SIR ARTHUR SCORES SPIRITUALIST FAKE

Arrest of Two So-Called Mediums Is Praised.

FRAUD IS EXPOSED

Conan Doyle Declares Seance at Time Appeared to Him to Be Very Suspicious.

Our American Adventure, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
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(Article 4, Continued.)

It makes one's heart sick to see the villainy with which this heaven-sent truth is surrounded. I suppose it is so ordained that we may have the merit of using our own brains and not be deterred from good because evil obtrudes itself. We had one evening at New York with a materializing and voice-producing pair of mediums. I had been warned against them, but the minister of the Spiritualist church, an excellent man, was of opinion that they had been misjudged, and so we went.

Both my wife and I, together with two friends whom I took (one of them Mr. Stefansson, the famous Arctic explorer), were of opinion that the proceedings were very suspicious and we came away deeply dissatisfied, for there were no test conditions and no way of checking such manifestations as we saw. Some days afterward these two so-called mediums were seized by the New York police in open fraud. I do not think that any punishment could be too severe for rogues of this kind. The old saying that the unforgivable sin was the sin against the Holy Ghost seems to me to apply exactly. I trust that the American spiritualists will not condone or try to cover up such scandals. The rotten twigs must come off.

Writing Also Discussed.

When the man was doing the direct voice I put my hand on his larynx, and could say with confidence that it was working, and that beyond all doubt the voice was coming from himself. I am so distrustful of direct voice phenomena, and so convinced that the natural voice can be projected without apparent movement, that I should never be impressed by the mere voice alone, but only by the information which it conveyed. This on many occasions within my experience has been absolutely final in its proofs. It is only when several voices are speaking simultaneously—a phenomenon which I have observed with Mrs. Wriedt, Evan Powell, Mrs. Tobert Johnson and others—that one can safely say that the sounds alone, apart from the messages, are surely super-normal.

What I say of the direct voice applies equally to automatic writing. There also it is the message delivered and not the mere fact of writing which is of consequence. I cannot see how one can avoid all the snags of subconscious action, and the possible dramatization of latent personalities, which would account for the writing itself. It is only by the information conveyed, its accuracy and its remoteness from the normal mind of the medium that we can gain assurance. But there is no form of mediumship which is more tricky, and even when we have established that it is independent of the medium we still have to guard against possible deception from the spirit control—a very real source of error.

Prohibition Issue Viewed.

The most urgent question at present in New York, as in all America, is that of prohibition, and the visitor is brought very squarely up against it from the first moment of his arrival. I enjoy a glass of good wine in season, but neither my wife nor I have been regularly drinkers of alcohol, so we have found it no intolerable privation to be without it. I don't care, however, about being forced into virtue, and I feel about wine as Barrie felt about the dictionary, that "even if he did not use it he liked to feel that it was there."

Still, I admit that there is something very noble in a great nation saying: "Many of us enjoy our wine, but we are prepared to give it up and make this sacrifice of our habits and comfort in order that all the crimes and poverty which come from the abuse of drink may be done away with." Surely no one can deny that such an attitude is fine and America leads the world by its action.

But is it really necessary to be so drastic? Why should extremists always have their way? Might we not preserve the social amenities and the pleasant varieties of experience which light forms of alcohol give and yet shut off those stronger drinks which make for intoxication? I should personally favor such a law, even if it were to be only a halfway house. The main objection to it is that it would reopen, to some extent, the saloon, which is now shut down, and which was always a center of evil. That, however, could surely be met in some way. Europeans must not make too much of the bootlegging and illicit drinking which bulk so large in the papers. Reformers have always reckoned on years of unrest, and are prepared to wait for full realization of their hopes when the new generation arises.

Liquor Prices Made High.

At present, liquor can always be got, but you have to go out of your way, to pay a high price, to accept an inferior article and occasionally to run a risk, so that there is no inducement unless a man is very inclined that way. I have seen flasks drawn out occasionally, and I have seen a lady produce a cocktail in the course of a dinner as if it were a conjuring trick. Twice when I dined out I found wine on the table, and once a friend told me that he had a small illicit consignment and was puzzled how to conceal it. I volunteered to conceal a small fraction of it for him. But save for these small adventures we never came in contact with alcohol at all during the three months of our wanderings. We carried two bottles of medical comforts with us all the way and gave them to friends as parting presents when we left. One curious remark frequently made is that every crook in the country would vote prohibition, so well have they flourished as smugglers.

On April 16 we had sitting with Mr. John Ticknor, a well-known amateur medium, on the invitation of Mrs. Cogswell, who afterward furnished us with a verbatim account of the proceedings taken by a stenographer. This is a wonderful help in checking a seance, for the best notes—and I usually take notes—are very inadequate. There were several sitters, and Stefansson came with us once again.

Results Appear Accurate.

As I look over the notes now the results seem to me remarkably accurate. Mr. Ticknor is a stoutish, rather Pickwickian figure, kindly, clean shaven and true to type as an American business man. Sitting in an arm chair, he closed his eyes, breathed hard through his nose, and in a minute was in a deep state of what we must, I suppose, call self-hypnosis. There was agitation and contortion of the face and apparent spasms of pain or emotion before he reached an equilibrium. Then, in a deep grumbling voice, he began to talk, the words professing to come from the usual Indian control, Black Hawk in this instance. He spoke for nearly two hours, chatting with us, joking, introducing other spirits, answering questions, and in all ways playing up the part. He gave the names of a dozen people at least upon the other side who had messages for my wife or for me—about equally divided between us—and every one of these names did really represent some one who had lived.

