THE FACTS
IN THE
McPherson Case
AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF
BUSINESS MEN, EDITORS AND
MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL

PRICE TWENTY CENTS
Dedication

To My Darling Mother who by loving deed and precept taught me to love the Lord, My Country and My Fellowman this book, compiled in the interest of justice to one of the Lord’s workers, the good name of our fair state and the faith of our fellowman, is affectionately dedicated.
Foreword

This little booklet is compiled that you, who desire, may know the Truth. As Managing Editor of thirty county Farm Bureau Publications in California and The California Farm Bureau Evening Radio News, which is broadcast each evening over Station KQW at San Jose, California, I have been afforded an opportunity to view this case from every angle, including that of the reader and listener anxious to know the truth.

Because I have found that the average reader and listener is anxious to know the truth and to get the viewpoint of men in other walks of life, I am compiling this little booklet. It is my hope that those who read it may pass it on to others that they, too, may have the opportunity of learning the truth.

It is not the purpose of this little booklet to cast aspersions upon any individual or to in any way interfere with the due process of law. Rather, it is its purpose to assist justice by advising the public of the facts and, if possible, bring people back to that higher plane of thinking from which the sordidness injected into this case has swept them.

Fred J. Hart

Who Is Aimee Semple McPherson?

The following brief sketch giving a birds-eye view of the life and work of this remarkable woman is placed at the beginning of this book that you may the better understand what follows:

Reprint From Angelus Sentinel

From all parts of the world are being received urgent requests from aching, troubled hearts for "the truth" regarding Aimee Semple McPherson and the recent tragedy and attendant persecution.

Those who have sat under Mrs. McPherson's ministry in the great revival services, over Radio KFSG or the "Bridal Call Family" are unswerving in 100 percent confidence, loyalty and love. There are many, however, in the big "out there," who not having the privileges above mentioned are yet pleading for the truth.

It is generally conceded that Mrs. McPherson and Angelus Temple are undergoing a campaign of character assassination unequalled in the history of the printing press, or, in fact, of the records of American judicial history.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the life and history of Mrs. McPherson but who realize that "a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit," nor an evil tree good fruit, we give here a brief synopsis.

Away out on a Canadian farm a young woman with a burdened heart knelt in prayer. Her heart was bowed in contrition; the one who prayed had been called to God's work and stepped aside. Nothing else could satisfy the heart that had been dedicated to God's service. Her moving lips said:

"Lord, You called me to preach the Gospel, but somehow I have failed You and cannot go, but if You will only hear my prayer, as You heard Hannah's prayer of old, and give me a little baby girl, I will give her to your service, that she may preach the word I should have preached, fill the place that I should have filled, and live the life I should have lived in Thy service. O, Lord, hear and answer; me, give me the witness that Thou hast heard me, O, Lord, for Thine own Name's sake. Amen.'

Daughter Dedicated to God

God, high and mighty, yet ever near to those who call upon Him in the day of trouble, heard and answered this prayer. There came to that Canadian farm a little daughter—one who was loved, who was treasured and held for the fulfillment of the mother's pledge. This tiny girl was named Aimee, and publicly dedicated at six weeks of age. Trained upon the Bible, educated normally, Aimee was given both by heritage and environment a strong, healthy body and a clean mind, and fed on country fare; and taught to
love God and to believe in His Word.

Ever before the mother was the memory of that prayer and the realization that this treasure was God's first. Her habits were watched and friendships guarded, her feet were continually guided in "the straight and narrow path." Then came a day when through the high school teaching of Darwinism this child brought the first trouble and heartache to the devoted mother, who had prayed, suffered, sacrificed and lived to bring to perfection this sacred trust.

Again God heard the mother's cry, and at seventeen years of age this child of prayer was soundly converted the old-fashioned Bible way, and her life then became the Lord's in a new and fuller sense. Soon she was married. Then followed years which were "truth stranger than fiction." This child, trained on a farm, married the noble young evangelist, Robert Sample, through whose message she had been led to Christ and as his wife entered the first mission work and later went with him to the mission fields of China. There a great tragedy befell her—her first sorrow. The young husband, who had prayed for China, gave his life as a missionary, leaving the little bride, not yet twenty years of age, passed on to his reward. There followed anguish of soul, loneliness and despair. Only one who has experienced can understand. And then—a month from Robert Sample's death, a little treasure was laid in the young widow's arms and she was named Roberta Star—Roberta for her father, and Star because she was to be a guide and a light on the now darkened pathway.

**Years of Struggle Passed**

Many years have passed since then, Roberta, a bonnie, brown-eyed lass, has just passed her sixteenth birthday. The mother, Aimee Sample McPherson passed through many years of such struggle, as is probably unknown to any other evangelist. The message she was called to preach became so real, the Bible must be all believed or none, and therefore she must believe that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever," what the Bible taught through Jesus to His disciples and His church, Aimee Sampel McPherson believed to be the message for her and for God's people everywhere today. This has been the essence—saying in this day of popular religions. The struggle through these years is told in intimate detail in her book, "This Is That." Suffice it to say, God everywhere raised up friends, and through no board or church organization was ever asked to finance her, and she has traveled the world and America north, east, south, west, financing the campaigns by her own efforts and faith; seldom having funds supplied in advance for expenses. For many years no building could be found in any city large enough to hold the eager throngs. These campaigns continued from ten days to six weeks and many people coming from great distances were unable to gain admission.

**The Temple "Ideal"**

Mrs. McPherson then made a transcontinental Gospel auto tour from New York City to Los Angeles, with her children, her mother and stenographer, and through gifts of friends God had given her a little home for her family while she continued her journey. After much prayer and waiting upon God Mrs. McPherson felt it was God's will for her to build a house until the Lord in the city of Los Angeles. It was realized that this would be a great struggle, though they did not know all that it would entail. The first thought was not of a Temple of concrete and steel, with pipe organ, beautiful windows and carpets, but of a tabernacle. This it was found impossible to build and while this project broadened and matured the great and beautiful Angelus Temple, with its seating capacity said to be the largest of any Class A church in America.

Thousands of Mrs. McPherson's friends assisted in bringing her dream to realization. Angelus Temple was erected and dedicated to God on the first day of January, 1923, and was filled and surrounded with many thousands of loving, loyal friends, many of whom had journeyed to Los Angeles from all quarters of the world.

Ever since that time, practically four years, the world has been stirred and startled at the mighty and continuous revival, the extent of which is not known. Mrs. McPherson herself had not dreamed. The Angelus Temple is primarily an evangelistic center, open and free to whosoever will come. Every month in the year sees scores of delegations and friends from all parts of the country, so that frequently from thirty to thirty-eight states and many countries are represented in the audience. Within this evangelistic center a marvelous church was organized. Choirs, quartets, bands, orchestras, Sunday school, social and mission work, and many departments of Christian service have been and are successfully operated. The statistics of yearly attendance are far beyond the fondest hopes of the average Christian organization that we hesitate to present them. Suffice it to say that from 36,000 to 50,000 persons average in weekly attendance, while the Sunday school recently varied from 3,000 to 3,600, and the KFSG church has a countless multitude of members.

**What Does She Preach?**

Mrs. McPherson preaches a gospel of Salvation, which forms a direct line of cleavage between the world and the Christian—a gospel which believes in the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, in Jesus Christ answering prayer, the healing of His people—and the imminent and premillennial return of our Lord.

The work has been financed in the most unusual way: the free-will offering plan is strictly adhered to. Not a member is solicited for funds or pledges. Rich and poor meet on one level. The church has extended its borders, with scores of branches, which are pastored by the graduates of the Bible School—which school, by the way, has been built since Angelus Temple and is of equal cost and beauty, having at the present time upward of 300 adult students. The
Bible course of this school consists of a two-year cycle, comprising all practical Bible teaching.

Shortly after the opening of the Temple, when it was realized that Mrs. McPherson must of necessity remain in Los Angeles, at least for a time, in answer to a great demand, the KFGS Radio Station was installed atop the Temple, and from its silver towers have gone out to the world at large—to the home of the mountain dweller, to the shut-in within the city, to the sailor traveling the high seas, to the sufferer on the hospital cot—the beautiful services, with the organ, the band, the choirs, and the Foursquare Gospel message. Thus Mrs. McPherson's ministry is a worldwide one.

Travels the Holy Land

For three years she labored, day and night, month in and month out, without rest or vacation, never being absent from her pulpit over the weekend. Then her church, learning of her life-long desire to visit the Holy Land and to see the sights and tread the sands of the Saviour's ministry, fitted her out and sent her to Palestine. En route she preached in London, England, holding services on the return trip in the great and beautiful memorial Royal Albert Hall.

