

to be less powerful since they were not able to give a clear vision, but only transmitted the emotions felt by the transmitting agent, such as cries and terror, without the corresponding vision itself.

TWO TESTS

SOPHIE RADFORD DE MEISSNER

IT was one August day now many years ago that the first of the tests in question came. I was visiting friends whose country place lay in the heart of the Russian steppes, a four hours' drive from the nearest village, to which they sent ordinarily but twice a week for the mail. Some few months earlier I had passed through a great crisis in my life and had suddenly, — with no seeking for it on my part, — become gifted with the power of automatic writing. Strange as it may seem I had at that time neither heard nor read anything upon this subject, and was inclined to be doubtful, — as I later found are many who are the possessors of this gift, — as to its admissibility.

One glorious afternoon my hostess proposed that we should drive to the border of a distant forest in search of mushrooms, which grow in great profusion in Russia where the poisonous variety was said to be unknown, and I, always enchanted to be seated behind those three swift-galloping horses, went to my room to take my hat.

As I was standing before the mirror adjusting a hat-pin, I was startled by a loud rap upon the writing table. Although greatly hurried, I crossed the room, and, taking a pencil in my hand, inquired: "Who is there?" The name of a brother who had been recently taken from the world was given, and I was told furthermore that he wanted me to write to his wife, whom I had then never met. Not wishing to keep my hostess waiting, I objected that there was then no time, but added that I would write immediately upon my return; and as it was not the regular day for sending the mail, a few hours' difference in the moment of writing, — so I reasoned, — could not greatly matter.

Such, however, was not my brother's opinion; and the answer came imperatively: "Write now — at once!"

Taking a sheet of paper, I said: "You must write the letter yourself, since I do not know what you wish to say."

Then, by my hand, I holding the pencil, was written a short letter, speaking of a matter of which I, myself, was in total ignorance; but which, as I learned very much later, was entirely intelligible to the recipient. To this I added a hasty postscript, explaining as best I might *how* it had come, and then, having addressed and sealed the missive, I turned away, leaving it there on the table, when I was told that I must take it with me.

As I was descending the broad stairway holding this in my hand, my hostess, who was awaiting me in the spacious hall below, exclaimed: "Oh, you have a letter, give it to me quickly! I am sending an extra courier to O—— and he can mail it."

Not until some months had passed did I learn that that letter had reached my widowed sister-in-law in her New England country home upon her birthday morning.

Dr. Richard Hodgson, then Secretary of the American Branch of the Society of Psychical Research, said, when later I wrote him of this, that he considered it a test of sufficient importance for reporting to the Society.

The second test is one concerning the hearing of the name of one who had passed from this world.

On page 360 of his book, *Raymond* Sir Oliver Lodge says: "Most mediums are able to convey a name only with difficulty. Now plainly a name, especially the proper name of a person, is a very conventional and meaningless thing; it has few links to connect it with other items in memory; and hence arises the normally well-known difficulty of recalling one."

An incident illustrative of this difficulty occurred in connection with one of the victims of the *Titanic* disaster. During the summer following that tragic event I met the widow of one of the brave men who had gone down with the ship, and as we were conversing together, a message was given me for her purporting to be from her husband.

"How can I know that it is really from him?" she queried.

"Only, of course, by the purport of the message," I answered.

Being still unsatisfied Mrs. —— inquired as to whether I knew her husband's middle name?

"I only know that it commences with a 'B,'" I replied.

"Well then, if it is really he, why cannot he give me his name?"

But this Mr. — said he could not do, and at the same time expressed surprise that the messages he had already given had failed to convince his wife of his presence there.

Some few months later I was visiting Mrs. — in her own home, and again, after receiving several messages of apparent importance, she reverted to the former question concerning her husband's middle name, — a thing to which I had never given a moment's thought in the interim, — but the only response obtained was, that, as *she* "already knew the name," and as it was to me a matter of total indifference, he did not see why he should put himself "to the trouble of trying to make me hear it."

Such a reply was, of course, most unsatisfactory; and as, upon going to my room that night, I was standing before the dressing-table, I wondered why so apparently simple a thing could not have been conveyed to me. As this thought took shape there was a sudden flash of suggestion, and the letters "B-a-r" were strongly impressed upon my mind. Instantly I completed the name with "n-e-y," — *Barney*, but was told it was wrong.

Placing one hand on the table, I asked that the other letters be given me, and they came at once: "n-o-l-d." "Barnold," I reflected, "a family name, I suppose!"

The following morning when seated together at the breakfast table, I inquired of my friend as to whether her husband's name commenced with "B-a-r," and she answered despondently:

"No!" adding, "oh, it cannot be he has forgotten his name!"

"Do not tell me what it is," I interrupted hastily, "until I tell you the name that was given me;" and I spelt it out: "B-a-r-n-o-l-d."

"That is not right," she almost sobbed, "it is *B-o-r-l-a-n-d*!"

Nor would she be convinced even when I pointed out to her the fact that every letter was there, although misplaced; this very circumstance making it, according to Dr. Hyslop, a "very good test."

"If," remarked the late President of the American Society of Psychical Research, when later I told him of the incident, "you had heard the name aright it would have been *no test* at all, for I should simply have supposed that you had heard it before and your subconscious mind had reproduced it for you."

THE BENEFITS OF PROHIBITION

JOHN GORDON COOPER

DESPITE all obstacles set up against the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, prohibition has already accomplished incalculable reforms, social, economic, and industrial, says this Congressman from Ohio. In the last four years the death rate of this country has fallen, many penal institutions have closed, arrests for drunkenness have dropped by 500,000 a year, and deposits in savings banks have increased. Regulation, in place of prohibition, would, he believes, enormously stimulate the illicit liquor traffic.

THAT prohibition should be strictly enforced as long as it is a part of the Constitution of the United States, and that as part of the Constitution it is deserving of the respect and support of the citizens of the United States, is not a debatable question. Our whole system of government, our greatness as a nation, and the unequalled benefits, opportunities, and privileges which we enjoy as individual Americans are all based on the Constitution. A blow at the Constitution is a blow at all that is near and dear to us. The Eighteenth Amendment prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquor as a beverage is an integral part of the Constitution and as such is as much entitled to respect and obedience as any other part of the fundamental law of the land. Disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment is just as serious as disregard of the guarantee that life, liberty, and property may not be taken from a citizen without due process of law. Disobedience of one law inevitably breeds disobedience of other laws and leads to anarchy. We may change the Constitution but we can not nullify it.

Even the most active enemies of prohibition do not openly advocate disobedience to the Constitution. They propose instead that the sale of beer and wine be legalized on the claim that such beverages are not intoxicating. It is not within the scope of this article to go at length into this phase of the subject, but experience has amply proved that the liquor traffic cannot be regulated, that when it is granted an inch it will take a mile, that the only way to meet the evil is to place it outside the law and then enforce the law. To legalize the sale and traffic in wine and beer would enormously increase illicit traffic in "hard" liquor.