

The Sudden Good Fortune of Girl Who Accidentally met Conan Doyle

Her Mysterious Intuitions, of Which Her Friends Made Light, Bring Remarkable Good Fortune to Young Member of Noted St. Louis Family---Guest at Famous Private Seance

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has found in America, it seems, a young woman who promises to make his visit here more worth while than he anticipated.

The young woman in question was until she accidentally met Sir Arthur quite a normal young debutante, exceptionally pretty and talented, but seemingly not otherwise unusual.

Sir Arthur, however, discovered that she was psychic or spooky, according to the way one feels toward manifestations of the unreal. And then began an extraordinary chapter in this young woman's life.

She is Miss Kate McCausland of St. Louis, Mo. The very name suggests the old pioneer families of the city that was first made especially famous by the Nancy Lee, but which has many other claims to dignified prominence as the pearl of the Mississippi Valley. The name is linked with those of the Chateaus, the Papins and the Valles and others of the early French settlers, whose descendants still are the arbiters of St. Louis society and fashion.

Miss McCausland is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. McCausland. McCausland avenue is one of the St. Louis monuments to her grandfather and Papin avenue is a memorial to her grandmother. Her mother was long one of the guiding spirits of the St. Louis Woman's Club.

Miss McCausland, after her graduation from college, was given what used to be called the "grand tour"—a finishing trip around the world. Then she went in for art and other intellectual pastimes.

But always was she subject to weird moments—moments when she felt, to use her own expression, "as if something from some strange other world was pulling at me." She knew nothing of spiritualism. She never investigated the psychic. She knew she was intuitional and, in the stronger phrasings of the day, "that she often had hunches." One of these, for example, was experienced when her cousin, the famous Isabelle Valle of St. Louis, whom Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt once described as "the most beautiful young woman in the world," announced her engagement to James Hope-Nelson, scion of the distinguished and wealthy family of that name in England. Miss Kate declared then that she was sure her cousin, who also had been a sort of elder chum to her, would never be happy in this marriage. She urged her to cancel the engagement. "You will not be married more than five years at most," she warned her.

When Miss Valle urged her cousin to explain her grounds for such a prediction Miss Kate could only say: "I don't know, but when I think of your marriage that strange feeling comes over me—it is as if some one were trying to tell me that you should draw back, that you will not be happy."

And it turned out just as she had predicted. This was decidedly surprising, for the marriage of Miss Valle and Hope-Nelson seemed to be a true romance. They met in England while visiting mutual friends at a house party. The young Englishman at once paid court to the girl, who was then attracting



Miss Kate McCausland, the American girl who is being sent to Europe to prepare herself to become a "medium." Her good fortune is the result of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's discovery of her strange psychic qualities.

Mrs. James Hope-Nelson, who as Isabel Valle was declared to be the world's most beautiful young woman. It was through her that her cousin, Miss McCausland, was revealed to Dr. Doyle.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the center and other guests at the now famous luncheon tendered him in New York by the American Psychical Institute. Those in the photograph are, left to right: Dr. Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., Secretary of the Institute; Lady Doyle, Mrs. Oliver Harriman and Gen. Daniel Appleton.

Miss McCausland at home with two of her non-psychic "pets."

wide attention both in America and abroad for her beauty and winsomeness. He followed her to America and even brought his family over that they might see the American girl in her home surroundings. The wedding was a notable event, being solemnized under Papal dispensation by Archbishop Glennon in the Archbishop's splendid palace in St. Louis.

Members of Miss McCausland's family always remembered this remarkable incident of intuition and never afterward ridiculed those "strange moments" when, to Miss Kate, it seemed as if "some one from another world were trying to talk" to her.

While studying to be a sculptor in New York Miss McCausland met at a social affair Dr. Hereward Carrington, the chief investigator of the Society for Psychical Research. Dr. Carrington was presented by Mrs. Hope-Nelson, who had divorced her husband some time before. Mrs. Hope-Nelson laughingly informed Dr. Carrington that her cousin, Miss Kate, might well be worth "investigating," and explained that she seemed to

have a knack of "feeling" things which were wholly mysterious to others.

Dr. Carrington was interested. He begged of Miss McCausland that she call some time at the home of the society and visit its laboratories. It was while she was making this call—impelled by curiosity and something of amusement—that she was asked into a reception room there to be presented to the famous visitor—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Miss McCausland was very interesting to Sir Arthur. She was invited to be present—one of six guests—at the private seance given by the author, which was one of the outstanding features of his visit to New York.

It was at this seance that Sir Arthur discovered to his own satisfaction that Miss McCausland was "mediumistic"—one of the truest mediums, he is reported to have declared after the seance, it had been his good fortune to discover. Just what were the circumstances are not revealed.

They remain shrouded in the secrecy that envelops the other occurrences at this famous private seance.