Aimee Semple McPherson returned from her tour on April 24, 1926. She was well, happy, full of enthusiastic plans for the work in the future, declaring that though her trip had been most wonderful, there was no place or people like her own people in the city of Los Angeles. Everyone was on tiptoe. Never were the services better or the spirit of unity, loyalty and devotion more in evidence. A call was made for Mrs. McPherson to give the story of her trip. Special services on Monday and Tuesday were announced for this Monday for the adults, Tuesday for the children. Monday evening not only was the Temple packed, but thousands shut outside. Mrs. McPherson, to prevent disappointment of those who had journeyed great distances, repeated her lecture to the second audience who had waited patiently throughout the evening.

On Tuesday, May 18th, 1926, after a shopping trip in the forenoon and a conference with various workers and students she drove to the beach, with her secretary, for a little air and a swim.

Oh! that the world could know the truth of this woman, whose life had run as steady as a clock, whose motive had been to build, to mend, to construct, to help, to bless, to cheer, to comfort, and to preach God's Word! Oh! that the press would only tell it as it really is! But there—that would not sell their papers, they think!

The Evangelist Disappears

In the evening the blow had fallen. Suddenly out of a clear sky newscasts were crying everywhere, "Aimee Semple McPherson drowned!" The word was brought to the Temple, and not for a moment did the strained family and people doubt it. Devoted members and friends did all that was humanly possible, in their sorrow and grief worked as people never worked for the recovery of the body. The shores were patrolled, every device known was brought to bear. Yet, strange to say, within a few hours of her reported drowning, the press began carrying stories saying Mrs. McPherson was seen here, there and yonder, until during the next thirty or forty days scores of places, ranging from the Mexican border to Canada, and in all sorts of unheard of places, someone had "identified" her—so the headlines reported. Her mother, children, and friends, were distressed and heartstuck, believing that this was an attack to destroy the memory of her beautiful life work and influence.

Strange to say, ministers jumped quickly to their pulpits and preached memorial sermons, in Los Angeles, and other places. Angelus Temple members were more conservative. Finally, after the authorities had published their statements that they believed Mrs. McPherson was dead, Angelus Temple too, held a service in honor of the memory of the founder and leader. Among the many false charges has been one that money was raised for a memorial fund. This is absolutely untrue. The thought of the Temple workers was not money, but how to "carry on" this great and mighty work.

Then, the world was startled, and Angelus Temple Foursquare people most of all, by the word Mrs. McPherson had been found alive! She told of her being inveigled to a car on pretext of praying for a sick child, of being pushed within and swept away, how she prayed to God in her distress, and finally had made her escape, and with her natural strength, combined with the strength given by God for the need, she made her way back to human habitation. Shouts and tears of joy were intermingled by the throngs everywhere who received her on her homeward journey.

Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, within the shadows
Keeping watch above His own.
TAKE THE SPOTLIGHT OFF OF MRS. MCFHERSON

This Editorial, taken from the Los Angeles Record of August third, was written at the time District Attorney Hayes and the County Grand Jury decided to drop the much to the point and as it is so representative of the sentiment of the thinking people of Los Angeles and the State I am including it in this little booklet.

When District Attorney Asa Keys announced that his office would drop investigation of the Aimee Semple McPherson case he made the most sensible statement that has emanated from him, or any of his deputies, in many weeks.

It is about time that all of us—the newspapers included—find something more worthwhile to discuss than whether or not a well-known Los Angeles woman, 34 or 35 years of age, of previous unblemished reputation, committed a quite human indiscretion in Carmel, Salinas or Timbuctoo.

And that, after all, is the sum and substance of this great hullaballoo—no more and no less.

But from this mess of rumor and innuendo has been generated what may easily develop into bigoted religious warfare—a terrible thing for the city of Los Angeles.

Let's forget it—while we are still good neighbors and good friends. Let's leave the mystery of Aimee McPherson's whereabouts from May 18 to June 23 for time, or Providence, to reveal—if Providence wishes to do so.

The Record does not know, as a provable fact, whether or not Mrs. McPherson's story of her kidnapping is true. It does know, however, that, true or false, Mrs. McPherson has committed no crime, to be scourged in public, week after week, a defenseless woman with a pack of public officials, preachers and newspapers at her heels.

If she was not abducted, it is quite possible that her disappearance might be accounted for by any of several theories which would not reflect in any way upon her moral character—except in the evasion necessary to conceal, for mistaken reasons, the real cause of her disappearance. A snapping of nerves under the heavy mental and physical strain of an energetic, emotional religious life which she has lived for many years. Family disension, which might easily drive one in a certain nervous condition to a rash disappearance, and to subterfuge in accounting for it when safely returned.

But suppose the worst possible construction is placed upon the matter—what then? A minor offense at law, with countless daily parallels in our super-saintly midst, condoned and forgotten, if ever heard about.

There will be those to say: "Yes, but Mrs. McPherson is different; an outstanding figure upon whom many rely for guidance. If she missteps it tears down the faith and moral fibre of the multitude."

Yes? Well, then, who is responsible for the hue and cry, the public smirching of this woman's skirts? Not she, certainly. Rather, the authority given this case has come from publicity hounds who have attacked her in press and pulpit—for what conceivable purpose but to appease their own envy? And The Record does not believe the whole world will jump hell-bent for perdition because of the actions of ANY public leader. If our mass morals are so touchy as that, we do not deserve salvation.

Perjury? Nonsense. Supposing that Mrs. McPherson testified falsely, driven to it by the necessity to bolster up the kidnapping story, and protect her name? False testimony is NOT perjury—unless it deals with things material to a case on trial, or a crime. If the kidnapping story is false, then "Rose" and "Steve" are mythical. Certainly, if they do not exist it is highly improbable that any zealous deputy district attorney can create them, indict them, convict them and send them to San Quentin.

At the worst, then, Mrs. McPherson is accused of a moral lapse, and of lying about it afterward, like a gentleman.

And yet there have been many among us to rush forward, as volunteers, to throw the first stone.

Cravers of the limelight, a horde of them, have joined the pack. Newspapers, conscious of having printed too much already, perhaps, have sought to justify and save themselves—by forcing the hot brand again and again upon a woman's soul.

And Mrs. McPherson, striking back, has said things that hooped fuel upon the flames, things she doubtless regrets.

All, all—sorry business!

Those among us who are professing Christians, of whatever creed, may well remember the sympathy, and kindness, and charity of the great Founder of the faith.

Those among us who are not, perhaps, so far upon the road to eternal life, may well recall that decency, and chivalry, and human understanding are in the personal code of each and their respective newspapers.

Let Aimee Semple McPherson go about her business of teaching and preaching that which she believes—in a world that is better for her having lived in it.

Let preachers who disagree with her go about THEIR business, too, helping the world to better things.

Let district attorneys and deputies STOP TALKING for a while and STOP SPENDING PUBLIC TAX MONEY to prove that Mrs. McPherson's foot slipped.
The Unfolding of the McPherson Case

By FRED J. HART
Manager of KQW

The purpose of this article being to present the facts to the public as I have found them, I have studiously avoided dealing in personalities. From a careful study of all the publicity that has come my way, I am not yet convinced but what most of those who are so bitterly assailing Mrs. McPherson have a conviction that they are doing their duty or are in a position where they have to act even against their convictions. I am, therefore, in this article using the word prosecution in a general sense to represent something that is lack of this entire perception, rather than individuals.

May I introduce the following summary of talks given over Station KQW regarding the McPherson case with this little verse by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

Let us be a little kinder, let us be a little blinder,
To the faults of those about us, let us praise a little more;
Let us be, when we are weary, just a little bit more cheery;
Let us serve a little better those that we are striving for.
Let us be a little braver when temptations bid us waver;
Let us strive a little harder to be all that we should be;
Let us be a little meeker with the brother that is weaker;
Let us think more of our neighbor and a little less of me.

