time, but this fact must be remembered.

Mrs. Blake sat on my left, and Professor Hyslop sat on her left. At the opposite end of the table sat Dr. X— and his brother-in-law who had just happened to come in. Mr. Clawson sat at one side of the room, holding the hand of Mr. Blake. Professor Hyslop and myself declined to hold the hands of Mrs. Blake, as we cared nothing whatever for physical manifestations, but desired only mental phenomena which would be of the same value whether given in darkness or in light.

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We sat a very long time, and it seemed that nothing was to occur. Finally a blue light floated over the table between us, and another appeared near the floor close to where Mr. Clawson and Mr. Blake were sitting. The trumpet on the table was also lifted up over my head and dropped to the floor by my side.

Finally, the deep-toned voice of a man spoke. It appeared to be about a foot above and behind Mrs. Blake's head. The voice was melodious, soft, low in pitch, and very distinct. This is the voice that is claimed to be that of her dead son, Abe. There was a note of sadness in it, and it spoke these words: "My friends, I am sorry to say that owing to my mother's weak condition, it will be impossible for us to give any manifestations that will be worth anything this evening. We deeply regret this, but it is beyond our power to give you anything of value, as she is very weak."

It is hardly necessary to say that we refused to take this statement as a dismissal, but continued to remain. In a short time we heard a man's voice of a different tone entirely, which Dr. X— recognized as the voice of his grandfather. These voices were open,—that is, they were in no trumpet and were vocal. The tone of this last voice was that of a very old man, and the conversation was commonplace. Soon a much more robust and powerful man's voice spoke, and said: "James, we will give way to the others." This

voice Dr. X— recognized as the usual voice which claimed to be that of his father.

A lady's voice now addressed Professor Hyslop, and some little conversation was carried on, but with no satisfactory results. I now reached down to the floor, and taking the trumpet, placed one end to my ear and gave the other end to Mrs. Blake. The voices issuing from it could be heard by the other persons present. The first voice appeared to be that of a girl, so I handed the trumpet to Mr. Clawson. The voice said, "Don't you know me, Daddie?"

"Who are you, Edna? " asked Mr. Clawson.

"Why, you know me Daddie," answered the voice.

"Are you Edna Jackson ? " asked Mr. Clawson. This was the name of a dead friend of his daughter.

"You know I am not Edna Jackson," responded the voice.

"If you are my daughter, tell me where mamma is."

"At home."

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"Yes, but where?" insisted Mr. Clawson. The reply to this was inarticulate, but resembled "Kansas City," which was the correct place.

"Is she in St. Louis?" he asked.

"You know she is not," the voice replied.

"Is she in St. Joe?"

"No, no. She is in ," replied the voice. The first words were given with great energy and were almost vocal, but the last words were inarticulate. The latter, however, resembled "Kansas City." I then asked the voice to repeat the name, but it grew so weak that I could not distinguish the words. So far, everything was entirely unsatisfactory, and we were greatly discouraged.

I now took the trumpet. That the reader may fully understand what is to follow, I shall state a few facts. My Grandmother Daily, in the latter part of

her life, resided in the country in Andrew County, Missouri. There my mother grew up. My grandmother died thirteen years ago. My mother's maiden name was "Sarah Frances Daily." She was always known to all as "Fannie Daily," and where she now resides is known to every one as "Fannie Abbott." Even Mr. Clawson did not then know her correct Christian name. My eldest sister, Ada, who is now Mrs. Humphrey, was residing in the village of Verdon, Nebraska. She and I, as children, used to visit our grandmother, Mrs. Daily, and we were great favorites with her. She always called my sister "Adie," and myself "Davie." This was many years ago.

A voice in the trumpet now addressed me, claiming to be that of my grandmother, Mrs. Daily.

"Well, Grandma, what do you wish to say?" I asked.

"Davie, I love you, and I am all right. It is all right Davie. it is all right; and I want you to tell your mother that you talked to me, and tell your father, too," said the voice.

"You want me to tell my mother and my father that you talked to me ?" I repeated, hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes, Davie, and tell Adie, too," replied the voice very plainly. "Tell whom ?" I asked, being greatly surprised, as this came upon me like a gleam of light out of a chasm of darkness.

"Tell Adie, too," the voice again repeated. It certainly seemed incredible that this voice could manifest such intimate knowledge of my family's names, one thousand miles away. I thereupon decided to further test this knowledge.

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"Grandma, what relation is Ada to me?" I quickly asked.

"Why, sister Adie, Davie. Tell sister Adie. You know what I mean—tell sister Adie." This had come so suddenly that I was for a moment dumbfounded; but I quickly decided to ask a test question that I did not think the voice could answer.

"Grandma, now if this is really you talking to me, you know my mother's first name. Tell it to me," I said.

"Sarah," answered the voice quick as a flash. It was so quickly answered that the name "Sarah" had not entered my own consciousness at the instant. I had asked the test question so very quickly, that I had given all of my thought to the question, and none to the correct answer; and I had dimly in my consciousness only the name "Fannie." Thus the name "Sarah" really momentarily surprised me, and I had to think a mere instant before I realized that it was correct. I did not repeat the name for fear of a misinterpretation of sounds.

"What do you say it is?" I again asked.

"Sarah," again the voice plainly responded. There could be no mistake, but I did not repeat the name as most would have done.

"Mrs. Blake, what do you understand that name to be?" I asked turning to her.

"Why, it sounds like Sary," she replied. I then conceived the idea of having the voice give the first names of Mrs. Daily's other children, but it here disappeared. I ask the reader to substitute himself for the writer, and for the names "Ada," and "Sarah," to substitute names in his own family; and then to go over the foregoing dialogue, using these substituted names; to imagine himself in a strange country among strangers, and then to note the peculiar effect upon himself. He will then understand the peculiar subjective effect that this had upon the writer. A gentleman's voice now spoke inarticulately.

"Let my uncle come," I said.

"Let our mutual uncle come," spoke Mr. Clawson. This question, conveying within itself our relationship, being spoken, I now said, "Yes, let our mutual uncle come."

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"Well, I am here," spoke a man's voice near the table top in a few moments.

"If you are our uncle, give us your name," I requested.

"Dave, I am Uncle Dave," now spoke the voice. We had an uncle whose Christian name was "David Patterson," and who was dead.

"If you are Uncle Dave, tell me your second name," I requested. The voice pronounced a name that resembled "Parker." It began with the letter "P," but we could not understand what followed.

"Dave, you were named after me," continued the voice.

"What is your last name?" I asked. This was "Abbott"; but the voice replied with an inarticulate sentence, in which we distinguished the name "Harvey." My uncle Richard Harvey and the uncle whose voice this purported to be, were quite intimate many years ago.

One remarkable feature of the voice which claimed to be that of my uncle David, was that it resembled his voice when alive, to an extent sufficient to call to my mind a mental picture of his appearance; and for an instant to give me that inner feeling of his presence that hearing a well-known voice always produces in one. I said nothing of this at the time. I may say that during all of our sittings, no other voice bore any resemblance to the voice of the person to whom it claimed to belong, so far as I was able to detect. As this uncle had died only a few years before, I have a vivid remembrance of his voice.

At this point Abe's voice spoke and said, "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse my mother for this evening. Her strength is exhausted."

We now asked permission to return the following morning. Mr. Blake agreed to go to a telephone on the following morning, and to "call up" Dr. X— and to inform him if Mrs. Blake were well enough to receive us. We now took our departure. When crossing the river in the darkness I asked Professor Hyslop if he had heard my "slip of the tongue". Dr. X—spoke up and said that he had, but that he thought that Mrs. Blake did not hear it. Mr. Clawson now incautiously spoke and said, "Well, it doesn't matter. I do not care who knows who I am. I am George Clawson of Kansas City, and there is no use to conceal it." He was so disappointed at getting nothing definite from his daughter "Georgia," that he forgot his discretion.

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While still on the river Mr. Clawson spoke to me and said, "Did you notice how that voice sounded like Uncle Dave's when it first spoke?" I replied that I did but that I had thought it to be partly my own imagination. The other parties in the boat will remember this conversation.

The following morning Mr. Blake telephoned our friend, and announced his willingness to receive us. As soon as we had dictated our reports of the previous evening, Professor Hyslop, Mr. Clawson, and myself started for Mrs. Blake's house. Dr. X— did not accompany us, but remained at home to attend to other duties. We arrived at the cottage in due time, and found Mrs. Blake in excellent spirits and much improved physically. A little granddaughter of Mrs. Blake's was playing in the street and entered with us. This pretty little child was but four years of age and seemed a great favorite with her grandmother.

Mrs. Blake informed us that this child was developing a power just like her own. We asked for a demonstration. Professor Hyslop took the little child on his lap, and I gave her one end of the trumpet. Immediately whisperings in the trumpet could be heard, but I could understand nothing except the question, "Can you hear me ? "

Mrs. Blake now took the trumpet. She and I allowed its two ends to rest in our palms for a few moments. Soon it rolled on our palms one-half of a revolution. I now heard a syllable of a vocal voice which appeared to originate near the end of the trumpet in Mrs. Blake's hand. I placed the trumpet to my ear, but could understand nothing. In a short time the inarticulate voice seemed to have changed to the whisperings of a lady. Finally, Mrs. Blake said, "I believe they want to talk to you, sir." This remark was addressed to Mr. Clawson, whose identity, so far as we knew, was entirely unknown to Mrs. Blake. She makes it a rule to ask no questions, and apparently "scorns being given any information, even to the name of her sitter. Up to this time Mr. Clawson had been standing very close to Mrs. Blake and intently watching her. I noticed this and feared it would embarrass her. I now surrendered the trumpet to Mr. Clawson. I seated myself so that I could hold my right ear against the middle of the trumpet, and I faced Mr. Clawson , thus carelessly turning my back upon Mrs. Blake.

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Instantly the voice appeared exceedingly loud and strong, and I could understand the words from the outside with perfect clearness. I will mention the fact that from this time forward, in about one-half of Mr. Clawson's test, I could understand the words from the outside of the trumpet and thus assure myself that he did not misinterpret the sounds. In his other tests I had to trust entirely to his sense of hearing and his own discretion.

"Who is this?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Grandma Daily," responded the voice.

"How do you do, Grandma? I used to know you, didn't I?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"How do you do, George? I want to talk to Davie," responded the voice. "I can hear you from here, Grandma," I said from my position beside the trumpet.

"He gives her strength; that is why she speaks so much stronger now," said Mrs. Blake, indicating Mr. Clawson.

"Keep your position. I can hear her from here," I said to Mr. Clawson.

"Grandma, tell me the names of some of those big boys of yours," requested Mr. Clawson. Here some inarticulate words could be heard, but could not be understood.

I must state that I have a living aunt by the name of Mrs. Benight, who is a daughter of my Grandmother Daily. She resides in the country in Buchanan County, Missouri, and is not known far from home. Practically all of her life has been spent within a radius of a few miles from there. Her first name is "Melissa," but she has always been known by the name of "Lissie." At the time of this sitting Mr. Clawson did not know of this aunt, but he did know of her dead sister, Mrs. Cora Holt. This he had learned from my Open Court article referred to before. It was this last name that Mr. Clawson had in mind during what followed.

"Grandma, tell me the first name of one of your daughters," requested Mr. Clawson.

"- - -" The reply I could not understand from the outside.

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"Lizzie?—Lizzie?—You say Lizzie?" asked Mr. Clawson. I could hear the reply between each of these questions, but could not understand it. After the sitting when crossing the river, I asked Mr. Clawson about this incident. He said that the name seemed undoubtedly to be "Lizzie," but that the letter "Z" seemed to have more of the sound of "s." Up to this moment, strange to say, the name "Lissie" had not occurred to me; but when he spoke of the sound of the letters, I immediately thought of this aunt and

informed him of her. I then learned that he did not know of her.

"What is the name of Dave's mother? " now asked Mr. Clawson.

"Sarah," answered the voice.

"Yes, but she has another name. What is her other name?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Daily."

"That is not what I mean. Give me her other name," continued Mr. Clawson.

"Abbott," answered the voice.

"That is not what I mean. She has another name. What do I call her when I speak to her? I call her by some other name. What do I call her?" insisted Mr. Clawson.

"Aunt Fannie. Don't you think I know my own daughter's name, George ?" plainly spoke the voice, so that I could understand the words outside.

"I know you do, Grandma, but I wanted to ask you for the sake of proving your identity," continued Mr. Clawson.

"I want Davie to tell his mother and his father that he talked to me, that I am all right, and I don't want him to forget it. Davie, I want you to be good and pray, and meet me over here," continued the voice, speaking plainly so that I could hear outside.

When I used to visit my dear old grandmother many years ago, upon parting with me she would invariably shed tears, and say, "Davie, be good and pray, and meet me in heaven." These were the last words she ever spoke to me.

As I write these lines there comes before my eyes a vision. I am looking back through the vista of the years. I see an old fashioned homestead in the hills of Missouri. There is a grassy yard and the great trees cast their shadows on the sward. The sunlight is glinting down through the leaves, and an aged lady stands at the door.

Her form is stooped; and her withered hand, which trembles violently, is supported by a cane. The tears are streaming down her cheeks, for she knows it is the last time she will look upon the youth who stands before her. Before the lady lies but the darkness of the approaching night. Before the youth stretch the waving green fields of the future, lighted by the sunlight of hope. Each knows it to be the last parting on earth, for the lady is very feeble. Her trembling hand clings to mine, while with tears streaming down her aged cheeks she says these words: "Davie, be good and pray, and meet me in heaven." I turn from her, a choking sensation in my throat, and I hurry to the old fashioned gate. I can not trust myself to speak; but I look back at her, and she is watching me as far as her dim eyes can see. Then she slowly totters back to her lonely room.

The vision has vanished. It lingers but in the mists of memory. The dear old grandmother sleeps these many years in the graveyard; the youth has grown to manhood, the snows of approaching winter already glisten in his hair, and the fleeting years are hurrying all too quickly.

With the exception of the words "over here" in place of the word "heaven," these last words spoken by the voice were the identical words which my grandmother spoke to me the last time I ever heard her voice. But I must not write this article to express sentiment, neither must I permit it to interpret facts. I must merely report what occurred with sacred accuracy.

Just after the last words spoken by my grandmother's supposed voice, the loud voice of a man broke into the conversation. It was vocal in tone, low in pitch, and had a weird effect.

"How do you do? " said the voice.

"How do you do, sir? Who are you?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Grandpa," replied the voice.

"Grandpa who ?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Grandpa Abbott," said the voice and it repeated, hurriedly, a name that sounded like "David Abbott"; and then the voice expired with a sound as of some one choking or strangling, as it went off dimly and vanished. "David" was my grandfather Abbott's Christian name.

The lady now laid the trumpet down in her lap and said, "Let it rest in our hands until we regain strength." In a few moments she turned her chair so as to face the opposite direction, and said "I will use my other ear; my arm is tired."

Now, while they were resting, I determined to offer a suggestion to the lady indirectly, and to note what the effect would be. Turning to Mr. Clawson, but not calling him by name, I remarked, "It is strange that those we want so much do not come; that your daughter, to whom you would rather talk than to any one, does not speak to you. You have evidently talked to her, and she seems to identify herself; but is it not strange that she does not give her name correctly?" I said this in order to convey to the lady the fact that the name which appeared to be "Edna" was not the correct name of the gentleman's daughter.

When next he raised the trumpet to his ear a whispered voice said, "Daddie, I am here."

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Georgia," replied the voice.

"Georgia? Georgia, is this really you?" asked Mr. Clawson, with intense emotion and earnestness.

"Yes, Daddie. Didn't you think I knew my own name?" asked the voice.

"I thought you did, Georgia, but could not understand why you would not tell it to me. Where do we live, Georgia?"

"In Kansas City," responded the voice, and then continued, "Daddie, I am so glad to talk to you, and so glad you came here to see me. I wish you could see my beautiful home. We have flowers and music every day."

"Georgia, what is the name of your sweetheart to whom you were engaged?" now asked Mr. Clawson.

". ." The reply could not be understood.

"Georgia, spell the name," requested Mr. Clawson.

"A—r—c, Ark," responded the voice, spelling out the letters and then pronouncing the name.

"Give me his full name, Georgia," requested Mr. Clawson.

"Archimedes," now responded the voice.

"Will you spell the name for me?" asked Mr. Clawson who wished to prevent a misinterpretation of sounds.

"A—r—c—h—i—m—e—d—e—s," spelled the voice.

"Where is Ark, Georgia?" now asked Mr. Clawson. The reply could not be understood, but an inarticulate sentence was spoken ending with a word which sounded like "Denver."

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'Do you say he is in Denver, Georgia?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"No, no," responded the voice loudly and almost vocally, and then continued, "He is in New York." This, Mr. Clawson afterwards informed me, was correct; but he thought the gentleman was at the time out of New York City, though somewhere in that state.

"Daddie, I want to tell you something. Ark is going to marry another girl," now continued the voice.

"Georgia, you say Ark is going to marry another girl ? " asked Mr. Clawson.

"Yes, Daddie, but it's all right. It's all right now. He does not love her as he did me, but it is all right. I do not care now. I would like to talk to Muzzie," continued the voice.

Here a voice, vocal in tone and of the depth of a man's, broke into the conversation. Mr. Clawson, who could not restrain his tears, owing to the intense dramatic effect of the recent conversation, stepped for an instant into the adjoining room to obtain control of his emotions and to recover his self-possession.

I placed the trumpet to my ear and the man's voice said, "I want to talk to Davie. Davie, do you know me? "

"No. Who are you ? " I replied.

"Grandpa Daily, Davie. Tell your mother that I talked to you, Davie."

"You want me to tell my mother you talked to me?" I asked.

"Yes, and tell your father, too," responded the voice. Mr. Clawson had by this time returned to the room; and, impetuously seizing the trumpet from my hand and placing it to his ear, exclaimed, "Hello, Grandpa! I used to know you, didn't I?"

"Of course you did," responded the voice.

"Who am I, Grandpa?"

"Oh, I know you well. You are George Clawson. I know you well." This response of the voice was just as loud and plain as if a gentleman were in the room conversing with us.

"Grandpa, tell us the name of that river we used to cross when we went over to your house?" now asked Mr. Clawson.

The voice answered inarticulately: and although the question was repeated several times, no response could be obtained that could be understood.

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The river is known as "The Hundred-and-Two." If a correct answer had been given, we should have considered it quite evidential. The voice gradually grew weaker; and then a lady's voice spoke and apparently addressed Professor Hyslop. The latter gentleman took the trumpet; but the words were weak, being mere whispers, and nothing definite could be understood.

Mrs. Blake then said, "We can't understand you. Now please give way to those who can speak more loudly." I now took the trumpet and a gentleman's voice addressed me in vocal tones. I asked who was speaking, and the voice responded, "Grandpa Abbott." I now asked the voice to give me my father's name. This it was unable to do. However, it pronounced an inarticulate name that resembled "Alexander." The first two letters were certainly "A " and " L," but we could not be certain of that which followed. Mr. Clawson tried to get a response, but could do no better, and the voice grew weak. My father's full Christian name is "George Alexander."

Mr. Clawson knew his middle initial; but until after all of our sittings, did not know for what it stood.

Here another loud, vocal, gentleman's voice spoke and said, "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse my mother. Her strength is exhausted." This voice was identical with the one of the evening before, which claimed to be that of her son Abe.

During the sitting, at one time, when the trumpet lay in the lap and while Mrs. Blake was conversing in her natural tones, the short guttural syllable of a gentleman's voice spoke, at what seemed afterwards to be the same instant that she was speaking. I noticed that her own voice ceased instantly as if she had been interrupted. I was not expecting this, and could not be certain whether the two voices spoke simultaneously, or whether the illusion was produced by the rapid alternation of the voices coming unexpectedly. This occurred again in the afternoon of this second day.

Mr. Clawson now walked out upon the porch with Professor Hyslop, where he shed tears. He remarked, "I feel just as I did the day we buried her; and I have surely talked to my dead daughter this day."

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I remained inside to try and induce Mrs. Blake to cross the river that afternoon, and visit our friend's office. She seemed well enough; and I told her candidly that I desired to have a photograph taken with her in the group, and that I expected to write an account of my experiments for some publication. This seemed to please her and she readily agreed to go, provided we would send the carriage, and also if we could secure the consent of her husband. This we now did. The latter was away at the beginning of this sitting, but had just returned. He consented, although the ride must be for several miles, as it was necessary to drive down the river to a large ferry.

We now returned to the house of our friend. Immediately after noon he sent his driver after Mrs. Blake, while he went to the train to meet some guests for whom he had telephoned during the forenoon. Soon after this, Mrs. Blake arrived; and we took her arms and assisted her to the Doctor's parlors, while we carried her crutches in our hands. After she had rested for a while and as soon as a photographer arrived, to whom we had telephoned, the accompanying photograph was made. During the exposure, whispered voices were in the trumpet, but I could not understand the articulation. Professor Hyslop is standing, the writer holds one end of

the trumpet to his ear, while between him and the medium Mr. Clawson appears on one knee.

I will mention that Mr. Clawson rode to the city with the driver when he went after Mrs. Blake; and upon the latter's coming, he rode from the city to the residence of our friend with her. I was not with him, but he assured me that he gave her no information during this fifteen minute drive.

Soon after the photograph was made in our friend's office, we retired to his parlors, where we seated Mrs. Blake by an open window in a large arm-chair. Here we conducted the most successful experiment of our entire visit. The voices were mostly vocal or nearly so, and the responses came instantly. To all appearances, the ride and the excitement of sitting for a photograph, seemed to have stimulated Mrs. Blake to a great extent. One of the supposed gentlemen's voices echoed so loudly, that it could have been heard one hundred feet out on the lawn. This voice was conversing with the governor of a state, Who happened to be present. I am not at liberty to give his name. As far as I could infer from the conversation, it seemed to satisfy the sitter.

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Mr. Clawson first took the trumpet and addressed what he supposed to be the voice of his dead daughter. He said, "Georgia, give me your second name."

"Chastine," responded the voice.

"Repeat that again, please," asked Mr. Clawson.

"Georgia Chastine," responded the voice this time.

"Spell the name," Mr. Clawson now requested.

"C—h—s—t—i—n—e," spelled the voice.

His daughter had boarded with a lady whom she called "Aunt Burgess," while going to school in Wellesley Hills. Massachusetts. Before this lady had married Mr. Burgess, Mr. Clawson had known her as "Aunt Tina." It was this last name that he had in mind when that which follows took place. His daughter at this time had a favorite schoolmate by the name of "Nellie Biggs "; and also, when she went to school in Kansas City, she had another school-girl friend whose first name was "Mary." Of these facts I

was in ignorance at the time; but I heard a good portion of the answers given in the following conversation, though at the time I did not know whether or not they were correct.

Mr. Clawson now asked, "Where did you board when you went to school in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts?"

"With Aunt Burgess," responded the voice.

"Tell me the name of your schoolmate friend," Mr. Clawson asked.

"Nellie Biggs," instantly responded the voice.

"With what friend did you go to school in Kansas City?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Mary," responded the voice. It then continued, "If you will wait a minute, I will give you my pet name for her." However, this the voice did not do, and in a moment Mr. Clawson asked, "Georgia, which grandmothers are with you?"

"Grandma Abbott and Grandma Daily," responded the voice.

"Is there not another one ? " Mr. Clawson asked.

"Do you mean my mother's mother, my own grandma ? "

"Yes."

"Yes. Grandma Marcus is here," responded the voice.

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I will say that Mrs. Marquis had died but recently, and that her grandchildren always pronounced her name as if spelled "Marcus."

"Daddie, I want you to tell Ark that I want to talk to him before he gets married. I am so anxious to talk to him and to tell him something," spoke the voice.

"Is there any medium in New York that he can go and see? "

"I do not know of any. Bring him here and have Mamma meet him here," requested the voice.

"Georgia, don't you want to talk to Cousin Dave a minute? " asked Mr. Clawson.

"Yes, Daddie," spoke the voice. I now took the trumpet.

It was here that the loudest voice of all spoke and desired to converse with the governor whom I mentioned before. The voice first spoke apparently in Mrs. Blake's lap, just as I was placing the trumpet to my ear. The voice was very deep-toned, and reverberated over the large room so loudly that Professor Hyslop, who had stepped out, our friend's stenographer, and others entered and stood around the walls listening. When this conversation ceased I again took the trumpet.

A voice now addressed me, saying. "How do you do, David ? "

"Who are you? "I asked.

"I am Grandma Abbott, and I always loved you, David, the best of all," responded the voice.

