

LIFE SKETCHES

By W.E. Hill—An Artist Who Senses Spirit Of The Day



Psychic Stuff

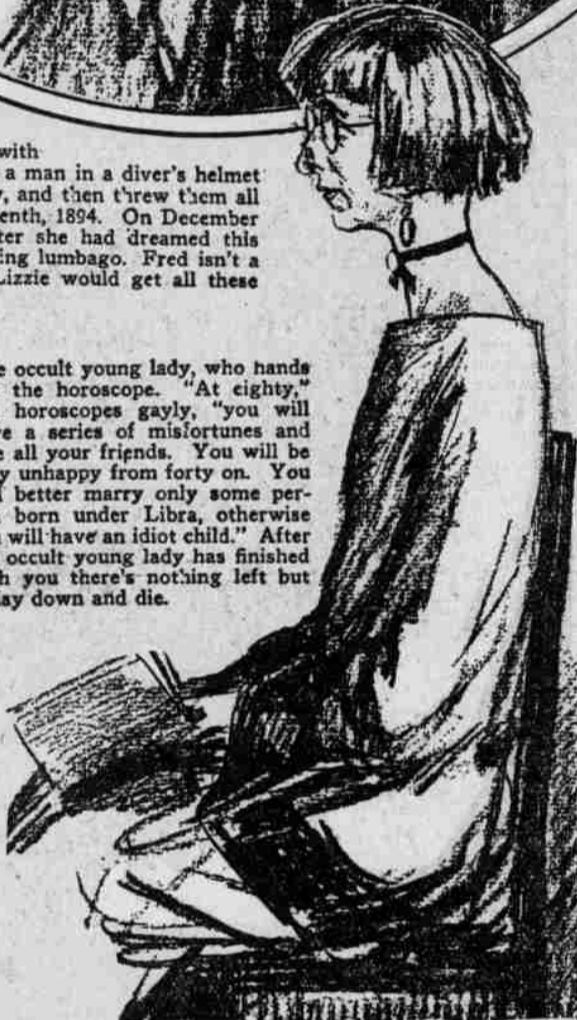
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The frightfully psychic lady, who is always getting warnings and dreaming queer dreams and feeling strange influences. For instance, just the day before Fred came down with galloping lumbago she dreamed that a man in a diver's helmet offered her a pear, a rose and a ruby, and then threw them all at her. This was on December the tenth, 1894. On December eleventh, just twenty-four hours after she had dreamed this dream, Fred came down with galloping lumbago. Fred isn't a bit psychic. Says he, "I do wish Lizzie would get all these damn NOTIONS out of her head!"

The nervous girl, whose parlor trick is the ouija board. "A ouija board," she says, "will do ANYTHING for me, simply ANYTHING!" The idea being that the ouija has sort of a crush on the nervous girl.



The occult young lady, who hands out the horoscope. "At eighty," she horoscopes gayly, "you will have a series of misfortunes and lose all your friends. You will be very unhappy from forty on. You had better marry only some person born under Libra, otherwise you will have an idiot child." After the occult young lady has finished with you there's nothing left but to lay down and die.



The ghost story. The hostess has been making vain pantomimic efforts to stop the dinner guest from going on with the ghost story—that is within earshot of the impressionable Nellie Daly. Nellie has completely forgotten to wait on table and is clutching a honeydew rind to her fluttering breast in holy horror. Tomorrow Nellie is going to find the suburbs too lonely.

(RIGHT)
"No, SIREE, you can't tell me it's anything more than subconscious mind!"

(RIGHT)
Maybe it IS silly of Cousin Lucy to get so upset about a little music in the wall. Just the same Cousin Lucy isn't going to get into bed with the lights out till Frank and Walter come home. You see Cousin Lucy has been spending the day with a dear, dear widowed friend who is in spirit communication with her husband, and after a whole day of spirit tales you'd be nervous, too!



Spirit writing. Mrs. Thorp is very good at automatic writing. Give her a pad and pencil and right away the pencil will begin to write the strangest things! The spirits will trust Mrs. Thorp with all sorts of private messages. Some of them are important, too. Only last week a spirit who signed himself "Google Eyes" sent word to Mrs. Orville Bentley (Mrs. Thorp's across the street neighbor) that she'd better go back to the other butcher. The new one was short-changing her, according to Google Eyes.



The willing young man who wants to explain away all doubts from your mind regarding that simplest of phenomena—the fourth dimension. The willing young man is going to demonstrate with the aid of a tin pail, a piece of rope and an old glove. The pail, the rope and the old glove are handy, but something has gone wrong. The willing young man will have to look up what comes next in the text book. "Well, anyway," he'll add, "the fourth dimension's just the idea of 'time,' that's all there is to it."

Table tipping. What chance has a poor little table got in a case like this? (Mrs. Ed Robinson and Mrs. Laura Towse are going to test the spirit world.)