Kidnapping Plot and subsequent happenings developed and directed by Master Mind

Many of those who are in the habit of listening-in on KQW will remember that on the evening of July 14th I gave a talk in which I set forth my theory of the kidnapping which, in brief, was that Mrs. McPherson had been kidnapped by the Underworld that in this kidnapping not only were the actual kidnappers involved, but also parties who were in a position to have inside information regarding the activities of Mrs. McPherson. I also stated that it was my opinion that the plot had been well laid and worked out in detail before the actual kidnapping took place, the purpose of the plot being to wreck Mrs. McPherson's work in Los Angeles and throughout the world. To do this the kidnappers were to ask for $500,000 ransom which, if paid, would wreck the organization financially; and while endeavoring to secure this ransom the plot also involved the ruining of her reputation by having someone who resembled Mrs. McPherson appear in a
conspicuous and compromising manner at different places in California and the western states, to the end that the public might believe: first, that she had run away and pretended to be kidnapped, with the hope of securing a share of the reward; and second, and presumably as a motive, that she was involved in a clandestine love affair and probably in need of an illegal operation. Tho' it was on July 14th that I gave this opinion, I have no desire to change it at this writing, as practically everything that has happened since that date has but strengthened my conviction.

Publicity Indicates Ormiston No Friend

During the talk given on July 14th I also endeavored, by an analysis of the events as they had been presented by the press, to show that Ormiston, contrary to the belief so often expressed by the District Attorney's office, rather than being Mrs. McPherson's friend had seemingly acted as one of her worst enemies. I still hold to this opinion. The evidence, which I presented to the Los Angeles District Attorney's office and which would appear to have substantiated the above theory, was later manipulated in such a manner as to appear to be against Mrs. McPherson rather than for her.

At The Mercy of Crooks

Early in July, on the evening of the day that I left Los Angeles for home, Mrs. Kennedy begged me to stay in Los Angeles and assist her in handling the case—one of her reasons for this request being that that very day she had come to her a man who had tried to persuade her to hire him and produce evidence to substantiate her daughter's story. Mrs. Kennedy informed him in no uncertain language that they did not need any such evidence, tho' as she said to me, there would be nothing to prevent this same man going out and swearing that she tried to hire him. If she had been wanting to manufacture evidence in the case, I would have been the last man she would have asked to assist her because she had known me for a number of years and knew that I would not for one minute knowingly assist anyone in wrong doing.

Scarlet Thread Appears

In this summary I am taking it for granted that many of you who will read it have either listened-in to the talks over KOW or have kept in touch with the case through the press—so much of that which transpired from the date of the kidnapping until Mrs. Wexman's entrance into the case I shall touch on very lightly in this article. Going back to refresh your memory, you will recall that the prosecution started the world with the statement that Mrs. McPherson had run off with Ormiston and intimated that there was a physical necessity for this escape, part of this statement being based on the information that I had taken to Los Angeles, which, as I have stated before in this article, implied the very opposite as being true. But the prosecution, having failed in a previous attempt to discredit Mrs. McPherson's story, grabbed at this information like a drowning man and, by forgetting some of the evidence, whitewashing another part of it and twisting the remainder, there was built a beautiful press story designed to ruin the fair name of Mrs. McPherson and substantiate the prosecution's oft published statement that she had never been kidnapped.

Observing the publicity closely, you will find woven throughout its entirety this scarlet thread and a continuity of purpose that would seem to indicate that it had been inspired and directed by a Master Mind. Reviewing this publicity, we find a statement that Mr. Collins, the garage man at Salinas, positively identifies Ormiston's woman companion as Mrs. McPherson. The next day, when questioned by an attorney, Collins stated in the presence of witnesses that he had made no such statement. Nothing daunted, the prosecution then visited Carmel and after spending considerable time announces to the world that they had found ample evidence to prove that Mrs. McPherson had spent at least ten days with Ormiston at the now famous Benedict cottage, that during this stay there was performed an illegal operation which, to those who are familiar with the publicity in this case, recalls to mind that earlier in the case the prosecution had attempted to establish the same deed as having been committed, assisted by a Mexican, close to the border of Mexico—and as proof there was printed in the newspapers of the country a letter from a Mexican, setting forth that he and his sister had been in attendance upon her. This evidence later being disapproved, we now find the prosecution giving the world the same story with a new setting and implicating in a positive fashion three of the prominent doctors of Monterey. The prosecution also states that there is ample evidence to substantiate this latter story, including a grocery slip and some other tell-tale bits of evidence. What happens? When Mrs. McPherson's attorneys get on the job they interview many of these witnesses and find that, as in the case of the Salinas garage man, many of the witnesses have made no such statements and were willing to write on the back of Mrs. McPherson's ACTUAL photographs that she was not the woman; and further, the doctors themselves, came out flat-footed with their denial and were, and are, prepared to prove such a statement of their conduct an absolute falsehood. In fact, so much evidence disproving the prosecution's statements was produced by Mrs. McPherson's attorneys that Ana Keys and the Grand Jury, then in session, when they had reviewed the evidence, decided to drop the case.

Step by Step the Plot Unfolds

The prosecution, however, bent on supplying the public's appetite for sensational matter, would not let it die. So every day found the papers
of the country turning up some new bit of evidence, which the following day would be refuted by something even more sensational. While Mrs. McPherson's attorneys were in session with the District Attorney and the Grand Jury, a telegram was being prepared which was later sent from Chicago, presumably from Orminston, admitting that he was at Carmel, that he had a woman with him—that it was not Mrs. McPherson—but stating he would not name the woman, tho' he felt she would come forward with an affidavit and save Mrs. McPherson from further persecution at the proper time. Orminston, in his telegram, having given no information regarding his companion other than calling her Miss X, had left the stage all set for the next act.

The Stage is set—The Star appears

Introducing the next act, we find a telegram being sent by a woman in San Francisco who, signing her name as Mrs. Belle Owens, says that it was her sister who was with Orminston in Carmel and, as her sister was in a delicate condition she, Mrs. Owens, was also there taking care of her. And here again we find the scarlet thread by implication being again introduced into the story. However, time is passing and the public evidently getting hungry for some more scandal. On August 15th we find Belle Owens, in the person of Mrs. Wiseman entering publicly into the case by appearing, unheralded at the office of Judge Bardin in Salinas, California, accompanied by a woman whom she introduced as her sister the Miss X who was with Orminston at Carmel. A summary of Judge Bardin's own account of this visit as broadcast to the world by the United Press, follows:

Judge Bardin stated that Mrs. Wiseman did most of the talking and stated that her sister, whom she designated as Miss X, was the woman who had been with Orminston and that as she was sick she, Mrs. Wiseman had been there taking care of her and it was the woman the people saw with Orminston. Judge Bardin stated that he was very suspicious and asked Mrs. Wiseman a lot of questions concerning the Carmel cottage, and that she could not answer them satisfactorily. He admonished her that she had better not make an affidavit or she might find herself in the penitentiary if it was proven to be false. She said her conscience was hurting her to such an extent that she had to tell the story, no matter what happened. She then dictated a brief affidavit, which she signed, also a short affidavit which the woman whom she designated as her sister and Miss X signed, not with her own name, but as Miss X.

Mrs. McPherson Walks into the Trap

Mrs. McPherson, open-hearted and ready to trust everyone, as she always has been, listened to Mrs. Wiseman's story, took her in her own home, and even—according to Mrs. Wiseman's confession—gave her own bed while she slept in a hammock. However, she did not entitle fail to heed the warnings of her attorneys and tried Mrs. Wiseman in every way she could, to see whether or not she was true or false. Mrs. Wiseman was clever and to help her in her identification of the things at Carmel, made a secret trip into that territory under an assumed name. How many of the things stated in her confession she learned while on that trip 1 do not know, but it is not surprising that she should know lots of intimate things regarding the happenings in the Carmel cottage. There is no doubt in my mind but that the parties responsible for Mrs. McPherson's kidnapping and her persecution know all the details and can supply them at any time there is a need for such information. The stage is now set for

The Confession Act

Again the son appears to be breaking through the clouds for Mrs. McPherson and the story becomes stale reading, but, thanks to the god of publicity, the hungry public are saved from starvation from lack of carrion. Mrs. Wiseman is arrested on bad check charges and, according to Mrs. McPherson, has demanded a large sum of money from her. Upon being refused, she hands a written confession to the papers stating that her entire story is a falsehood and that she had been hired to give it to the world by Mrs. McPherson, at the instigation of Mr. Martin, whom she can now neither describe or identify.

Again the prosecution appears to be vindicated in their statement, so often refuted by substantial evidence, that Mrs. McPherson was at Carmel with Orminston in a delicate condition and the "proof of the pudding" according to the prosecution, is that because Mrs. McPherson was at Carmel she has perpetrated this gigantic hoax to clear her name.