I will state for the information of the readers, that my father has always been quite skeptical as to the life after death, the inspiration of the Scriptures, etc.; and that in his younger days he used quite frequently to engage in arguments in support of his position. This seemed to grieve my grandmother greatly; and I have a remembrance of her frequently asking me, as a child, never to read the writings of Thomas Paine. I also now quite plainly remember (as does also my eldest sister) my grandmother saying to my father during the arguments referred to, these words, "Oh, George, don't be a 'doubting Thomas'!" According to our best remembrance we, as children, heard this expression many times. At the time of this sitting this had completely passed from my mind, and only after some months has it come into my memory clearly.

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I now asked the voice, "Grandma, have you any message to send to my father?"

"Yes, tell him I am all right, and tell him not to be a 'doubting Thomas'."

"Grandma, that I may convince him that it was really you who talked to me, tell me his name."

"George Alexander Abbott," spoke the voice, instantly and distinctly, so that all could hear.

"Grandma, do you remember the summer that you spent at our home long ago?" I asked.

"Very well, David, and I always loved you," replied the voice.

"Grandma, can't you tell me something to tell my father, some little thing that will convince him that it was you who talked to me?" I asked.

"Yes, ask George if he remembers the last day I spent at his house — — — —." The word "house" was followed by a number of indistinct words, in which I thought I heard the words, "had for dinner." Mr. Clawson said that he understood that it spoke of something "making her sick," but I can not be sure of this. Then the voice revived from its weakness and said, "Don't forget to tell George that I talked to you, and that I want him not to be a 'doubting Thomas' any longer and to pray." Our friend here spoke and said, "That is the first time I have ever heard that expression used at any of Mrs. Blake's sittings." Here a whispered voice spoke, asking to talk to its "papa." No one seemed to know for whom this was, and finally Mr. Clawson took the trumpet.

"I want to talk to you. You are my papa," said the voice.

"Where were you born?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"I can't remember," replied the voice.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Papa, I never had a name. Tell mother I am here with sister and am getting along fine," responded the voice.

I then took the trumpet and said, "I shall ask for a person who does not come without asking. I want to talk to my father-in-law, Mr. Miller." After this we sat with the trumpet in our laps, waiting, as Mrs. Blake had just encouraged me to ask for any one I might desire. Mr. Miller had resided in Beatrice, Nebraska. His wife is now living. Her first name is "Hannah." The first name of my wife is "Fannie," and one of his sons has a wife whose first name is "Lody."

Soon a gentleman's voice seemed to speak in Mrs. Blake's lap, and we placed the trumpet to our ears.

"Who are you," I asked.

"I am Mr. Miller," responded the voice. It continued, "I want to send a message to my daughter. Tell her I am all right."

"Mr. Miller, to prove to my wife that it was really you who talked to me, tell me, what is her first name?" I said. The voice then repeated a word that did not seem to bear any resemblance to my wife's name, and followed this by a number of inarticulate words; until finally, I heard a name repeated a number of times that sounded like "Fannie," and I was quite sure that it was, but it could have been "Annie." Mr. Clawson, who was listening at the outside of the trumpet, seemed to consider the answer correct beyond any dispute, and repeated the name "Fannie" with a rising inflection. After this the voice said, "I want to talk to Fannie." Mr. Clawson, who thought my wife's mother was dead, said, "Ask for her mother." I then said, "Is Fannie's mother with you?"

"No, Dave, you know she is living, and I would like to talk to her."

"Tell me her first name, Mr. Miller," I then said.

This was followed by some inarticulate sentences in which we heard the word "Dody" repeated a number of times. I know of no one by that name, and Mr. Clawson did not know of my wife's sister-in-law whose first name is "Lody."

I started to straighten this matter out; but Mrs. Blake wearily threw down the trumpet and smilingly said, "You would talk to the spirits all night. I can go no further."

I conversed with her pleasantly for a little while after this. I said, "Mrs. Blake, there are those who would call this ventriloquism."

She replied, "I would not care if the greatest van-triloquist in the world were here right now," then lowering her voice with the intense earnestness of conscious power, she continued, "he could not tell you your dead mother's name."

I did not reply, but I was thinking. Certainly in all of my experience, I had never met ventriloquists with such powers; neither had I ever before heard such a wonderful exhibition of voices. I told Mrs. Blake that I desired to keep as a memento the trumpet we had used, and I still have it. I had a little visit with her at the end of this sitting, and found her very intelligent. However, her education has been neglected. Were a critical observer to inspect certain specimens of her chirography which I possess, he would conclude that were she able to correctly spell such names as "Archimedes" and "Chastine," this would be a phenomenon on a par with her other achievements.

I, however, found her quite intelligent, and I enjoyed listening to her spiritual philosophy. The intense earnestness with which she apparently portrayed an absolute knowledge of the "hereafter" was very refreshing.

We now assisted Mrs. Blake to the carriage; and placing her crutches by her side and thanking her, we bade her good-bye. Professor Hyslop expected to remain for some days and to conduct his investigations in private. That evening Mr. Clawson and myself returned to our homes.

I have been asked by many, what results Professor Hyslop obtained. This he must answer for himself. But I have reason to believe that his results were similar to ours. Any number of apparently marvelous incidents, illustrating Mrs. Blake's power, can be collected in the vicinity.

Prof. Hyslop took the written statement of Mr. Kilgore, a business man residing in Kentucky, in regard to the following: Mr. Kilgore deposited all checks in a bank. Mrs. Kilgore kept all the currency in a safe, she alone having the combination to it. When her husband desired cash she furnished it to him. At her death all knowledge of the combination of this safe was lost. He tried to open it for some hours but had to give it up. Two months after his wife's death, while visiting Mrs. Blake and conversing with his wife's supposed voice, the latter told him to take a pencil and paper, and it would give him the combination. This he did, and on arriving home unlocked the safe within one minute's trial, using this combination.

Shortly after our return Dr. X—, together with his wife, a Mr. L. S. English and a Mrs. Humphrey Devereaux, conducted an experiment and reported it to me, both Dr. X— and his wife attesting to its truth in writing.

The Doctor took eight O. N. T. spool boxes, packing in each, wrapped in cotton, a different article which had belonged to his father. Rubber bands were now placed around each box, and the latter thoroughly mixed and stacked on the Doctor's desk. His bookkeeper was now brought into the room and requested to draw a box at random from the stack, while the Doctor turned his back. The object was to select a box the contents of which the doctor would not himself know. The selected box the Doctor placed in his coat pocket. He then placed in another pocket his father's pocketbook, and the four started for the seance.

On the way the Doctor gave the pocketbook to L. S. English. During the seance the supposed voice of the Doctor's father spoke. Dr. X— then said, "Father, can you tell if we have anything- with us that formerly belonged to you?"

"Yes, you have," answered the voice.

"What is it?"

"My pocketbook."

"Who has your pocketbook?" the Doctor asked.

"L. S. English," replied the voice. The voice then resumed a previous conversation with Mrs. Devereaux. During this time the Doctor requested his wife to ask the voice what was in the former's pocket.

"Colonel, can you tell me the contents of the box James has in his pocket?" she asked.*

"Yes."

"I am very anxious to have you do this so that I can report it to Professor Hyslop, and if you say so I will take the lid off the box to enable you to see better," spoke the Doctor.

"That is not necessary. I can see the contents as well with the lid on as with it off," responded the voice.

"Well, what is in it?" asked the Doctor.

"My pass I used to travel with," replied the voice. The Doctor's father used

to have several annual passes. Some of them he never used, but one he used almost exclusive!}. Upon examining the box it was found to contain this pass.

Shortly after our return, I received a letter from Mr. Clawson. He stated that he had just received a letter from the fiancé of his

* "Colonel" and "James" are substituted names.

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dead daughter, and that in it the writer stated that he was contemplating marriage with a certain lady. This letter bore date of some time previous; and with it was an additional note of a later date, stating that the writer had supposed the letter mailed, but that he had just found it in his pocket and that he now hastened to mail it. This letter was therefore already written at the time of our sittings.

After this, at Mr. Clawson's request, this young gentleman journeyed to Huntington, where he met the wife of Mr. Clawson, and the two carried on an investigation. They expected much from the supposed voice of Mr. Clawson's daughter, but received very little. In fact, they received so little that they considered the journey a failure.

However, in looking over their reports (which I have), I find that they each received from other voices information partly on a par with what we received. A number of correct names were given, including such as "Arista," and also the name "Hyer." The latter is that of an acquaintance who, it was thought, had committed suicide a couple of weeks previously. To repeat these is but to multiply instances. It is, however, remarkable that, from the supposed voice of Mr. Clawson's daughter, they did not even receive the information which previously had been given us.

IV

In an attempt to solve in a manner satisfactory to myself the problem presented to me by this marvelous exhibition I have divided the phenomena into two parts,—the physical, and the psychical or mental. The former includes the phenomena of the voices, light and heavy trumpet, floating trumpet, and lights. The latter includes merely the correct names and information furnished by the voices.

In regard to the floating trumpet at the dark seance, I will say that I attach no importance to this whatever. The trumpet lay upon the table in front of Mrs. Blake, and there was nothing whatever to prevent her lifting it and dropping it, as is done the many mediums of the land. As to the lights, they were in appearance exactly similar to those produced by dampening the finger and then touching the dampened portion with the head of a sulphur match.

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The light that floated over the table was at no time further from Mrs. Blake than she could reach. The light on the floor near Mr. Blake appeared to be about where the toe of his shoe was situated. This phenomenon did not in any way differ from that of the many other mediums producing it. As to the light and heavy trumpet, I noticed the position of the fingers of Mrs. Blake with reference to the flange or ear-piece in her hands. When the end of the trumpet which the sitter held showed a tendency to move upwards, these fingers were so placed, that in case a slight pressure of some of the fingers were applied on the flange, it would give the trumpet this tendency. Such pressure could not have been detected by the eye. I noticed that when the tendency of the trumpet was downward, the position of the fingers was reversed. I find it quite easy to reproduce this phenomenon by this simple means. The trumpet can be caused to roll or turn on the hand by slightly tilting the latter. I also find that the merest slipping of the finger on the trumpet while under slight pressure makes very good raps upon it, but we heard no raps at our investigation.

This leaves in the first division the one important thing, the phenomenon of the voices, to be considered. Strange as it may seem to many, I will lay it down as a fact beyond any dispute that all of the articulated words, whether vocal or mere whispers, came out of the ears of Mrs. Blake. Before my journey I was confident that sound waves could not exist unless they were first produced by the vibration of some material thing. I was also satisfied that intelligent language if not produced by a phonograph, could only originate in the vocal organs of some living human being. The question with me was, where was this person located and by what means were the waves conducted to the trumpet?

As soon as I saw plainly that there was no assistant and no mechanism in the building, I was confident that the words originated with Mrs. Blake herself. In fact, this was the simplest way out of the difficulty. I next noticed

that, although voices were in the trumpet when it was removed from her ear for a moment, at such times they were not so loud; and that in no such case could the articulation be understood. If one desired to understand whispered words, it was absolutely necessary to place the trumpet to the ear of Mrs. Blake.

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They then came out plainly. When the trumpet was in the hand, I noted that the ear was slightly turned towards the opening in the trumpet, and at such times a listener at the other end of it would hear 'sounds in the trumpet instead of out of it. I have since verified this by experiment. The trumpet gathers and concentrates the sounds. One, on listening to this, would afterwards remember the sounds while the trumpet had been in the hand, and would forget the fact that this was but for a mere instant, and that he could not at that time understand the words. The illusion would thus be produced in the sitter's mind that the voices were able to speak in the trumpet, whatever its position.

Mrs. Blake practically acknowledged that the sounds came out of her ears, when she stated that as a little girl she heard them in her ears, and that she discovered that the use of a closed receptacle confined the sounds, making them plainer and enabling others to hear them better. When whispered words were spoken, it was far more difficult to locate their origin than when the loud and deep vocal tones of gentlemen's voices were speaking. During the latter, I frequently stood very near Mrs. Blake's head. I could plainly hear the voice emerging from her ear; that is, from the outside I could note the mellow effect of the tone in the trumpet, while I could at the same time detect what I call a "buzzing" of the tone near the ear, as a part of the vibrations escaped outward. I had done much experimenting for many years with phonograph horns, and various reproducers, and this training enabled me to detect these things very quickly. I could also at such times hear a third sound that was not nearly so loud as the voices. This was a species of "clucking"—at least, so I call it for want of a proper word to describe it. This seemed to be within her head, and I think came out of the nostrils. This was particularly noticeable when the voices were very loud. It seemed that the production of loud, vocal words, without the use of the mouth or lips, resulted in this secondary effect. This sound was independent of the words, and did not belong to them except that it accompanied their production.

For a long time I marveled that Mr. Parsons could not have readily discovered the origin of these voices; and that he should not have done so

seemed a great mystery to me, until I remembered that he heard only whispered voices, and also that he was at such times generally using one ear at the trumpet. This effectually prevented his making this discovery.

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Now if these voices come out of the lady's ears, the question arises, "Where do they originate?" I am satisfied that the whispered words originate in her throat, and that the vocal voices are produced lower down in the chest. These sounds I believe are conducted from the throat through an abnormal Eustachian canal, to a point close to the tympanic membrane. The office of this membrane is to transmit sound waves; so that once they are there, the sound waves are easily transferred into the outer or auditory canal. How these sounds can be guided into either ear at will, and how the nostrils can prevent their exit, I can only surmise. The low, guttural, single syllables that were apparently in the lap, I believe were merely heard inside the chest or abdomen. As to the sounds Mr. Parsons heard when the trumpet was to the back, I can not say, unless they were heard somewhat like the pulsations of the heart are heard in a physician's stethoscope when it is placed against the chest.

When the little grandchild used the trumpet, we could plainly see the workings of its throat, although the most innocent look was in its pretty eyes. Mrs. Blake noticed our close scrutiny and remarked, "I do not know but that they may use her vocal organs." This remark was intended to explain to us that the use of the child's vocal organs was automatic, or rather directed by spirits of the dead, and not by the will-power of the child. It is natural to suppose that both she and the child use the same methods. Any one observing the junction of Mrs. Blake's throat and chest closely, will notice an extraordinary fullness indicating an abnormal development within it.

Since my journey, I myself have done considerable experimenting in this line. I can now produce whispered words in the trumpet so that they may be understood as well as this child did, but of course I have not the natural gift possessed by Mrs. Blake. While upon the subject, it is well to remark that I have learned that a few miles out in the country Mrs. Blake has a friend whom she visits very often; that this friend gives demonstrations the same as does she; but I am informed that the words are not nearly so plain. My informant states that it is very patent to an observer that the sounds are produced in her vocal organs. Now it is but a reasonable conclusion that if these ladies are quite friendly, both use the same means in producing these voices.

Readers of my book, *Behind the Scenes With the Mediums* will remember an account of a seance described in the Appendix, which was furnished me by a gentleman in Oldtown, Kentucky. This was where in the twilight a trumpet floated out of the door and up into the branches of the trees. This gentleman also wrote me in reference to Mrs. Blake, stating that he had known her all of his life, and that he "fought through the War of the Rebellion with Mr. Blake." He also informed me of this same medium friend of Mrs. Blake (of whom I had previously been informed), and he seemed to attribute equal and genuine powers to both. He described a dark seance which he attended, where, in his own language, "Both of these old ladies were present, and the seance was one grand hurrah of voices from start to finish."

I may state that I noticed the workings of Mrs. Blake's throat on some occasions, but that her lips were always tightly closed. That any one could reach such marvelous perfection in producing voices in this abnormal manner seems incredible, but it is certainly a fact. How Mr. Parsons heard the sounds of piano-playing I can not imagine, unless the lady possess a very perfect power of mimicry such as I have heard at times. He described the sounds to be as if one were simply running arpeggios. This would indicate that he heard but one tone at a time.

I should also mention that there are two ladies in Omaha, who produce the phenomenon of "Independent Voices." One of them gave sittings professionally for some years; but having more recently married a Catholic gentleman who disapproves of such things, she has discontinued such exhibitions excepting in private before a few intimate friends. I am informed that these voices speak up suddenly when unlocked for, while the lady is conversing. They appear to come out of her chest. One lady informs me that there is no doubt upon this point, as she was permitted to lay her ear against the lady's chest and listen. This former medium now claims that she, herself, does not understand this phenomenon, or what causes it. Being now so closely connected with the Roman Catholic Church, she can not well claim that it is done by spirit agency.

The other lady's voices seem to come in the form of a kind of "whistle," and seem to come out of the nostrils. I am told that in neither case do these voices give correct information.

This now brings us to the consideration of the problem presented by the mental or psychical part of what we witnessed. I frankly say that I have not yet found a solution of this problem to my own satisfaction.

That spirits of the dead, if such exist, should be a party to deception of any kind, I positively can not believe. Knowing the origin of the voices beyond any question, I never can believe that I communicated with the dead. And yet, if Mrs. Blake's intelligence directed this conversation, from what source did she secure her accurate information?

It was suggested to me that possibly the dead caused these voices to sound in the seat of Mrs. Blake's hearing as a mere subjective phenomenon, and that she but repeated what she heard subjectively. That is, it was supposed that she did not perceive actual sound waves, but that she was caused to experience the same subjective sensations, that such sound waves would have produced. This is ingenious, but one with my natural skepticism could not accept it.

It was also suggested to me that possibly Mrs. Blake did not control her own vocal organs at the times when voices were speaking, but that spirits of the dead controlled them; or that they acted automatically, as it is claimed is the case with the hand of Mrs. Piper when executing her famous writings. Had Mrs. Blake made such claims as this openly, it would certainly have strengthened her case, but would have lessened the dramatic effect. I, however, could have no faith in this solution. For many reasons which I shall not take space to recount, I am quite sure that the will power of Mrs. Blake controlled her own vocal organs.

At the time, it seemed irresistibly borne in upon me that Mrs. Blake did receive subjective mental impressions from some source. I am by nature as skeptical about anything of the nature of so-called telepathy or mind-reading, as I am about spirit communion. And yet, at the time, I could not avoid the inner feeling that she possessed some kind of a "freak power"; that something in the nature of mental flashes

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would at times come to her, and that certain names or facts would be impressed upon her mind, or rather make their appearance there; that she, herself, possibly did not know the cause of this, but by uttering what then came into her consciousness, she had found that it agreed with facts; that

she was thus possessed of some freak mental gift, and that possibly she, herself, did not understand it.

Whether this was in any way connected with those around her I did not decide ; but it seemed that it was, for otherwise tests could be given to those at a distance. As I could not believe that her information emanated from spirits of the dead, it seemed that she must draw her inspiration from those around her. And yet there was some evidence of knowledge being imparted, which was not in the minds of those about her. Could she have discovered this freak power, and as a child have come by degrees to claim that such information came to her from the dead ? Could she, for instance, when with playmates, have said to one, "Your grandmother says so and so," naming the latter, and to another have made similar statements? She would then have noted the startling effects of such things as this, and this might have induced her to continue such experiments.

She then might have adopted gradually a means of using her own voice as if it were the voice of the dead, and have had this voice give directly the information she received in these flashes. She would have been liable to have tried this on account of the more startling effect of such a thing; and she might thus have learned to speak with her lips closed. The conversations that such experiments would induce, would naturally reveal to her many secrets, of which use could then be made. The great interest such things would excite in average persons, would be a sufficient inducement to cause a person to continue such experiments, thereby becoming very expert.

These things I considered, and this seemed a natural mode of evolution for the development of such peculiar gifts. In fact, it seemed that some cause for a slow development of such a gift must be predicated. To assume that any person would suddenly begin the development of such an un-heard-of gift as the ability to speak through the ear, with no reason to believe that success could ever be achieved, seems very improbable. It certainly seems more plausible that such development was gradually reached by previous experiments conducted under other stimuli. I asked myself again and again, Could any person be gifted with two such abnormal gifts as these, one physical and the other psychical?

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It certainly seemed to me that it was the decline of the psychic power that now caused her to refuse sittings, or when giving one to suddenly terminate it. In the matter of the voices there was certainly no decline of power, and I

could only ascribe what she called weakness to the loss of this supposed psychic gift. According to Mr. Parsons, there was no hesitancy on her part in former times, and all were then afforded every opportunity for investigation. At the time, all of this seemed to me to be the most reasonable conclusion.*

After the lapse of time and much consideration of the mystery, I find that I should much prefer what I would call "a rational explanation. "I feel that I should remember the lesson that my own previous investigations have taught me. As Dr. Cams has said, "When one stands before something which he can not explain, he should not conclude that it is inexplicable and attribute it to supernatural causes." I fully agree with the Doctor in this. The problem presented by the psychic part of this investigation, is by its nature very difficult of solution. But it surely does seem that if a rational explanation were possible one could find some evidences of it.

I have gone over my record, test by test, to see if I could find plausible possibilities of trickery connected with them. The following suggestions I do not in any way assert to be facts. I merely suggest them as possibilities to be considered in a search for a rational explanation.

* I had promised a daily paper a brief account of this investigation at the time it was made. This I furnished with such limited explanations as I was then permitted by my contract to publish. The paper published the article, omitting without my knowledge some pages containing explanatory matter. This cast somewhat different an aspect on the case than I had intended. This account reached Dr. Isaac K. Funk. He wrote me, stating that he desired to include this account in his book, *The Psychic Riddle*. I wrote, requesting him not to do so, as I did not wish this case to be given to the public in exactly that form. I supposed that this ended the matter; but upon the appearance of his book, I found a partial account that varied somewhat from the original newspaper article. This explanation is offered to those who may have read the Doctor's book.

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First, it is well to state that I am positive that no information about myself was catalogued in any "Blue Book" * prior to the time of this investigation. I had at that time attended but one public meeting of spiritualists, and two public seances. I was afterwards on very friendly terms with the mediums conducting these and was well informed as to what secrets they possessed and used. I need not go into other details explaining why I am sure of this, as I believe readers of my articles will be satisfied that I am critical enough

to be certain on this point. It would be easy to attribute these things to something of the kind, and thus appear to have disposed of the problem. But truth and facts are what we wish to arrive at. No one knows better than a performer who has looked on from behind the scenes, the possibilities of "Blue Book " information. Also, no one knows better than he the actual limits of it in practical use, and the extent to which it is used at the present day.

Such being the case, the only other means of which I can conceive is either that information was secured in advance by some one employed for that purpose, or that it was extracted from us at the time by some cunningly contrived means. As to the first. I found very much difficulty in my endeavors to secure information relative to Mrs. Blake in advance. I must expect any effort on her part to secure information about myself, equally difficult at such a distance. I would consider such as utterly beyond Mrs. Blake's powers of correspondence, as would others, could they see the chirography before mentioned.

I am aware that strangers reading this article, and not being personally acquainted with my friend, Dr. X—, will naturally think of him in this connection. I emphatically state that he is of the very highest standing and possessed of the highest personal honor. Knowing him, I could not believe it possible for

* Here I must own that the Editor of The Open Court does not agree with me and thinks that I am as likely to be found in the Blue Book as Mr. Clawson who has frequently attended seances. At any rate he is convinced that after having started the investigation under my own name, Mrs. Blake had had opportunity to obtain information, which she did not utilize until after she was able to identify us.

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him to contemplate such a thing. Then again, the only motive that he could have for such action would be to prove to me that the lady's powers were as he had represented. On the other hand, his motive for fairness would be that he was deeply puzzled himself, and that he greatly desired a solution of the case. For myself, I can not consider such a possibility; but by a generous use of money, information could have been obtained about my family in Falls City, Nebraska, my childhood's home. In a small place like this, however, had any one furnished such information, it would be truly a miracle if such a fact had not reached my ears ere this. But it being a possibility, we must grant for the sake of fairness, that, by some means Mrs. Blake had secured information in advance in regard to myself; but we are still forced to admit that such a thing was utterly impossible with

reference to Mr. Clawson, when no living person knew I would take him. Even he did not know until the last moment.

This brings us to the consideration of some means of securing information from us at the time. Now at our first sitting when the voice attempted to pronounce the name which sounded like "Artie" or "Arthur," I made the discovery that these voices would sometimes pronounce a variety of names in an inarticulate manner. The sounds would first resemble one name, and then another. Nevertheless, the sitter could not conclude a wrong name had been pronounced, as he could not be certain of the name. If, on the other hand, the name sounded like the correct one, he would naturally in attempting to get it correctly, repeat it with a rising inflection.

That this system of "fishing" is quite frequently successful, I must conclude; but my quick discovery of it absolutely prevented its being so in my case. As evidence of this, I remind the reader of my refusal to repeat the names "Artie" and "Arthur"; and also the name "Grandma Daily" when I first heard it, lest the latter should have been "Grandma, Davie," instead. That misinterpretation of the sounds was a possibility with Mr. Clawson at the first sitting, must be considered. Otherwise we must conclude that here was some very extraordinary guessing. That the name "Brother Eddy" was a guess is quite improbable, but of course could be possible: while it would have been a possibility for the name "Grandma Daily" to have

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been secured in advance. If we do not accept some of these possibilities, then we are unable to advance any rational explanation. After this sitting, I cautioned Mr. Clawson on the above point; and as I could understand probably one-half of his tests thereafter, the possibility of this system being used in these cases, and in my own tests, can not be considered.