Family Spirits Heard.

The proceedings showed an intimate knowledge of my family history, so intimate that even if it could have been gathered from several books of reference, one could hardly imagine that it could all be carried in the memory and used with such unhesitating fluency and accuracy. John Doyle, my grandfather; Richard, my uncle; Charles, my father; Mary, my mother; Kingsley, my son, each spoke quite clearly about our relations. My grandfather said, "I saw you last when you were a little boy in 1868, a few months before my death." Quite true.

A patient of South Sea days came back. Goodman came through as the name. He gave the date as 1888. I had a favorite patient named Woodman at that time. I said, "I hope I was not the cause of your passing over." He laughed heartily at that, for merriment is by no means excluded. Malcolm Leckie, my very dear brother-in-law, gave his name. He said that he had started for the front from Blackheath. This was news to me, but it proved to be correct. I could only trace two absolute mistakes, one of which may have been a misunderstanding.

Murmurings Are Heard.

The control gave the impression of being surrounded by importunate spirits, for he kept muttering "Very good!" "Wait your turn!" and so on. Just as I have heard Sutton and others do in England. Altogether a man would be incapable of reason if he were not impressed by the whole performance, though some minds are so peculiar that a single mistake seems to do away with everything else, however successful. They do not consider that if we were seated as a go-between and were surrounded by 20 or 30 people, all giving various messages, which they wanted transmitted, we also would probably make a slip now and again.

Stefansson's results were very definite, but he did not seem able to check them as clearly as we, for they dealt with more remote ancestry. The Indian control had lived near Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, where he died in 1876. Stefansson knew the place, so the Indian mentioned several names, especially a Dr. Macpherson, but as Stefansson was only born in 1879 no common ground could be found, so that Stefansson was impressed rather by our experience than by his own.

In a later stage of our adventures we came across this remarkable medium again, and then I will discuss more fully my final convictions as to his powers, their limitations and their source.

Opening Campaign Completed.

I had now most successfully completed my opening campaign in New York. Other extra lectures, to meet the great demand, were to be fitted in later. Meanwhile, my schedule was fixed for New England and off to Boston I went, to see if I could get my message across in what has so long been the center of American literary culture. I left the family in their very comfortable quarters of the Ambassador hotel, and, accompanied only by Captain Widdecombe, the very efficient aide-de-camp furnished by Mr. Keedick, I set forth on this new adventure.

But let me give one little paragraph to Walter Widdecombe before I start, since then and afterwards he was always the silent, often invisible, background of my narrative. I have a clear vision of him as I look back. Widdecombe the debonaire, Widdecombe knee-deep amid luggage haranguing negro porters with his bundle of tickets in one hand and his cigarette in the other. In many guises I can see him, watching me with dark, solicitous eyes as the trainer watches the pugilist, staring with questioning gaze at the intrusive pressmen, holding me back as I endeavor to stride on the platform while the box-office is still besieged, romping with the children, appearing with huge bundles of letters and a gentle request for an hour's attention. However I see him he is always quiet, always alert, always efficient. He had been adjutant to a rifle battalion in the war, though he had joined up as a civilian of 50. You are fit to be the aide-de-camp of a viceroy, Widdecombe, but all the same I hope you won't come into your own until I am sure whether I am likely to want you as a comrade in America once again.

(To Be Continued.)

GLAND ROBBERS WARNED

THEFT FOR SALE TO PHYSICIANS DOESN'T PAY.

Chicago Medical Association Says There Is no Market Unless Glands Are Certified.

(By Chicago Tribune Leased Wire.)

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—An unsuccessful attempt last night by two men, attired in the white uniforms of hospital internes, to steal the glands of Anthony Tonsi, 19 years old, led the medical association of Chicago to issue a warning against the theft of glands.

Wealthy, worn out men are willing to pay almost any price for a restoration of their vigor and youthfulness, and this opens a supposedly rich field for a new crop of bandits, who are willing to rob any man of his glands and sell them to a physician.

The medical society points out that there is no market for glands unless they are certified and that no man would buy them unless he was positively certain they carried no disease. Before transplantation numerous tests are made to ascertain if the new glands will be harmful to the buyer and this requires several days.

It also is shown that the glands must be transplanted speedily and handled with extreme care. Bandits who overpower a man in the street and steal his glands will find no market for them unless all arrangements had been made in advance. The entire operation requires great skill and is not to be undertaken by burglars.

EARLY PICTURES BOUGHT

Drawings by Artist With Captain Cook Obtained by Museum.

HONOLULU, T. H., Oct. 11.—(Special.)—Eight original drawings made by John Webber, artist with Captain Cook's third expedition to the Hawaiian islands, while the English navigator's vessels were anchored off the coast of Kealakekua, Hawaii, in the early months of 1779, have been purchased by the Bishop museum from one of the leading book dealers of London and will be on view here shortly.

The drawings are considered valuable historically and will be of material assistance to the museum in that they depict with remarkable accuracy the physical makeup of the Hawaiians in those early days. With but few exceptions the natives shown are tall, tremendously muscular and wear long hair and beards. The largest drawing depicts a boxing match.

The pictures are believed to have been sketched and painted shortly before the natives killed Cook on February 14, 1779.

James A. Farrell to Speak.

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 21.—Speakers on the programme of the second Pacific Northwest Foreign Trade council, which meets here December 14 and 15, include James A. Farrell, president of the National Trade council, and O. K. Davis, secretary of the national council. The Pacific northwest council was founded last year to facilitate development of foreign trade in this section.

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