A New Star Appears

Victory is beginning to perch on the prosecution's brow. Everyone is rushing in with confessions of hired, faked evidence. The blind attorney is dead and his stenographer according to the papers, falling to get a certain sum of money from Mrs. McPherson confesses that Mrs. McPherson had asked her to finish the work of her former employer, which work was the production of the real kidnappers. She further states she was asked to produce a map that would follow the route taken by the kidnappers, in order that the house where Mrs. McPherson was held captive for so long a period might be located. She was also given a set of questions to the kidnappers, in an endeavor to ascertain if they were the real kidnappers. The questions, as given by Miss Morris in court, follow:

"What kind of a car was it at Venice (where Mrs. McPherson disappeared)?"

"What make was the second car?"

"Can you give me a sample of the wallpaper in the room and what kind of wallpaper does the bedroom have (in the shack where Mrs. McPherson was supposed to be held captive)?"

"Was the lavatory an old-fashioned
one, with cold running water in the bathtub! Was it in the bedroom?"

"What corner of the bedroom was the clothes press in?"

"Which side do 'Steve' stand on when he burned my hand?"

"Where was 'Rose' and the other man?"

Then came this postscript, which Miss Morris says Mrs. McPherson wrote: "If you will write a complete confession, one that I can prove to the world, I will promise not to prosecute."

After reading these questions you will have to admit that they are only such questions as an honest person might ask in order that they might be sure that it was the real kidnappers Miss Morris was dealing with.

A Bad Actor Forgets His Lines

Still the confessions come! And the prosecution, having given to the public that they were after another man whom they said Mrs. McPherson had hired to help her in the production of false evidence, arrest this party in San Francisco. Without any difficulty, seemingly, the prosecution succeeds in getting a confession of a wonderful plot and an affidavit stating that he had been hired by Mrs. McPherson to produce a mysterious Miss X. And as a result, the confession and affidavit given to the public stated that Miss X had made the affidavit in Los Angeles, and not in Salinas. Not knowing that Judge Bardin had seen the Miss X and had a look of her hair and also had witnesses who kept a close tab on Mrs. Wiseman and the Miss X when they were in Salinas and signed the affidavit, the new confession produces the wrong Miss X, as well as having the affidavit signed in the wrong city.

Like the Chameleon it Changes Color

Following the facts gained from the new confession, a raid was made on the place where the green bathing suit was supposed to have been planted and lo! and behold! it turned out to be blue with green stripes. (Now who do you suppose made such a Muncher as all this?) However, it was laughable the way the prosecution dropped this new piece of evidence that they had been preparing the public for for two weeks. One wonders why the prosecution, that appear to be so bitter against Mrs. McPherson (as they claim, preparing false evidence to protect her good name, should turn on this man loose, who had signed a written confession to having prepared false evidence.

One can hardly believe that a branch of our government would try to build a case on the testimony of such people, in order that they might tear down and trample in the mud the reputation of a woman who, even her enemies are compelled to admit, has spent her life in doing good.

Miracles Or

To feed the public's jaded appetite the god of publicity drops in another confession, this time that of a man who had previously made an affidavit that he was an eye witness to the actual kidnapping of Mrs. McPherson by men who fitted her description of the kidnappers, and in the very manner in which she stated it was done. Now the prosecution gives the public a confession from this man, in which he states that it was Orniston and Mrs. Kennedy who did the kidnapping. Something happens, and this witness fails to be placed on the stand. But the god of publicity presents us with an affidavit made by a soldier in Salt Lake City who just recalls that he saw Mrs. McPherson come up in her green bathing suit, enter an alley, crawl into a sedan, change her clothes, and then crawl over into the front seat where she was soon joined by a man who looked like Orniston. This affidavit states that the number of the machine was secured. Truly Mrs. McPherson is a wonderful woman, because, during the time that has elapsed since her kidnapping, the prosecution has her going away from the beach in three different directions in three separate places, starting from three different places, and dressed in three entirely different costumes. It is to be hoped that this case will soon come to an end, otherwise some of the folk in this world who do not believe in miracles will have to believe in them or believe with Governor Richardson that something is wrong in the District Attorney's office in Los Angeles—and that would be too bad.

The State Shows Its Hand

The bulk of the evidence presented by the State at the preliminary hearing was evidence that had been presented time and time again in the papers. Using as the principal evidence the confessions of Mrs. Wiseman and the blind attorney's former stenographer, the State attempted to prove that Mrs. McPherson was not kidnapped, that she was at Carmel, and that she hired a blind lawyer by the name of McKinley and Mrs. Wiseman to produce false evidence to bolster up her story.

The Defense Scores

The defense endeavored to prove that Mrs. McPherson was kidnapped, that she escaped as she said she did, that McKinley was in touch with the kidnappers and was honestly trying to produce them, and last but not least that Mrs. Wiseman, if she prepared false evidence, did it of her own accord or at the instigation of some Master Mind who has been the guiding genius of the entire plot against Mrs. McPherson. Time will not allow the mention of the testimony of all the witnesses, but I must call your attention to the fact that two of the four Carmel witnesses produced by the prosecution, Mr. Benefict and the man who was working on the wall next to the cottage, failed to identify Mrs. McPherson as the woman at Carmel; and the man working on the wall stated positively that she was not the woman. Then the City Marshall of Carmel, who had seen this woman three times with neither hat nor glasses and as close as six feet, stated, after looking closely at Mrs. McPherson, that she was not the woman.

More In Reserve

Mrs. McPherson has a number of
very interesting witnesses on her list from Carmel, but acting on the advice of her attorneys and advisors has agreed to keep them off the stand and reserve them in case she is held to the Superior Court. Evidently her attorneys and advisors have lost faith in those connected with the prosecution, and I don't wonder at it, do you? Judge Hardy makes testimony of
Prosecution Brilliant Star fade out
by exposing it to the Light of Truth

Coming now to the McKinley matter I want to give you a summary of the testimony of Judge Hardy in refutation of the implied testimony of McKinley's stenographer that Mrs. McPherson had hired McKinley to produce fake kidnappers.

From the Los Angeles Times
By Otis M. Wiles

Superior Judge Carlos S. Hardy was called to the stand late yesterday as a defense witness for Alme Semple McPherson.

Though he was on the stand for only half an hour, Judge Hardy revealed he had been an advisor to Mrs. Minnie Kennedy relative to the disappearance of her daughter and the subsequent developments. In his story, told at the evangelist's preliminary hearing, he revealed that he had been in numerous conferences with Attorney Russell A. McKinley relative to producing the two alleged kidnappers of Mrs. McPherson.

Judge Hardy previously had been subpoenaed by District Attorney Asa Keyes to testify against Mrs. McPherson. For some unexplained reason he was not called upon by the state for his testimony, and his appearance late yesterday afternoon was a surprise.

Efforts to prevent the Superior Court Judge from relating his knowledge of McKinley's plans were made by the prosecution. This move was defeated through a legal loophole when Judge Hardy was permitted by the court to relate conversations he had had with Mrs. Minnie Kennedy and Mrs. McPherson.

In telling of those conversations he succeeded in giving the details of the blind Long Beach attorney's plan to produce the "kidnappers."

Judge Hardy testified that before Mrs. McPherson returned to Los Angeles after her disappearance he told Mrs. Kennedy that two mysterious men had come forward and approached McKinley with claims that they knew the evangelist's kidnappers.

Mrs. Kennedy, according to the judge, went to Long Beach to confer with McKinley and the Long Beach police.

Hardy stated that McKinley had told him two men had come to him with information they had possession of Mrs. McPherson and could produce her.

"I saw McKinley shortly after Mrs. McPherson's return," Judge Hardy testified. "He came to my chambers and told me of the kidnappers."

"Early in July I went to Mr. McKinley's Long Beach office to further discuss the matter with him."

"McKinley then told me the two men had asked for a $25,000 ransom to surrender the evangelist. He said he did not know the men, but that one was known to him as Miller and the other as Wilson. Being blind he could not have seen them but he described their voices and mannerisms to me."

"Miller, he told me, had a hesitation in starting his speech." McKinley further informed Judge Hardy, according to the testimony, that the two men came back to him. They had met him on the street. At that time they again discussed the possibilities of releasing the evangelist for ransom.

"You can go to the police and tell them about us," the strangers told McKinley. "Our proposition is genuine, but the police cannot catch us."

Following this incident, according to Judge Hardy, newspapers carried a story that Mrs. McPherson had been located in Canada. One hour after the papers were on the streets with the report, McKinley said he heard the voice of Miller over his telephone. He was told to disregard it.

"That is a lie. We have still got her," the voice told McKinley.

Shortly after this, Mrs. McPherson reappeared out of the Mexican desert. Judge Hardy continued, "McKinley reported Wilson had come to him and had told him:

"Our plans failed and we've got your woman in a hell of a shape."