In regard to the pet names, "Muz," "Muzzie" and "Daddie," given Mr. Clawson at the first sitting, only the possibility of a misinterpretation of sounds can be suggested. The names given me, "Dave Harvey," "Asa," and my own name, belong to those that could have been secured in advance. This may also be said to be the case with this statement of my supposed brother, "I want to talk to mother." Had the lady, in sending this message, merely guessed that my mother was alive, there was one chance in two of failure. In the two statements to Mr. Clawson, "Your mother is here," and also "Your baby," there certainly seems a good chance of error, if this were mere guessing. Out of fairness I must call attention to these points. I also do so to illustrate how carefully I have analyzed every little

occurrence. I must reiterate that Mr. Clawson was absolutely unknown at this first sitting.

We pass now to the tests given at the second sitting. It was here that I secured the names "Sarah" and "Ada," together with the correct relationship of the latter. There was no misinterpretation of sounds. These names belong to those that it would have been possible to have secured in advance, but at the time I was so thoroughly convinced that such was not the case, that I was greatly startled.

The tests given Mr. Clawson at this sitting may be neglected, as they were somewhat indefinite; and the use of the false name, "Edna," just about offset anything that he received. That a mutual uncle's name should be given when asked for, instead of the name of some of my other uncles, must be attributed to lucky guess work, if we assume that the name was secured in advance; for although Mr. Clawson's question revealed our relationship, there was nothing to indicate that he was my cousin through my father's family. There was one chance in two that a name from my mother's family would have been given instead. As to the resemblance to my uncle's voice, I think that as we both noticed it separately, it was a genuine resemblance; but I can only attribute this to accident, for I am positive of the origin of the voice.

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We pass now to the more remarkable tests given at the morning sitting of the second day. That Mr. Clawson's name and residence were given at this sitting, loses value as evidence, when we remember his statement in the boat the evening before. The boatman seemed too stupid to remember anything, especially when conversation in his presence was continuous; yet we must remember that his assistance was one possibility to be considered.

The names "Lizzie" or "Lissie," and "Aunt Fannie," given Mr. Clawson at this sitting, are among those that could have been secured in advance. As to the names "Georgia" and "Archimedes," with the latter's correct location at the time, together with the correct spelling of his name, I can offer nothing satisfactory; for I do not think there was any misinterpretation of sounds. The tests given me at this sitting need hardly be considered, for my grandmother's parting request may be a phrase generally used by the voices. It will be noticed that the supposed voice of Mr. Daily used one of the same expressions that the supposed voice of Mrs. Daily used. Therefore, some of these expressions are doubtless "stock phrases" of the

lady's. The imperfect manner in which the voice attempted to give my father's correct name was very unsatisfactory. I may state that this was supposed at the time to be our last sitting, and that had the lady secured information relating to my relatives in advance, it is strange that my father's name was not given then.

We now pass to the still more remarkable sitting given in the afternoon of the second day. Here, the names "Chastine," "Aunt Burgess," "Nellie Biggs," "Mary," "Grandma Marcus," my father's correct name, and also my wife's first name, were given. In addition to this was the name "Dody," the request for my father "Not to be a 'doubting Thomas,'" and the statement that my wife's mother is alive. Some of these things Mr. Clawson did not know, and a number of them I did not know. We must, however, consider as a possibility that he might have imparted certain information to Mrs. Blake during his fifteen minute ride. He assured me that he did not, and he is certainly sincere in his statement.

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Yet he at that time considered all of our sittings as finished, and might have forgotten his discretion. I know that he had visited a medium recently, securing certain tests from her. This he enjoyed relating, and he might have related some of these things to Mrs. Blake. In case he did so, the matter evidently passed from his memory very quickly, for he was positive that such was not the case. As to the peculiar request sent my father I can only suggest accident.

One point should be noted. While the voices could generally talk very plainly on non-evidential matter, as soon as a test name was asked for, in a number of instances, the voice immediately became weak, or another voice would "break into" the conversation. However, this can not be said of all of the tests, for in many instances the names came rapidly and accurately.

However, the fact remains that we arrived in that community unknown, or at least Mr. Clawson was; and I had good reason to suppose that I was. Nevertheless, when we returned, Mrs. Blake had in some manner secured quite a minute history of our relatives regardless of all our precautions.

Some have asked me why I did not make this journey alone and entirely unknown. I answered that had I done so, I should have risked making my journey for nothing, as the lady might have been away or ill. Also there would have been no testimony but my own as to what occurred. I thought the other plan best.

I may mention that I have recently sent a gentleman, a partial believer in spiritualism, to visit Mrs. Blake, under the assumed name of "Douglass." She tried to avoid a sitting, claiming weakness. He, however, obtained one, but received no results, other than that a fictitious "Grandma Douglass" conversed with him. There had never been such a person. I have recently received word that Mrs. Blake has about lost her psychic power, and that it is now seldom that a sitting is given that I would regard as evidential.

While I am by nature very skeptical, I have tried to treat this case with perfect fairness from all sides, and to avoid taking sides myself. I have given all incidents with great care, no matter where they tended to lead. In doing this I have not considered my friendly feelings for the lady who was certainly very kind to us, and who was wholly unlike the professional "grafters" known as mediums whom I have heretofore met.

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That I have not fully solved the problem does not prove that I could not have done so, had my opportunities been greater; or that others could not have done so.

I will not assert that any fraud was used in giving the correct information; for unless I could substantiate such a statement and defend my position, it would be an error to do so. I can only suggest possibilities as I have done, and I must still leave the case to a certain extent shrouded in mystery. Anyway, I have faithfully reported to the reader all of the important details of what to me seemed, on the surface at least, to be one of the most marvelous-appearing performances ever given on earth.

The following letter from Mr. Clawson calls attention to some cross references with the Blake experiments from which he and Mr. Abbott had just returned. I have had sittings with Mrs. Stevens and she undoubtedly has psychic power which would be of excellent merit were there an opportunity to develop her. She is not a professional and hence not subject to the objections applying to that class. Her work is done by automatic writing. She had known Mr. Clawson, but not Mr. Abbott whose home was in Omaha, Nebraska. The cross reference with the Huntington experiments is good.—Editor.

Kansas City, Mo., July 27th, [1906].

My dear Prof. Hyslop:—

Mr. Abbott and I had three or four hours in St. Louis on our return, and we went to see Mrs. Stevens. We found she had moved. We finally found her, and had a two hour sitting with her. We did not get much of any value. She has not given much attention to the matter, since you were there, and her surroundings are not conducive to good results. I got the following, however.

Georgia signed her name in full. Of course that was no evidence. I asked her when we talked to her last, and she said "to-day," which was all right considering the nearness of time. I asked her who else was present, and she said Jennie Burgess, which was true.

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In a former sitting with Mrs. Stevens she referred to her Aunt Jennie. Her last name was not given, which was as I explained to you Tenney, but which was later Burgess. I asked Georgia what was her pet name for Jennie 13. and she said Bugin, which was correct. Some one called for Dave. I had introduced Mr. Abbott as Mr. Chas. E. Wilson, and yet some one asked for David, and wanted to talk to him, but failed to get any message through. She also gave the name of John Clawson as being present. That was my father's name, and she had never given me that before, and she had no way of knowing that my father's name was John. She afterwards gave the name of Anna Clawson. My mother's name was Lovina which was similar. She also gave the name of Hodson a time or two, but which had no significance to me.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE W. CLAWSON

Georgia Chastine Clawson was the full name of Georgia, but it had been given some years before through Mrs. Stevens.

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III

REPORT BY JAMES H. HYSLOP

Huntington, West Virginia,
July 24th, 1906

I went last night with Mr. Abbott, Mr. Clawson, Dr. Guthrie and his brother-in-law, Mr. English, to visit Mrs. Blake the medium who lives across the river from Huntington and of whom I have had several reports. Previous to experiments, I had some conversation with her about the history of her case. It seems that her first experience, according to her own account, was an apparition of her grandfather when she was about eleven years old and a few months after his death. She saw him on the corner of a street in Huntington and was greatly frightened by the vision. She first heard his voice and turned around to see as she would a living person. She then saw him standing before her after she turned about. From that time she began to hear voices and some suggestion was made that she try a trumpet and this suggestion was taken. From that time, for about 30 years, she has practiced trumpet mediumship and also various dark seances involving the independent movement of physical objects such as guitars and trumpets about the room.

The object of the evening's visit was to try trumpet experiments, but Mrs. Blake and Mr. Blake are evidently more impressed with the movement of physical objects and were bent on a seance of that kind. But we managed by some tact to try the trumpet. I shall not describe in detail its positions at present. But it was sometimes held to her ear and the ear of the sitter and sometimes only to the ear of the sitter and one end in Mrs. Blake's hand. Sometimes the palm of her hand was held against one end of the trumpet. At no time was the end of the trumpet held at her mouth. Whatever view of the phenomena be taken, we cannot suppose that they were produced by having her mouth at the end of the trumpet.

Near the beginning of seance I held one end of the trumpet and it was clear that articulate sounds were occurring in it. In some cases I could detect distinct words and the claim that a particular person was trying to communicate with me. I asked for the name and it was some time before I could get anything clearly enough to recognize it. When it seemed like the word Ada, after trying Affie and suspecting Annie but not indicating it, I purposely recognised Ada and asked the relationship to me. The answer was: "Don't you recognize me, father?" I took up the cue and pretended to recognize the name and played the part of father for some time without either lying or betraying that I was not such. I asked questions about her happiness and such things without suggesting any one else. Soon the trumpet was handed to Mr. Abbott or Mr. Clawson and the matter was dropped. Now I have not a daughter or relative by the name of Ada and not one sound came through the trumpet to indicate any person I might recognize as pertinent.

Mr. Abbott and Mr. Clawson, however, got references to names and relationships which were more directly relevant. An uncle David was mentioned. But the effect of this was entirely spoiled by the fact that previous to its mention was the request of both of them that they hear from a mutual uncle, and, as Mr. Abbott's name in full as David Abbott was given the day before, we may suppose that it was a natural guess on the medium's part. Their report may show some further information which my memory does not retain. I was not impressed with the supernormal character of the information. There is no verbatim record of what was said at the time, and as I watched this my distinct judgment is that the facts which might look impressive when told out of their psychological setting would be subject to sceptical criticism if it were given.

The name Edna was mentioned as a daughter of Mr. Clawson. This was wrong, but he knew an Edna Jackson, deceased, who was the daughter of a Dr. Jackson who was a great friend of the family.

After this part of the seance was over we obtained a table and sat about this for lights, voices, and telekinetic phenomena. Soon after placing our hands on the table it appeared to move, but as we were in pitch darkness there was no reason for supposing other than the usual cause of such things. As a protection against a certain kind of fraud I allowed my little finger on the right hand to rest on Mrs. Blake's little finger on her left hand. No one was touching her right hand. I kept my finger in this position for a long time and could assure myself that the hand was not moved from my finger touch unless some deft way of substituting something else was employed. I observed no traces of this, however, and think that I am right in the impression that I had this hand secure for some time against the production of what occurred. As nothing occurred which could not have been done in the ordinary way by Mrs. Blake's right hand there is no reason to lay any stress upon this security except as a fact of my observation.

Presently raps occurred apparently under the table and under the point on which Mrs. Blake's hands were supposedly resting. In the first place I, of course, had no direct evidence that her right hand was now on the table at all. I could vouch only for the left and only the little finger of that hand, at that. Moreover Mrs. Blake suggested that the raps were under the table, a fact which might lead to the illusion of that locus. Presently she said the rap was in the centre of the table and it so appeared. I then asked that the rap occur at the other end of the table and raps occurred, but they were at Mrs. Blake's end and not at the opposite end, tho she remarked: "There the raps are at the other end." I then asked that they rap at her end of the table and

the raps so occurred. I followed this request with another for the opposite end of the table and none occurred.

Soon after this a light was remarked by Mrs. Blake. I did not see it at once, but soon afterward saw one at her right. It was a moving light such as can be produced by a small electric lamp. Presently there was a similar light. In each case it lasted but for a moment and was in motion. Finally I saw a stationary dim phosphorescent light in her lap and watched carefully until I saw it slightly fade and then move. In a moment it appeared as a rapidly moving light at Mrs. Blake's right. Soon afterward I could see it far to my left as if it were near Mr. Blake who was sitting six or seven feet from me to the left and between Mr. Clawson and Mr. English, tho at some distance from the table. I arose and watched the light and when opportunity occurred tried to see if I could shut it off from my eyes by putting my hand between my eyes and the light. It disappeared in each case that I did this. So far as the darkness permitted localization, the light seemed to be visible through the table, but I had no means of assuring myself of this fact. So far as determinable, the light could have been produced by Mr. Blake or any other person present and in that part of the room.

During the performance Mrs. Blake claimed to see a white cane lying on the table. I asked what kind it was, having the cane episode of my Piper report in mind, and the answer was that it was white. I further asked whether it was straight or not and the answer was that it was curved at the end. I then asked if it was smooth or not and the answer was that it was rough. So far, save for color, the description fitted the cane in the report, but further query as to what was on it resulted in the disappearance of the cane and no more remarks about it.

After a while a voice was heard, apparently to the right and below Mrs. Blake. I asked who the control was and received the reply that it was her son who was dead. The voice was apparently a masculine voice. Soon a change of communicator was announced, the control saying that conditions were not good for the evening, and a little girl seemed to speak. She gave the name of Manurie Massey, so far as we could ascertain. She had communicated before, and as it had no relevance to me it matters not what the name was or the manner of its giving. All that I have to remark is the modification of the voice and the facts. One or two other voices occurred, but I was too little interested in them to trouble my memory with the facts. There was nothing to suggest any other source than Mrs. Blake's normal efforts to speak in some muffled manner.

Presently Mrs. Blake remarked that she could smell roses. I did not perceive anything of the kind for perhaps half a minute, when I had a very

distinct perception of roses. Mr. Abbott remarked the same. There can be no doubt to myself of this odor, whether due to suggestion or to the use of perfumes by Mrs. Blake. She talked about a rose coming in and falling on the table. I put out my hand to the center of the table to receive anything of the kind that might come and detect the means of its coming. But nothing came except the hand of Mr. Abbott which had been put out by him for a similar purpose.

Again I was holding one end of the trumpet and it was forcibly pulled from my hand and struck Mr. Abbott on the head and moved up and struck the wall above the mantelpiece. This, of course, was not seen, but I report the phenomenon as it seemed to hearing. The mantelpiece was not so far off but that Mrs. Blake could have done the whole thing with her right hand and I do not now recall whether I had the left hand secure under the touch of my finger or not at this time. I was occupying my attention with the determination of the trumpet's locality as far as that was possible. I was struck with the apparent distance in height of the trumpet's striking the wall. It seemed to strike at the ceiling too far off to be reached by the hand. But the illusion of auditory locality is too great to attach any weight to one's judgment, and I remark the fact as one occurring in spite of the feeling that it must have been nearer than it appeared. With the recurrence of a few more lights the seance closed.

One need hardly report a thing of this kind except as a type of phenomenon associated with reports of much more remarkable facts apparently representing supernormal knowledge. The association of such facts with phenomena more apparently genuine makes the whole affair extremely dubious and it needs to be remarked simply as a part of the case which demanded investigation necessarily more thorough if anything is to be supposed beyond the ordinary tricks. Nothing occurred during the evening to suggest the supernormal except the giving of certain relationships and names pertinent to Mr. Abbott and Mr. Clawson.

Huntington, West Virginia, July 24th, 1906

Mr. Abbott, Mr. Clawson, and myself went over this morning for a trial of Mrs. Blake in daylight. We learned there last night, that Mrs. Blake had a granddaughter who could do the same thing she did. Inquiry showed that the girl was but five years old last birthday, in January. We began with her last night, but as Mrs. Blake soon took the girl in her lap and tried to help her out, the result has no value for the question whether the girl was in any way related to the phenomena. Before the girl was taken into Mrs. Blake's lap, Mr. Abbott and Mr. Clawson were emphatic in their statement that sounds were heard in the

trumpet which was held to the ear of the child and to the ear of one of the persons named. As we went over this morning we saw the child again on the street and managed to persuade her to come in. I took her on my lap and petted her while we talked with Mrs. Blake and finally we put the trumpet to the child's ear and Mr. Abbott held the other end to his own ear. He soon heard sounds or voices. I then gave immediate and close attention to the child's throat to see if I could detect any laryngeal and other action of the throat. Mr. Abbott remarked the voices sounded like breathing. I could notice the steady breathing of the child, but I soon both heard and saw evidences of laryngeal action. The larynx acted as if articulating sounds or attempting such articulation and I could hear slight pulses of this action which could well produce the appearance of sounds in the trumpet.

I could not detect articulate sounds in what I heard, but I was clear on the point that the action of the throat was connected with what Mr. Abbott reported as sounds. I said nothing whatever of my discovery until after we left the house, as I did not wish to reveal anything that might suggest fraud on the child's part in the presence of her grandmother and grandfather. I have no evidence that the child did this consciously. We could suppose that she had been taught the art by her friends acquainted with Mrs. Blake's powers and methods, but as she did not want to try the experiment and was even shy about coming into the house, and as both grandfather and grandmother were reluctant to have her try, there is no reason but the suspicion of their shrewdness to cast any doubt on the child's complete innocence. All that I could do to discover conscious effort on her part was futile. It had all the appearance of being purely automatic and unconscious. Assuming this, it illustrated my suspicion that such phenomena as apparent independent voices might be produced by conscious or unconscious laryngeal action communicated through the Eustachian tubes to the ears and through the tympanum to a trumpet. In this manner we might suppose that supernormal information could be acquired and communicated in this natural way without supposing independent voices. But whether any such a view be correct or not, it was clear to me beyond a doubt that the phenomena observed by Mr. Abbott in the trumpet were associated with articulate muscular action of the vocal organs in the child's throat.

We may leave open the question of their conscious or unconscious production, but the facts are there to establish a connection and explanation in her case quite natural. I will say that all the appearances and evidence go to show that the child is honest and makes no conscious effort to produce the sounds. Whether that evidence is satisfactory or not would be an open question on which I would not care at present to decide one way or the other. I am only sure of the existence of this muscular action and its connection with Mr. Abbott's perceptions. We must remember that all this was in daylight and everything was clear to our observation.

After this we tried an experiment with Mrs. Blake. Mr. Abbott and Mr. Clawson were the percipients. Soon the voices were heard in the trumpet. Mrs. Blake sat near the window. Her mouth could easily be seen to be shut and apparently motionless. The trumpet was held, at first when the sounds were heard, in her hand at one end and the other end at the ear of the percipient. Soon the voices became clearer and louder, and when any name was to be gotten Mrs. Blake held her end to her ear for a short time. Soon I was called as one to whom a communication was to come. I went forward to take the trumpet and held it to my ear, the other end at Mrs. Blake's ear. I heard distinctly articulate sounds and in some cases the words and sentences, such as "I am here", "Don't you know me". Attempts were made to give me the name, but none were successful and the trumpet was given back to the other parties who continued the experiment. Apparently the communicator trying to send me a message was really not a friend of mine at all, but some friend of the others, as the same apparent name was given them. I thought I got Albert several times and this would have been the correct Christian name of some one I wanted to hear from, but I could not get the surname.

Soon in the experiment it was found that Mr. Clawson was the best sitter. He was then allowed to be the chief listener. I had no means of taking notes and so cannot report more than my impressions of the results. These were entirely favorable to their being beyond chance. Among the first communicators was one that had given her name before, grandmother Daily.

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Soon Mr. Clawson's daughter purported to communicate and gave her name as Georgia which was correct. She gave also the name of her fiance, spelling it out, as Arc, Archie, and Archimedes. This was correct, and said he was now in the "Professor's city" and later indicated it was New York.

This was correct. Asked where her mother was now, Mrs. Blake not yet knowing who Mr. Clawson was or where he was from, she said Kansas City. This also was correct. She also said her fiance was going to be married to another lady and described the lady as of dark complexion with some other features which Mr. Clawson recognized as correct afterward, tho he gave no hint of it at the time. Some other relatives were mentioned, but without clearly giving the full name. The reports of Mr. Abbott and Mr. Clawson will have to indicate this.

Dr. Guthrie ascertained this afternoon that Mrs. Blake had found my name. Mr. Clawson says that Mrs. Blake this afternoon on the way here intimated that she thought she had either heard of me or had seen my picture somewhere. She seems also to have told that her son, the control, had told her I was Prof. Hyslop and that it was all right for me to be here.

A few minutes ago I resolved to try the experiment myself of producing articulate sounds in the trumpet in the same manner as observed at the experiments. I asked Mr. Abbott to hold one end to his ear and placed my mouth at the other end and simply used the vocal muscles in the throat without using the lips and Mr. Abbott distinctly heard sounds but did not perceive the words. He then did the same with his own vocal organs, tho holding the trumpet to his ear and I the other end to my ear. I heard definite articulated sounds, but could not distinguish the words. Dr. Guthrie then placed one end of the trumpet to his ear while I held the other to my ear. He used the vocal organs in the throat with the lips closed and I distinctly got the two sentences "How do you do?" and "I am glad you are here." This came without much effort. Thus the general theory regarding the method of delivering the messages is made most probable.

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Huntington, W. Va., July 25th, 1906

As far as my inquiries go, the friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Blake have perfect confidence in her honesty. I have seen no traces of dishonesty or trickery as yet, but I am too familiar with the resources of fraud to attach any conclusive weight to negative evidence of the kind. Some things that I have witnessed among frauds take place here and arouse one's suspicions. For instance, the seance in the dark the other night was accompanied at the outset and at one or two intervals during it by the Lord's Prayer and the singing of hymns. I have seen this sort of thing before as a cloak to cover trickery or to throw the spectators, or rather auditors, off their guard. I detected no evidences, however, that this was a

means for this end. In my conversation with her I noticed that she was apparently a religious woman. Dr. Guthrie and she herself told me that she had been put out of the church, Methodist, for her mediumistic work. She intimated in her talk that she was still a believer in the orthodox doctrines about Christ, and this intimation was apparently sincere and came in connections which would not suggest any purpose to deceive by it. It came in the expression of her views about Christ and meeting him after death. She said that all persons meet the Savior after death. I may have misunderstood her remark at the time, but it struck me as throwing light on the character of her mediumship and the influence of her own mind upon some things that she claims are messages. She talks innocently about the whole subject and has perfectly definite ideas of it. They are evidently the result of her own work, as the life of her husband and herself in a small village across the Ohio River, and in a mere cottage, is such as not to favor any intellectual inquiries into the subject. He does no work and seems to live on a pension of a small amount. They take money for her work, but she turns many people away from her doors and seems not to make her work a mercenary one. I saw no traces of an intellectual interest in her work beyond what has come from her own observations. Apparently she is quite honest, and as ignorant of the tricks which characterize similar performances as any rural person could be.

When I went with the persons named in my account of the first sitting I was introduced as 'Professor' but without mention of my name. I was sitting in the other room until called and was called as Professor, and my name has not been mentioned in her presence while I was there.

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What may have been said to her yesterday by Mr. Clawson on the way to Dr. Guthrie's, where she was brought to have a photograph taken, I do not know. It was on this trip that she said she thought she had seen my picture or heard of me, and while I should assume that I was known the moment I was seen, it is important to remark the evidence that I was not at once recognized. The fact too that I got nothing at the experiments also indicates that I was not recognized, on the supposition of the professional medium.

July 25th (Afternoon)

I called on Mrs. Blake with Dr. Guthrie and Mrs. Guthrie this morning for an experiment and she, having caught cold from her trip yesterday, was too ill with neuralgia this morning to give me the sitting. The result was that I

merely questioned her regarding her experiences and listened to some of her statements about herself. The most important spontaneous remarks by her pertained to her religious position. She is evidently a firm believer in the Bible and its fundamental doctrines, especially as pertaining to the divinity of Christ. She branched out on this subject of her own volition and expressed herself emphatically on the matter in favor of his divine character. She also expressed her inability to understand the atheistic and sceptical interpretation of things and went so far as to hint some curiosity regarding my beliefs, especially regarding Christ. I was quite frank with her about this matter tho careful not to offend her naive orthodoxy. Her whole conversation on the matter impressed me as that of a perfectly naive and sincere person, and I think no one whatever after hearing her and seeing her in such a conversation would for one moment doubt her honesty, even tho he found reason to reserve his judgment or to admit at some later time that he was mistaken. All the indications are overwhelmingly in favor of her perfect sincerity and honesty.

