

audible tones, that each in the room could hear. It was not through the mouth of the medium, but independently, and as if she were standing about 18 inches away from me. We talked together fluently and naturally, and discussed intimate subjects and events of which she and I alone could have been cognizant. She referred to incidents which occurred twenty years ago, and, on her own initiative, to many things which had occurred to me since her passing over, giving me proof after proof of the survival of life after bodily death.

* * *

"On the following evening, my sister came through to me again, and we talked for 20 minutes. During these two evenings over a dozen other spirit voices spoke to us, each distinct and individual. There was no similarity of tone, accent, phrasing, manner of speaking, or the subject of conversation, and one or two of the spirits gave long brilliant discourses on life in the spirit spheres."

* * *

Mr. Bradley's interest was so aroused that for over a year and four months he said, he had not ceased for one day to make an intensive study of the subject, reading the great mass of authentic literature on psychic research, and visiting every medium he could find in England. Sittings with Mrs. Leonard, through whom Sir Oliver Lodge gained the material for his book, "Raymond", gave Mr. Bradley the most remarkable accumulation of evidence.

* * *

In February, 1924, he brought Valiantine to England to his country residence, and night after night for over a month conducted a series of sittings. Over fifty people sat with him at these sittings; among them, some of the most famous people in England, editors, novelists, dramatists, doctors, scientists, including Signor Marconi. "In all", he says, "over 100 spirit voices manifested themselves and carried on long conversations with us in various languages."

Mr. Bradley avers that these sittings with Valiantine and Mrs. Leonard provide the most staggering evidence of survival that has ever been published. The book costs 7/6, and is published by Messrs. Werner, Laurie, London.

What Think You?

Corner for Junior Readers

Some of Denny's Out-of-School Doings

(By Annie Margaret Pike)

CHAPTER X.

Concert Halls, Concerts, and "Wang."

Most of the concerts Denny attended were held in the Ancient Concert Rooms in Brunswick Street, or in the Round Room of the Rotunda in Rutland Square, but the one he remembered best was held in a very different place.

"Kate," said Mr. Donnelly to his wife, one morning after breakfast, as he laid down the newspaper, "if you and our young hopefuls will come into town this evening, I'll frank you all to a concert."

"With all the pleasure in life," she replied, "where shall we meet you?"

"At the corner of Eden Quay and Sackville Street," said he.

Arrangements as to time having been made, he set off for his office, saying he should not be home in the middle of the day.

At the appointed hour the four, none of whom was in the secret, were surprised at being piloted along the quays to the North Wall.

"It's some joke of the Pater's," said Denny to Kathleen with whom he was walking.

At last they crossed the road and went on board the largest ship he had ever seen. This confirmed Denny in his opinion, but he was wrong all the same.

The ship was the "Great Eastern" which, as a show ship had been brought to Dublin for a short time.

A series of concerts was being given in the huge tank in which the Trans-Atlantic cable, 2,300 miles in length, had been coiled.

It made a capacious auditorium.

Of course many years had passed since this giant amongst ships had been used in the successful laying of the cable for the submarine telegraph to America in 1866.

She had carried and paid out many other cables since that year, in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and again across the Atlantic. Then she had been used as a coal hulk, and now, as Mr. Donnelly said, "she is a white elephant!"

A few years afterwards she was sold at auction in Liverpool to be broken up.

The name "Great Eastern" became a household word with the Donnellys as applied to anything of exceptional size.

In the Summertime there were many open-air concerts within a short distance of the city. At the Botanic Gardens sometimes, sometimes in the People's Gardens in the Phoenix Park, and "Mysterious Musicians" were to be heard on the seashore at Bray.

The mysterious singers wore masks, and their songs were accompanied by a pianist, also masked, whose piano was mounted on a cart. At one of these last named alfresco entertainments Denny heard a tune that pleased him greatly.

Judging by the chorus of the song the singer liked dogs better than cats.

Kathleen, on the contrary, liked cats better than dogs.

Her pet tabby, "Wang," whom she named, after a Chinese philosopher in one of her story-books, enjoyed all the privileges that are denied to cats as a general rule.

Denny said it gave him the fidgets to find "Wang" curled up on his pillow.

He did not wish to offend Kathleen by too often forcibly evicting her pet, and he was therefore very well pleased with an idea suggested to him by the song.

Having practised the tune in out-of-the-way places until he was note perfect, he went quietly to his room one evening, and finding "Wang" in peaceful slumber there he set the door a little ajar and began to sing, softly at first, and then louder and louder.

His parents and Robert, as it happened, were out at a lecture. Bridget, he knew, would not interfere, and Kathleen had already gone to bed.

"I have a little cat," sang Denny, "and I'm very fond of that." "But I'd rather have a Bow, Wow, Wow!"

There was tremendous emphasis on "cat" and "that", but it was poor and weak in comparison with the realism of the "Bow, Wow, Wow."

It required only three repetitions to convince "Wang" that the neighborhood was unsafe.

"Bow, Wow, Wow," barked Denny and "Wang" fled, and ever afterwards shunned that room as if it were in reality the dog-haunted place Denny had made it appear.

"I have a little cat,

And I'm very fond of that:

But I'd rather have a Bow, Wow, Wow!"