"The men told McKinley they could still help out the evangelist. Though Wilson said he would talk no further, Wilson told McKinley to communicate with Miller, who would give him all the information about the kidnapping."

Judge Hardy testified that McKinley came to his chambers some time during July. He said McKinley told him Miller would reveal where Mrs. McPherson had been held during the first three days of her disappearance.

"I told McKinley we must bring the matter to a point," Judge Hardy further testified. "I wanted to know who these men were. Though McKinley could not see them, I outlined a plan for him to make an appointment with them and I would detail detectives to trail them."

"About that time I received a letter from McKinley." The letter was introduced as evidence and read to the court. It was dated July 29, 1926. It was addressed to Judge Carlos S. Hardy, Hall of Justice, Los Angeles, California.

"Dear Judge: Pursuant to your request and that of the other people concerned, I am herewith setting forth the few items of my expense.

"Four visits, the first a taxi, $6.50; the second and third privately owned cars at $5 each, the fourth, a taxi, at $8.50; totaling $27.50. These vis-

However, as you suggest, and as they do also, that it is desired that
I be remunerated for the time spent, I will call your attention as nearly as possible to the extent of the same.

"After the man visited me on the 31st day of May, I spent nearly every evening in my office alone, frequently going out on the street and coming back to the building in order that I might convey to them that I was alone, and afford them an opportunity to approach me if they so desired. This covered a period of time up to and including the end of June. I spent one day before the grand jury waiting to be heard. Tuesday afternoon and evening of July 27, and all of the 28th and evening.

"Any suggestion or recommendation you may make concerning this will be entirely satisfactory to me. It was not my intention to endeavor to capitalize the part I have accidentally played in this matter. I am willing to cooperate with you and them in any way, looking toward a satisfactory ending of this monumental attempt to besmear the character of as fine a woman as it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

"In regard to arranging with Mr. Wilson for a trip North, would it not be better to first have him find out if it would not be possible to have the other party come to me rather than me go to him? This is only a suggestion, designed to save expense.

"However, I desire to be guided solely by your judgment in the matter, and I would suggest that you communicate with me immediately so that I will know how you wish me to proceed. Yours truly, R. A. McKinley."

At that time the blind attorney was arranging to go to San Francisco to meet this man, Miller, according to the judge. Judge Hardy said he advised against it. It was his belief that Miller should be compelled to come to Los Angeles.

"After this and a few days before I left on my vacation on August 16," Judge Hardy testified, "McKinley told me Wilson had refused to negotiate any further. Wilson had told him Miller was in San Francisco and would be glad to see him there."

"It was the opinion of both McKinley and myself that it would be inadvisable for him, a blind man, to go to San Francisco to meet strangers who claimed to be kidnappers, unless he was protected, and I thought there should be detectives or someone with him; that Mr. McKinley had brought into my office once a gentleman with him who he had suggested should go with him; that gentleman was former United States Senator Parkey, and that it was McKinley's opinion and my own that he should not go to San Francisco simply upon a wild goose chase, but if possible, to compel Miller to come here, or if McKinley did go to San Francisco, that it should be under such circumstances that somebody could see the man he was dealing with and find out who they were."

Defense Acted in Good Faith
This is but a summary of an entire days testimony but you will find that it shows that McKinley was in touch with the kidnappers or thought he was and that Judge Hardy, Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. McPherson were acting in good faith in insisting that the kidnappers must prove their story. The letter from McKinley to Judge Hardy doesn't look as tho McKinley was in the case for money, does it? Mrs. McPherson also brought out the fact through witnesses, one of them Keys himself, that the public officials were the ones who first notified Mrs. Kennedy regarding the kidnappers having approached the blind attorney, and yet this star witness of the district attorney's office would by her testimony have you believe that Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. McPherson instigated the McKinley phase of the case. Other defense witnesses on the stand substantiated the Judge's testimony.

The Light of Truth Fades Another Prosecution Star

Mrs. Seilaf Wiseman, who according to her testimony had received instructions from Judge Hardy and been coached by him, was entirely repudiated by the Judge as the following summary of the testimony will show.

By Lincoln Quarberg
(U.P. Staff Correspondent)
LOS ANGELES, Oct. 35—Attempts to impeach the testimony of Mrs. Lorraine Wiseman, self-confessed co-conspirator and chief state's witness in the Alme Semple McPherson hearing were launched today by the defense.

Superior Judge Carlos S. Hardy testified in behalf of Mrs. McPherson, who is accused of perpetrating a kidnapping hoax. That certain vital portions of Mrs. Wiseman's testimony were "false."

The testimony which Judge Hardy attacked concerned asserted conversations with the state's witness.

The superior court justice denied unequivocally the following sworn assertions of Mrs. Wiseman:

1. That he told Mrs. Wiseman on the morning of August 1, their first meeting, that Kenneth G. Ormiston, missing Angelus temple radio operator, was friendly with Mrs. McPherson.

2. That Ormiston's wife was jealous of the evangelist and contemplated a divorce suit in which Mrs. McPherson was to be named co-respondent.

3. That he asked Mrs. Wiseman questions regarding "what she was going to do about the Carmel episode."

4. That he described Ormiston minutely and gave other information interpreted by the state as part of the McPherson conspiracy.

Under cross-examination Judge Hardy expressed the opinion that Mrs. McPherson was really kidnapped.
"Now, Judge," said the state's attorney, "do you honestly believe Mrs. McPherson was kidnapped?"
"I believe she was kidnapped," replied the witness, "I have no reason to believe otherwise."

Mrs. Wiseman was visibly nervous while Judge Hardy gave his damaging testimony. She fidgeted in her chair and made notes of the jurist's remarks.
Very Nervous
S. S. Hahn, who claims to be her attorney, created a mild sensation by requesting permission to leave the courtroom after waiting the right to cross-examine the defense witness.

"I want the court to excuse me," said Hahn, "and I waive cross-examination of Judge Hardy. Mrs. Wismen has agreed and is willing to sit through this testimony without having it questioned."

Judge Hardy related of two interviews with the woman who claims to be the witness and said that Mrs. Wismen has agreed to sit through the testimony without having it questioned.

False Testimony, Claim
Mrs. Wismen, the judge testified, gave false testimony concerning both conversations and placed wrong interpretations on the interviews.

"Mrs. Wismen came to my office and told me she had spent a week or two at Carmel and Monterey," said Judge Hardy. "She said she had a call from a woman whom she thought was Mrs. McPherson, the witness continued. "Waters was not positive of the time, but he believed it was sometime during last May."

"Waters subsequently went to Carmel and Monterey and after she was seen by Mrs. McPherson, she was convinced that the witness was not the same person."

Judge Hardy's testimony also related the rumor from Dr. Waters' connection with the case. Dr. Waters committed suicide to avoid arrest for embezzlement.

The Failing Star Forgets Her Lines
While under the stress of Mrs. Wismen's testimony, the witness repudiated other parts of her story, that under cross-examination Mrs. Wismen had a very poor memory and many times in her testimony gave wrong dates, in fact had the whole story about her story built on false dates and in a story dilemma until the Assistant District Attorney gave her the correct dates, as she had them. She also gave evidence from a note book and when asked to produce the note book.

Mrs. Wismen testified she could never forget the woman because of her unusual mouth and teeth. Her lip, she said, curled over her teeth when she smiled.

"Did you notice any marks on her face?" Hahn asked her.

Bardin replied he had not.

As he was attempting to show the age of the horse by baring its teeth, Attorney Hahn asked his client to open her mouth and show her teeth.

"Those are absolutely the same teeth of 'Miss X,'" said Bardin.

Mrs. Wismen-Siefaff visited him Sunday morning, August 15, the witness said. Attorney Roland Rich Woolley, also employed by Mrs. McPherson, was present. Both attorneys had spent the preceding day investigating the Carmel angels of the McPherson case.

Excerpt From The Los Angeles Times
Judge Bardin, during cross-examination by District Attorney Keyes, stated emphatically that Mrs. Virgil Kimball had played the role of Miss X in his office on August 15th.

Mrs. Kimball is the twin sister of Mrs. Lorraine Wismen-Siefaff and the two, according to general opinion in the courtroom, are as alike in appearance as "two peas in a pod."

"You noted the striking resemblance between the two women?" he was asked.

Bardin replied he had.
the locks of hair and they became exhibit in the case.