I found also by inquiry from her that it was some time before she began the use of the trumpet in her communications. It was suggested to her by a spiritualist who said he thought she would have better results if she used a trumpet. In response to this suggestion she got one and has used it for thirty years or more. Inquiry brought out the statement that she has been in trances

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and she says that she could never remember what she said in them, but she says that friends reported what she had said and done, so that she evidently spoke under some sort of control or obsession. She has remembered visions, however, that have occurred in the trance, even tho she had no memory of spoken statements. At one time she tried automatic writing and did a little of it, but it never involved much more than movements of the hands. Automatic writing was never developed to any extent and has not been tried for a long time.

I questioned her also regarding what she could see or hear during her sittings with others. She says she has never seen her control, who, as said above, was her son, except once and she asked him not to appear to her again until she passed over. She seems to have been deeply attached to him, much more than to any of her other children. She says her reason for this was that he was a young man who was not running about at night and was regular in his church duties. She considered him a specially good and religious boy. I found also that she never sees him when he is controlling

and also that she has never seen any spirit when it was controlling. Only when spirits do not control can she see them. She often hears conversation going on, on the other side, while the communications are in progress through the trumpet. She can hear persons say: "I want to try", or "I want to speak", etc., and this often occurs simultaneously with the statements of communicators. No trace of this is apparent in the trumpet. She has not found that they express any difficulty in communicating and finds no great difference between different spirits in the power to communicate.

In order to ascertain whether she is aware of laryngeal action when communications are going on, I questioned her carefully about her sensations at the time. She says she has often experienced sensations when the communications are in progress. She said especially that she often "takes on the conditions " of those who died in a particular way. For instance, if a person has died with consumption, she has a sensation in her breast and throat and often coughs so in such cases that she has to stop the,, communications. It is the same with other diseases. The "passion" affected in the person who is deceased transmits its effect to her. Then she often has prickly or trembling feelings where such as

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I have just described do not occur. I finally asked if she ever had any sensation in her throat and vocal organs and she said she did not. I was curious to know if there was any local anaesthesia in the vocal organs when communicating and this was the reason for putting my questions. She did not know what my object was in them and so I came to this crucial point without any previous knowledge of my object. Her answer was spontaneous and without suspicion of what I was after. Of course, it is not proof of anaesthesia or perhaps even evidence of it. But the answer coincides with the possibility of the anaesthesia and it is fundamental to the interpretation of the phenomena that we know this. if we are going to exclude conscious reservation of any of the facts.

On the whole my impression at present is that we are dealing with a woman who is consciously honest. I say this in spite of the very dubious character of her dark seances. They have a most damning suggestiveness as they are precisely like the fraudulent performance of the same type. It is in fact hard to reconcile them with any judgment of honesty whatever. But we must remember that we can no more prove dishonesty in the dark than we can genuineness, or we can equally prove one as the other. I have no positive proof that tricks were performed and I have no evidence that they

were not. We have only the fact that the phenomena look so much like the common fraud as to make it almost impossible to remove legitimate scepticism from the whole mass of incidents that occur and have occurred. If we could suppose anaesthesia and morbid mental states where they seem normal we might suppose that frauds were unconsciously simulated in such ways. This would be to apologize for the case after proving its genuineness and honesty, but it would never do to assume it at the outset. I merely mention it here to consider it as the only possible way of making the facts consistent with the appearances. There can be no doubt that the woman's complete sincerity and honesty are the most apparent facts one can observe. The subordination of mercenary motives in the case, the simplicity of the husband, and the apparent ladylike character of the woman, who seems never to have sought but often evaded notoriety, are all facts that point definitely to honesty, and we should have to assume much more shrewdness than ever betrays itself to vindicate a suspicion of crooked ways in the production of her phenomena.

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Yet one cannot observe the dark seances without entertaining views much stronger than suspicion and whatever opinion he may have of the woman's sincerity he will not easily yield the belief that her own organism is the medium for the production of the lights and other phenomena. That once granted he will not easily believe that they have any other origin.*

Huntington, W. Va., July 26th. 1906.

According to previous arrangement, Dr. Guthrie and I went out to have an experiment with Mrs. Blake this morning, arriving at 10 A. M. She was suffering considerably from neuralgia which she seems to have contracted from coming over to Huntington day before yesterday to stay for a day or two. She was somewhat unwilling to give the sitting, but was persuaded to try for a short time. This agreed to, we placed the trumpet to our ears as described in other experiments. At no time was it placed to her mouth.

I had placed an article of Dr. Hodgson's on her lap without telling her what it was or what it was for. No indication was given whose it was. As we took the trumpet. Dr. Guthrie remarked that he heard the voice before the trumpet was raised to the ears. We had been holding it in the hands a short time. I did not hear any voice until after the trumpet was at my ear. In a very few moments articulate sounds were distinctly audible and I got the clear greeting: "How do you do?" and "I am all

* Since making this investigation and writing this report I have had at least two excellent cases for proving that many actions may be performed unconsciously which the conjurer and most laymen would ascribe to fraud and which are nothing of the kind. These two instances are those of Miss Burton (Proceedings Am. S. P. R., Vol. V) and of the clergyman's son (Journal Am. S. P. R., Vol. VII, pp. 1-56). Both these subjects were normally conscious in a part of the organism, but partially unconscious or subject to partial anaesthesia, especially in the organs used for performing the automatic act. I had not more than suspected such a phenomenon with Mrs. Blake, and did not try to test it. It is quite possible that she had zonal and merely momentary anesthetics. On this hypothesis the suspicion of fraudulent conduct at the night seances would fall to the ground.

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right." "I want to talk to you." "Don't you hear me ?" I asked who it was and after many requests to make the answer clear got the name "Annie" clearly. I recognized this several times before I would admit it, and when I did I asked for the rest of the name and got "Annie Hyslop" in full. I could attach no weight to this, tho it was correct, because it has been mentioned in my report and articles too frequently to treat it as evidence of the supernormal. She then said an aunt was with her and I asked who it was. But I could not distinguish the answer. An interruption occurred from the interference of Mr. Blake to stop our sitting because people were coming to have sittings whom he had to turn away and he could not do this with good grace when they could easily hear a sitting going on. So we stopped a few minutes and waited. When the experiment was resumed the reference was made to "Aunt and Grandmother." I asked for the name and not distinguishing it asked "which grandmother" and could not then clearly distinguish the reply. I then asked for my mother's mother or grandmother's name on my mother's side, and a number of times I recognized a perfectly clear resemblance to it, but I was not able to press the matter until I was absolutely assured of it. I had not thought of her at the outset when I asked which grandmother, and noticed in the first attempts that there was no resemblance to the grandmother's name on my father's side, but that the resemblance was to the other and it was this that suggested to me the asking for it. At this point and before I could clear up the name of my grandmother the communicator, presumably my sister Annie, referred to my father as present and as wanting to talk. But the mode of address indicated that it was some one else that was communicating than Annie. Mrs. Blake thought she understood it as my mother, but the answer "No" came, and the word "Father" came. I asked if it was father that wanted to communicate and answer was "Yes." I replied: "Let him talk." Then came

the message: "I want to talk with my father." I asked who it was and could not get the name. Something like "Ada" was conjectured and then "Effie". This was denied and I asked if it was "Isabel" and the answer again was "No." I then said let my father talk.

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A pause followed for a rest to Mrs. Blake. When we began again taps appeared in the trumpet and Mrs. Blake seemed alarmed and did not want to proceed. I persuaded her to continue and the voice became quite distinct, so much so that Dr. Guthrie, sitting three or four feet away, could distinctly hear the sounds, but could not apperceive the words. The voice this time was not only louder, but represented another personality in its characteristics. It at once claimed to be my father and for a little time I could distinguish every word it said. I could not write all his sentences down as my attention had to be given to understanding the message. He said: "I want to talk to you. It is all right here. Do you hear me? It is hard to get right conditions." I asked if there was any difficulty in communicating and the answer was "Yes." I asked if he had ever communicated with me before, and he replied "Yes." I asked "Where?" and the clear answer several times was "At Mrs. Piper's". Dr. Guthrie heard this three or four feet off. Of course the fact was known to him and may possibly have been known to Mrs. Blake, as she knew that I had seen Mrs. Piper. Another pause followed this to rest Mrs. Blake.

When we began again the communicator claimed at once to be my mother. I welcomed her and asked if she had ever communicated with me and the answer was: "Yes, several times." This was true, at least so far as attempts are concerned. As soon as she said she was my mother I got the statement "Do you hear what I say?" and added: "Annie is with me". Mrs. Blake said, "She says your wife is here." She interpreted it: "Your wife is with me." I expressed surprise in my voice and asked if my wife was there and the answer was in the affirmative. I then asked for the name. After some struggle I got what I purposely recognized as "Addie" and the answer was "No" emphatically. Then I seemed to hear "Annie" again. I asked if it was Annie and received the reply: "No." I then asked that it be spelled. A ma appeared to be given two or three times and then "Ma... Ma.." and finally "Manila" (or "ie ".) As' soon as it was clear after many attempts that Mamie was the intended name I asked for her maiden name, her name before we were married, and after as many difficult efforts and attempts to spell it the name "Hall " was spelled out. I recognized these as correct and asked for her middle name. I then got "Mamie

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Hyslop "clearly with indistinguishable sounds for the middle name which was finally gotten clearly enough for me to recognize what was meant. I recognized it as right without uttering it and apparently Mrs. Blake did not discover what it was. I do not think I would have recognized it had I not known what it was. It is a very unusual name, especially for a lady, and because I was not sure of it for some time I refused to admit or recognize it until the resemblance was fairly well assured. The Mamie Hyslop was perfectly clear and the middle name finally clear enough to make further efforts at making it clearer wholly unnecessary. This middle name was Fry.

I then asked her if she had seen her father and she replied that she had and that he was all right. I asked if she had seen her mother and the reply was: "Yes, she is here, and she is all right." Her father is still living, but her mother is dead. I then asked what her mother's name was and after several efforts I got what I supposed was "Isabel," which is correct, and then asked if this was it. The answer was: "Yes." I then said, "You have an aunt there, who is that? " and the reply was very prompt and clear: "Aunt Lizzie". This was correct. I asked then for the name of another aunt, and Mrs. Blake thought she got "Aunt Mary" which would have been correct, but the answer "No" was very emphatic and what seemed to me at first to be "Aunt Fannie" was corrected to "Aunt Frances." There was some difficulty in communicating, tho the communicator said she could talk all day. Before stopping I asked if there was not another friend of mine there who wanted to communicate with me and my statement indicated the masculine gender, tho I do not now recall the exact form of the question. The answer came: "Yes. Mr. Hodgson ", tho I got the sounds very indistinctly. They seemed more "Hdn " and I recognized it without uttering what I took it to be. The communicator spontaneously added that he had tried to talk before and that he would not now talk again. She said he would try some other time. I then suggested that we should stop and bade the communicator goodbye. I received the reply "Goodbye " and "God bless you ", the usual farewell in the Piper case, or one that is at least very frequent there.

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Dr. Guthrie told me afterward that he had watched Mrs. Blake's actions and features while I was listening to the voices. and he remarked that at the time that the most distinct voices were heard her face had a far-away look and that she was looking out the window, paying no attention to what was going on. He could detect no evidence of muscular action about the throat in the region of the vocal organs.

Huntington, W. Va., Sept. 18th, 1906

I arrived in this place this morning in accordance with a previous arrangement to have some experiments with Mrs. Blake. Dr. Guthrie went out to see her with reference to having a sitting at the time and also for arranging to have some others later. It seems that she had been quite well last week, but fell and injured her ankle again so that she is again on crutches. This incident is vouched for by Dr. Guthrie and does not require or depend upon the testimony of Mrs. Blake alone. This was given as a reason for not holding a sitting this afternoon, but persuasion at last succeeded and I also obtained a short sitting for myself at the time. I had at most about twenty minutes' time. Soon after we sat down the trumpet was placed at my ear and against Mrs. Blake's hand, not her ear or mouth. As soon as a voice was apparent in it she placed her end of it to her ear and the first communicator claimed to be my sister Anna. It was given Anna, not Annie, this time. The relationship was given. After a few statements to the effect that she was happy and glad to see me, she was followed by my wife, who claimed to be Mamie. I asked for no further identity but inquired who was with her and got the answer Aunt Lizzie, at one shot. I asked for others and got the names Ella and Ada. The name Ada, if I remember rightly, was given at the previous experiment in July. To test her identity I asked where I had met her and the answer was not clear enough for me even to conjecture the place. Once it sounded correct, but I shall not be sure of it as more than my preperception until it becomes more definite. I asked to whom she had taught music, thinking of a certain young lady, but did not get the name I was thinking of. At first she said she had taught me, but this was false, and I stated that she had played for me, and this was recognized. I then asked again for the person she had taught, carefully refraining from suggestion as to sex,

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and the answer, which I could not make clear, referred to the person as "her", but at no time gave anything resembling the name I had in mind. I also asked who it was that had introduced me to her and this name also was not clear enough for me to venture on even a guess. When I asked if she had ever communicated with me before she replied in the affirmative, and then I asked where it was and the reply was "Mrs. Piper's." This was correct, but not evidential. I asked if she had ever tried in any other case and I received the answer in the affirmative again and, asking for the person, received the name "Ellis". It is curious that Dr. Hodgson gave this

name at two sittings of Mrs. Piper's to me as that of a medium whom he tried. I recall no one of that name except two ladies, sisters, whom I met in the mountains. They are not psychics of any kind and were not known to either Dr. Hodgson or Mrs. Hyslop. In fact the name has no meaning in either connection more than that which I have explained. I do not know of any psychic by that name.

I inquired for a Mr. Mapes whom I met abroad and asked about his wife, but got no replies that involved any supernormal knowledge. Mr. Mapes is dead and Mrs. Mapes is living, or was at last accounts. I should have gotten clear statements about them from my wife, as she knew them well. But nothing was said beyond what the medium, Mrs. Blake, could have guessed.

On the whole the sitting contained no results of importance. The three correct names were mentioned at a previous sitting and those which were apparently such as I asked for were either not decipherable or not correct.

A Mr. Walker purported to communicate. He was known to Dr. Guthrie and the Blakes, so that no importance attaches to his communications. He alluded to me as "Professor," which Mrs. Blake might do, but not this Rev. Walker whom I never knew.

The most important observations, however, which I made on the occasion were made while Dr. Guthrie was having some communications. After I abandoned further attempts, Dr. Guthrie wanted to ask some questions and took the trumpet. This gave me an opportunity to watch Mrs. Blake's throat which I could not do while I was having communications.

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I was within two feet of her person and could see the action of the vocal muscles very distinctly when the communications were going on with Dr. Guthrie. I noticed particularly the coincidence between this action and the acknowledgment of messages by Dr. Guthrie and also coincidences between this vocal action and the muffled sounds which I could hear but could not interpret. Other experiments had convinced me that the metallic medium would articulate sounds more distinctly than the air. But the evidence was unmistakable that Mrs. Blake's vocal muscles were used in producing the sounds. The only question that remains open is whether she consciously so uses them or whether the action is automatic. I have no means of answering this question, and for scientific purposes it is not

necessary to answer it until there is evidence of the supernatural in the messages, which there is not in this experiment.

September 18th, 1906

Another experiment was made this evening with a stranger whom I had brought with me from Philadelphia. He came under the name of Paul Smith. He registered so at the hotel and was introduced to Dr. Guthrie and all others whom he met under that name. The sitting was an entire failure. The voices were too weak to be distinguishable in any case where the words were important or promised to be evidential. We tried something like an hour. We were interrupted by telephone calls several times and had to suspend the experiment as often. Mr. Smith had a communicator who claimed to be a grandmother at first. Nothing came of this. For some time nothing was distinguishable until the name Aunt Maggie was given, but this meant nothing to the gentleman. The message purported to come from a sister. At last I took the trumpet and my sister Anna claimed to communicate and mentioned father and an aunt Maggie. I have no aunt Maggie, but my step-mother's name was always so called by father, and I have a cousin, deceased, by this name.

Mr. Smith once got a name which he thought was Annie, but Mrs. Blake thought it was Allie. Mr. Smith did not recognize it. and as I thought it might have reference to me I took the trumpet and the messages came which I have just recounted.

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After the close of this experiment at communications with the trumpet, Dr. Guthrie suggested a dark seance for "independent " voices and this was accepted. A number of us sat around a table and the light was put out. It was pitch dark. Hardly had the light been extinguished when a strange sudden light appeared for a moment at the corner of the mantel behind and to the right of Mrs. Blake. It appeared to be as much as four feet from her. There was no telling, however, what the distance really was. I remark its appearance because of its calculation to deceive all who are not aware of the illusions of perception under such conditions. Soon another light appeared in front of us and then the table shook rather violently for a few moments. Some one remarked that this had never occurred before. It ceased and was repeated a few minutes afterward and then was not repeated again during the seance. At times lights were remarked by some present when others could not see them at all. Dr. Guthrie remarked a light

which I did not see, and two or three times Mrs. Blake remarked them when I could see none. Her statements, however, are not to be accepted unchallenged. One light should be especially noticed. Dr. Guthrie and Mr. Smith remarked it first over at my right and close to my arm. It seemed to be quite large and clear. Mrs. Blake soon noticed it and said she saw the form of a child about four years old there. I saw nothing whatever and my every effort to see even the slightest trace of a light was a total failure. Finally it disappeared.

I asked that a light appear in my hand. I then so held my right hand that, if Mrs. Blake attempted to put a light into the left, she would inevitably touch my right. No light appeared in my hand. But a few minutes afterward a light appeared near my right hand on the table, perhaps about four inches from my hand. I suddenly put my hand on it to catch Mrs. Blake's and found nothing but air and the table. In a few minutes another, I should say two, lights close to each other appeared in the air about six inches from my right hand, above it and away from me. I quickly put out my hand to touch them and touched nothing, finding only the air. I had expected to touch some apparatus used by Mrs. Blake. I noticed that no radiation appeared from any of the lights, and as this is a characteristic of dim lights and especially of phosphorus it is a phenomenon suggesting its own explanation.

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Just before we closed, the Lord's prayer was said and after it an independent voice occurred. Then 'in a minute a hymn was sung and Mrs. Blake joined in it for a moment and then ceased, whereupon I heard the deep voice of the Rev. Walker, deceased, singing with us. It was evident that she was using her own vocal organs for this as she was not singing the hymn in her own voice. After the singing a voice spoke to me and claimed to be my father's. It was not clear and followed sister Annie's. I recognized my father and to test him, after encouraging him and expressing my pleasure at thus meeting him, I asked what he passed out with and the reply was throat trouble. I did not recognize this distinctly and pressed for it more clearly, and Mrs. Blake, after repeating it, remarked "Throat trouble." This was correct, but its previous publication prevents my treating the fact as evidential. But nothing further was obtained and the control, Mrs. Blake's son, spoke up in a deep clear voice, and said we should have to close the sitting, owing to not "getting conditions." The hope was expressed by the control that the sitting the next day would be more favorable and it was explained that the conditions had not been good for the evening.

Absolutely nothing occurred during the whole evening to suggest the

supernormal except the reference to my father's throat trouble, and this lacks evidential color.

September 10th, 1906.

We had another experiment this morning, Mr. Smith and I being the only two sitters present, as before. The result was the same. Nothing evidential was distinguishable for Mr. Smith. Early in the communications it was thought that the claim was made for the presence of his mother. When the name was asked for, it came as Mary, and then the statement that she wanted to talk with her father. Mr. Smith did not recognize this as pertinent and I spoke in the midst of my notes that it might be my wife, as she had before asked to see her father. We then paused in the experiment, Mrs. Blake and Mr. Smith holding the trumpet. In a few minutes Mrs. Blake remarked that it was trembling as if some one had passed out with paralysis, and Mr. Smith recognized the correctness of her description of the conduct of the trumpet.

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I at once suspected its relevance to me, as I have before had reference to paralysis when I would expect my wife to be present. Hence when Mr. Smith and Mrs. Blake resumed the communications Mrs. Blake asked that the name be given. It was given as Mary Hyslop and I could recognize the fitness of the sounds to this interpretation, tho I said absolutely nothing and Mr. Smith remarked: "Yes, that's Mary Hyslop clear enough."

At this point I suggested my taking the trumpet. It was handed to me and I recognized my wife, to use this phrase, and taking an envelope out of my pocket, which contained the wedding ring of my wife, wrapped up in rubber cloth so that it was not detectible even out of the envelope, I held it up in my hand and asked what was in it. Mrs. Blake was four feet distant and her face turned sidewise so that she had no opportunity for clear observations. The apparent reply to my query was that the article was a handkerchief. I gave this as my interpretation of the answer and it was not received as correct, tho I had remarked that it was an envelope with something in it. The shape of the envelope might suggest to a guessing medium that it contained a handkerchief. But when I intimated that handkerchief was not correct the answer came that it was a ring. I so interpreted the reply and asked for repetition, as I wished to make sure. "Ring" was said several times and I refused to utter it, but asked that it be spelled. It was spelled several times and was to me distinctly the word "ring". I said I thought it was right, without uttering it, and then asked what use she put it to and the answer was: "I wore it on my finger." Mrs. Blake got only the words: "I wore

it," and did not recognize the rest, if her silence on that matter is to be so interpreted, and apparently she did not get the word "ring" at all. So I did not utter it, but went on with the communications. Immediately there was a call for her father again and I explained that I wanted him to come also, but that he was not able to come. I further remarked that I would try to have him talk with her at another place. This seemed to satisfy her on that point. I then asked how he was and she said he was all right and that he was well. He is in fact in a critical condition of health and has been so for several years, tho looking apparently healthy to most people.

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I then asked how her mother was and the reply was that she was well also, but that she might have to have an operation. I asked what for and the reply was for inflammation of the stomach. This was tolerably clear. Now my step-mother-in-law is in fairly good health, tho she thinks she is an ill woman. There is nothing the matter with her organically tho she suffers from occasional attacks of nervous indigestion brought on by fits of anger at domestic matters and often suffers much from flatulency and stomach trouble which she thinks is going to kill her. But a little fasting and refraining from too much eating soon relieves her. She is probably exposed to inflammation of the stomach.

I then asked where we (my wife and I) had met and the reply was, at Mrs. Piper's. This was not what I had in mind and I replied that I meant where we had met the first time we saw each other. The reply was not decipherable. It was a Mrs. (something), I could not tell. I could not discover any resemblance to the real name of the person whom I had in mind, tho it was a place that I most distinctly had in mind. To indirectly suggest what I wanted I asked again if she could tell who introduced me to her and the reply to this I could not make out, tho it did not sound like the name I had in mind. I then stopped the communications and turned the trumpet over to Mr. Smith for his experiment, after a little rest.

Apparently an uncle William began to communicate with him and soon the claim made that an aunt Maggie and a grandmother were trying. Some confusion arose then as to whether the mother was trying to communicate and finally it was said that the mother was living. But nothing clear was discovered and finally when he asked that his own name be given he got what resembled it, but he could not feel sure about it and at one time he thought he detected his middle name by which he is always called. I thought I could hear the middle name when it was spelled out several

times. But I would say nothing as I did not wish to help out by suggestions and admitted that I was exposed to illusion in the matter. I did not know that Mr. Smith was called by his middle name and would naturally have looked for either his surname or first Christian name. He himself was not sure of the interpretation.

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When he asked also for the communicator to tell where he, Mr. Smith, lived the answer to me, four feet away, seemed to be correct, but Mr. Smith did not recognize it at all, so that my own interpretation is exposed to suspicion. It was repeated several times and the number of syllables in the answer was correct and the sound of the last three particularly clear to me. The first syllable was less so.

Nothing further occurred and the sitting was brought to an end because neither Mr. Smith nor Mrs. Blake could make out a word of the communications at any specific point at which a clear message would have had important significance.

The most important thing to remark by way of note regarding this experiment is the fact that this is the third time that I have had an allusion to paralysis in connection with my wife in mediumistic experiments and in connection with the presence of this ring. In two of the instances the psychic did not know that it was a ring. Much less did she know anything about the facts which made the incident pertinent. There has been no publication of them and I have mentioned them to but one or two private friends. The incident is at least apparently supernormal.
September 20th, 1906.

We had another experiment this morning. The only persons present were Mrs. B., Mr. Smith and myself. The results for Mr. Smith were again wholly unsatisfactory. No clear message was obtained. The effort was made to have his own name and that of the alleged communicator given. This effort occupied most of the sitting for an hour. But no process sufficed to get the correct name.

The first communicator was apparently his mother, but this again was changed or corrected to grandmother. When asked for her name it appeared that she gave that of Mary Albert or Alberts. The Albert part of this, however, was given some time after the Mary and only after much prodding. Once Mr. Smith thought he got the name Peggy, but this was denied clearly. This was apparently followed by Allie. Both Mr. Smith and

Mrs. Blake understood this to be the name. Then came Maggie. The attempt had just previously been made to have the name spelled out and only the letter M was obtained.

