

TRUTH MAKES FAKE MEDIUMS SQUIRM

MAZZININANDA MEETS DEHUMILIATION WHEN HE FACES ACCUSERS PROFESSES TO FORGET NATIVE TONGUE

Black Magic Fails Faker With Italian Name, Irish Face, Cockney Accent, Who Claims to Be a Persian but Knows No Iranian.

Dramatic Scene Enacted

BY BESSIE BEATTY
So efficient has The Herald's exposure of spiritualistic fakers and other charlatans proved, that dissemination has arisen in the ranks of the mediums and in sheer desperation each is ready to cut the throat of the other if in so doing he can save the smallest shred of his own reputation.

No method of treachery is too large or too small for the fakers, and the most sacred secrets of the craft have become common property.

At a meeting of the Truth Seekers' Society last Sunday morning, there was a general row. The president of the society has demanded that the principles of truth in spiritualism should be upheld and that only religious and not business mediums should be allowed on the platform.

This idea did not meet with the approval of some of the members of the society who are charged with being fakers or upholders of the same. A resolution of the entire set of officers was called for. A new board was chosen and Allan Parkinson was elected president.

The former president denounced the society as an organization upholding fraud and said that he would no longer be connected with organized spiritualism.

Says Society Upholds Fraud
"I have given time and money in trying to place the religious truth of spiritualism on a sound basis in Los Angeles. I stand for higher education in mediumship, spiritual development, cleanliness, purity and honor," said he.

"This society is upholding fraud and I will not have my name connected with an organization that upholds mediums who advertise to give business advice and profess to practice physical phenomena."

"Spiritualists want to see mediums recognized as ministers of the gospel and want an ordinance passed exempting them from the payment of license, but in the event that they ask the city for such an ordinance, I will fight it as long as there is a drop of spiritualism which exists today."

During the week it has developed that there is a mediums' protective association in Los Angeles, formed for the purpose of carrying on their work without being bothered by law or by those who are ready to sting back when they have been stung.

Seek to Evade Law
It is said that the two principal objects of this society are to protect mediums when they are arrested, and to help them to evade paying the license which the city imposes.

Certain members are delegated to keep watch on the movements of the Anti-Faker Society and there is a "blue book" that affords much valuable information to the initiated.

Of this society the secretary, treasurer and prime mover is Swami Dr. Mazzininanda.

Swami Dr. Mazzininanda of Benares, India, if you please is a spiritual teacher and lecturer and he is the divinity who presides over Udana Karana temple, 737 South Spring street, according to his business card.

In the world. A little less modishness of attire and he would have been picked out as an English costermonger. With his first word it was back to Charing Cross in a hurry.

Wants The Herald to Quit
It was a pleasant little chat he had with the city editor. It was all wrong, he said, this stand that The Herald has taken against fakers. It would not pay, it would lead to nothing.

"As witness, Elsie Reynolds is making more money now than she did before The Herald exposed her."

"But she has no license," answered the city editor. "She can have none. It is being held up by the police authorities pending an investigation. Not only is that the case, but she is not now in the city. And," turning and looking the little cockney squarely in the eye, "to be frank with you we have been told by one of the rank and file of your spirit photographers here and we have an affidavit to the effect that you knew nothing of Buddhism until Mrs. Mary Coll advised you to take up the work and furnished you the money to buy the first books and paraphernalia. It is part of The Herald's philosophy, however, to hear both sides of a story. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Why-y-y-y-y-y-y, that is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. It is utterly untrue," answered Swami, and no one could have been fuller of injured innocence and astonishment that anyone could have conceived such a thing.

"You say you are from Benares, India," asked the city editor.
"Yes, I was born in Persia. I was educated in England and on the continent."

"You look remarkably like an Irishman to have been born in Persia and you have the accent of an Englishman. A strange combination for a Persian. You speak Hindoostani, of course?" this with the most hopeful insinuation, for Baba Bharati was sitting in an anteroom within convenient call.

Caught in a Trap
"O, yes, I speak Persian, Hindoostani and in fact all the Sanskrit languages fluently. Persian is my native tongue," he answered guilelessly.

How fortunate responded the city editor with genuine delight in his voice, "a friend of mine, far from his native home, is anxious to talk to someone who understands Persian or some of the Sanskrit languages. He is a fluent linguist in all of them."

"I should be delighted to talk to him, but what part of India or Persia is he from? It is possible we may be from different parts of the country and our dialects may differ so that we will not be able to understand each other."

