

OFF FOR LILY DALE.

On Thursday, 23rd August, at 9.30 a. m., my valued and confidential friend — himself a neophyte — called for me with his automobile for two; and we left at a leisurely gait on our health and pleasure-giving trip of about 170 miles, reaching our destination — Lily Dale, the spiritualistic summer resort — among the water-shed hills of Western New York State, at a height of about 1,200 feet above Lake Erie, at 10.30 a. m., 24th August, 1917.

INTERVIEWING PIERRE L. O. A. KEELER.

In a few minutes after our arrival, we were both in the presence of this independent slate-writing medium, through whose psychical make-up most wonderful experiences are to be secured. Our primary object, at the moment, being the securing of our assignment of desired sittings for these phenomena, before acquiring acceptable lodgings, and a food supply depot. Conversation was inaugurated when I proffered Mr. Keeler a small parcel, addressed to him by one of his patrons in Toronto, which had been entrusted to me to deliver to him. Having completed that act, I at once suggested that my friend and myself each desired assignment of sittings. I said, "Speaking for myself, I desire three separate sittings to be assigned to me, and at as early a time as possible, while my friend is here and can speak for himself."

Mr. Keeler's response was, "I cannot give either of you a sitting before next Sunday afternoon, 26th August, at 2 p. m. One of you can follow the other immediately after the first one is through."

I then said, "This is Friday, a. m., and I personally want *three sittings in all, and I desire all three, as soon as you can assign them to me.*"

To my remark Mr. Keeler replied, "Most people do not get more than three or four writings at a sitting, though some get five, six or seven; *but I do not remember any one getting all they asked for or expected.*" This to me was his gentlemanly score for my presumption.