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The same letter v/as gotten at a second attempt to spell it. It was the correct initial for the gentleman's surname. After this Mr. Smith thought he detected the name of Mary Humphrey, but this was apparently altered to Mary Albert and when asked if it was correct the communicator replied that it was. Asked if she was a married woman the reply was No. The response to the query how long ago she had died was ten years ago. Inquiry for the relation to Mr. Smith brought an answer something like mother, but there was something else attached to it that, in one case, suggested god-mother. There was then a pause and change of communicator.

The next communicator claimed to be a baby that said it had no name and had been born in the spirit world and had not lived in this. The language was that she had passed out "before you were born (Mr. Smith), never lived in the body, born in the spirit." Apparently the claim was that it was a sister or brother of the sitter. Mr. Smith had no knowledge of such a fact and questioned its possible truth.

Mr. Smith then proceeded to have the communicator who took the place of the child tell her name, as the change indicated apparently some new communicator. This new personality claimed that the sitter's name was not Albert. When asked to tell what the sitter's name was the voice had that character about it which suggested to Mrs. Blake the remark that, whoever it was "must have died all choked up." Then the communicator was asked to spell out the sitter's name and I thought I could detect resemblances to the middle name as before. Mr. Smith asked that he be permitted to say over the alphabet and the communicator was to indicate the letter when he came to it. In this way the letters L E I E were gotten. But there was so much confusion associated with it that, tho there was some approximation to the right name, the first two letters being correct, the attempt was abandoned. The experiment was continued some time longer, but it resulted only in repetition of the name Albert, and the denial that this was correct as applied to the sitter, and that some letter had been written by the grandmother. Then came a change of communicator and the indication was that the message was for me.

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I took the trumpet and recognizing the communicator in the same way as usual in a friendly greeting I asked who it was and received as answer what I interpreted as brother. So also did Mrs. Blake. I accepted the relationship, thinking of my brother Charles of the Piper record, and asked which brother. The answer came after several efforts to make it clear to me that it was Robert. So I understood it and asked if it was this and the reply was in the affirmative, completing the message by a clear utterance of the name Hyslop. I recognized this and asked where he had passed out and the reply was not clear enough to be certain about it, tho it contained one or two letter sounds of the correct name.

I was on the point of continuing the inquiry for this when another name was mentioned and I let this come. It appeared to be Margaret and after two or three attempts I got it quite distinctly and asked if it was Margaret. I at once thought of my sister Margaret who died about 1858 at two years of age, and asked if it was this sister. I received the answer yes apparently and then it was denied and a relationship stated which was interpreted by both Mrs. Blake and myself as being my wife. When I asked if it was, the answer was a very clear and emphatic No, followed by a clear "my wife." I at once thought of my father whose name was Robert Hyslop and whose living second wife's name is Margaret. I asked if he meant his wife and the answer was in the affirmative.

He then expressed a desire to talk with her and I explained that he could not do it now and the reply to this was a request that I tell her I had talked with him. I then asked where he passed out and could not distinguish the reply, tho I was thinking of his sister Eliza [Carruthers] he having died in her home. Presently I distinguished something like the name Carruthers and this was repeated sufficiently to make it clearer, tho still not distinct as I desired it. So to check it off I asked what relation he [Carruthers] was to me and received for answer that he was my uncle. This was correct. I then asked for the first letter of his name, but the voice became so weak that we stopped the sitting.

When the voice claimed to be my brother and had attempted to tell where he had passed out Mrs. Blake asked how long ago, and thought she detected the reply twenty years ago. But the answer to this was a most emphatic and distinct No. My father died just ten years ago, my brother only two or three years ago.

The death of my father and the place of it are published in my Report on the Piper Case, so that I cannot give the incident the evidential value that I would like to give it. The mistake in regard to my brother is in favor of its genuineness, as Mrs. Blake would not know I had a deceased brother by that name, and would not confuse it with my father if she had read my Report, which I think she most probably never even heard of. Personally I am inclined to think the message supernatural, but it has no scientific importance.

September 20th, (Evening) 1906

We had a dark seance this evening and there were present Dr. and Mrs. Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. English, and Mr. Blake and myself with Mrs. Blake. A guitar was placed on the table before we began and as soon as the light was put out I placed my hand on the handle of it near me and held it most of the time it was there. The table was about two feet square and no hands were placed on it. The room was pitch dark and only the very dim reflection on the mirror opposite me of light through a window in the next room was noticeable to me. This was not noticed by any one until near the close of the sitting Dr. Guthrie remarked it, and he was convinced that it was thus caused by our closing the door through which the light came. It was nothing but the dim effect of the sky or night light as explained.

Soon after the extinction of the lamp the usual phosphorescent lights began to appear here and there, once in front over the table, once behind Mrs. Blake, and she turned around to see it, as inferrible from her movements and voice, and several times in her lap. But these lights soon ceased and we began to hear voices. The first voice was that of Mrs. Blake's son which was as clear as any living voice we can listen to. There was no confusion. He began with a number of compliments to me on my wisdom, and I seized the opportunity to question him on some matters. The conversation with him was carried on without the least difficulty or confusion.

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I asked some question about the difficulty of communicating, with a view to seeing whether any reply would be given confirmatory of what is said through other mediums. The reply admitted the difficulty, but spoke of it in terms that were too general and too much like what I might suppose Mrs. Blake would think, to be remembered. I then turned to the method of communicating and the reply was that it was just as in life. They talked just as they did when in the body. I then asked if he could tell what we were

thinking without our talking, and this was answered in the affirmative. When I asked how they communicated with each other he also answered this query with the statement that they talked with each other as they did when in the body. When I asked if they could tell what each person thought on the other side without the use of speech, the reply was that they could do so whenever it was necessary. The same answer was made again to the question whether they could read the minds of the living. In this way I led up to the query whether he would try to read my mind in this way, and the answer was that he could do it if necessary, but that the conditions this evening were not suitable to this.

After a few more communications with the control, all of a general character, the other voices began. One claimed to be my wife again and without anything evidential occurring; she was followed by my father who gave his name and claimed relationship and answered my question as to what he had talked to me about in the experiments of last spring, saying it was about business, with some statements that I could not decipher. We had not talked about business in my sittings with Mrs. Smead, the case that I had in mind in my query. When I asked him if he had seen brother Robert a voice spoke up on the other side of Mrs. Blake and claimed to be this brother, saying that he was there, had communicated with me before, and asked if I did not recognize him. I explained briefly that I had recognized him, but that something had been said to make me think father had spoken also. I then asked my brother where he had passed out and the first two or three attempts to answer could not be understood. But finally he appeared to say that he had died in his office. This was not correct. He had no office. He died in a hospital.

Presently a voice appeared in Mrs. Blake's lap and after some effort got the name Robert clear. But I could not understand the rest. I suspected it was McClellan after several attempts. So I asked that it be spelled and I got clearly the letters "Mac" and "Ian ",

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the intervening letters not being decipherable with certainty. It was the wrong spelling to say "Mac ", but the error is favorable to the genuineness of the message. As soon as I got the name, because I knew it had been mentioned in my Piper Report, I asked the question: "Do you remember the speech I made ? " The answer was: "Yes, I helped you." This was true. He had gotten up the meeting at which I spoke. I do not recall at this writing whether I mentioned this fact in my Report or not. I may have done so. It will be easy to determine this.* I then asked what we had for supper that

evening and two of us detected the reply "Berries," with some undecipherable words. I do not recall berries, tho this is possible, but doubtful. I ate a very light supper and was laughed at for it by him. What I had in mind I shall not mention here. It may be the subject of consideration later. He then disappeared and communications began from friends of those present with me. I leave the account of these to others in so far as details are concerned.

Something should be said of the voices and their apparent localization. They varied in a peculiar way with the communicator. Sometimes they were very low whispers and sometimes they were distinctly sonorous, and this was noticeable at times even in the same communicator. I think too that it is safe to say that female voices were generally the weaker and male voices stronger, the latter generally partaking of a bass character, tho not always resembling each other in any other particular. A Dr. Walker's voice was fairly clear and deep, and so was Robert McClellan's a few times. But my father's did not resemble either of the two mentioned except in the fact that it was deeper than the female voices.

The localization of them was also various. Sometimes it seemed in her lap, sometimes on her right and sometimes on her left, and sometimes in the region of her head or throat. Once I thought I heard two voices simultaneously, one on each side of her head. The same thing was remarked by several present and

* Careful investigation results in the failure to discover any allusion in my Report to any such incident as the political speech or statement that this cousin had helped me. It was through Mrs. Chenoweth long after this time that the incident was discussed.

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we thought that one of them was Mrs. English's. But when asked if she had been speaking she said she had not been. Dr. Guthrie, Mrs. Guthrie, and Mr. English said that they heard a voice at their end of the table, about four feet from Mrs. Blake, simultaneously with a voice to which I was listening with Mrs. English at our end. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Blake remarked to me that they heard it at that time. Mr. Blake being next to Mrs. Guthrie. Both said it was an attempt of the spirits to use Mrs. Guthrie as a medium. Mrs. Guthrie has had interesting psychic experiences, and felt worn out last night after her return home. Dr. Guthrie told me this fact in answer to a question, without knowing why I asked it. Mrs. Guthrie as she was about to

retire came into his room and complained that she felt completely exhausted, (an unusual thing with her) and did not suspect in any way why it could be. She had not done any hard work during the day and the sitting had no strenuous exertion associated with it. Apparently, therefore, there is some reason to believe that an unusual phenomenon occurred in connection with this apparent voice when Mrs. Blake could not produce it by ordinary means and especially when two of us next to her were listening to another voice. We should have to assume that it was either an illusion or a voice produced by Mr. Blake himself. There is no reason or evidence to suppose that he did. but the darkness and the association of similar phenomena artificially produced in such circumstances makes such an interpretation easier than anything more mysterious. There was no illusion about the voices generally, so that we should have to make an exception of this one with three persons simultaneously, if we exempt Mr. Blake from suspicion. The alternative to these suppositions is the supernormal, unless we assume that Mrs. Blake had some apparatus to simulate dual voices. No absolute judgment can be pronounced on this matter, as the darkness prevented the necessary observations. The supposition, however, is contrary to all the evidence of perfect sincerity and honesty, not only in regard to the genuineness of the phenomena, but also their belief in spirits.

I tried to watch carefully for evidence that Mrs. Blake was producing the voices but I did not discover a single trace of this as I have done in one other case of a similar character. I

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did notice at times the evidence that whispers began in the locality of her throat, but I as often noticed that distinct voices and sounds proceeded from points at some distance from the vocal organs and from the point from which her own normal voice issued whenever she interrupted in any way. She did not seem to move her head. I could not detect any noise like the movement of her body or clothes, as is common in such cases. She might have been especially skillful in this, tho one would not suspect her capable of skill. The fact, however, that part of the sounds had undoubtedly the same explanation as those in the trumpet associates her organism in some way with the results, even tho we may not be able to assign an intelligible explanation to the fact.

Near the close an interesting phenomenon occurred. The guitar, which was lying on the table and one end of which I was holding in my hand, was suddenly pulled into Mrs. Blake's lap. Soon the strings were picked. In a

few moments Mrs. Blake asked Mrs. English and me to hold her hands. I at once took Mrs. Blake's right hand in my left, and Mrs. English the left in her right. Presently the strings were picked two or three times. I imagined that it was done by her chin or some such means. But, if my memory serves me rightly, the same thing occurred while Mrs. Blake was singing and while we were holding her hands. I did certainly notice that it occurred when I had reason to believe that her head was perfectly upright. I do not know what means could have been employed in this case.

At a point in the seance Mrs. Blake asked us to form a circle holding hands. This we did, I holding Mrs. Blake's right in my left, and Dr. Guthrie's in my right and so on around, Mrs. English holding Mrs. Blake's left. Mrs. Blake asked this, saying that perhaps we could get the voices better. The voices came as usual, but were not any better than before. The conditions precluded, apparently at least, the employment of a trumpet. I do not know what means can be used under such circumstances to produce what occurred. Betrayal would have been easy. But there was one circumstance that aroused a suspicion regarding the whole seance, or at least the production of lights. As soon as we made a circle with our hands I was quick to seize the opportunity to ask that the lights be produced

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while we were thus holding hands. I watched very carefully for them, and so did Dr. Guthrie, but none were observed by any one as long as the hands were thus held, and none occurred afterward. The failure, of course, is not conclusive against Mrs. Blake, but it is a fact to be recorded and its negative character carefully remarked.

On the whole, things occurred that require explanation, even tho we do not go beyond the methods of juggling to account for them. They are certainly such as would interest any one who has to deal with persons as apparently illiterate as are Mr. and Mrs. Blake and as apparently sincere. One can hardly conceive persons so apparently religious and free from mercenary motives engaged in performances as calculated to deceive themselves as others, and this apparently has to be supposed to fully account for the phenomena if we think them tricks. I present no theory of explanation. I record the facts, whether they be illusions or tricks. They have all the seeming that is calculated to influence untrained minds, and perhaps some trained minds, in favor of the unusual, if not the supernormal.
September 21st, 1906.

I had a sitting alone this morning. The voices were more clear, or perhaps I should say more loud than on previous occasions. One fact I noticed particularly. When we rested a moment the trumpet soon pressed very strongly against my hand, as if indicating that they were ready to communicate. This was apparent in other sittings, but I never remarked it so distinctly as today, and it appeared as if Mrs. Blake had nothing to do with it. She had expected apparently that they would rest longer than they did.

The first voice was that of my wife. She gave her name and expressed a kindly greeting and soon said she wanted her grandfather to talk. At once he appeared and greeted me in a rather deep clear voice. His utterance was quite clear. He said he was my wife's grandfather, and I asked him to give his name. I thought he said John and asked if this was the case, and he replied in the affirmative and went on to say that it was Raymond Hall.

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After several attempts at it I got this very clearly and asked if it was correct, and the reply was in the affirmative. He then said that his son was my father-in-law. On asking what he had been in life he said he had been a preacher. I think this last statement is false. I do not know what his Christian name was. I doubt if it was Raymond. But I know that his grandson's name is Raymond.

September 21st, (Evening), 1906.

During the seance a hymn was sung, and Mrs. Blake, as usual, joined in. While she was singing, apparently simultaneously a heavy deep voice, that of her son and recognizable as what is claimed to be his, spoke up and said: "Ma, stop your singing." She immediately ceased and took no further part in it. No other phenomena occurred until after the singing. Dr. Guthrie remarked the facts as I have told them, and so confirms my statements. It was a most interesting interruption, and had the verisimilitude of reality.

At times also, it should be remarked, there seemed to be voices talking to each other on the "other side". That is to say there was apparent dramatic play of personality as remarked in the Piper case. This was remarked by several of the circle.

Also for some moments, perhaps two minutes, after the son had said the

sitting would be closed and after he had definitely departed, voices could be heard apparently talking without purpose unless it was in conversation on the "other side." I noticed, too, some sounds like the oft remarked throat noises, muffled attempts at speech when Mrs. Blake was supposed to have wholly ceased communicating and when the circle had dissolved.

Soon after we had joined hands Mrs. Blake remarked that perhaps we could get a "materialization". After some time she claimed to see a form behind Mr. English which she said soon moved nearer her and by Mrs. English, but she was not able to describe it as she said it was a mere outline.

The next communicator claimed to be my grandmother and when asked for the name said it was Emily Jane Hyslop. This was not correct. She said, too, so far as the voice could be interpreted, that she lived in New Jersey, this too being false.

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But it was Mrs. Blake that first gave this interpretation to the voice and as I could detect some resemblance to this I accepted it as the intended name. She was followed by Dr. Walker, a former minister in Huntington, who addressed me regarding his interest in the work and his wish to help me in it. I never knew him. Mrs. Blake knew of him quite well.

Then came my wife again giving her name and I asked her if a certain friend we knew could come. I thought of Dr. Hodgson, but did not hint the name. She said he was not present, but that she would go and get him. We stopped for a moment and as soon as the trumpet showed the usual pressure indicating readiness to communicate, some one appeared who called himself Albert Campbell, so far as we could interpret the voice. He said in rather clear language: "I would like to talk with my wife. Tell her to do the work. I want to help you, to help the cause. Tell her I said so." I asked for her name and place of living and received the answer rather clearly given that it was Ella L. Campbell and New York named as her home. Then it was added: "I want her to help the work."

The communicator then changed to some one whose name I could not get. I asked for its spelling and got what seemed to be a part of it. The first attempt resulted only in the letters "ASA" as a part of the name and the second " L A S A I ". Then came Albert Howard, but whether it was the same person as the immediately previous one I could not tell. Apparently it

was not. But some allusion to his father was made and the voice became too weak to continue. No one recognized him.

Then the communicator changed again and, on asking who it was, I got Emma and after much effort seemed to get the word Hardy, but this was doubtful. Pressing for the name I got McClellan and it was acknowledged that it was Emma McClellan and I was asked to tell her uncle Charles McClellan something which was not distinguished. Then Robert McClellan communicated again in a rather clear voice but could not remain long. The name Ella was given again and the words "uncle McClellan" mentioned. Asking what he did, I was told that he worked in a store and that she wanted him to believe right.

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Then came one who claimed to be Emma Hyslop and said she was father's sister. The word "father", too, came and "uncle Aura" followed by "uncle Robert not him" and presently "uncle Harvey", this last being quite clear.

There is a great deal of confusion here. My father had no sister Emma. He had a deceased sister Amanda, the other two being still alive at the time. I do not know any Emma McClellan, though this Amanda Hyslop married my uncle McClellan, and Harvey McClellan was the brother of this uncle and the uncle of the Robert McClellan named. This Harvey McClellan had a son Charles, but he was not the uncle of any Emma McClellan that I know.

I know nothing of any Albert Howard or an Albert Campbell. I once knew of an Ella Campbell, if I remember the name rightly, but there is no known relevance in the mention of her, except that she was a most intimate friend of the McClellans, and possibly some relative.

My wife then followed with the statement that a great aunt Mary Hyslop was present and that she was not my direct aunt, and that I never saw her, as she passed out before I was born. I have no great aunt whatever by the name of Hyslop. My grandfather was an only child, at least so far as my father and aunts know. This Amanda, my father's sister, died before I was born. My wife stated that she wanted to talk all day and went on to say that she wanted her papa to be careful, and when I asked what the matter was I did not receive an intelligible reply. Then came a name which I thought was Richard and on asking if it was so received the reply that it was not. Then it was given more distinctly as Bishop Cavanagh who expressed the same interest in the work as Dr. Walker. The sitting then came to a close with communications perfectly clear and distinct from the control, Mrs. Blake's

son. He expressed an appreciation for my work and volunteered to watch me and to communicate with me at other places.

September 22d, 1906

I went again to Mrs. Blake's this morning with a view of having a sitting, if possible, and especially to see her granddaughter who can also speak through the trumpet and whom we tried on my previous visit. I was especially anxious to see if I

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could get automatic writing in her case. As soon as I arrived I sent for her and she was brought in. In the meantime I was told that Mrs. Blake was not very well and as she remarked on my arrival that she had not been well during the night I concluded that I would not try for a sitting with her. We agreed to this and when the little granddaughter came I gave my attention to her.

I made first some inquiries about her school and of herself whether she could read and write. The affirmative answer led me to take her into my lap and place a pencil in her fingers, with a pad lying on my knees. She is but five years of age and so I told her not to try to write but just to hold the pencil in her fingers and let them do what they wanted to do. She seemed to comprehend and so remained quiet, and in a few minutes she began to scribble, but the signs showed that it was not automatic. The figures made were exactly like those which she had made in conscious illustration of her capacity to write. But after a while I noticed actions of her hands and fingers which were more rapid and less difficult than had been shown in her normal writing. Some lines were drawn which seemed to be scrawls. She finally wrote the following in capitals, except that the second symbol was like the number 12 or a line with the figure 2 after it as if an attempt at the fraction for one-half. I reproduce what was written. "A /2 BER" followed by symbols like "O" and scrawls. Nothing more occurred. I then suggested that we try the trumpet with her. This was done with the following results.

For some time, perhaps five minutes, there was no trace of articulate sounds. At first I seemed to hear a breath in the trumpet and gradually I began to hear very slight whispers which soon developed into articulated sounds, and several times a clear sound as if the little girl was trying to speak with her lips closed. Presently the voices became clear enough for me to recognize what appeared to be the name of my wife. I allowed it to

be repeated two or three times, and as the resemblance was to what had passed for that with Mrs. Blake I asked if it was my wife's, uttering the name, and I got what appeared to be an affirmative reply. Other sounds were like what usually occurs at the beginning of communications through Mrs. Blake, but not distinct enough to assert the fact beyond question. I continued the experiment long enough to assure myself that I was dealing with clear attempts to articulate words, and then closed it.

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I then intended to leave, but Mrs. Blake asked me to wait until the vehicle which was standing outside had left and we would try the trumpet. I accepted the invitation and we sat down.

The first voice claimed to be that of my wife, giving the name Mamie Hyslop, and said at once clearly: "I did talk through the little girl." I asked what she said and the reply was: "I said I was going to help her to be a medium. We are going to help her." I then asked if they would develop automatic writing with her and the reply was: "We will try to. We want you to help also."

Immediately following my wife came a deep voice which clearly gave the name of John A. Cox who said "I hear that you met my son." I had met Mr. Albert Cox the day before. Mrs. Blake knew the fact and knew the man's father. He promised to influence his son to write out his experiences in accordance with the promise made to me. Then came one who gave the name of R. M. Cox and said she was his mother (Albert Cox's mother), and remarked that she was glad to meet me and that she had never met me in life, which was true enough. She was followed by a deep voice claiming to be that of Ephraim Massey, a man known to Mrs. Blake, and expressed his pleasure in talking to me. Both John A. Cox and this Mr. Massey spoke with interest about the greatness of this cause and wanted to help me in the work.

Then came a communicator who claimed to be Mary Stockdale, as we interpreted it. She said she had played music when living and taught it where she is now. In response to a question she said she had met my wife and some things said with reference to her were not decipherable. She was followed by one Brother Waddell who spoke encouragingly to me about the work and his pleasure in talking to me. As one or two others did, he said, "God bless you " at the close of his messages.

Then came a communicator who could not make his name clear. At last it seemed like William Emory and I asked if this was correct.

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Before I could decipher the reply Mrs. Blake asked if it was Avery, and the reply was an emphatic No, two or three times. Then it sounded as if it were "Every " and on inquiry it was pronounced more clearly as Emory and on my pronouncing it so it was recognized as correct. He asserted clearly and emphatically that he knew me and on Mrs. Blake's asking him if he knew me in life he said No several times and added: "I never met you in life." This was certainly correct as I never knew any one by that name.

He was followed by a John A. Alberts, as deciphered, who claimed he tried to talk with his friend the other day. The reference being so manifestly to the stranger that I had had with me, I asked what his relation to him was. But the reply was not distinguishable. Then came with a little difficulty at first the name of uncle Ralph. The Ralph was not clear at first, but when it was made clear we asked who and the answer was Leet. Mrs. Blake then asked if it was Ralph Leet of Ironton, Ohio, and the reply was "Yes, I help over here. I am a lawyer," with some allusion to his understanding evidence. He said the work was a grand one and addressed me as Professor.

Then came an attempt in a less clear voice to give a name which I could not understand. I asked for the spelling and got A L * * *. It was repeated and I got what seemed to be ALMA * *, and then it was spelled more clearly as Emily and the name McClellan was given distinctly enough after it. Then a statement was made that it was my grandmother and I could not be sure whether it was meant that this Emily McClellan was my grandmother or that my grandmother had taken her place. But I was told that it was my mother's mother. She said that she had never spoken to me before and this was the first time. I asked where she lived and the reply was not clear. Mrs. Blake asked if it was in Ohio, and the reply was a clear "No" several times. I asked where she came from and apparently the answer was England. I do not know whether this is true or false. I think it false in application to either grandmother. I asked where she got married, hoping to get the name Virginia, thinking of my father's mother whom I knew, but I could not decipher the reply.

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Then came a clear deep voice claiming to be Grandpa. I asked which grandpa and I got Grandpa * * * and in a moment McClellan came clearly. My grandfather's name was not McClellan, but the word uncle followed my getting the name McClellan and then Uncle McClellan James. I greeted him and asked if he had ever communicated with me before and he replied emphatically that he had. I asked for the name of his son, thinking of my cousin Robert McClellan who had communicated before, and the answer was in a clear tone "Harvey. He is here now." I asked when he came and thought I got the answer "a week ago", but this was denied and "three weeks ago" was given and assented to when asked if that was correct. His deceased son's name was Robert Harvey. I did not know, or did not recall, at the time that the middle name was Harvey. He had a brother Harvey whom I knew well and who is near eighty, or would be near eighty at this time. I do not know whether he is living or not.