"Oh, yes you will! You may speak any dialect you choose and he will understand it and be able to answer you, for he knows them all. He is quite near and I will call him so you may both have the pleasure of talking in your native tongue."

Swami pulled out his watch and looked at it nervously.
"I would be delighted some other time, but just now I have an important engagement that I must keep. Really, I cannot wait," and he jumped up in a hurry.

He ran down the steps of the local room only to fall into the arms of Baba Bharati, who had been summoned in the meantime.

Baba, in his splendid oriental manhood, towers above the little trance medium like some majestic god of mystery, and the little fellow trembled in fear as he realized how neatly he had been trapped.

Urged to Utter One Word
"There he is. Talk a little Persian to him. Talk a little Hindoostani or any of the Sanskrit languages. The Baba will be delighted to hear you. It has been a long time since you two have been able to converse in your native tongue and I am sure you will enjoy a little heart-to-heart chat with Baba Bharati," said the city editor, with the most biting sarcasm. "This must be a rare treat to you to have the opportunity of talking to another Buddhist teacher."

"Yes-s-s-s, but we represent different philosophies, don't we, brother?" with the most appealing look at Baba Bharati.
"Quite true," answered the city editor. "Baba represents the truth and you—bab you are nothing but a rank faker. Talk to him in your native tongue. Talk to him! I dare you to! Speak, or I denounce you before all these people."



This alleged spirit picture shows Mazzininanda and an investigator. Below the portraits appears the dim shadow of a previous exposure of the photographic plate upon the features of the pseudo Persian mystic. It is a simple fraud and one which a child might duplicate. The lower figure, the outlines of which are crosswise on the plate, is made to convince dupes that it is the astral body of the faker.

preserved myself by living according to my philosophy." When he spoke of his philosophy he straightened up to his full height, but as his eyes fell on the unmoved countenance of Baba he cringed again. As Baba spoke to him in Hindoostani, saying, "You seem to be in trouble," he wilted even more, but no answer and looked wildly around for some loophole of escape or a sympathetic face in that pitiless throng.

"The Swami moved as if to go," said the editor. "Tell us of your spirit pictures." "Me make spirit pictures!" The Swami's fine scorn was lost in the thunderous reply.

"Yes, you make spirit pictures. I have here in my hand begun spirit photographs of you and your pseudo astral body. Will you look at them?" "It's untrue. I am betrayed!" cried Mazzininanda.

"Work your black magic some. Invoke your dread powers. I should be delighted to talk to him, but what part of India or Persia is he from? It is possible we may be from different parts of the country and our dialects may differ so that we will not be able to understand each other."

"Oh, yes you will! You may speak any dialect you choose and he will understand it and be able to answer you, for he knows them all. He is quite near and I will call him so you may both have the pleasure of talking in your native tongue."

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By EARL STRACHAN
An afternoon devoted to the pastime of visiting the different "spirit shops" in Los Angeles, where spiritualistic fakers hold forth for the purpose of separating guileless persons from their cash, is a revelation indeed. The crude methods employed, the tricks indulged in and the untruths told all hold the attention as nothing else will.

I passed an afternoon doing this very thing last week, in company with Robert A. Hazel, who is devoting his time to exposing the tricks of the spiritualists. I visited the places where several of the so-called mediums perform the "marvels" by which they draw the bright yellow gold from the purses of their deluded victims, and then wondered how any person could be easy enough to believe in their vaunted powers.

Fearing I would be recognized as a reporter if I went in my usual clothing—and spiritualists do not like reporters and refuse to talk to them unless driven into a corner—I donned the cap of a messenger boy, and with a rough shirt and old clothing started out to visit these alleged middlemen between the spirit land and this.

We had arranged that Hazel was to take the part of an eastern tourist, while I was to act as a guide showing him the sights.

Professor Milburn at Home
Our first visit was to Professor Milburn. This alleged medium has for his headquarters a suite of well-furnished rooms on the corner of Hill and Seventh streets.

When we entered his reception room we were greeted by a woman who, after peering at the messenger badge on my cap, asked if I had a telegram for Professor Milburn. I stated I had not, but that the gentleman I was with desired a reading, and we were then graciously requested to take seats and she would inform the medium of our wishes.