So again we find on the testimony of certainly a reliable witness that Mrs. Wiseman-Stafford has stated another untruth. Mrs. Wiseman on the stand and in her confession also stated where she met the Miss Wells whom she says was the real Miss X that signed the affidavit. Mrs. Wiseman said she met her while Miss Wells was working at the Clinton Cafeteria in San Francisco. On the witness stand the Auditor of that company stated, under oath, that Miss Wells had not worked for them. Mrs. Wiseman also stated in her testimony that she, Mrs. Wiseman, had been employed part-time by a lawyer by the name of A. W. Gloud, located in the Flood Building. R. C. Teasor, Manager of the Flood Building, stated on the stand that no such person had been a tenant of that building since May 1926 and 30, again, Mrs. Wiseman's story falls flat.

A representative of the Y. W. C. A. of San Francisco stated that Miss Wells had never lodged at their institution, as was claimed by Mrs. Wiseman. Every point that Mrs. Wiseman has made in her story where she has given dates, names or times of meetings or conversations with others than Mrs. McPherson or Mrs. Kennedy have proven to be false, and there is no doubt in my mind that if the defense were to present all of their testimony at this time, every statement of Mrs. Wiseman would be repudiated.

A reliable witness also testified having seen Mrs. McPherson at another place when she was supposed to have been seen at the Clark Hotel by the prosecution's witness.

**Testimony of Murchison and Ryan Refuted**

A U. S. Marshall of Douglas testified to having found tracks in the desert over fifteen miles from Agua Prieta, near a shack that fitted the description given by Mrs. McPherson. A newspaperman and a photographer substantiated this testimony. They also stated that they had informed Cline and Ryan of these facts when these two were at Douglas, and that Cline and Ryan refused to investigate them. A summary of the testimony follows:

**Desert Sands**

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 22 (LUP)—T. F. Simms, United States Deputy of Douglas, Ariz., testified at the Almora Camp McPherson hearing today that he discovered a woman's footprints near the desert shack in which the evangelist claims she was a captive of kidnappers a day after Mrs. McPherson made her dramatic reappearance at Agua Prieta, Mexico.

Simms declared he informed Chief of Detectives Herman Cline and Deputy District Attorney Joseph Ryan of his discovery and that they refused to investigate.

"The tracks ran along the fence known as the Giardo ranch line," said the witness, "in a general direction towards Douglas. We followed them nearly 300 yards and then lost them because of the rocky condition of the country."

Others Saw Tracks

State's witnesses have testified that footprints resembling those of the evangelist were discovered in the vicinity of Agua Prieta, but that they ended within a few miles of the Mexican village and were accompanied by automobile tracks, indicating Mrs. McPherson's "escape from kidnappers" was a frame up.

Simms testified that he went to Sonora, Mexico, on an investigation of Mrs. McPherson's reappearance with three companions, Capt. Ash, Leslie Gatiff, Douglas police officer, and Harold L. Henry, newspaperman. Simms' companions were in court to corroborate Mrs. McPherson's testimony.

"We left the road 15 miles from Agua Prieta and walked along the Giardo fence north of the Canosus ranch, two and a half miles," said the witness. "We found footprints intermittently for 300 yards."

"But we couldn't follow them because of the rocky condition of the country. The country in that territory was covered with cacti and cactus and it would have been easy for one to walk through it without harming their shoes or clothing."

Defense Attorney W. I. Gilbert introduced the identification, at this point, copies of a Douglas newspaper, by which he intends to show that the Los Angeles officials, Ryan and Cline, knew of Simms' discovery and did nothing towards confirming it.

**Confirms Testimony**

Henry, the Douglas newspaperman, took the stand and corroborated Simms' testimony. He also gave additional information concerning the territory over which Mrs. McPherson claims to have walked during her escape.

"It is very much like a tennis court," he said, "and has a fine gravel surface, rather solid. There is a very slight growth but it is of a rolling nature."

Henry said that in company with two Douglas officers, Patterson and Murchison, he went out to look for footprints and got a story. He told of finding the point where automobile tracks were found, indicating the machine had turned around.

I asked Murchison if there was any connection between the finding of these automobile tracks and the footprints of Mrs. McPherson and he replied there was not, Henry testified.

The defense, indicated by questions asked Henry that efforts were being made to impeach the testimony of Murchison, who testified for the state concerning the woman's footprints and automobile tracks found near Agua Prieta.

To Call Ryan

Ryan is to be recalled to the stand by defense counsel seeking to impeach his testimony also, or force him to admit he shirked his duty when he disregarded Simms' footwear discovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallant, the people who first aided Mrs. McPherson, testified that Mrs. McPherson had been unconscious at their gate and that they had thought she dead, that she had been given water, etc. Other witnesses including a Douglas
police officer also testified to substantiate her story of the trip across the desert and showed the shoes they wore during their investigations to prove that they were not scratched and that it would be possible for Mrs. McPherson to have made the trip she did without injury to her clothes.

United Press Dispatch
Salinas Index

The monotonous testimony of O. E. Ash, Douglas police officer, occupied most of the forenoon session. As he testified he traced Mrs. McPherson's footprints a mile further than any other investigator and stated that the results of his investigation were ignored by Los Angeles authorities who went to Douglas to check on the evangelist's story of her reappearance.

A 15-minute hypothetical question concerning the plausibility of Mrs. McPherson's story which the prosecution asked of its desert witness earlier in the hearing, was put to Ash by defense counsel, and he replied, "yes, I am sure Mrs. McPherson could have accomplished what she did and still be in the condition she was when I first saw her on the morning of her reappearance."

In refutation to Mr. Ryan's statements regarding Mrs. McPherson's condition when she arrived at Douglas, the nurse who took care of her when she was brought to the hospital certainly made Ryan's testimony look like thirty cents to any thinking person. As to Mrs. McPherson's condition, certain it is, the nurse should know more about it than Ryan, who arrived many hours later.

By LINCOLN QUARBERG
(U. P. Staff Correspondent)
LOS ANGELES, Oct. 27.—The condition of Aimee Semple McPherson when she reappeared suddenly in the Sonora desert near Douglas, Ariz., five weeks after she disappeared from the beach at Ocean Park was described in detail today by Miss Margaret Attaway, night nurse at the Calumet hospital in Douglas.

Testifying at the evangelist's hearing on charges of perjury and conspiracy, Miss Attaway declared that Mrs. McPherson was on the verge of nervous prostration when brought to the hospital, that her wrists were bruised and that she had blisters on her feet.

"Mrs. McPherson came to us about 4 o'clock on the morning of June 23," said the nurse. "I saw marks on her wrists, made apparently by a rope. There were blisters on her feet. When she relaxed the muscles controlled by her nerves twitched incessantly."

Miss Attaway testified that she removed several thorns from the evangelist's hand.

Not Wearing Watch

Contradicting the testimony of state's witnesses, the nurse asserted that Mrs. McPherson was not wearing a wrist watch when she arrived at the hospital.

Mrs. Blanche Rice, adherent of the McPherson faith, followed Miss Attaway to the stand and testified shortly before the noon recess concern-}

ering the sorrow exhibited by Mrs. Minnie Kennedy, mother of the evangelist, when it was first announced that her daughter had been drowned.

Both the evangelist and "mother" Kennedy broke down and cried when Mrs. Rice gave her testimony. The witness also shed tears while she was testifying.

Attorney S. S. Hahn, representing Mrs. Lorraine Wiseman, co-defendant and state's witness, had another near first fight with the defense lawyer, W. I. Gilbert, during the testimony of Mrs. Elizabeth Frame, who preceded Miss Attaway on the stand.

Mrs. Frame, an employee at the McPherson tabernacle, told under cross-examination how Mrs. Wiseman slept with the evangelist at her home, how she had witnessed many conversations between the "hoax woman" and Mrs. McPherson and how she had sent Mrs. Wiseman money in behalf of the Angelus Temple pastor.

I heard sister tell Mrs. Wiseman that she did not want her story unless it was dead on the level," Mrs. Frame testified, "and Mrs. Wiseman answered her, 'I'm not used to having my word questioned. You'll have a hard time to prove you're innocent and I'll have a hard time to prove I'm guilty of the Carmel incident.'"

Figures and Photos Won't Lie, But—

In refutation of the state's handwriting expert, who testified that the Carmel grocery slips were written by Mrs. McPherson, the defense placed on the stand a handwriting expert, Leslie Swan. The Press dispatch giving a summary of his testimony follows:

Los Angeles, October 28—Charges that handwriting exhibits used by the state in the prosecution of Aimee Semple McPherson had been "doctored" were made on the witness stand at the evangelist's hearing today on conspiracy charges.

Leslie Swan, handwriting expert, testified that photostatic copies of the Carmel grocery slips which the state claimed were written by Mrs. McPherson, were defaced with a pencil and made to resemble the evangelist's handwriting. The original grocery slips were stolen from a grand jury room during the recent investigation of the McPherson case.

