

chic who I had seen perform such wonders in Los Angeles. This seance was held in Prof. Dalbeare's own library. No one but ourselves, Mrs. Dalbeare and the psychic were present. Conditions were absolutely of our own making except that the room was dark.

The psychic, confined in her chair by the silk threads, the ends of which were held by Dalbeare and myself—fell into a death-like trance and while in this condition and while absolutely motionless and silent, a large tin cone, which stood upon the table, was knocked about! Books were thrown from the shelves behind the psychic!

Large hands appeared between me and the light! And then, at last, a voice came from a trumpet which floated around the table!

For TWO SOLID HOURS this voice, which claimed that it had belonged to a confederate soldier, a native of Missouri, kept us laughing by the quaint and ready humor of his replies.

Prof. Dalbeare was profoundly puzzled as well as amused by the events. Pillows were patted and tossed around; books hurled through the air; my chair was tapped at a distance of six feet from the psychic and the cone moved with unerring precision to whatever point in the room we indicated!

The table was shaken as if by a strong man—and yet the silk threads remained undisturbed and no slightest sound indicated a movement on the part of the psychic!

Other "spirits" whispered through the cone and some gave names which the Dalbeares recognized; one came to me, but I paid little attention to that part of the performance.

When the lights were turned on the psychic was disclosed lying as if dead. Her arms were badly swollen and the threads were deeply sunk into her wrists. Her pulse was very irregular and SO FAINT we could scarcely detect its beat, but a half

hour's brisk rubbing and a cup of coffee brough her back to normal activity.

She said she knew nothing of what had happened.

After Mrs. Dalbeare and the psychic had left the room I said, "Well, professor, what do you make of that?"

He gazed at me with remote and puzzled glance.

"I don't know! I don't know!" he answered in a hesitating voice.

Many years afterward I asked him the same question and he gave the same answer.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME

The slavish obedience of the human race to the dictates of fashion began to assert itself in the earliest times which can be called human.

Far back in the distant past some prehistoric "Beau Brummel" started the craze by tatooing his body and the fashion was quickly imitated. Later on a king or popular hero arose with a strangely-shaped head. Fond mothers at once took pains to mould their infants' heads, with the help of boards lined with moss, into a similar shape. Then came the piercing of the nostrils, ears and lips; the wearing of shells and beads, and later man began to clothe himself in the skins of wild beasts. Finally, discovering the secret of manufacturing cloth and tanning leather, he reluctantly gave up mutilating his body, and went to mutilating his bodily comfort.

HONK! HONK!

"My dear sir," said the specialist after a careful examination, "what you need is plenty of exercise. In a case like yours there is nothing better than the automobile. It will—"

"But, doctor," interrupted the patient, with a hopeless gesture, "I can't afford one!"

"Didn't tell you to!" snapped the specialist. "I meant dodge 'em."—N. Y. World.