We took the seats pointed out and in a moment were startled by the arrival of the professor. The professor's mode of entering a room is unique. He came in on the jump, stopped as if he had struck a brick wall, shot both hands under the tall of his cutaway coat and blurted out:

"What do you want?" "I would like a reading," replied Hazel.
"Who are you? What do you do?" were the next questions of this medium who claims he can tell all about you on sight.

"Why, I don't do much of anything at present," answered Hazel.
Only One in a Time
"All right, come in this room," was the answer of the professor, who sprang from where he was standing into the hall, and the next moment appeared at a door leading into an adjoining room.

Hazel started to go; I tried to follow, but was held by stern rebuking eyes and a rough voice, in which I was informed in no uncertain terms that only one person was allowed in the room at a time and that I had best return to my seat. This did not meet with my approval or with Hazel's, and we told the medium so. Then he got wise. He saw through the game and all he did was to open the door and point toward the street. His look of injured innocence was too much; we turned and left.

We then decided to visit Isis, who claims that life is to her as an open book. This remarkable woman calls herself the Egyptian palmist and clairvoyant, and has a large sign which reads "There is Only One Isis." When I call her remarkable I mean she really is remarkable, for surely no other woman has sufficient nerve to unwind string after string of untruths and never stand a hair.

CLEVER DISGUISES FOOL SPOOK MEDIUMS DESPITE BLACK ARTS

MR. AND MRS. STRACHAN OUTWIT MAGIC

Reporter Poses as Messenger Boy and Mother of Baby Girl as Sweet Sixteen—Both Hear Interesting Things About Future Partners of Their Joys and Sorrows

was filled with persons waiting to have their future unfolded to them.

Schoolgirls "Bunked"
In the crowd I saw a gentle faced old woman, the lines of care and sorrow plainly marked upon their brows, patiently waiting until their turn should come so they could hold a conversation with some loved one in the great beyond. Simple young girls were there, maidens who looked as if they had strayed in on their way from school. Others giggled as they waited and wondered if they would be told the name of their future husbands.

What surprised me most, however, was the sight of two persons, both of them apparently hard headed old business men who had passed years in the harness of commercial life. One appeared ashamed of being seen in such a place, toyed with his hat and looked uncomfortable, while the second read the signs on the wall and was evidently impressed with the wondrous tales they told of the powers of Isis.

One by one their turns came and at last we were reached. Isis did not object to having both in the room at the same time, and we entered. It was a small and kept place and the floor was littered with papers. A small table, on which lay a magnifying glass and several packs of cards, occupied a corner near the only window.

"I give a test reading of the palm for ten cents and a full reading for one dollar," said Isis, and I decided a test reading was good enough for me.

Disguise Deceives Medium
"Your left hand, please," said Isis, gazing at my eyes and paying but little attention to the lines in my hand, and continued in the tone of a child reciting a well learned lesson:

"You have had few opportunities in your life and those you have not made the most of. You are intuitive and have ability. In fact you are above your present position and should be something better than a messenger boy. You will be married twice, and that is all I tell for ten cents. It will cost you a dollar to have full life reading, in which I unveil the identity of your future wife, tell when you are to be married and advise you as to your business."

"I had enough; she had my ten cents and I preferred to let the future remain folded."

"Do you tell fortunes with cards?" asked Hazel.
"Certainly. Psychic card reading is my specialty," answered Isis, "and it only costs you fifty cents to have the history of your entire life told. Sit right down here. That is right. Now cut the cards three times, being careful not to cross them."

All clairvoyants will tell you never to cross the cards.
"I see a marriage for you in the near future. You have not met the right girl so far, but go slow, as you will meet her in time. Hazel has been married five years. You have made a wonderful success of your present work, but will soon branch out and become a buyer. You are a fair salesman but a better buyer. I would advise you to stick to the line. You will receive a fortune in the near future and some man, evidently an older man than you, will be the one to give it to you."

"I am a admirer of Ananias, of Benare and of Munchausen, I have heard and read the tales of these masters in the art of prevarication, for none of them, I am sure, ever had the nerve to sit down and graft a person at the rate of \$1 a throw, for lies which were without base. Neither did they attempt to advise young men and women in their love affairs. They did not offer to tell you how to make millions and out of pure love for humanity reveal the gold themselves, while two mediums I visited Thursday did all these things, and what was worse, were willing to prey on the sorrows of men and women, and bring out foundation and tales which were receive a fortune in the near future and some man, evidently an older man than you, will be the one to give it to you."

