WILL HE SIGNAL *from* SPIRIT WORLD?

PSYCHIC RESEARCH MEMBER WAITS TO HEAR FROM DEPARTED MEMBERS.

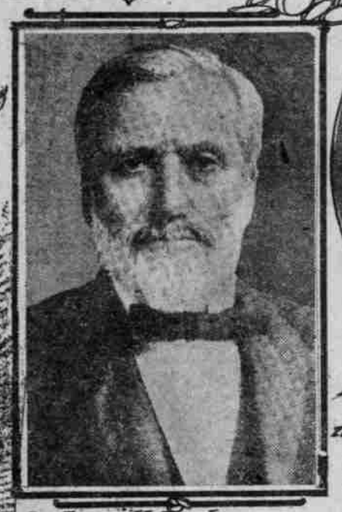
Noted Editor and Publisher Before Dying This Month Arranged Test Code to Prove Survival of Human Personality After Bodily Death

Prof Hyslop Using Trance Apparatus

Richard Hodgson Who is Alleged To Have Communicated To Hyslop and Lodge

Mrs Lenore Piper Whose Alleged Phenomena Have Converted Many Famous Men.

Lombroso, Whose Message from the Spirit World Is Also Awaited



Dr Isaac K. Funk, Who Arranged to Signal from the Other World.

Prof. Wm. James, Who Arranged to Communicate Through Hyslop.

THAT our savants engagd in psychic research now have their star opportunity to prove that the dead can communicate with the living is claimed by many devotees of this mystic science.

It has become known that prior to his death, April 1, no less a solid citizen than Dr. Isaac Kaufman Funk, head of the publishing firm of Funk & Wagnalls, and editor of the Standard Dictionary, completed elaborate arrangements to make, after his demise, authoritative communications with the American Society for Psychical Research.

Speaking of his improved arrangements for transmitting these post-mortem messages, Dr. Funk said some months ago:

"We have determined on a certain code of signals, which no one on earth knows but the person to whom I will communicate and myself. If he receives one of these signals after my death, he will be absolutely certain by it that I have reached him. He will then establish communication with me, either through a designated medium or by some means which I may find in the next world. As I am a much older man than he is, there is every probability that I will die before he does, and while he is actively engaged in the occult studies."

It is taken for granted by those interested in the test that the person with whom the noted publisher made this compact is Dr. James H. Hyslop, former professor of psychology at Columbia University, who had similarly arranged for post-mortem communication with other noted men.

Dr. Funk, who at the time of his death was in his 73d year, served as a Lutheran minister until he founded the publishing house which bears his name. For a quarter of a century he had been active as a prohibitionist and reform leader. In the course of his investigation of spiritualism he had fearlessly exposed all phenomena which he had suspected was fraudulent.

His Experiments During Life.

Some time ago it was announced that he had been the principal in a most interesting psychic experiment. He shut himself in a room in Brooklyn at the same witching hour when by prearrangement, a group of people in a room in Lyons, N. Y., was hypnotized and commanded to concentrate their minds upon him. Then, when the doctor, in his room, drew the picture of a fish, it is said the hypnotized ones at Lyons pronounced the word "fish," while when he raised his arm toward the ceiling they exclaimed, "He points upward."

It is also related that when Dr. Funk was compiling the Standard Dictionary he wished to use a drawing of the "widow's mite," an ancient coin worth hundreds of dollars. A specimen was found in the possession of a friend of Henry Ward Beecher, who arranged that Dr. Funk might borrow it.

Then Beecher died, and time passed without the doctor's thinking more about the matter until some time ago, when he was investigating a spiritualist medium, who announced a communication from the departed divine. The spirit of Beecher during this seance, it is claimed, reminded Dr. Funk that the "widow's mite" had never been returned, and directed him to seek it in the latter's office safe under a stack of old papers. Dr. Funk searched as directed, and, he alleged, found the coin just where the supposed spirit said it would be, but where no one, not even the cashier, had suspected that it had so long reposed. These and other alleged experiences brought the learned lexicographer to the conclusion that there are "whole classes of phenomena which point clearly to the operation of intelligent forces that exist outside of what we know as human bodies."