When it was over Miss McCausland announced to her friends that she would immediately make arrangements to go to Europe, virtually as Dr. Doyle's protégé, there to undertake a course of studies under eminent psychical scientists allied with Sir Arthur. Arrangements were made for Mrs. Thomas Crandell, widow of a former Washington attache, to accompany her as chaperon. In London Miss McCausland first will

submit herself to Eva Sey, one of the prominent "mediums" frequently employed by Sir Arthur in his weird demonstrations at home. She will then submit to a thorough course of psychic tests—and will endeavor to become Sir Arthur's chief assistant in developing his theory of spirit photography. It is said she already has made attempts at this weird photography with successes that promise much to the spiritualist.

"I am simply overwhelmed," says Miss McCausland. "I never was a spiritualist and never gave that sort of thing a thought. I did attend a seance or two before I met Sir Arthur, but these were just the usual occasions—mostly fun, such as are frequently 'staged' by young people. We looked upon the whole thing as a farce and were mostly concerned in detecting the trickery which we were sure was being practiced before our very eyes. I still am sure those seances were merely tricks—for they were not at all such occasions as that of Dr. Doyle's."

"Even when I was a child I used to feel those rather strange sensations, which became more pronounced as I grew older. I remember one evening, just before midnight, turning over in bed and seeing my cousin, who had become Mrs. Hope-Nelson, standing inside the door of my bedroom. She wore her hat and a traveling cape and held a handbag. One hand was stretched toward me and she was smiling."

"I was certain my cousin was in England. I had heard from her there just a short time before. I leaped out of bed to greet her, and when I threw out my hand to clasp hers I fell forward—there was nothing there."

"I was so shocked it was some time before I could calm myself. I was as weakened as if I had recovered from a faint. At breakfast the next morning I told of the incident to my people. They were inclined to laugh at me—to declare I had been dreaming. They would not believe I actually had awakened. They said I had not gotten out of bed at all."

"But we still were at the breakfast table when a telegram was delivered me. It was from New York. It announced, tersely, that Isabel had arrived the afternoon before from Europe and was taking the train that night for St. Louis, and would I meet her at the station."

Of course I just put it down as something extremely odd—eerie and all that, but nothing worth speaking much about. Most persons to whom I related the incident were inclined to look at me curiously—to think I was laying it on pretty thick.

"Another time I was visiting a former college chum in Springfield, Ill. That afternoon I had received a long letter from my mother, who wrote me every day when I was away—no matter whether far or near—and I had answered it. I walked with my friend to the railroad station to post the letter in the train box—to make sure it would be taken up and put aboard the mail train that was due to pass through in half an hour or so."

"While I was walking home with my friend, and when I was some eight or nine blocks from the station, something seemed to clutch at me. I stopped still and closed my eyes. I saw my mother in bed, ill. Just as distinctly as if I were in the room I saw the door open and one of the servants come in and lean over mother's bed. I saw the pictures on the

wall and medicine bottles on the night table by the head of the bed. And I understood that she had been ill only a short time; that it was a sudden attack.

"When I opened my eyes I was trembling. My friend caught me by the arm and shook me and cried out, 'What is the matter, Kate? You are positively white!' I don't think I said a word—I just turned on my heel and started running toward the depot. My friend started after me, but I ran faster and soon left her, an astonished, puzzled girl, blocks behind. The train was in the depot when I reached the station. I brushed through the train gate, not daring to stop long enough to purchase a ticket. As soon as I was aboard it pulled out."

"Then, of course, I thought how foolish I was. I asked the conductor what the first stop was, and if I couldn't get off there and take a suburban train back to Springfield. He told me the train did not stop until it reached East St. Louis—just outside St. Louis itself. So I had to remain aboard."

"I thought, first, when I arrived in St. Louis of going to a hotel. I was frightened very early and I thought I would alarm my people by turning up at that hour. But I overcame this reluctance and took a cab to my home. I met a servant on the stairs. Mother had been taken suddenly ill the afternoon before and was in a critical condition. A telegram had been sent me at Springfield—just about the time I started to run for the train to start back home."

"I cannot explain it, of course. There are many other such instances I can recall. Sir Arthur would allow me to tell him only a few of them. He persuaded himself I was what he calls 'mediumistic' by his own tests. I cannot say what they were. The seance was private."

"I am tremendously eager now to find out just what it all is about. I feel as if I were about to enter some unknown sphere; it is so mysterious and alluring. Just what Sir Arthur's plans are I do not know. They will depend largely, I suppose, upon how I survive further tests and how I develop under the tutelage to which he has recommended me."

FROM the study of clouds an official of the Weather Bureau concludes that the ordinary cyclones that traverse our country from west to east are not more than two or three miles in depth, although their diameter is many hundreds of miles. In other words, their motion does not affect the upper regions of the atmosphere. In the case of hurricanes he finds that the depth is greater, amounting to as much as five or six miles. But higher currents blow directly across the cyclonic and anti-cyclonic areas which produce storms and fair weather at the surface of the earth. Some of this investigator's conclusions upset former ideas concerning the circulation of the atmosphere.