Mother is a Schoolgirl!
Since The Herald began the exposure of the methods used by the mediums in Los Angeles I had been informed that a great deal of care was being taken by them to keep undesirable persons—such as reporters—from visiting their haunts. I was sorry, as I wished to attend one of the seances and see for myself if all that was told of them was true. I did not know how to go about it, however, until an assignment to visit them was given me. Then I had to plan a way to get in. There was only one thing to do. That was to dress up in a girl's skirt, with my hair in braids and endeavor to pass as a love-sick schoolgirl anxious as to the outcome of a love affair.

This I did, and notwithstanding the fact that I have a 2-year-old baby at home, I made myself that few persons could tell but what I was about 16 years of age and just what I pretended to be.

With a bundle of schoolbooks securely tied with a strap and my arms full of the office prepared to meet the foe. My feet strayed toward Seventh and Hill streets, for on that corner I had been told Professor Milburn resided, a spiritualist, a palmist, a medium and the one who I had been informed was the loudest in words of condemnation for The Herald in its crusade of showing the work which he and others of his class were perpetrating.

I was assigned into a reception room by a woman who looked at me closely to see if by any chance I was a reporter, but being deceived by my appearance and books at last consented to call the professor.

TRICK AN EASY ONE

Mr. Hazel explains this trick by saying it is a simple one, being the bringing to light of a picture by wetting the paper. The paper is called, Decalcamine and can be purchased at any photo supply house. The picture is first printed on the paper and is then caused to disappear by soaking the paper in a chemical solution. The effort of water on it counteracts the effect of the chemical and the picture is again brought to light.

This closed the interview with Isis and we left her establishment feeling that we had gained eighty-five cents' worth of knowledge, nothing more.

In her conversation with us this woman showed ignorance in every sentence uttered. She was not even shrewd, and instead of using her own judgment allowed herself to be led on by questions at every turn. She was amused in the manner in which it is claimed that her patronage includes persons of all walks in life and that she seldom has an idle moment. Business men consult her in regard to affairs of the commercial world, while trusting mothers seek her advice in bringing up their sons and daughters. Not only this, but she makes first aid to Cupid one of her numerous specialties and will go to any length in advising young men and women whom they ought to marry.

Each person who enters is inspected closely to see whether he bears any resemblance to a reporter, and if he does is informed that the medium is not at home.

Many of them are on the move at present, the majority of which have been given their actions through The Herald's exposure being more than they could stand. Few of them say, however, that they intend to give up their faking, the fact that the crop of credulous persons who believe in the always sure of easy money keeping them in it.

MILBURN FALLS EASY PREY TO A BRIGHT YOUNG WOMAN
MRS. CLAIRE STRACHAN
Thursday I returned from a visit to the establishments of two so-called spiritualists, loaded to the brim with stories, the like of which made Jules Verne famous in the world of fiction. Truly some of these disciples of Munchausen who have their signs out in Los Angeles as go-betweeners between the denizens of the spirit world and this mundane sphere, are fit to rank with their teacher, and should be granted a diploma without more delay.

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Mrs. Claire Strachan, who posed as a schoolgirl and showed how little his second sight availed the mighty Milburn. She says the faker group would make an excellent market for a job lot of gold bricks.

DOCK HOUGHTON'S PSYCHIC SIDE KICK TAKES A VACATION
Elsie Reynolds and Florence White are taking a vacation. Two of the first of the mediums The Herald exposed have found it more pleasant to cease divorcing foolish girls and sorrowing widows from their money.

Florence White, whose picture was published in The Herald recently in an effective group of which Councilman Arthur Houghton is the other member, is basking in the sunlight at Pasadena, according to the landlord at the Montgomery, 444 South Spring street, where she had her rooms.

The landlord confided that Mrs. White thought she had better leave town for a while until the trouble which The Herald has stirred up has blown over. That is Mrs. White's way of putting it. Mrs. H. H. Parker, a clairvoyant in room 1 of the Montgomery, said yesterday over the telephone that Mrs. White has gone away for a vacation and will not again come back to the Montgomery. She would not admit that Mrs. White is in Pasadena, but declared she did not know her address.

"She has gone away for a vacation; she is tired and needs the rest," said Mrs. Parker. "No, she will not return to the Montgomery if she comes back to Los Angeles."

The picture of Florence White and her erstwhile psychic side kick, Dr. Arthur Houghton, now councilman from the Sixth ward with aspirations to remain in the city's service, recalls the days when Professor Arthur and Florence White took the dollars of the farmers of the middle west. The doctor gave up practicing that ("profession") and now confines himself to politics, and temporarily Mrs. White has followed his example, though as far as is known politics does not figure in her aspirations.