Such experiments brought Dr. Funk in contact with Dr. Hyslop and a close friendship grew between them. Their arrangement for the test of spirit communication is said to have been suggested by a similar compact between Dr. Hyslop and the noted psychologist, Professor William James of Harvard, who died year before last.

It is rumored that Dr. Hyslop believes that he has already received communications from Professor James and that he is preparing to publish them in the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research, of which he is the founder and active head.

Professor James was the discoverer of Mrs. Leonore E. Piper, the famous Boston medium. It was 20 years ago that he found out the peculiar powers of this remarkable woman, who has since been tested by the trained psychic researchers of two continents, and who lately surrendered herself completely to the British Society of Psychical Research. During these latter experiments this trance medium, although isolated, guarded and subjected to the severest of tests by a committee of trained skeptics, is reported to have described what other persons were doing and saying hundreds of miles away.

That queen of mystics, Mme. Blavatsky, is alleged to have been exposed in India by a strenuous Australian investigator, Richard Hodgson, who afterward settled down in Boston, where he became head of the old American branch of the British Society of Psychical Research, and where he met Professor James, who took him to see Mrs. Piper. Dr. Hodgson studied this woman for 18 years, and she convinced him that telepathy, automatic writing and communication with the dead were bona fide phenomena. To give her a special test Dr. Hodgson arranged a unique course of experiments, in which he was aided by Dr. Hyslop, then professor at Columbia.

Masked Himself and Visited Medium.

Professor Hyslop masked himself and disguised his voice during his visits to her, and while she lay unconscious with her head upon a pillow resting upon a table, her hand wrote out messages alleged to come from his father. She converted Hyslop to the spiritualistic hypothesis, and his announcements of the fact made a stir in the scientific world. He and Hodgson formed a compact that whoever died first should communicate with the other, and Professor Hyslop expressed to me some time ago his satisfaction that he has received messages from Hodgson since the latter's death in 1905.

Through Mrs. Piper, Professor James and his wife also endeavored to get in touch with the deceased Hodgson, and a few months before the noted psychologist's death he contributed an exhaustive report on these experiments, concerning which he said:

"But if asked whether the will to communicate be Hodgson's or be some mere spirit-counterfeit of Hodgson, I remain uncertain and await more facts, facts which may not point clearly to a conclusion for 50 or 100 years."

In the course of his experiments with Mrs. Piper a secret password from his dead father was given to Professor Hyslop by her, it is claimed, before he had unmasked and before she had ever seen him in her conscious state. When later he got the same password from an orthodox minister's wife, who had also developed trance mediumship and "automatic writing," Professor Hyslop commenced experimenting with this new subject, who, to protect her from the annoyance of publicity, is referred to under the pseudonym "Mrs. Smead" in the reports of the American Society for Psychic Research.

The Woman of Mystery.

She is a woman of mystery, and all that has been revealed about her of a personal nature is that she is a blue-eyed young woman of a modest and retiring temperament, who lives about 24 hours off from New York in a town which is surrounded by an evergreen forest and in which her husband enjoys good standing as rector of an orthodox church surmounted by a cross.

While she is in a trance her head is held in a special headrest, which Dr. Hyslop exhibited to me, and her moving finger writes upon paper spread on a sewing table at her side. She was studied also by Dr. Hodgson, and on the night that he dropped dead while playing handball she is said to have seen his apparition, which reported to her: "It is better here than I had hoped for."

Another noted savant who made a compact to thus communicate after death was the great criminologist and alienist of international renown, Professor Cesare Lombroso, of Italy.

Until he was 55 years old Lombroso believed spiritualism and all that pertained thereto to be "low tomfoolery." Then he was taken off unwillingly to attend the seance of some spiritualist medium, and at the age of 73 he died firmly believing in the survival of human personality after bodily death. It was to prove this to the hundreds of his brother savants, some of whom, because of his spiritualistic views, came to regard him as a fantastic visionary, that he made this solemn ante-mortem compact to place himself, after death in definite communication with his fellow-members of the Milan Society for Psychical Research. And he arranged that his communications should be made through that famous Italian medium with whom he had been experimenting for the past 14 years, Eusapia Paladino, who was called "the despair of science," and who made a tour of America soon after Lombroso's passing. In this country Paladino did not make the creditable showing that her managers had hoped for, and several of our investigators are claimed to have exposed her. Whether the Milan Society has received Lombroso's promised revelations through her or other mediums has not been announced as yet to the world of science.