Immediately after this came a voice which claimed to be an aunt. Mrs. Blake thought it was Lizzie, and I asked if it was. The answer was in the negative and I caught Eliza and she said she was "uncle * * wife". I asked that it be repeated as I thought I detected an attempt at the correct name. It was repeated clearly enough for me to conjecture who was meant and I asked if it was Uncle Dave omitting the surname, and the answer was clearly in the affirmative. I asked for her sister and got the name Emily McClellan. This was not the name I was thinking of and besides is not correct. Amanda McClellan would have been her sister-in-law by marriage. But the name aunt Eliza was correct and so was the reference to uncle David. This aunt died last spring some time. Her death had apparently been predicted to my uncle through another medium about two years ago.

Immediately following this apparent communication from my aunt, Mrs. Blake's son appeared in a clear voice and said the sitting would have to be closed. I explained that I had not intended to have any and he replied that it was all right, but that she did not have much strength.

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September 22d (evening) 1906

We resolved to have another seance this evening for the purpose of trying for more than one voice at the same time. We intended to have present only the same group as before, but a stranger was already present when we arrived. The same conditions prevailed as before. We sat around a

small table which had a guitar upon it. The arrangement of persons around the table was different, this course having been adopted with reference to the possibility that the voice heard near Mrs. Guthrie the last time was caused by Mr. Blake, and we wished to test this on the present occasion. The stranger sat next to Mrs. Blake on her left, Mr. Blake next to him, then in order Mr. English, Mrs. English, Mrs. Guthrie, Dr. Guthrie and myself immediately on Mrs. Blake's right. No hands were placed on the table. Hardly had the lamp been put out before I saw a light begin above and to the left of Mrs. Blake in front of the stranger and sweeping in an arc move down apparently under her legs below her lap. I remarked it but no one else saw it.

Presently Mrs. Blake placed her hands on the table and I put my left so that I could touch her right and in a few minutes I placed it over hers. Presently the table began to shake and to tip. In a few moments it turned over to my side and Mrs. Blake remarked that her left hand was not touching it. I investigated and found this true. I could not perceive any muscular action in her right hand and had no means of telling what she might be doing or have done with her foot. She might have given the table its impetus with the left hand and removed it before I investigated for its presence. In a moment the table was turned completely over.

Then Mrs. Blake placed her hand on my knee and I placed mine over hers. I held it there during the rest of the seance. Five times I saw lights in various positions which could not have been produced by the hand which I was holding. I heard no noises accompanying their production, but they occurred in positions which may possibly have been attainable with her left hand.

While we were in this position a dish was suddenly placed in her lap against my hand. Mrs. Blake seemed to be surprised and not to know certainly where it had been, as she seemed not to know what dish it was. A piece of paper was lying in it. Mr. Blake thought it must have been taken from the mantel. I picked it up and put it on the floor at my right next to Mr. Guthrie and requested that it be taken from that position and placed in my

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lap or hand. I was still holding Mrs. Blake's right and it was absolutely impossible for her to reach the dish where it was by any normal means, even with the help of apparatus, without betraying herself. The dish remained there the rest of the seance. At its close when she saw the dish

she said it had been on the corner of the table directly behind her. No one else knows whether this is true or not.

After this voices began to be heard, but they were whispers. I first noticed them when they seemed, as often before, to begin in Mrs. Blake's throat as far as I could judge locality in the dark. The first communicator claimed to be the daughter of the stranger present, and then his wife. Mrs. Blake knew the man and his losses. As nothing more seemed to occur Mr. Blake suddenly brought the seance to a close by lighting a match. I discovered nothing suspicious about Mrs. Blake who did not know that the match was to be lighted. She was a little surprised, but did not attempt to hide anything.

It was our intention to leave, but as soon as Mr. Blake got rid of the stranger he told us to have another seance. We arranged ourselves about the table with the guitar upon it in the following order, beginning with Mrs. English on Mrs. Blake's immediate left, followed by Mr. Blake, Mr. English, Mrs. Guthrie, Dr. Guthrie, and myself as before. I held both of Mrs. Blake's hands for some time. No lights occurred while I held them or afterward during the evening. But voices and considerable communication took place while I held the hands. The first communicator was the grandmother of Mrs. English. There was great difficulty in getting the name. Several were tried as guesses at the identity meant by the voice and all were rejected by the communicator. When the name Lavisse was tried it was at first rejected and then acknowledged. Asked when she was married the reply was at fifteen years of age which was said to be correct. Also she correctly stated that she lived five miles from Petersburg, a town in West Virginia. At one time Mrs. English thought the attempt at the name was Hyslop. Asked if this was true the answer was in the negative. A negative reply was given to a second inquiry to know if it was Hyslop. There was nothing, however, which might not easily have been known by Mrs. Blake.

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Then a communicator claiming to be Robert Hyslop followed and said he had been drowned. Asked where, he replied "In the river." Asked what river he answered "The Miami." I got this sound clearly twice before I asked if it was right and assent was given. Mrs. English thought it something else and a "No" was given in reply to her inquiry. I asked where in the Miami river he had been drowned and the answer came quite clearly "opposite", but the rest could not be distinguished for several attempts when it became "opposite my home". I asked for the next neighbor, but could not interpret the sounds.

Now neither my father nor my brother by that name were drowned and there was no excuse on the part of Mrs. Blake to say this fraudulently, as she knew from my admission twice before that my father had died from throat trouble and the communication from my brother had said that he died in the office and I had not denied it. Besides I noticed distinctly that the voice said "drowned" while Mrs. Blake in saying the word as a query to the communicator and afterward speaking of it said "drownded". Apparently the communication was not consciously fraudulent.

Practically nothing more occurred in the way of communications. The guitar was pulled off the table upon Mrs. Blake's lap and pushed toward me. I pulled it into my lap so that I could watch its behavior, and placed my left hand on the end next to Mrs. Blake. After a bit it was suddenly turned over on its side in my lap and I quickly ran my hand and arm upward on its back to see if I could touch Mrs. Blake's hand and I found nothing there. I did this very quickly and it seemed as if she had not had time to remove her hand if she used it. But it might have been quickly pushed with the left hand and the hand withdrawn too quickly for my discovery.

Nothing occurred, however, to make the sitting a success in the way of evidence. Mrs. Blake's son appeared at the end with a clear voice to say that he had tried hard to "get conditions" but could not do so.

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New York, October 5th, 1906. In response to inquiries I have just ascertained from a friend that Dr. Harvey McClellan is still living. The reply to my inquiry is as follows:—

"Dr. McClellan is still living and in good health, a very active man for his years."

This makes the statement about him through Mrs. Blake erroneous.

JAMES H. HYSLOP

October 17th, 1906

Readers of this record will remember that in the communications on September 21st, messages purported to come from my wife's grandfather who seemed to give his name as John. Of this the record shows I was not

certain. I find that it was George. I find also that he was not a minister. The grandson, Raymond, whose name was clearly given was named after Prof. George L. Raymond who was the family pastor when they lived in a suburb of Philadelphia. The confusion and mistake here is precisely like that which occurs in the case of Mrs. Piper. It is decidedly against the suspicion of detective fraud.

From what occurred at my house in connection with Mrs. Smead when she was introduced to this Raymond Hall and its pertinence to his bad domestic affairs there appears to be good reason for this mention of his name. I cannot at present tell the facts. I learned the most important of them since I was at the sitting with Mrs. Blake. The conditions which those facts portray were existent at that time and for sometime before.

JAMES H. HYSLOP
October 29th, 1906

I learned a few days ago from Mrs. Hall that Mr. Hall's uncle, brother of his father, was named John. This is possibly the person referred to in the communications. It at least gives pertinence to the name and if the communications are fragmentary we can well understand the form which they have taken.

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IV
REPORT BY MR. AND MRS. CLAWSON

The following record was dictated by Mrs. Clawson to Dr. Guthrie's stenographer immediately after the sitting. It makes the record almost one of Dr. Guthrie's own as it has his corroboration of what was said.—Editor.

Dictated by Mrs. G. W. Clawson
Aug. 21, 1906

Sitting with Mrs. Blake at her residence Aug. 21, 1906. Present Mr. Van Buren, Dr. Guthrie and wife, and myself.

A voice came and when I asked who it was, it replied "This is Georgia. I am glad you came, mama. I want to visit with you and I want to talk to Arc." I asked her to give me my pet name and also Arc's pet name but we were

unable to understand and the trumpet seemed to pull or push towards Mr. Van Buren (Arc.).

He placed the end of it to his ear and a voice greeted him and expressed pleasure that he had come to talk to her but was unable to give him any name which would have been sufficient to have identified herself, but stated that when after he had married the girl to whom he was at present engaged that she wanted to live in the house with them and be with them constantly and asked if he had any objections to her being there constantly. He replied that he had not but would be delighted to have her. She told Mr. Van Buren that a baby would come to them and asked that he name it for her. Then Georgia stated that she wanted to talk to a name that sounded like "Muddy", which we took to be myself but no definite information was given by her and I asked if her grandmother was with her. She replied "Yes," and at once a very much stronger voice came with an almost hysterical scream and said "Don't you know me ?"

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I said "Who is this? " She said "Your mother." I said "Is this you, ma?" Then came that hysterical scream and she said "Yes, this is your mother." Then I asked if there was any one she wanted to send word to and she said "Yes." I asked who it was but I could not understand any name and then I asked if it was sister Ida, and she said "Inez." She said "Tell her to be a good woman and meet me in heaven," then I asked "What was the matter with her?" and she said "inflammation of the ovaries." I said "Inflammation of the ovaries?" She says "No, of the ovary." We always called my sister Ida but her middle name was Inez but it was seldom if ever used by any of us.

She said "Your sister won't be here long." I said "Will I take the boy ?" and she said, Yes, I would have the boy and raise him. Then I asked her some questions but she did not answer them and then the voice changed back to Georgia and I asked her if there was any one with her that I knew. She replied "Yes, Will is here." I said "Will who?" She said "Will. Arc's brother." I knew Mr. Van Buren had a brother dead but I always supposed his name was Edward but Mr. Van Bureu tells me he had a brother dead and his name was Will. Then the trumpet raised out of my hand and went towards Mr. Van Buren. Arc asked him if this was Will. He said it was. He said "Is there any one you want to talk to?" and he said "Father." He said "What shall I tell father for you? "He said " I would like to have him come here and talk to me." "Will, is there any person else you would like to talk to?" "Yes, a great many," and then Arc asked the question, " Are you satisfied with the way the boys are being raised?" He said "The boy is all right." Arc asked if

he had anything else to say but the voice had disappeared and Georgia spoke again, whereupon Mrs. Blake complained of being greatly fatigued and the experiment was discontinued.

Night Seance
Aug. 21, 1906

Same persons present in addition to Mr. L. S. English and wife.

The usual exhibition of lights, rappings, etc., took place

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and Abe, her control's voice requested that "Nearer, My God, to Thee " should be sung and his voice led the singing, after which "Father Guthrie ", grandfather of Dr. Guthrie spoke in a loud and distinct voice and said, "I am here in close between the two Lews." (Meaning Lew English and Dr. Guthrie.) Dr. Guthrie spoke and said "Is there anything you want us to do? " He says, "Yes, pray and be good for it is not long until you will all have to say goodbye."He then addressed some remarks to Mrs. Guthrie calling her by her first name. The Doctor then asked if his Aunt Lucy Saunders had passed out of the flesh. He replied, No, that she had not but that she soon would and stated that she was prepared to go. (The Doctor's aunt living in a distant town in Ohio is very ill and expected to die at almost any moment.) He then addressed me and said "I am glad to meet you here although I did not know you in the flesh." Then he also greeted Mr. Van Buren with some casual remark. A woman's voice greeted Mr. Van Buren and said "This is Aunt Nettie." Mr. Van Buren said "Aunt Nettie?" Mrs. Blake spoke then and said "It sounds like Aunt Bettie," but the voice said " No, no, I am your Aunt Nettie. Arc, tell your father that I would like to talk with him," and also talked on general subjects for a few minutes, no definite information of any kind being furnished. Mr. Van Buren had an Aunt Nettie who died about two months ago.

Georgia then spoke but the voice was very indistinct and Mrs. Blake explained that there was some one present who was in partial darkness and was trying to talk and was holding back some of the other spirits. Previous to this Mrs. Blake had remarked that there was some spirit who was trying to crowd out the others and was interfering with the success of the meeting. At this time there was a choking, struggling noise heard in the room and Mrs. Blake remarked that whoever it was had passed out suddenly and she said "Please do not touch me," but the individual was

very persistent and the voice seemed close to me.

There was a rattling noise in the horn or trumpet which up to this time had not been used but was leaning against the wall in the corner of the room some three or four feet to the rear of Mrs. Blake.

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Mrs. Blake said that whoever it was, wanted to talk through the trumpet and the trumpet apparently of its own accord went round through the room and touched nearly every one in the circle and finally came to me. The struggling noise commenced again and I asked who it was. The voice was very indistinct but after a little rest on the part of the medium and everybody joining in a religious song the voice came back and I again asked who it was, but neither the medium nor myself were able to understand the name. Then the trumpet was given to Mrs. Guthrie and her sister Eunice, who had been "dead about two years, spoke and Mrs. Guthrie asked if she could give the name. She replied "Yes " and said "William," and repeatedly tried to give the last name but the only thing that Mrs. Guthrie could get out of it was William and Ire, which sounded more like lar.

Then the horn came back to me and I asked what caused his death and a voice loud enough for every one in the room to understand said "I was shot." I said "Where?" He says "Through the heart about two inches below the nipple." and said "Pray for me. Oh! pray for me." I asked if he did it intentionally or was it an accident but the answer to this was not distinct but a voice said "I was in a room and my head hurt. "Then I said " No, you were not." A voice then said "I was sitting in a chair," and then again the voice changed and said "I didn't do it." I asked William what caused the shooting and he said "There was a robbery." And then another voice said again "I didn't do it." There seemed much confusion in the voices at this point and the voices seemed to alternate. I said "Who did you leave behind when you passed over? "He said "My darling wife." I said "Who else?" and he said "My brother, my father and my sister."

I will here explain that I had two acquaintances who died mysteriously, one at three o'clock in the morning, who when last seen living was sitting in a chair and in about a half an hour afterwards was found lying across the bed dead. The other died about three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day and it was found that a bullet from a pistol had been fired through his heart just two inches below his left nipple. The first name of this last friend was William and his last name Hyers. One of the voices in this connection persisted in saying "Ralph " but I do not know whether this has any

connection with either one of the individuals or not.

An Indian who claims to be "Tecumseh" talked in a broken Indian dialect for several minutes and finally at the request of Mrs. Blake left the meeting. This is about all of note that took place at the night seance.

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Day Seance with Mrs. Blake. Aug. 22, 1906
Present, Mr. Van Buren and Myself

Mrs. Blake complained of feeling very badly and refused to give us a sitting but after some considerable persuasion she finally took the trumpet and a voice said "This is me, mama," and also said "The medium is feeling too bad to-day to give you a sitting but don't go away. "Then the trumpet passed over to Mr. Van Buren and he asked her if she would just give him her pet name for him, would be all he would ask, but we were unable to understand the word although there was repeated effort made to pronounce it and also to spell it. Georgia said "Goodbye," and there was a sound came through the trumpet that sounded exactly like one person kissing another.

Receiving so little encouragement from the medium Mr. Van Buren returned to New York and I remained over for another sitting if possible.

Sitting Aug. 23, 1906
Present, Dr. Guthrie and Wife and Myself

Mrs. Blake still complained of being very much indisposed and it was only after much persuasion on the part of the doctor that she consented to even make an effort. I took up the trumpet and a voice said "This is me, mama."

I said "Who is it ? " She said "Georgia."

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I asked her if she could give her pet name for me and after some little effort I was able to understand it as "Muddy." However the Doctor and Mrs. Guthrie had heard the name "Muz " before I did and after repetition the answer came "Muzzie." Then another voice came and said "Yes, this is

your mother." I asked her if she could give me her pet name for me. She said "Arist." I was christened Arista Amelia but was never called by that. A distinct and strong voice then came and said "This is Grandpa Clawson." It was understood by the Doctor and Mrs. Guthrie to be Clawson but I thought it was "Culver " but when asked if it was Culver he replied " No, Clawson," and he said "Tell George I talked to you," but did not give any definite information and soon disappeared.

The horn then seemed to direct itself towards Mrs. Guthrie and a voice claiming to be that of Eunice, Mrs. Guthrie's deceased sister, spoke. Mrs. Guthrie said, "Eunice, can you tell me that name that we were trying to get right before last?" She said "Yes, William Haiyer " or "William Haier," and possibly she meant the "ai " for "y ", which would partly have spelt Hyers, which name would have been correct.

Mrs. Blake then said she was so fatigued that it was impossible to proceed with the subject.

Mr. Clawson's letter to me regarding Mrs. Clawson's record is as follows and it sheds new light upon the phenomena, since it reveals incidents about which Mrs. Clawson seems not to have known anything.—Editor. Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 11th, 1906. My dear Prof. Hyslop:

In looking over the copy of Mrs. Clawson's notes made recently in Huntington, on the Blake case, I will say that I consider the William Hyers instance one of the best tests we have yet received from Mrs. Blake. Mrs. Clawson tells me that she did not mention, up to the time the incident occurred, the fact of Mr. Hyers's death to any one in Huntington. In order to properly understand this incident, it is necessary that you should understand the facts leading to the death of Mr. Hyers.

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Mr. Hyers was the Secretary of the National Board of Trade, of which I am a director. They lived a few doors from us, and we were very intimate. He was unfortunate in some of his speculations in the wheat market, and lost \$10,000 of the money of the Board of Trade. Mr. Hyers was very much interested in psychic matters, and attended one or two meetings with me. He was also interested in knowing the result of my trip to Huntington in July. After my return from Huntington, four weeks ago last Saturday, Mr. Hyers called me up over the telephone, and notified me that he had embezzled \$10,000. About 2 o'clock that afternoon he committed suicide

by shooting himself through the heart, just as described in Mrs. Clawson's notes. At least he was found dead under a tree in the woods that afternoon. The facts in the case pointed to suicide.

The very day of Mr. Hyers's death, another dear friend of mine, John Rudolph Bain, was found dead in his room in a New York Hotel. The remains were shipped back to St. Louis, where his wife resided, and the funeral of my two friends occurred the same day. In a certain way I was obliged to look after both funeral arrangements.

You will notice by the notes that, in the confusion, they were both trying to talk at once. One said that he died by shooting, and the other claimed that he was sitting in a chair and his head hurt, which was true. He was sitting in front of the New York Hotel complaining of his head, and in a few minutes he was found dead in his room. He insisted that it was not suicide, which was probably true. Both had wives of whom they thought a great deal.

In Hyers's case he mentioned a father, sister, and brother, as described in Mrs. Clawson's notes. Mrs. Clawson knew of the father and brother, but up to that time she did not know that he had a sister, which she afterwards found to be true. Mrs. Clawson had both of these friends in mind on the road and intended to make them both appear, if it were possible to do so. Of course, they told her nothing that she did not know except in the matter of Mr. Hyers's sister.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE W. CLAWSON

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V. MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS

By James H. Hyslop

I include in this record some reports with varying value. The one by Dr. Price is excellent and I think can be accepted as striking enough at least to arouse attention. Some of the others are not so good, but in regard to the distinctive points of interest I think can be accepted as justifying the investigation of the case, but nothing more. I incorporate them as examples of the kind of thing which we constantly hear regarding mediums and which investigation proves either to have been exaggerated or to have omitted

the facts which would have made the phenomena as a whole less impressive. But they nevertheless show that science cannot afford to neglect the alleged facts and that when it does it is likely to meet with discomfiture in the end. At this stage of our work we have done enough to convince all sensible people that where there, is so much smoke there must be some fire, even tho it is little. Hence the instances are noticed. They do not prove anything for the scientific man, but they do prove, when evidential incidents are presented in such cases, that science cannot afford to simply sit in the manger and snarl. It must investigate.

Mr. Kilgore's statement I regard as a good one. I found him an intelligent witness, tho not an educated man. He had appreciated the nature of evidence in his incident and realized the nature of the situation very well. The giving of the combination of the safe was almost as good as a posthumous letter. The only feature of it that reduces it below that level is the fact that Mr. Kilgore once knew the combination and the credulous man would accept telepathy as the explanation.—Editor.

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1. Statement of J. A. Kilgore, Catlettsburg, Ky. In one of my visits to see Mrs. Blake, during the sitting, or after I had had a talk through Mrs. Blake with my wife, before I got ready to leave she says to me. "Paw, did you ever notice how my grave was dug on my lot ? " and I says to her, "Maw, no I have not." I had visited the grave twice or three times a week for three months. Well, she says, well, "I think you had better have my coffin moved," and she says "I wish you would look and see what you think about it." I says, "Maw, you have been passed away for something like three months, has your body decayed so that I can't open the grave—or open the coffin? " She says, "No, my body is just as natural as it was the day I died." I says to her "When I get home, I will go and see." I went home and told my brother and asked him if he would go with me to the cemetery the next day. We did go and he was of the same opinion that the grave should be changed and dug in the proper place and I went and had the grave opened and changed to where I thought it should be placed on the lot.

I asked my brother to open the coffin and he insisted that it should not be opened, that she would be unrecognizable and I told my brother what she had told me, that she was just as natural as she was when she was buried and he told me that he knew it couldn't be so. I remarked to him that if he did not open the grave that I would open the grave and then we would know who was right and I still insisted that we should open the grave, but when I told him if he didn't open it I would myself and when he opened the

coffin and had taken the covering off of the glass, she was natural down to below the waist—the flowers and lace that was around her neck—and her face, and in front was just as natural as when she was buried and her face was natural too. If I could tell any difference the eyes looked like it might be a little more watery and sunk, but that was the only change that I could discover and she had been buried three months and six days from the day that she was buried until the coffin was opened and she told me before the coffin was opened that she was perfect and I found it that way.

(Where was she buried?)

Catlettsburg, Boyd County, Kentucky.

(How far is that from here?)

Ten miles.

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(And you were here when she told you that?)

I was at Mrs. Blake's house in this locality, when she told me. The idea that my wife had was to get the grave dug so I could have one by the side of it and it was dug across if you and so the monument would be in the center (She expressed a desire to have the monument placed in the center of the lot at the sitting?)

It was situated at the corner of the lot but she thought it ought to be moved into the center of the lot. She was not embalmed at the time of her death at all.

(What time of the year did she die?)

December.

(And it was cold weather?)

Yes, sir.

(You say that was the first time you had gone to Mrs. Blake?)

No, sir.

(Did you have any belief or idea before you came to have it done?)

No, sir.

(How long ago did this occur, this circumstance you speak of?)

Little over four years ago—five years in November.

(How long after the sitting when she told you to take up the coffin, until you did so?)

It was a few days—three or four, I went and had a stone box made to receive the coffin. When my wife died it was very cold and didn't have time to prepare the vault

(The room she was laid out in—what do you suppose the temperature of that room was? Pretty cold in the room was it?)

Yes sir, pretty cold.

(Cold enough to have frozen water in the room?)

I never had any water to freeze in my house, it is a brick, but the weather was cold.

(How far is it from your house to the cemetery?)

Nearly a mile.

(Took you quite a little while to travel it with the body?)

Yes, and the weather was very cold—down to zero nearly—

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During the life time of my wife, Harry, my son, gave his mother what money he would get each week and she would deposit in a safe that I had. It was an iron safe that I had some time previous to that kept my money in the safe, but after a few years I deposited most of my money in the bank. If you gentlemen would give me a check I would deposit it in the bank, if you would give me currency I would give it to my wife and she would put it in the safe to pay out at the end of each week. If I wanted to get \$25.00 or \$50.00 I would get it out of the safe. I never carried over \$150.00 in the safe.—After my wife died Harry says to me I have got some money in the

safe I wish you would get out for me and I will put it in the bank and not bother you, I says I wish you would I don't like to be bothered when you want it.

Well I sat down before the safe, confident in my own mind that I knew the combination and so I sat down in front of the safe to get his money out and so I worked for half an hour and couldn't open it and I went on to work and I told Harry I will open it tonight and at night I took the lamp and sat down in front of the safe where I could see the dial and the figures, I worked at it for over an hour and still I couldn't open it and the next day at noon I worked at it for half an hour and I couldn't open it—and I made a little note of what I wanted to ask Mrs. Blake and I went up and asked her what I wanted to ask her. I says, maw do you know where the directions for opening the safe is, she says—paw, no, I don't. She says it is some place about the house in an old pocket book, and I says maw can you give me the combination on the safe, she says paw I can, so I got my pencil and little book and as she called over the numbers I put them down in my book and that evening after I went home why I took the book and sat down and turned the combination just to the number she gave me and I wasn't I don't reckon a minute in opening the safe—

(Have you got the record of what you took down yet?)