At the city hall it was learned that Elsie Reynolds' license was still held up awaiting investigation by the police. All the fraudulent mediums are much alarmed and many of them have suspended operations until, as they express it, "the thing has blown over."

Only One in a Time
"All right, come in this room," was the answer of the professor, who sprang from where he was standing into the hall, and the next moment appeared at a door leading into an adjoining room.

Hazel started to go; I tried to follow, but was held by stern rebuking eyes and a rough voice, in which I was informed in no uncertain terms that only one person was allowed in the room at a time and that I had best return to my seat. This did not meet with my approval or with Hazel's, and we told the medium so. Then he got wise. He saw through the game and all he did was to open the door and point toward the street. His look of injured innocence was too much; we turned and left.

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Her stand is at 412 West Seventh street and she has a great sign in front which announces that she will read palms and tell the past for ten cents. We had ten cents and went in. When my spirit so we found that it was a case of take your turn, as the room

Makes Families to Order
"How about my sister?" asked Hazel. "Don't she get some of that fortune? I know who is going to leave it. My uncle is very wealthy."

"Oh, yes, your sister will get hers," replied Isis, "and your uncle will also remember your older brother, but you will get the largest share of the fortune. Be careful of a dark man who is jealous of you. Four is your lucky number and Tuesday your lucky day. Now you better let me make a spirit picture of your future wife. It will cost you 25 cents." Hazel has no brother, no sister, no uncle.

"Can I get a spirit picture of my future wife by paying 25 cents?" I asked, and was at once given an affirmative reply.
"Taking a small piece of white paper Isis, after first wetting her palm, laid

it in her hand. Then a large piece of brown paper was laid over it.
"Now do not speak while I pray and hold conversation with your guiding spirit," she said, and a moment later handed me a picture of a woman with short hair who is booked to lead me to the altar.
"You will soon meet this woman," said the medium, "and if you wish to pay me another 25 cents I will tell you her name. She will make you a good wife, as you have a strong, good spirit watching over you."

All this in spite of the fact that I have not only a wife, but a baby girl, and am not a Mormon.

Trick an Easy One
Mr. Hazel explains this trick by saying it is a simple one, being the bringing to light of a picture by wetting the paper. The paper is called, Decalcamine and can be purchased at any photo supply house. The picture is first printed on the paper and is then caused to disappear by soaking the paper in a chemical solution. The effort of water on it counteracts the effect of the chemical and the picture is again brought to light.

This closed the interview with Isis and we left her establishment feeling that we had gained eighty-five cents' worth of knowledge, nothing more.

In her conversation with us this woman showed ignorance in every sentence uttered. She was not even shrewd, and instead of using her own judgment allowed herself to be led on by questions at every turn. She was amused in the manner in which it is claimed that her patronage includes persons of all walks in life and that she seldom has an idle moment. Business men consult her in regard to affairs of the commercial world, while trusting mothers seek her advice in bringing up their sons and daughters. Not only this, but she makes first aid to Cupid one of her numerous specialties and will go to any length in advising young men and women whom they ought to marry.

Each person who enters is inspected closely to see whether he bears any resemblance to a reporter, and if he does is informed that the medium is not at home.

Many of them are on the move at present, the majority of which have been given their actions through The Herald's exposure being more than they could stand. Few of them say, however, that they intend to give up their faking, the fact that the crop of credulous persons who believe in the always sure of easy money keeping them in it.

MILBURN FALLS EASY PREY TO A BRIGHT YOUNG WOMAN
MRS. CLAIRE STRACHAN
Thursday I returned from a visit to the establishments of two so-called spiritualists, loaded to the brim with stories, the like of which made Jules Verne famous in the world of fiction. Truly some of these disciples of Munchausen who have their signs out in Los Angeles as go-betweeners between the denizens of the spirit world and this mundane sphere, are fit to rank with their teacher, and should be granted a diploma without more delay.

I am an admirer of Ananias, of Benare and of Munchausen, I have heard and read the tales of these masters in the art of prevarication, for none of them, I am sure, ever had the nerve to sit down and graft a person at the rate of \$1 a throw, for lies which were without base. Neither did they attempt to advise young men and women in their love affairs. They did not offer to tell you how to make millions and out of pure love for