Noted Thinkers Lately Converted.

It is remarkable how many noted thinkers are capitulating to the spiritistic hypothesis. Professor Charles Richet, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, claims to have photographed the spirit of a Spanish soldier, and Camile Flammarion, the French astronomer, is now an aggressive convert to spiritism. He says he has proved that such phenomena as the movement of chairs without contact and the suspension of heavy tables in space are bona fide, he having secured photographs of some floating in the air.

No less than an ex-prime minister has recently been a leader of the ghost hunters of England, where he recently served as president of the Society of Psychical Research. He insists that science cannot explain the psychic wonders which he has witnessed. While he headed the society it made a special investigation of 350 cases of apparitions of the dying in England and Wales, and of these 57 cases were accepted as beyond the laws of chance or the possibility of fraud.

Two noted British Knights, renowned for their breadth of intellect, have surrendered even more completely. Sir Oliver Lodge, head of the University of Birmingham, in a recent journal of the British Society for Psychical Research, has given details of messages which he claims to have received from dead members of the society through the pen of a writing medium known as "Mrs. Holландrones," another of these psychic "women of mystery." From Edmund Gurney, one of the founders of the society, Sir Oliver received an alleged message commencing: "I appear to be standing behind a sheet of frosted glass which blurs the sight and deadens sounds." . . .

Our aforementioned medium, Mrs. Piper, has had a hand in converting Sir Oliver. He got her to come to his Liverpool residence, where, in the presence of a committee, she is reported to have told just what two women, utter strangers to her, were doing minute by minute in their London home.

Communications From Dead Author.

A brilliant English litterateur, F. W. H. Myers, died in 1901 upon completing a noted work, "Human Personality," dealing with this problem of survival of personality after death. Prior to his passing away he expressed his intention of trying, after death, this crucial experiment of exerting his own influence upon minds still carnate. After a series of trials with Mrs. Piper and other mediums Sir Oliver Lodge has announced that Myers, Hodgson and others have, during these tests, been "constantly purporting to communicate with us, with the express purpose of patiently proving their identity, giving us cross-correspondence between different mediums."

The other British Knight referred to as a convert is the celebrated chemist and inventor of the X-ray tube, Sir William Crookes. Some time ago Sir William risked his scientific reputation by reporting to an exalted body how he had communed with a materialized spirit known as "Katie King"; how he had had crystals placed in his palm by hands not belonging to any persons in the room with him, and how in broad daylight he had seen a cloud condense into a hand, which carried objects about. The exalted body to which he reported these alleged phenomena was no less than the British Royal Society. His paper was ignominiously thrown out, the great society's outraged secretary refusing to so much as enter it upon the files.

Quite as enthusiastic a convert is William T. Stead, the well-known editor of the English Review of Reviews, who lately surprised the British empire with the announcement that he had become a writing medium. At first the noted editor accepted telepathy, and claimed to have written down the thoughts of living men many miles away. Then, of late years, he alleges he has gotten into close communion with the dead. While engaged in his automatic writing he claims his right arm becomes impassive, while its fingers guide a pen over paper on which appear letters from his son, the brilliant young writer, William, who died several years ago. Mr. Stead states that this writing appears without his exercising any will power to either hold the pen or move it.

Next Editor Stead announced the opening in London of his Julia's bureau, a public telegraph office, where anyone might call up friends across the gulf. This bureau is so-called because its "spirit control"—the operator upon the Stygian side—is alleged to be the shade of a pious Chicago lady, Miss Julia A. Ames, who for some years edited the American organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It appears that Miss Ames, like Lombroso, Professor James and Dr. Funk, made arrangements to come back after death, and that she made good. "Twice she came, and at the second instance I happened to be staying at the castle where her apparition has been seen," says Editor Stead. "As my hand began to write automatically then, I placed it at the disposal of Miss Ames, and she has used it as her own ever since."

Thus she became the Julia of "Julia's bureau," through which Mr. Stead some time ago claimed to have received the startling campaign literature sent over the spirit wireless by the great Gladstone.

Wrote Compact in Blood.