Commenting on the photostatic copies of the grocery slips, filed as state exhibits, Swan said:

"These were traced with a different pencil and many letters were connected after the original handwriting had been done."

The witness compared the state's exhibits with photographs of the grocery slips which appeared in Los Angeles newspapers.

"Anyone can see," Swan said, that the newspaper copies are accurate, while the state's copies are inaccurate and have been changed.

With the testimony of one or two additional witnesses the defense having already by the testimony of Reliable witnesses, refuted point by point the evidence presented by the prosecution closed their case, reserving most of their important evidence, including the testimony of Mrs. McPherson and
her mother, to be used in the Superior Court trial.

Why The After-Show?
The preliminary trial is over and within a few moments of the time that the defense and prosecution declared to the court that they were finished, so far as the presentation of evidence was concerned, and while Judge Blake is weighing the evidence presented in court the prosecution announces to the world that a love letter, written in code by the occupant of the Carmel cottage, has been intercepted. This letter, though written in code, is easily transposed by the prosecution and, couched in such words as to link the letter to Mrs. McPherson as the writer. This letter, like much of the state's evidence, has been photographed and the original hidden away, so it may not be stolen. Recalling how practically all of the originals of the state's documentary evidence, especially where it happened to be in handwriting, had been stolen and thus the originals could not be presented in court; one wonders if the original of this letter will also disappear. Some of you may wonder how photographs can be made so that the picture may really represent what the original did not. If you do, just ask an expert photographer about it and he can tell you the secret. Or if any of you happen to have seen the picture of Mrs. McPherson in the "Examiner" recently, dressed in a dress that was found in the supposed Ormiston trunk, you will have seen an excellent example of what a photographer can do. In that picture you find Mrs. McPherson all "dolled up" in a dress which, at the time the picture was taken, according to the prosecution, was either in New York or on the way to Los Angeles. To make such a picture all the photographer had to do was to take a drawing or photo of the dress, a picture of Mrs. McPherson properly trimmed and, with the proper background, photograph it. It would not be difficult for a photographer to manufacture and present to the world a picture of Mrs. McPherson and Ormiston at Carmel.

After Show Turns Into A Farce
Close on the heels of the love letter revelation the prosecution presents to the jaded public the magical trunk, claimed to belong to Ormiston, that had been intercepted by the prosecution. This trunk, filled with ladies clothes, according to statements appearing in the press, was shipped from Pasadena on May 6th to Jacksonville, Florida, from which place it was later forwarded to Ormiston, under an assumed name, in New York. In the same news release is a statement that in the trunk has been found a blouse worn by the lady at Carmel and a statement by a cleaner at Monterey that he had cleaned a blouse on the 15th of May and returned it that afternoon to a lady at the Carmel bungalow. In this statement one at most sees a repetition of the Melish bungle, for here we have a trunk which, twelve days before Mrs. McPherson disappeared, and this trunk contains a blouse that she is supposed to have worn about the 20th of the month at Carmel. A few days later, after the trunk has arrived from New York and has been opened, photographs taken of its contents, and then carefully locked away we get a news release stating that when the Carmel cleaner arrived in Los Angeles and the trunk was opened that blouse was not to be found. This same news release quoted Mr. Keyes as saying that they had forgotten to look for it when the trunk arrived and that evidently it was still in New York. Here we come up on another blunder, for in the Los Angeles Times and the San Jose News appears a picture taken the day of its arrival, showing the trunk and its contents as having been opened by Mr. Keyes and his assistants with Bert Cohn, investigator for the District Attorney's office holding up the blouse in question. And now we have the statement that the blouse has not yet reached Los Angeles. And so one might go on with the entire contents of the trunk. The shoes are too small, a certain dress has a tassel missing and the prosecution is certain that the missing tassel can be found at the cleaners, but the cleaner fails to find it. Reproduced in one of the California daily papers was a picture of the trunk dress taken as it arrived in Los Angeles and lo! and behold! all the tassels are there in spite of the fact that previously the papers had carried a photo of the dress minus a tassel. With such a bunch of wonder how the evidence the prosecution claims to have in this trunk, a person cannot help but wonder why it was not presented to the court during the preliminary trial. The prosecution must have been saving it to satisfy the public's appetite for scandal, for surely they wouldn't use it to prejudice the mind of Judge Blake against Mrs. McPherson's presentation of testimony.

Prosecution As A Magician
Bungles Again
The prosecution now produces a marvelous young lady who recalls that, while at Carmel during the month of May, she had the misfortune to fall down in front of a house and spill the contents of her purse. From this house a sympathetic woman rushed out and asks if she is hurt; and, after admiring her blue dress, stated that blue was her favorite color (I suppose that blue is Mrs. McPherson's favorite color or otherwise it would not be mentioned in this news release). According to this young lady the sympathetic lady who came to her assistance took the entire contents of the trunk. The shoes are too small, a certain dress has a tassel missing and the prosecution is certain that the missing tassel can be found at the cleaners, but the cleaner fails to find it. Reproduced in one of the California daily papers was a picture of the trunk dress taken as it arrived in Los Angeles and lo! and behold! all the tassels are there in spite of the fact that previously the papers had carried a photo of the dress minus a tassel. With such a bunch of wonder how the evidence the prosecution claims to have in this trunk, a person cannot help but wonder why it was not presented to the court during the preliminary trial. The prosecution must have been saving it to satisfy the public's appetite for scandal, for surely they wouldn't use it to prejudice the mind of Judge Blake against Mrs. McPherson's presentation of testimony.
Plan of the Ages" for Bible Students, which, of course, would indicate the lady with Ormiston was a religious lady, as this fall was staged in front of the Carmel cottage. The whole letter is unreasonable in every way, especially in the things that it has Mrs. McPherson doing. The very last thing she would have been doing, if she was at Carmel and for the purpose alleged by the prosecution would be the reading of religious books; for every thought of religion would be a reproach to her. Another thing, "The Divine Plan of the Ages" for Bible Students is a book written and distributed by followers of Pastor Russell, who believe that we are now living in the reign of Christ on earth, which is just the opposite of what Mrs. McPherson believes and teaches.

Get the Hook

It certainly is beginning to look as though the prosecution needs a new press agent because, if you will analyze the great publicity releases that have been given out by the press you will find that practically all of them are contradictory to each other, full of mistakes, have the wrong thing happening at the wrong time and in the wrong place, and when you even find them getting their pictures mixed it begins to look as though, somebody was, trying to hoax the public.

In Conclusion

The constitution of the United States provides that a person shall be considered innocent until proven guilty in a regular constituted court of law, and surely the prosecution are to be condemned for the manifest attempt to brand Mrs. McPherson as guilty in the minds of the public before she has been tried by a duly constituted court of law. It appears to me that the time has come when red-blooded American citizens and people who claim to stand for law and order as well as justice should begin to assert themselves and insist that this woman, who has done so much for humanity, shall at least be given equal consideration with that given a common criminal. If we who believe in a square deal will not stand up and insist that the prosecution cease this godless public persecution, an aroused public opinion will sweep down upon Los Angeles and will be felt by the newspapers throughout the country in such a way that it will stop. It will not, and should not, stop or influence the Superior Court trial. Mrs. McPherson would not want it to do that, for this case has gone so far that she must have a trial through which to clear her name legally, tho human nature is such that the stain left by the mud which has been slung at her will always remain.

For this woman's sake, for the sake of the name of our fair State, for the sake of our posterity, yes, for our own sake we must see that this unholy newspaper persecution seemingly sided and abetted by our public officials ceases.

IT IS BETTER TO BE MERCIFUL AND MISTAKEN THAN TO HAVE BEEN UNMERCIFUL AND RIGHT.

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

Sermon given by Dr. James L. Gordon, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, on one of the outstanding Preachers of the day. So many requests have come in for this sermon that, though twenty thousand were printed, the supply is now exhausted. I am, therefore, taking the liberty of including it with this collection in the hope that many thousands more may have an opportunity to know what this great preacher and thinker has to say regarding Mrs. McPherson.

I have been asked the question, "What do you think of the Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson case?" In answer to this interrogation I wish to say that I know Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson personally. Mrs. Gordon and I have had the pleasure and honor of receiving her as a guest in our own home. I have stood with her upon the same platform and taken part in the exercises of some of her great evangelistic campaign meetings. More than that, I have heard her preach. I have heard her voice in these great evangelistic campaigns. The voice is a revelation of the soul. We know more about people when we hear them speak in public than we can possibly ascertain in any other way. I say I heard Mrs. McPherson speak on the public platform at Venice, California, and I am profoundly impressed with her sincerity. Aimee Semple McPherson is one hundred per cent sincere.

