

SPIRITS AND—SPIRITS!

SEANCE HELD IN THE "BULLETIN" OFFICE (?)

Last week, at the Bulletin office (?) a seance was held with a view to discovering whether such things as Spirits existed, and, if so, if it is possible to get into conversation with the departed through a medium. Owing to the great discussion now being carried on in the columns of our contemporaries, we thought we would find out for ourselves, and the following is the result.

A number of well known persons in the C.R.O. were present, including "Toba," "The Fossil King," "The Raffle King," "The Harem King," "The Opium Fiends," "The King of Denmark," and the Editor and Treasurer of the Bulletin.

The medium was a well known member of this office—S.Q.M.S. Harry Hewitt.

Toba opened the proceedings by making a short speech, in which he suggested that the medium should get into touch with a departed spirit who goes by the name of Joe Perry.

Harry, the medium, said he would do his best, and that if the company waited long enough—say, about a fortnight—there was a possibility of him getting into direct touch with the departed Joe Perry.

The medium was then thoroughly searched and was securely tied to a barrel of beer by several of the company present. The barrel was then tied to staples in the floor, and a member of the audience suggested that this was done to prevent Harry taking the beer home, but this is untrue. Everyone was satisfied that there was no possibility of the medium breaking loose. A table was then placed at the other end of the room, and tamborines, tangerines, mandolines, posting ledgers, kippers, and a bottle of whiskey were placed on it.

Everything being ready, the lights were put out, but had to be put up again owing to the fact that "Toba" had brought one of his "ladies" from the Opium Den with him, and the lady was becoming hysterical. She was then carried out by "Toba," who having laid her on the pavement outside, returned, and the lights again extinguished.

The medium then spoke:—

"I want you all," he said, "to treat this matter seriously. I have been asked by 'Toba' to put him in touch with a departed spirit—Joe Perry, and I hope that by so doing I shall have demonstrated to you the fact that such things as spirits do exist." At this juncture the "King of Denmark" butted in and said that he could supply all the spirits that were wanted, and stated that he had already supplied the medium with a quantity.

After further argument the medium suggested that they get to business, and asked the company to chant together, in a low tone, one or two hymns. The company, not knowing any hymns, then gave a very

successful rendering of "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" and after about two hours of this, and nothing having happened, the medium suggested that they should change their song to "I see you've got your old ham bone." This was sung with real vigour, and after it had been sung about nine times the singing was interrupted by one of the company. "I've been touched!" he exclaimed, and the lights were immediately switched up. What was revealed did not encourage the company's faith in the medium, for he was seen to be *handing the whiskey bottle to the Harem King*, and in doing so had



THE "SPIRIT" ARRIVES!

touched someone else, who, quite naturally, thought the spirits had arrived. It should be borne in mind that the whiskey bottle was on the table at the other end of the room when the lights went down, and also, *it was full!* Now it was practically *empty!* When asked for an explanation, the medium said that while they were singing "the spirit had departed," but "another spirit would come in its stead."

The next query was, how did the medium manage to free himself from the

mass of rope with which he was securely tied up? The medium accounted for this by saying that "the spirit had done it," but he didn't state which spirit!

Once again he was tied up—more securely than ever; the lights lowered, and the chanting proceeded with. This time the hymn was "We want to go home."

Hour after hour went by and nothing happened—so far as the Spirit was concerned; but the singing had now died down considerably—in fact, only three of the company could be heard at all. These were the Treasurer of the Bulletin, who seemed determined to see a spirit before he went home; and the Opium Fiends, who were possibly under the influence of 'dope,' having been seen in the neighbourhood of Newgate Street earlier in the day. The remainder of the company were more or less asleep, but the medium awoke about every five minutes and enquired in a loud voice: "Has the Spirit arrived yet?" receiving no reply from the motley gathering, who sang and slumbered in the darkness. Once the lights were switched up for a few seconds to enable the Bulletin Treasurer to remove his puttees, as they were affecting his singing. It was also noticed that other empty bottles (whiskey) had joined the original one.

It was some time after the lights had been lowered again when the medium made his usual enquiry: "Has the Spirit arrived yet?" when everyone was startled by a loud crash of tamborines falling on to the floor, and a familiar voice spoke: "Phat's the matter with all of yer?" "By God, it's come!" shouted the medium.

By this time the whole company were very much awake. The Treasurer had ceased to "sing," and someone was fumbling about trying to find the switch to turn up the light.

"Are you the departed spirit of Joe Perry?" queried the medium.

"I-am-he" came the stentorian reply; "phat d'yer want?"

"Say," said the medium, "we want speech with thee; wouldst tell us saints assembled in this temple—er—well—what's it's like to be dead, Joe?"

"See here, son," came the reply, "I've been tight myself a good many toimes, but never have I been in such a state as you, and another thing—"

At this stage the lights went up and revealed our old friend Joe Perry, Corporal of the Canadians, in all his earthly glory. Nothing spiritual about him at all; he was there in the flesh and blood.

"Why, it's Joe!" shouted the company.

"Of course it's Joe," said the owner of this name. "I've just come in on night duty, and it beats me phat you fellows are sticking round here for when you ought to be home in bed. Anyways, you might have left us a drop in one of the bottles."

G.F.L.

(Perhaps we should have mentioned that the above "seance" is only imaginary.)