And it might be recalled that no less a light than the noted Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellor of England, reported the fulfillment of such a pact as Dr. Funk entered into—one made with his lordship's most intimate boyhood friend, "G." with whom he attended the university.

". . . We frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects, among others on the immortality of the soul and on a future state," wrote the Chancellor in his memoirs. "This question and the possibility, I will not say of ghost walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of 'the life after death.'" This chum entered the civil service in India and seldom wrote to Brougham, who, after a few years almost forgot him.

How this compact was weirdly fulfilled Lord Brougham thus tells in his journal of December 19, 1709: "I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it . . . I turned my head round, looking toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes. . . . On the chair sat G. looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was, that had taken the likeness of G., had disappeared."

All of this, according to the record, occurred during a visit to London, and soon after his return to Edinburgh Brougham received "a letter from India announcing G.'s death and stating that he died on the 19th of December.

"Singular coincidence."

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THE NEW MINISTER SOLVING THE PROBLEM of PREACHER AND CHOIR.

BY DON MARK LEMON.

JUDITH QUIMBY, spinster, was a thorn in the side of the body social of Watervale, for Judith Quimby, spinster, owned the only church in that little village—she had inherited the edifice from her father, who had got it by foreclosure—and being the proprietor of the church building, she had taken it upon herself to dictate the views of the clergy who should hold forth from its pulpit.

Judith Quimby, spinster, was a Baptist, and so also were the divines engaged to wake spiritual thunder in the pulpit of her church. Watervale likewise was Baptist, but Judith Quimby's eagle nose was a sensitive spiritual thermometer, which she thrust into the depths of each of her clergyman's wells of faith, and if that thermometer registered the slightest variation of a degree from the temperature of her own wells of faith, then Judith Quimby, spinster, arose, accused the unhappy clergyman of heresy, showed him to the door of her favor, and drove him forth peremptorily. In a year she had dismissed four men of God.

It would seem that the good people of Watervale might have taken into their own hands their spiritual peace and welfare, engaged that particular divine who most pleased them, and have set him to preaching from an improvised pulpit in a barn, if need be; but ah! what is an ordained minister, what even a religion, without a spired, populed church? No! their clergyman must preach from a regular pulpit in a regular church edifice, and Watervale, being too needy to erect a house of worship of its own, needs suffer all the inconvenience and vexation visited upon it by the eccentricities of the owner of the one church in the village—Judith Quimby, spinster.

The month of August, embracing five Sundays, passed, and during this no inconsiderable period Watervale remained wholly without public religious edification, whereat the villagers began to murmur, but Judith Quimby set her thin lips and stood firm. The Lord, in good time, would send a minister of true orthodoxy, she assured her townspeople, and better that he should forget their needs than that the village should be corrupted by heresy. Better no prophet than a false one.

The first week in September came and went, and it began to look as if Miss Quimby herself would have to fill her empty pulpit, when her deacon, Timothy Watts, Esq., received a letter bearing the postmark of a city in Michigan.

Breaking the envelope, he perused the following amazing communication:

Mr. Timothy Watts, Watervale—Reverend Sir: Learning that you are the deacon of the Baptist Church of Watervale, we take the liberty of introducing ourselves to you.

We are known as the Clergymen, Church and Choir Supply Company, and are incorporated under the laws of the State of Michigan. We are prepared to supply the public with clergymen of every denomination, and all shades of the same. Our correspondent has informed us that your village is at present in need of a Baptist clergyman. May we have your permission to submit samples? It will cost you nothing for examination, and our terms for the goods delivered, will be as follows: One hundred dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance.

The clergyman chosen by your constituency will preach one timely, original sermon each week, with opening prayer and benediction, and be kept in working order at our expense.

Only fine looking clergymen in stock, and we call particular attention to the fact that all sermons can be examined before delivery, and edited to suit the tastes of the congregation.

We furnish choirs, too, in all languages and at the most reasonable prices.

We also are prepared to furnish portable or nonportable churches, at the shortest notice.

All religions constantly in stock, and new forms and rituals constantly added.

In case you should wish to consider our proposition further, we will be pleased to mail you our handsome illustrated catalogue, or, better still, have our agent call in person upon you.

Trusting to receive an early order, and guaranteeing you the highest satisfaction, we subscribe ourselves

THE CLERGYMAN, CHURCH AND CHOIR SUPPLY COMPANY.