Yes, sir.

(Have it in that little book?)

Yes, sir.

(Got the safe still?)

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Yes, sir.

(Did you ever look for the written directions in that pocketbook?)

No, sir.

(How long after her death was this?)

Why it was something over two months. Might not have been that long.

(Was the combination a difficult one?)

No, sir, only had to make four turns.

My son is 18 years old I guess—or 19—last Fall he went down to visit his brother-in-law who was at Savannah, Ga. He married a daughter of mine and my son-in-law he run a mill down there and Rob, my son, he went to Savannah to help run the mill down there. Son Rob wrote me, says, paw I believe the best thing to do is to sell the mill and I wrote him and told him and Joe to consult with each other and do what was best to do and probably he was correct about selling the mill and so I was at Mrs. Fultz's, the medium's— to have a talk—Rob had written home about it—I didn't feel all together satisfied, when I asked how Rob was and what about it—She says he is right—He was talking about selling the mill. I says will they sell it and she says yes, I think they will sell, she says Joe is in Boston now—that was on Sunday and was talking up the trade. She says Joe wants \$14,000.00 for the mill, but she says he won't get quite that much. She says he is going to sell and the next letter I got from Rob he said that they had sold and didn't get quite \$14,000.00. He was in Boston, got a letter saying that he was there. Joe was up in New York near Canada and she told me that he had gone down to Boston to make the trade—

2. Statement of Mrs. Henry Wood, Huntington, W. Va.

This is a case of us being in a seance one night and my brother coming and saying to us—says Henry, I want you to buy this piece of land back of you, and Henry says why I aint able to buy that land. He says I will help you, he says I want you to get it. I want you to have it and he says well,

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will it be valuable to me. At that time it looked like it was worthless, didn't look like it was worth anything at all. He says some day it will be valuable to you. It will be something you can make a living out of and it was a very poor piece of ground and we didn't think it could ever be worth very much and finally we decided we would investigate and see at what figures we could buy it and we did and bought it and it wasn't long until now it has developed to be a very valuable piece of gravel land, worth thousands of dollars to us. He would say every now and then buy it and it is alright and you will find something in it that is valuable and you can make a living out of it and it wasn't long after he told us until the gravel craze came and commenced to sell the gravel. He had been gone quite awhile—He never knew about this

place in his life time. He died out in Wisconsin. He didn't know anything about this place.

(What relation was he to you?)

He was my brother. He never had been to visit us

(How long ago did this occur?)

This has been four years ago—He has been gone about five years—

(And how long after that until the gravel craze came on ?)

Just within the last year we had the gravel craze—

(What did you do with the land before that?)

Before we just used it as a pasture, a place to turn out stock— four or five acres of it—

(Digging up the gravel and taking it out now?)

Yes, sir.

(Who does it?)

My husband.

(Whom does he furnish gravel to?)

People in town, every body that he can furnish it to—A contractor wants to put in several teams, but he don't want to do that as long as he can haul it himself

(Had they used gravel in this town before you got the piece of land?)

No, only a very little, about the time we got this piece of land it came into use—

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The following experience came without request from me, comparatively recently. It is an especially good one for its evidential character. Inquiries were necessary to clear up doubts at certain points, but the answers were satisfactory. I had to be sure that Mrs. Blake had no opportunity to have casually learned about the main incident. As she lived far from the scene of the principal parties it seemed to be an excellent test, but one of the informants casually remarked in his letter, and the other specifically, that she had been in Morristown when the relative of the communicator lived. Hence I had to be assured that even under these conditions she had no chance casually or otherwise to get the facts. The answer to inquiries shows that she could not have obtained the facts from either the relative or any one else.—Editor.

Morristown, Tenn., Aug. 12th, 1912. Professor J. H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—Mrs. Elizabeth Blake visited Morristown, Tennessee, in the month of June, 1910, while here she gave several seances. Passing along the street one day while she was here, I met Mr. William A. Orr, Esquire, a lawyer of the place who said to me: "Dr. Price, if you will go to see Mrs. Blake and she can and will call up my grandfather, Rev. Robert W. Wynn of Lee County of Virginia, and he will tell you correctly where his son Robert died during the Civil War, I will believe that there is something in it; for I am sure that no one but myself in this vicinity knows where he died. "Mr. Orr did not tell me where Mr. Wynn died; neither did I know that he ever lived or died. I went to Mrs. Blake and secured a sitting with her. Mrs. Blake used a double trumpet about three feet long, composed of two trumpets each about eighteen inches long, telescoping at the larger ends, with the mouth pieces at the extremes. She put one end in my hand and the trumpet seemed to possess life, pulling my arm around and around with a good deal of force. She remarked: "You have a good deal of magnetism," and said, "Put it to your ear."

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I did so and the trumpet became quiet. She then put the other end to her ear.

I then said: "If it is possible I would like to have a conversation with the Rev. Robert W. Wynn, of Lee County, Virginia." A masculine voice within the trumpet responded: "I am here." I then said: "Father Wynn, where did your son die during the Civil war?" The voice replied: "Anderson"—, and I interrupted it by repeating the question in a different form. "Where did your son Robert die during the Civil War? Do you know?" The voice replied: "Yes, he was my namesake." "Where," said I again, "did he die?" The

voice replied: "He died in the Confederate Hospital in Richmond, Virginia. The word Richmond was not heard distinctly and I said: "Father Wynn, the place I did not hear distinctly, please repeat your answer." The voice replied: "He died in the Confederate Hospital in Richmond, Virginia." The word Richmond was pronounced distinctly this time. I then said: "Father Wynn, I understand you to say that your son Robert died in the Confederate Hospital in Richmond, Virginia."

The voice replied: "You have it right." I then said: "Father Wynn, I do not wish you to consider me impertinent; your grandson, Wm. A. Orr, requested me to ask you this question." The voice replied: "I know that, and Orr knows where he died." I then inquired: "Father Wynn, did you know that I paid a visit to Lee County, Virginia, a few days ago, and that while there I dined with a man by the name of Wynn, a relative of yours as I suppose?" The voice replied: "Yes, I was there, and tried to talk with you but I could not." I again inquired: "Father Wynn, did you know that on that trip I lectured in Jeffersonville?" "Yes," replied the voice, "you lectured on psychics." I was not certain whether the word used was "psychics" or "psychology." The fact is, I delivered a paid for lecture in the Methodist Church on "Choosing a Husband," a short black-board talk in the Academy on "Casting out the Nines" ; and at the close of that a talk on Hypnotism with demonstrations. I had told no one in Morristown, not even my family of this talk on Hypnotism.

I then inquired: "I come to the original question. Where did your son Robert die?" The voice said: "In the Confederate Hospital in Richmond, Virginia." I finally inquired: "Did you know me when you were in the flesh ?" The voice replied: "Yes." This was true, for I met Father Wynn a short time after the War.

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From this seance I went to the home of Mr. Orr, and said to him, "I am afraid we have busted on it," using a slang term, "It is too good to be true," or words to that effect. Orr smiled and said: "That is where Robert Wynn died. He was an exchanged prisoner on his way home from Camp Douglass. When he reached Richmond he was taken very sick, sent to the hospital and died there. I will explain grandfather's first answer to your question— ' Anderson.' Grandfather was married twice; by his first wife he had a son whom he named Anderson; I suppose he intended to tell you something about him. Now I do not doubt that you conversed with my grandfather Robert W. Wynn."

Father Wynn has been dead thirty-nine years. Mrs. Blake lives at Proctorsville, Ohio. She is a plain country woman, is about sixty years old, sensible but comparatively illiterate, and is withal a prudent Christian woman. She had no opportunity to learn the facts I elicited through her. She sat, as I believe, with her mouth shut and did not participate in the dialogue. I had no evidence that her organs of speech were used in the seance. It is very certain that the answers could not have come from her primary consciousness, and that she was not reading my mind; for I had no idea where Robert Wynn died, indeed knew nothing about him except from the question put into my mouth by Mr. Orr. I simply give the facts and pronounce no theory.

R. N. PRICE

The statement of Mr. Orr is as follows. He is a lawyer and drew up his statement in that phraseology which defines an affidavit.

Morristown, Tenn., Hamblen County, State of Tennessee. I William A. Orr do hereby certify: (1) That I am 62 years old and that I have practiced law since April 1874. (2) That I have resided since that time either in Jonesville, Lee County, Virginia.

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or at Morristown, Tennessee. (3) That I have been acquainted with the reputation of the above named R. N. Price, D. D., since my earliest recollection, and have known him personally many, many years. (4) His character for truth and veracity is far above suspicion. (5) In science, general learning and Theology, he is 100 years ahead of his generation. (6) The foregoing statement made by Dr. Price, in so far as the same pertains to me, is absolutely correct, except that the Doctor is under a mistake about my adding the words, "in time of the late Civil War." The question I gave him to ask my grandfather, the late Robert Whitley Wynn, who died one mile south of Dryden, Lee County, Virginia, on his own farm, on December 6th, 1873 (I saw him die) was: "Where did my uncle Robert Wynn die?" I was very cautious about the form and substance of my question, and gave no clue to him of time or place of death. (7) At the time I put the question no one but myself knew where he died. (8) The answer obtained to my question by Dr. Price through the medium, Mrs. Blake, is absolutely true. (9) I did agree with Dr. Price that if he brought me a correct answer that I would then believe that men whose bodies had long since gone back to mother earth—not the exact language used, but the meaning of it—could

communicate with men and women yet in the flesh. His answer was true. I accept it as Divine Truth. I do so believe.

(10) Mrs. Blake was never in the country where I, my grandfather, and my uncle Robert lived. My uncle was not known to the public, went into the army a young man, was soon made a prisoner of war and was kept in prison at Camp Douglass near Chicago, 111., until about the first of March, 1865, when he was exchanged more dead than alive and died in a Confederate Hospital at Richmond, Va. without having reached his home, on March 7th, 1865. So he had no chance to be known to the public. All history will be searched in vain to find his name. Mrs. Blake never heard of him before the day and hour mentioned. She could not have read my mind, for she has never laid eyes on me nor I upon her. I repeat: The answer is divine.

(11) Out of justice to Truth generally and in justice to Mrs. Blake, Dr. Price and the Creator of us all I make this certificate.

September 12th, 1912. Wm. A. Orr

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If the message had been given in Ohio, the question of Mrs. Blake's possible knowledge of the events would not be so easy of answer. But as she was visiting in Morristown, the home of both Mr. Orr and Dr. Price, it was necessary to have further information on the point in addition to the explicit statement made by both men. Hence I wrote making the 'proper inquiries and the following are the replies.

Morristown, Tenn., September 18th, 1912. Prof. James H. Hyslop,

My dear Sir:

Yours 16th hereto attached. I answer as follows. (1) It is not possible that any sort of conversation brought knowledge of the place of my uncle Robert Wynn's death to Dr. Price. He had been dead so long and it had been so long since I saw him, that it had almost escaped my own mind. I saw him last about the 1st of September, 1863. He was captured a few days after that. I knew that Dr. Price had had no chance to know anything about him when I put the question. I did not believe as he did that it was

possible to communicate with disembodied men and women. So I put a question that I knew he did not know the answer to. I also knew that Mrs. Blake did not know the answer. I did not think that he could bring me a correct answer. I adopted this method of agreement with Dr. Price and he and Mrs. Blake turned me down. This is all that there is to it.

(2) Yes, I knew the year in which my uncle died. He died at Richmond, Virginia, in a Confederate Hospital, April 7th, 1865.

I state further that, while I have known Dr. Price for a long time, my acquaintance has been of the casual or non-intimate sort, never spent time with him in long conversation. Of course Mrs. Blake was the talk of the town when she was here. Dr. Price believed in her as he said on meeting me on the street. I thought to settle him with a test. Did not care to dispute with him. He is an old man, very intelligent and I had for him great respect and got rid of him, as I thought, with "a nut to crack."

Respectfully,
Wm. A. Orr

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Morristown, Tenn., Sept. 18th, 1912. Prof. James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:

In regard to my sitting with Mrs. Blake you ask:

"Let me ask if you think it possible that you might have casually learned of Robert Wynn's place of death and forgotten it? It is only a question of being as well assured as possible that you did not. You seem to have known Mr. Orr a long time and what is there to show that you probably never conversed with the Wynns?"

Mr. Orr has known me much longer than I have known him. I have been attending camp-meetings and other religious meetings in Lee County, Va., for over forty years; and have often occupied the pulpit at those meetings. Mr. Orr, who is of a Methodist family, and is much younger than I am, has had an opportunity to see, hear, and know of me for many years, for I am a Methodist preacher. Personally I did not know him till a few years since, when he removed from Lee County, Va., to Morristown, Tenn.

I never knew that there was such a man as Robert Wynn till Mr. Orr requested me to ask where he died. At that time he did not tell me where

he died. Up to that time I had never had a conversation with Mr. Orr about the Wynns. In asking the question, Richmond, Va., did not once come into my mind. It was impossible for Mrs. Blake to get the place of Robert Wynn's death out of my mind.

R. N. Price.

P. S. Since the above was written I have seen Mr. Orr and he informs me that he has received a letter from you asking him if he had ever talked to me about the place of the death of Robert Wynn, and that he has answered in the negative. He requests me to say that, if he stated that Robert Wynn died April 7, 1865 that that was a lapsus mentis; that it should have been March ~th, 1865 as the date of his death.

I still felt that there might have been some casual knowledge of the incident which might have come to Mrs. Blake and was revived by the name which was mentioned to her by Dr. Price and so I wrote further to Mr. Orr for information on that point and the following is his reply.

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Morristown, Tenn., Sept. 23rd, 1912. Prof. J. H. Hyslop, My dear Sir:
Replying to yours of the 20th inst. hereto affixed, I say:—

(1) Mrs. Blake had never been here before the time I put my test through Dr. Price with the view of crushing what I then thought fraudulent practice. She was only a few days there.

(2) None but myself in Morristown knew that such a man as my uncle Robert Wynn had ever lived or died. He had been dead so long that I had almost forgotten about him, and only brought him to memory when I was searching my mind for a test question. (3) My grandfather was not known to any one here except that Dr. Price met him once soon after the Civil War.

Respectfully,

Wm. A. Orr.

In reply to similar inquiries of Dr. Price I also received the following final letter.

Morristown, Tenn., Sept. 23rd, 1912. Prof. James H. Hyslop,

My dear Sir:

Your letters of the 20th both reached me today. I answer the letter of inquiry. Mrs. Blake came to Morristown about June 15th, 1910 and, I think, remained only five or six days, much to the disappointment of the community.

When Mr. Orr requested me to ask where Mr. Wynn died he said it would be a good test as he was sure no one in the community knew where he died, except himself. It was not over fifteen minutes after he suggested the question to me when I put it to her: and I spoke to no one of it before I had the sitting with her. I am satisfied that no one in town but Orr knew where Wynn died. *Fraud in the case was impossible.*

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If there was any mind-reading in the case, she read the mind of Orr tho she never saw him in her life, or she dipped up the information out of the sea of the subliminal. This latter is the explanation of some sceptics, who do not pretend to deny the phenomena reported by Orr and myself. My opinion is that the spirit theory is unavoidable in the case. The only rational question in regard to it is, whether the spirit of Rev. R. W. Wynn was speaking or a demon personating him.

A minister at the head of a school published an article some time since taking the ground that all such communications are from the devil and warning me of the danger of seeking or receiving such communications.

Mrs. Blake sat with her mouth shut, and evidently listened with curiosity to the conversation between myself and the voice in the trumpet. I had several sittings with her and will try to detail them to you later. I was also present at the sittings of others, and I may find it convenient to detail to you some of them.

Yours sincerely,
R. N. Price

4. Report by Rev. Zephaniah Meek.

The following narrative is from a clergyman recording his experience with Mrs. Blake.—J. H. Hyslop.
Catlettsburg, Ky., Aug. 9th, 1906. Prof. James H. Hyslop,

My dear Sir:

Being somewhat rigid as a church man and bound by a most solemn obligation to maintain and defend the doctrines of the church, I was, as I now see it, very bitter in my opposition to Spiritualism, even after Mrs. Blake became famous as a medium. I honestly believed it to be humbug, if not worse. This by way of explanation.

Sitting in my office one day, engaged in editorial work, looking out at a window I saw my youngest brother approaching the office. He was a stalwart man, of large and varied business, and in a high sense a man of the world.

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He has since crossed over the river which we call death. He seemed very serious and I could hardly engage him in conversation. I invited him to my residence, only about fifty feet away, and after he was seated in the parlor I stepped into another part of the house and informed my wife of his presence. In a few moments she came in, and after a little time he turned to me and said: "Have you ever been to see Mrs. Blake?" I responded that I had not, and immediately said; "Have you been to see her?" He replied that he had, and turning to a life sized picture of my oldest son, said; "I talked with him yesterday." Then he broke down and wept. I offered to accompany him to see her at once, and he was compelled to leave for his home in a short time. This is the merest outline.

After he had left I said to my wife, "Anything that has impressed my brother as this has impressed him is worth looking into, and I will go to-morrow morning and see what there is in it." But I was so thoroughly convinced it was a humbug that on my way I laid plans to detect the deception and expose it.

On reaching the humble home, which was then a rickety old shack, I said to Mr. and Mrs. Blake, "I am a stranger and do not wish to tell you who I am nor where I am from. I came to interview Mrs. Blake."

I was cordially received, invited to a seat and in a few moments she came in and handed me her trumpet. I took it apart and examined it thoroughly.

Presently she took a seat near me and took one end of the trumpet, laying it on her open hand, saying to me; "When you feel the trumpet pressing on

your hand some one wants to speak to you." In a few moments the trumpet pressed heavily upon my hand and she did not do it. Then I lifted the trumpet to my ear and heard and recognized the voice of my father. That somewhat upset me, and Mrs. Blake proceeded to question the spirits who told her my name, where I lived and my profession. When she had reached this point I asked: "Where did I preach last Sunday forenoon? " The answer came, "At Ashland ", and I asked why I went there ? The reply was, "The preacher is sick." Thus I began. I have talked with spirit friends about matters of which no human being now living but myself had knowledge. I have been told things of which I had no knowledge, which on investigation I found to be true.

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At a dark seance I heard a Welsh lady converse with her father in the Welsh language, and they sang together his favorite song.

A young German at a dark seance in this place conversed with his father in the German language.

I will give you this incident. A ministerial friend of mine, at the head of a great female school, died. Some ten days afterward I received a letter from another ministerial friend, who seemed greatly troubled about the school, stating that when the proprietor died the school was twelve thousand dollars in debt. I visited Mrs. Blake soon thereafter, and during the seance a voice spoke to me, and it was that of my college friend. I said: "Do you know what Bro. Taylor wrote me?" He answered: "Yes, and it is not true." I then said: "How much is the school in debt?" He answered, "Eight thousand dollars."

On my way home I wrote to the widow to know how much of a debt was on that school and she promptly replied, "Eight thousand dollars." I did not tell her why I asked the question.

These will suffice, tho I might multiply them several times over. I have no more doubt of our ability, under proper conditions, to converse with our spirit friends than I have of our ability to converse with our friends who are yet in the flesh.

Very truly,
Zephaniah Meek.

The incident is not particularly evidential, but the letter indicates the effect upon a man who started in with the true sceptical spirit and endeavored to discover fraud. It is but one of many hundreds of similar experiences, many of them much superior to this one, that can be told of Mrs. Blake. Under other circumstances they might not even excite curiosity, but the record shows that they should have done so for those who had the opportunity to learn what the facts are.

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5. Report by A. C. Hickel

The following is a still better record from a gentleman who was State agent for the Phoenix Mutual Life Ins. Co.

Charleston, West Va., Nov. 21st, 1906. Mr. James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:

Replying to your request of October 4th, I beg to say with reference to my experience with Mrs. Blake, who is a medium living opposite the city of Huntington, W. Va., in the State of Ohio, it was some time in September 1903. At this time I was living in the city of Huntington and had a gentleman, Rev. J. L. Carter, in my employ. Mr. Carter had been telling me at different times of his experience with the medium Mrs. Blake, and he requested that I should go with him over the river to Mrs. Blake's and investigate it for myself. I would laugh at him and tell him I did not believe in it, that I was really sceptical in regard to any such power possessed by any human creature. Mr. Carter then said: "Will you go with me, if I make arrangements for a meeting with Mrs. Blake?" I consented to go. This was in the forepart of the week. We went on Thursday afternoon and I went through curiosity and full of doubt, and was expecting to meet a lady with a hard face, similar to that of witches our grandmothers used to tell us about, but to my surprise, when we arrived there, and I was introduced to Mrs. Blake, I met one of the most serene, pleasant and sainted Christian like countenance and motherly old lady that I had ever met in my life. Mrs. Blake had never seen me and I had never met her before; she, therefore, knew nothing of me or my family history, and as I was there on investigation, it was natural for me to keep my eyes open and to watch every movement. After we had conversed a while on different matters and especially on the Scriptures, Mrs. Blake handed me a trumpet, which I

examined thoroughly, and I was ready to take my first sitting. I was sitting near her side and the trumpet was lying in our open hands. It began to get heavy and all at once it started up toward our faces. I supposed that Mrs. Blake was lifting it, and upon investigation I found she was not. We placed the trumpet to our ears and then came what almost astounded me beyond my senses.

My own dear departed mother spoke to me. There was my mother's voice as plain and as natural as ever I heard it in her life time. But to make sure I asked her, "Who is this?" and she said: "I am Barbara Hickel, your mother, don't you know Abel ?"

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I said, "Oh yes, mother, I know you, but you know mother, I have doubted this power and I want to know if it is truth. Can I depend upon it being absolutely Christ-like?" And she said "Yes, this is finally to be the means of bringing the world to Christ." And I said: "Mother tell me all that you would have me do." She importuned me to pray more and to seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and to quit fretting and worrying about my business matters and the old world, and I would live longer and be much happier and I would most assuredly prosper.

Then next my father spoke to me. There was his voice as natural as ever I heard it in his life time, and he made himself known to me so completely that I could not doubt. He told me a great many things that I have not space here to reiterate.

Then the next that spoke to me was my grandmother. I knew the voice, but I wanted to be sure and I asked: "Who is this?" The answer was: "This is your grandmother Chrislip, don't you know me Abel ? " I said: "Oh yes, I knew your voice, but can you tell me about the last time you saw me on earth?" "Oh yes ", she said, "I can tell you. It was when you and your wife came to my house when Gracie, your little daughter, was about three months old." "Yes", I said, "grandmother, that is the truth," and with this statement all my scepticism went into oblivion, for I knew that Mrs. Blake knew nothing of my grandparents.

Very respectfully yours,
A. C. Hickel.

There was more of this letter, but it was non-evidential even in appearance and I omit it as irrelevant. It contained purported communications from certain ancients that would seem incredible and which certainly have no credentials at present. Indeed the confidence of the writer in them would suggest that even the more striking incidents would have to be received with caution. But as I quote the facts more for the purpose of showing how a stubborn mind has its scepticisms easily dispelled in the presence of personal facts and for the purpose of showing what should be investigated when the good people of any community

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throw overboard their doubts the moment that personal investigation removes their prejudices, I need not go further.

6. Report by E. G. Williams.

The next report has more interest. It is fuller and contains a type of incident that largely protects itself.

Huntington, W. Va., October 2nd, 1908. Mr. James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:

Yours of Sept. 21st, received. The only interest I had in going to Mrs. Blake was curiosity. I had known Mrs. Blake personally, as she is my Aunt. I had known Mrs. M several years, but had not seen her for some time. Mrs. Blake could not have known Mrs. M or Mrs. R, because they had never met before. There was no introduction.

The canary bird had been stolen from Mrs. R by her son. He gave it to a woman. No one had any suspicion that her son had taken the bird. His mother did not know he was keeping company with this woman. On returning home [from the sitting] Mrs. R dispatched her nephew to the house referred to by the supposed spirit. The bird was found at the stated place. An officer had to be called to recover the bird.

I don't know of any opportunity that Mrs. Blake had to find out any of the names mentioned during the seance. The notion of visiting her was spasmodic and we were all together at the time. Three hours later the seance was taking place. During the three hours no communication could have been sent to the medium.

I know In a scientific investigation everybody should be suspected. While I am not an investigator, I have been watching this medium very closely. It could not have been prearranged;

1st, Because we did not know Mrs. M was in town until she came to our house on this day, she having been away on a visit. 2nd, It could not have been prearranged by Mrs. R ,of Mrs. M , for they were strangers to Mrs. Blake at the time. 3rd, I was the one who broached the subject.