The Reverend Richard Bonfield and His Choir at a Pet Den

"Well, I swan," exclaimed Deacon Watts, removing his glasses and rubbing the indentation that they had made in the bridge of his nose; "this beats me!"

Again the man of peace perused the typewritten communication, then, folding it carefully, placed it in his pocket and went over to Judith Quimby, spinster, for further light.

Two hours later Deacon Watts posted a letter directed to The Clergyman, Church and Choir Supply Company. Judith Quimby had commanded that unique company to send down an agent to Watervale with samples of Baptist clergymen and the terms for a choir of two male and two female voices: "For while we are about it, deacon," snapped Miss Judith, "we might as well see if we can get a choir that can praise the Lord, without scratching each others' eyes out at the same time!"

The following Tuesday an agent of the C. C. & C. S. Co. arrived and with the aid of her deacon, Judith Quimby finally arranged with him for a clergyman and a choir of four voices which she thought would prove quite satisfactory. She then posted a notice to the effect that her church would open on the following Sunday, with clergymen and choir engaged at her own expense, and invited everyone to attend.

Sunday came, and with it came the congregation to listen to the new clergyman and the new choir. What manner of man would the former be? And the choir? Really, Judith Quimby must be at ruinous expense to bear the whole cost out of her private means.

At precisely 10 o'clock Deacon White stepped forward and opened the door leading from the vestibule to the church, and the congregation entered the house of worship. The new clergyman and the choir were there before them, the divine standing in his pulpit, the choir seated on his right.

A murmur of surprise and pleasure broke from the congregation. What a noble clergyman! young, handsome, saintly; everything a pastor should be! And the choir—what a fine-looking group! One could almost see their perfect voices in their intelligent, spiritual faces.

The congregaton was now seated and, lifting his outstretched hands, the new clergyman opened the morning's worship with prayer and then immediately chose his text and delivered his sermon. The little flock held its breath in admiration: never before had it heard such a sermon as this—a masterly searching out of the vanities of these latter times, delivered in a rich, sonorous voice, and with true Baptist fervency. Verily, a Summer of spiritual glory had descended upon the village of Watervale!

"The choir will now sing the 47th hymn," directed the new clergyman, and at once the choir arose with open hymnbooks, and, taking the most graceful attitude, rendered the song in consummate style; then, decently, soberly, Christianly, without staring at face or bonnet among the congregation, sat down.

Judith Quimby was triumphant—her townspeople elated, amazed, curious.

The new clergyman now arose and, speaking in a more familiar tone than heretofore, introduced himself to his flock as the Reverend Richard Bonfield, and trusted that only the highest esteem and affection would ever exist between himself and his congregation. Then, lifting his hands, he spoke the benediction, and immediately afterwards the congregation arose and made its exit to the vocal music of the choir.

In the vestibule Judith Quimby was instantly surrounded, to be congratulated by every one upon her choice of a new clergyman, and thanked for her noble services and, with a questioning inflection, her great expense. Miss Judith bowed condescendingly, but still her townspeople lingered.

"Really, dear," burst out little Mrs. Pinchin, dying with curiosity, "but we cannot go until we have shaken hands with the new minister, and thanked the choir for their beautiful singing."

Judith Quimby swept out her arms, making a little open space, the better to address her audience, and began: "It is impossible, friends, that you meet the new minister or thank the choir. Impossible! I repeat, The Reverend Richard Bonfield and his charming choir are not frail flesh and blood, as we are; they see not as we see, hear not as we hear, feel not as we feel; your flatteries cannot touch them, nor your heresies corrupt; they are above the follies and illusions of this little world. In fact, my friends, you have today listened to a sermon and to religious singing rendered by servants of a new and incorruptible church. At last have Christian souls found the perfect choir and the perfect minister! The Reverend Richard Bonfield and his choir are not men and women, but steel and wax figures—worked by our deacon—and within each of these figures is a phonograph, the records of which have been and will in the future be edited by me, so that hereafter we shall have the true faith delivered in the true way. Friends, I wish you a very good morning this blessed Sabbath day, and assure you that you will always be welcome to this incorruptible church, which I have established in your midst. One word more—hereafter there will be no collection, except that for foreign missions.

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