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4th, My mother could not have sent a message because there is no telephone connection with Mrs. Blake, and the time was too short for the mail service to render any assistance. It was not likely a messenger had been sent as no one left the house, and I was watching this point.

As to the case about the canary bird, it is possible but not probable that the woman to whom the R boy gave the bird could have found from the boy about his mother and sister, and she acting as a confederate could have conveyed the news to Mrs. Blake.

Yours truly,
E. G. Williams.

The following is the report of details with affidavit attached and after the above frank and critical letter will have its value.

In the spring of 1904 Mrs. M , Mrs. R , my mother and myself went to Mrs. Blake, the medium, for a seance. Upon reaching the house we found the medium at home, but very much fatigued from giving a previous seance. My mother and I being [her] relatives, she consented to give us a sitting.

It was about 1.30 P. M., the windows and doors were open, the weather being very warm, and the window blinds were raised admitting plenty of light. In the center of the room was a square topped table on which lay a tin trumpet. On one side of the table,

Mrs. M and Mrs. R were seated, my mother and I being seated on the other side, and the medium was sitting at the side nearest the window. We were conversing on current events, when suddenly I heard a faint noise like the drumming of fingers coming from the trumpet; the trumpet began a

vibrating motion and rolled in Mrs. M 's direction. The medium said to Mrs. M : "Some one wants to speak to you", at the same time picking up the instrument by one end and placing it at her ear, telling Mrs. M to do the same. Instantly there was a sound of deep breathing, occasionally clear, loud and distinct voices audible to all in the room, and then followed a conversation as given below.

Nell, I am so glad you are here.

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[Mrs. M 's first name is Nellie and her father always called her Nell. The medium could not have known her first name, as we did not know it ourselves.]

(Oh, is this father?)

[Mrs. M recognized the voice as that of her father, as he died with asthma and for many years suffered with deep breathing.]

Yes and you know me.

(Are you happy?)

Yes, I am happy.

(What sphere are you in?)

I am in the 11th sphere.

(How long has your body been dead?)

Twenty-one years. [Correct.] Well, you must come often and talk to me. I must leave you now.

(Goodbye.)

There is no "Goodbye" here.

[The trumpet then lay on the table for a few minutes. The medium then picked it up and handed one end of it to Mrs. R .

Before she could get the trumpet to her ear a soft girlish voice was heard all over the room: the words were indistinct.]

(Who is it?)

It is me, Mama, don't you know your little girl?

(Can you tell me your full name?)

Grace Elizabeth R . [Correct: full surname being given.]

(Mrs. Blake: How old were you when you died?)

Twelve years. [Correct.]

(Are you happy?)

Yes, but you are not.

(No, I am not, but how do you know this?)

I am always with you.

(Can you tell me who took my canary bird?)

Yes, brother. He gave it to a woman. [Then there was a girlish laugh.]

(Can you tell me who this woman is?)

She is a bad woman, lives at 715 Second Avenue.

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[Mrs. R asked other questions, but no answers would come. As soon as Mrs. R came home she sent her nephew to 715 Second Avenue and found the bird. The landlady made the statement that a young man, Clay R—, gave her the bird.]

[We talked of nothing but psychics for about five minutes. Suddenly I heard a buzzing sound behind my head. I turned around but could not see anything. I know that no one in the room heard it but me, for they kept on talking, and I did not say anything about it until after we had left.]

I was next to take the trumpet. As soon as I touched it it began to get heavy. I placed it to my ear instantly; then a voice called:—]

Ernest, do you know me?

(No.)

I am your grandmother Williams. I am so glad you came. Tell your father I want to talk to him.

(I will, can you tell me if he is well?)

No, he is not well. [This was correct.]

(Where is he?)

In Hinton. [Correct.]

[Then another voice came. It was a loud male voice.]

Ernest, do you know me?

(No.)

Dean Thomas.

(Are you contented with your spirit existence?)

Yes, I am happy.

(Can you tell me something no one but you and I know?!

We used to hide [Then the words became indistinct, and then again came clear and loud.] between the houses. When we were boys we used to hide things there that we could take away from the other boys.

[A voice called "Emma ". This was my mother's name.]

(Who is it?)

I want to talk to Emma.

[I then gave her the end of the trumpet. The medium changed the trumpet to the other ear.]

Emma, don't you let Jim work.

(Why?) [No answer came. Several times she asked why, but could get no answer.]

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("Where is he?)

In Hinton. He will come home sick. [In Hinton was correct, and he came home sick the next evening.]

(Is his health good or bad?)

Poor. [Correct.]

(Can you tell me what is the matter with him?)

Bright's disease. He will not be with you long.

[Three days later the doctor told us he had Bright's disease, that he had known it two years but had not told any of us, and on the morning of July 14th, he died. This closed the seance.]

State of West Virginia, County of Cabell.

I hereby make affidavit as to the truth of the foregoing statements which happened day of March, 1904.

Ernest G. Williams. Sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1908A. L. Gregory, Notary Public.

A friend and I went to Mrs. Blake's for a seance. We started about 8 A. M., but when we reached the house we found several people waiting for a sitting. We saw her husband and made arrangements for 1 P. M.

At the appointed hour we were on hand. I did not introduce my friend, and therefore she could not have known his name. The trumpet was standing against the wall. She picked it up and handed one end to me, saying: "We will see if we can do anything this evening." We did not have to wait long,

for instantly the trumpet got heavy and began to push against my hand. I raised it to my ear and heard a female voice.

Ernest, do you know me?

(No.)

Don't you know your Aunt Nettie?

(Yes, is that you?)

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Yes, I am so glad to speak to you. Ernest, I want your mother to have my children, and I want you to see that they are treated right.

(Are they treated well at present?)

No.

(Are they in good health?)

No, they are not. [Which was correct.]

[There were a few indistinct words, then I understood these words: "Will you promise me?" Then a strong masculine voice appeared and said:]

Ernest, Ernest, I am glad you are here. Do you know me?

(No.)

I am your father.

(Are you happy?)

Yes, I am happy. You must be good and pray so you can be happy.

(Can you tell me where James is?)

Yes, he is in the West.

(What part of the West?)

Texas. [Correct.]

(Is he prospering?)

Yes, he will come home soon to stay. Ernest, will you tell Ed. I want to talk to him ?

(I will.)

Tell your mother I want to talk to her, too.

[Then the medium turned around and placed the trumpet to the other ear and a female voice appeared. It said:—]

Ernest, do you know me?

(No, who is it?)

Your grandmother.

(Grandmother who?)

Williams.

(Are you with my father?)

Yes.

(How long did you wait for him?)

Thirty-five years, but it is all right now.

[Then the medium laid the trumpet on her lap. We had been talking about two minutes, when a clear whistle sounded in the trumpet. "There is some one wants to talk." I picked up the trumpet and said:—]

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(Who is it?)

Ed Woods. Ernest, we used to have some good times, didn't we?

(Yes, Ed.)

Ernest, if you will write Fred Miller it will be profitable to you.

(Where is he?)

In Seattle, Washington. [Fred. Miller is a friend of mine. The last time I heard from him he was in Tacoma, Washington. That was four years ago.]

State of West Virginia, County of Cabell. I hereby make affidavit as to the truth of the foregoing statements, which happened the 6th of June, 1908.

Ernest Williams Sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1908A. L.
Gregory, Notary Public

7. Report by Blake Waldron

The following account bears the same date as the previous record, but is by another person.—Editor.

I left Huntington, W. Va., on the morning of June 6th, 1908, to visit Mrs. E. Blake, of Bradrick, Ohio, just across the river from Huntington. I arrived at her home about 8 A. M., saw her husband and asked him if there was any chance for a sitting. He said his wife was very busy, but to come back about 1 P. M. I drove out through the country, had my dinner at a farmhouse and at 1 P. M. was again at Mrs. Blake's. Upon entering the house I found Mrs. Blake sitting in her living room, and I asked her if she could give me a sitting. My companion, Mr. Ernest G. Williams, who was with me, wanted a sitting also with the medium. Mrs. Blake said she would see what she could do and then started with my friend to converse with the spirits. As his conversation was nearing an end, a voice called through the trumpet for me. I took hold of the trumpet which Mrs. Blake held in her hand and in an instant the trumpet got heavy and

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began to rise in the air. I was told to place the end of it to my ear. I did so and then a rumbling noise came through, speaking my name. At first I could not understand, but later it spoke my name plainly and distinctly.

(Who is this?) Grandma. (Grandma who?)

Grandma Thomas, don't you know me?

(Where did you use to live?)

Spring Hill, W. Va., [Correct. She died there in 1897.]

(Is my father there?) Yes.

[I told the voice I wanted to talk with him. In a second another voice come through the trumpet.]

Hello, Blake.

(Who is this?)

Aunt Laura.

[I remember having an aunt by that name who died when I was very young. I asked her if she was happy in that world and she said she was. I asked again if my father was there and she said he was. I told her I wanted to speak with him. This voice then disappeared and the voice of a man came through the trumpet.]

(Who is this?)

This is your father, don't you know me?

(Father who?) Father Waldron.

[I asked him if he was happy and he said he was. He told me to tell Mama to come and talk with him. I asked him if sister was there and he said she was. I told him I wanted to speak to her. Instantly a female voice came through the trumpet.]

(Who is this?)

Sister Clara. [This was correct. She died in 1902 while I was abroad.]

(Were you treated right before you died ?) No.

[I then asked if her little baby was with her and she said he was. She asked me if I wanted to speak to him, and I replied that I did, but a deep voice came through the trumpet.]

(Who is this?)

Grandpa. (Grandpa who?) Grandpa Waldron.

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[I then said good-bye, but the voice said there is no good-bye. I said "I hope to meet all you in heaven." The voice said: "Be a good man and you will meet us here." The sitting then ended. Mrs. Blake and I were perfect strangers.]'

BLAKE WALDRON

State of West Virginia, County of Cabell. I hereby make affidavit as to the truth of the foregoing statement which happened the 6th day of June, 1908

Blake Waldron

Sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1908

A. L. Gregory, Notary Public.

Readers will note a naive interest in being happy in the other world and a total disregard of the necessary method of experiment for obtaining evidence. But for better experiments, they would not be worth notice and I use them now for another than the evidential object. What I wish to call attention to is the evident limitation of the communications when it comes to moral and spiritual advice. "Be good and you will go to heaven " is just what the naive mind of Mrs. Blake would give. Her knowledge does not extend beyond such maxims. She and her husband are too illiterate to understand any other depths. I suspect, too, that, if we had the detailed record of what went on in this sitting we should find a good deal of chaff, such as I found in my own.

8. An Anonymous Report

I have the original of the following letter which was given to a friend of this work and represents an experience with Mrs. Blake in 1897 by a lady who was the daughter of one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court. I am obliged to withhold names, tho it is probable that at this date no harm would be done by mentioning them. The circumstances of the

experiment and more particularly the incidents, tho, of course, reported from memory, but written down just after the sitting, make an interesting record. The letter by the sitter to her friend was a private one, but she long since gave consent to the use of it and it was reported to a member by the receiver of it. The following is the letter.

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New Haven, Conn., February 22nd, 1897

My dear Patty:

My letter of Saturday I think was not mailed until just as yours was received. So glad you are getting about, dear woman. It is the best thing in the world for you. I am always glad to know that you are doing yourself proud socially.

But I am not printing a proper letter to-day, and after telling that Ma is a little better, I will proceed to my Huntington experience. I haven't told you about it because I simply couldn't take the time and can't do so now only in a hurried and unsatisfactory way. Well, just listen.

There is a woman named Blake, living with her husband, across the river from Huntington, who has made fame for herself in all the country round about by certain wonderful manifestations from the spirit world (?), especially through a trumpet.

My friends are all Presbyterians and have never believed in anything of the sort. Nor did they know the woman or she them, except that Elizabeth B (the daughter) had been there some time ago with some friends, but this cuts no figure whatever. The woman sees so many, and had quite forgotten her, and never knew her name any way, nor where she belonged.

Well, I went one afternoon about two o'clock, with Mrs. B and Elizabeth. She was sick and refused to give us a sitting. I grew more anxious, for I saw a sweet faced woman, not like the mediums I had often investigated and always found to be frauds. She cared nothing about us. Asked no questions whatever. Said she was too sick. Her husband came in, a good sensible man about 60, and after hearing us beg a while, warmed towards me a little and after showing us the wonderful trumpet finally said to her, "I believe I would let her hear just a little," and the woman reluctantly but courteously yielded.

To my surprise she said that nobody need leave the room and she did not care where we sat so we could rest our elbows on something in order to hold the trumpet. The trumpet was a plain tin affair, like two big dinner horns pushed together at the big ends, one lapped over the other. At the ends were two flat disks to be pressed against the ear, no place, mind you, for any human being or inhuman being, to speak into it. I pulled it apart and scrutinized it.

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[Then follows a representation of the trumpet drawn after its shape.]

There was a table that we chose, standing in the tidy little kitchen right against the window, with the shade up to the top and bright light streaming in on us. All this rather staggered me. Such things are always done at night or in the darkened rooms or cabinets or under draped tables.

Here was something interesting and unique. We sat down so that the woman and I could hold the opposite ends of the trumpet. I saw her face and mouth all the time, but that makes no difference. That is the queer part of this: nothing makes any difference after you hear the whole story.

She said: "Just let the trumpet lie across your hand, no don't grasp it, and pretty soon you will feel a motion and then we will take it up." I held it on my hand, just as she did, and waited. Before I could have counted ten, it rolled partly over: then we put it to our ears.

[Then follows a representation of the table and where the sitters sat with the manner of holding the trumpet.]

She put one end of the trumpet to her right ear and I put the other to my right ear. Immediately, when I took up the trumpet and held it to my ear I heard unmistakable sound that grew and grew and formed words, at first unintelligible to my ear, but just as I was beginning to catch it the woman said, "It is saying 'Praise the Lord', and sure enough the voice, in a whisper that grew stronger, said over and over, Praise the Lord". I was astonished and grew more and more eager. The woman said: (Here let me say what followed I wrote down directly afterwards while everything was fresh in my mind. I never wish to forget the smallest detail of it.)

(Mrs. Blake: Kind spirit, will you give your name? Speak distinctly, a little

louder, please.) [As the voice made an effort to make us hear, exactly as you would if you were trying to make me hear.]

[The writer then explains the symbols used in her letter "I" for herself, "W" for "woman." Mrs. Blake, and "V" for voice. I substitute for these the usual symbols for sitter and communicator, round brackets or parentheses for what sitter or medium says normally, square brackets for later comments, and unenclosed matter by communicator.]

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Your brother, your brother, your brother. [A little stronger and as if surprised that I didn't hear, and hesitating to give any information by replying. But at last it was too wonderful: for it was to me Tom's voice, and I said:]

(Do you say, Your brother?)

Your brother Tom.

(Is it you Tom?)

Yes it is. Praise the Lord.

(Do you know who this is, Tom?)

Yes I do. I am so glad you've come. I want to talk to you a long time.

(Have you any message for me?)

Yes, I have. I love you. Be good. [Isn't that Tom?]

(Are you happy Tom ?)

Yes, I am, Praise the Lord.

(Did you suffer when you died?)

Yes, I did. [This sadly.]

(How long?)

[And the voice went to reply, but the woman thinking to help out began asking:]

(Mrs. Blake: Will you tell us of what disease you died? What was the nature of your last illness?)

[But I shook my hand at her, saying, 'I understand, I understand,' for I could not bear the interruption then, and the voice kept saying, "No, no, no," as if not liking the interruption, as we two understood, and time was precious. I want you to notice this and the fact that I and the voice and Mrs. Blake were all at variance. There could have been no mind reading here, as she thought he died of an illness and he resented her interference, and I was trying to catch his answer. It came.]

Minutes [but not distinct]

(Two minutes?)

Minutes. [Great effort to make [me] catch the number]

(How many, five?)

No, eight minutes. About eight minutes. [Exactly as Tom would have said it.]

(Who did you think of, Tom, at the last?)

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Of my mother.

(And who else?)

Of my wife.

(Of your wife?)

Of my wife, Leda.

(And who else?)

I thought of you all.

(You wouldn't come back, would you, Tom?)

No I wouldn't, positively.

(Because you are so happy?)

Yes, I am. I'm all right. [Can you think of anything more like Tom?]

(Who is with you Tom?)

I am with Leda. [Very plainly.]

(And who else?)

Your baby. [As if it would surprise and please me.]

(Is there any one else?)

Yes, my grandmother.

(Grandmother Benton [pseudonym]?)

Yes, grandmother Benton and grandma Bell [pseudonym].

(Is Patience a baby?)

No, she is quite a big girl.

(Have you any message for Pa?)

Yes, tell him I wish I could have a talk with him. [Again, isn't that like Tom.]

Have you any message for Ma?)

Yes I have. Tell her, God bless her.

[All this so strong and plain that much of it, all along, was heard outside the trumpet by Mrs. B— and Elizabeth, who were leaning over the table right by us.]

(What shall I say to Leda?)

Tell her to be good. Tell her I love her. Tell her I'm waiting.

(Shall I say anything to Elizabeth for you?)

Yes, tell her I love her. Tell her I want to have a long talk with her. Tell her I want her to be a good girl.

Yes I do. I want her to be a good little girl. [This so earnestly.]

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[By this time Patty, it was as real to me as it is real that I sit here and write. They say that I was deathly white, and the tears ran down my face in spite of me, but I was frantic not to lose a word or a chance to ask a question. Remember the answers came instantly and without hesitation, and the woman never once interrupted me except for that first 'Praise the Lord.'

Remember that I am not easily fooled and as you well know not credulous in such matters. I was overcome. It was like— it was, an epoch in my life. It was something I could never account for, I do believe, if I lived a century. It was certainly the most extraordinary phenomenon I ever witnessed in my life.]

(Mrs. Blake: Kind spirit, will you tell us what sphere you are in ?)

The fifth.

(Mrs. Blake: Have you been in that same sphere ever since you left the earth?)

No.

(Mrs. Blake: In which first?)

In the first.

(Mrs. Blake: How many spheres are there?)

Twelve.

(Mrs. Blake: And do you wait, then for the judgment day?)

Yes, we do. [All the answers in a whisper and in Tom's voice.]

[Here I began again, remembering suddenly that Mrs. B— was a dear old friend of Tom's, besides being his second cousin.]

(Oh, Tom. Do you know who is with us here today?)

Yes, I do. Our cousin Jenny B— [Full name given.] [With Tom's cordiality and stately courtesy of manner.]

(And who else?)

And Lizzie. [Our old name for the child.]

(Would you like to speak to Jenny?)

Yes, I would. [So courteously and kindly.]

[Here Mrs. B— took the trumpet and said, as if Tom were right there, for it was so real to us all.]

(J: Oh, Tom, I am so glad you are happy. I want to talk to you, but this ear is so deaf I am afraid I can't hear you.)

Yes you can, yes you can. [This very loud, so that I heard every word outside the trumpet, as did Lizzie.]

(J.: You know me. don't you?)

Yes, I do, Jenny.

(J.: And who is with me?)

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Elizabeth. [This was so loud, as if trying to make her hear easily, that the voice almost broke into a tone. It just touched it and the woman said: "How loud he talks."]

[Here I saw that the woman was tired and I had already trespassed upon her good nature. Jenny wouldn't take up the time and handed the trumpet back to me. I resumed my voice and said:]

(Tom, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I must go.)

No, no. No, no.

(But this woman is sick and we can't stay longer. I am so sorry.)

Then I'll go with you.

(Will you go all the way home with them?)

Yes, I will.

(If there were any danger, would you warn them?)

Yes, I would.

(Just crazy to talk more. Do you want to send any other word, Tom?)

Tell them I am with them all every day.

(Tom, we will all come where you are, won't we?)

Yes you will. It won't be long. One by one.

(You think I try to be good, don't you Tom?)

Yes, I do. Praise the Lord. [Before I could finish my question this answer came warmly and kindly. It comforts me now and always will.]

(Now I must go.)

No, no. [But only with regret to leave me.]

(Will you show this lady a spirit light when she goes home?)

Yes, I will.

(When will you?)

[Something not quite plain.]

(Thursday? Speak more plainly, please.)

At ten o'clock.

(At ten o'clock tonight?)

Yes, at ten o'clock tonight.

(Where?)

In your bedroom.

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(Mrs. Blake: Now say goodbye, kind spirit. We are sorry, but I am too sick to go on. It isn't really goodbye, of course you understand that, but we want to hear your voice again.)

Goodbye. I love you. [Very plainly.]

(Goodbye, Tom.) [And I dropped the trumpet, but the woman caught it up again and said: "Wait, he is saying something now." I put it to my ear and he said: "I love you. I love you all."]

Dear Patty. This was my Waterloo, as it were. I went home in a daze. I had to believe it. I couldn't help it. No mind reader would have done it, for there were times when I hadn't a conception of what the replies would be. No ventriloquism could do it, for how could ventriloquism know our family history? And there was not a trace of hesitation or uncertainty or juggling from first to last. And to me it was Tom's voice. Tom's manner of speech, Tom himself.

We went home and told the men to their utter consternation. At 15 minutes before ten o'clock, Jenny, George (her husband) and I went up into my bedroom and made everything pitch dark. It seemed a foolish thing to do, a ridiculous thing, but I couldn't think of not doing it. At 7 minutes before 10, we turned out the gas and sat talking of Tom. (All three knew him.) Presently a green yellowish light as big as my hand came on my lap and moved slowly, slowly back and forth. I was too petrified to speak. I looked at it and tried to find some reason for it. Just as it had moved once or twice back and forth. Jenny, who was a little way from me in the blackness, exclaimed: "There's a gleam in my eyes." George said, "What do you mean?" But before he could get it out, she cried out, "There it is again."

I then found my voice and said: "I guess it is this same light that has been in my lap." George said, "Where?" And it faded out and returned no more.

George said, "Why didn't you tell us?" I said, "I was too frightened to speak."

It is a fearful thing." He said, " Shall I light the gas?" But I was afraid it was too early, that it was hardly ten. He said he thought it was and we exchanged a few remarks with bated breath, and then there was a feeling in the atmosphere of a strange presence, something I can't express, and there were at least ten distinct heavy muffled raps on the wall, and utter silence.

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George laughed, and I exclaimed, "What's that?" And he and Jenny said "It is the boys."

We were all sure that it was Mr. Sam B— or Charley W— (Elizabeth's husband).

George lighted the gas, and it was exactly 7 minutes past ten. The light was seen (or imagined, if you want to, but I shall always know I saw it) at precisely 10 o'clock, as nearly as we could estimate it.

We went down stairs and the boys had positively not made the raps. Now you have the whole story. You can account, perhaps, for the night's performance. You can say our nerves were over-wrought or that a rat made the raps, which to my mind is simply impossible. You can say lots of things. I would if it had been told to me, or might even now be slow to accept it if told by most people.

But the trumpet experience cannot be explained away. I came home and told it. Ma believed it implicitly and finds real comfort in it. (Wasn't it a beautiful comforting thing from first to last.) But when Pa and John with all their scepticism and shrewdness of criticism were utterly routed, when John with his voice full of emotion, exclaimed before I was two thirds through, "Dear girl, why try to excuse yourself, or explain it. It was Tom himself. You talked with Tom."

When these men fell in with me and never doubted, I felt that I had indeed been through a wonderful experience.

I am no more of a Spiritualist than I ever was. I believe that most mediums are arrant frauds. But I believe in Mrs. Blake and her trumpet completely, and shall be more willing to believe some people, when they declare that they have seen and heard strange things, than I was that morning of our discussion.

The woman is unspotted from the world. Huntington is her London. People

pay her what they please, the most of them 10 cents. She has lived there for years and is known to be thoroughly honest.

It is evident that the writer was more impressed with the physical side of the phenomena than the mental. She took no pains to get clear evidence and such as she obtained was spontaneous and casual.

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The conversation with the "spirit" was the despair of the scientific man, and that people are so anxious to know about whether "spirits" are happy or not rather reflects on what they expect or deserve. It would have been much better to have displayed less credulity and to have pressed for evidence. I am sure that the fact that she was a daughter of a Supreme Court Justice has not increased the value of the record, whatever it may do regarding its respectability. Evidently there was not the slightest suspicion of the unconscious agencies at work in the process of getting the result. It was assumed that the voice was actually produced by the "spirit". It may have been so, but all analogies are in favor of complicity of the medium's vocal organs on any theory whatsoever. As previous discussion shows, there is not sufficient proof either of purely independent voices or of Mrs. Blake's unconscious production of them. But the importance should have rested on the contents of messages, not upon the independence of the voice. There is nothing evidential in the whole conversation except the names. Nor would any amount of independent voices make such conversation supernatural, even if it happened to be this in fact. It is not the physical miracle that will decide this momentous issue, but the mental one, and the sooner that is recognized the better.

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