I have visited her temple in Los Angeles, called "The Angelus Temple," with its seating capacity for five thousand persons. I have stood on the beach at Venice, California, where the tragedy of the abduction took place. I was in Los Angeles when Mrs. McPherson returned from her trip around the world. This, I think, was the latter part of April. I was in Los Angeles at the time of her disappearance on May 18. I was also in Los Angeles at the time of her return from captivity; so I have had an opportunity to look into all the details of this remarkable incident and event, having spent a vacation of twelve weeks on the very site. Mrs. Gordon and I left Los Angeles on the evening before Mrs. McPherson's return to her own home.

I was so thoroughly convinced of the absolute sincerity of Mrs. McPherson and the truthfulness of her account of the tragedy as portrayed in the Los Angeles newspapers that upon my return to San Francisco, I sent her the following telegram:

"Have absolute faith in your integrity and urge you to begin a pilgrimage of world evangelism at once.

Perhaps it might be in order to present a brief sketch of this remarkable woman, in the way of a character analysis. Mrs. McPherson, I should judge, is between thirty-five and forty years of age. She is the daughter of a Canadian farmer, having been brought up in the country and having all the childlike simplicity and physical vitality which belongs to country folks. Religiously her theo-
logy and training is that of the Salvation Army. She is mentally strong, very strong, and far above the average. By strength I mean keenness of perception, and not feminine audacity. Mrs. McPherson possesses a superb gift of eloquence. Charles H. Spurgeon, at the zenith of his strength and power, did not surpass Aimee McPherson as an orator. She possesses the one indispensable characteristic of a public speaker; namely, absolute sincerity.

Aimee McPherson is the soul of sincerity and her followers are sincere. They believe in what they call the “Four Square Gospel.” They believe in the divinity of Christ, in Heaven and Hell, in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, in Scriptural miracles, in divine healing, in the possibility of holiness in this present life, in the doctrine of the Holy Spirit and in the Second Coming of Christ. They are not hypocrites. They are sincere and Mrs. McPherson is the most sincere of those who compose her regular audience of five thousand souls.

A word might be said about her “looks.” What does Mrs. McPherson look like? The newspapers have reported that a certain woman resembling Mrs. McPherson has been seen here, there, and elsewhere. Is Mrs. McPherson of such a striking face and figure as to command easy recognition at any point, geographical? I answer in the negative. Mrs. McPherson is a fine looking woman, a wholesome looking woman, a woman possessing charm and magnetism, but Mrs. McPherson is not what you would call “a striking personality.” There are one thousand women in San Francisco who resemble Mrs. McPherson in their physical proportions and in the profile and outline of their physiognomy.

The most remarkable thing about Mrs. McPherson is her amazing physical vitality. A leading physician in San Francisco expressed a doubt concerning Mrs. McPherson’s captivity during the thirty-five days of her absence and her alleged return over the scorching sands of the desert and her ability—physical ability—to address an audience of fifty thousand on her arrival at Los Angeles. But evidently he was not acquainted with Mrs. McPherson. Her physical vitality is equal to the strain which she has been called upon to endure. She possesses a vitality fully equal to that of “Billy” Sunday, the famous evangelist, or that of the late William Jennings Bryan, when he stood at the zenith of his power. Mrs. McPherson has conducted evangelistic campaigns in American cities where she has spoken to audiences of ten and fifteen thousand people every evening, and sometimes conducted such services, three times on the same day, with audiences as vast as I have indicated. She is a farmer’s daughter. She has inherited the strength of the valleys, the plains, and the mountain tops. Aside from the inspiration caused by the presence of fifty thousand of her friends at the railroad station in Los Angeles, which might superinduce an artificial strength, and cause her, in a weakened condition, to overtax her nervous vitality—aside from all this, she is blessed with a perfect physical frame, superb health, and an almost inexhaustible vitality.

Amicie Somep McPherson is a strong character, judged from every angle and standpoint, and her strength has in it the ingredient of a noble femininity. How strong she stands!—Suspicions of hypocrisy! Suspicions of deceit! Suspicions of fraud! Suspicions of insincerity! Suspicions of impurity! How strong she stands!—She doesn’t break down. She does not collapse. She is indeed what she announces herself to be—the Joan of Arc for the twentieth century!

Has Mrs. McPherson enemies in Los Angeles and elsewhere? I should answer without hesitation, “Yes.” There are persons in the world who would do evil to Mrs. McPherson if that possibility were placed within their reach. She is a woman and therefore must stand the criticism of her enemies—enemies of her own sex. She is a “divine healer,” although she does not profess to heal but rather to direct the sick and falling to the source of divine healing, but she is known in Los Angeles and over the continent of North America as a “great healer.” She has been constantly criticized by members of the medical profession in all of its branches. Mrs. McPherson has been very successful as a preacher, healer, organizer and evangelist. It is sometimes a crime to succeed, at least your success is so regarded by those who have failed and who lack the strength which you possess. Mrs. McPherson stands for certain “fundamental” doctrines and has been the subject of severe criticism upon the part of certain preachers in her own end of the State. She is opposed to dance halls and the present tendency of social pleasure toward jazz and all-night-revelry. She has enemies also in the underworld. Perhaps these facts might furnish a reason why so many people have been so hasty in their condemnation before even her case has been investigated.

I wish to call attention to the startling fact that during the last two weeks, since Mrs. McPherson’s return from captivity many of the newspapers of California, have published columns of so-called “news” with glaring and misleading headlines. These so-called “news items” have, from day to day, been nothing more than a rehash—a daily reproduction of the same suspicions, insinuations, guesses, and hear-says. It is remarkable how little actual information has been preferred and how much has been supplied in the way of rumor. Famous detectives have been reported again and again as saying that they possessed some very “startling” items of information. This sort of systematic insinuation has been passed on from day to day without the prophecy of anything standing or remarkable having been fulfilled. Certainly we owe Mrs. McPherson an apology for the way in which she has been treated in the columns of the press all over the country.
No motive has been shown why Mrs. McPherson should deceive the world.

Mrs. McPherson's explanation is the best explanation which can be given of all the incidents which go to make up the event of her disappearance and return. Did Mrs. McPherson run away? Did she have any cause or occasion to run away? Did she run away from her life work, from her great temple, from her regular audiences numbering ten thousand people Sabbath after Sabbath, from her maternal mother, from her two beautiful children, from fame and glory in the United States, and from an international reputation? Did she run away from duty and from God?

Can any person give any good reason why Mrs. McPherson should have run away? She had just returned as a queen from a trip around the world, having addressed vast multitudes in the city of London and elsewhere. She had just returned to her own land with the world at her feet. Did she need money for her great temple in Los Angeles? Then there were many avenues open to her. She could have made money as "Billy" Sunday achieved wealth in American evangelism. Newspapers and magazines would have paid her handsomely for special articles. The lecture platform would gladly have proffered a compensation of a thousand dollars a week. All the avenues open to a great personality and a striking individuality were open to her. She could have coined wealth had she wished to. Aimee McPherson did not run away! Her own explanation of what has happened is the best, and I believe, the only explanation.

Hear me! No point in her story has yet been disproved and she has told that story again and again. That story will stand the stress and the strain of cross-examination and a thorough investigation, so I believe.

There ought to be somebody to speak a word for Aimee McPherson. Some strong voice ought to be heard in her behalf. The noble women identified with the women's clubs of America should immediately place themselves on record in protest against an attempt to break down the reputation of a noble woman whose career has been an illustration of unselfishness and self-sacrifice.

Seven Questions

(1) Why is it that when a citizen, high or low, has been publicly charged with immorality (even before a tithe of evidence has been submitted) that eighty per cent of the public are prone to believe that he or she is guilty?

(2) Why is it so much easier to believe an evil report than it is to believe a good report?

(3) Why is it that any reflection on the moral character of a rabbi, a priest, a preacher, or an evangelist is always greeted with a sinister "I told you so."

(4) Why should a noble Christian woman be called upon to appear before a judicial body in answer for a crime committed against herself?

(5) Is it possible to have a fair, calm or judicial hearing of any case or cause when the public mind has been inflamed and prejudiced by the persistent publication of innumerable bear-says?

(6) Which of the following two epigrams is in harmony with our American ideals?—First: "Innocent—until proved guilty," or second: "Guilty—until proved innocent."

(7) Of what value is a life of splendid achievement if a breath of suspicion can sweep away in one short hour the toil and labor of many years?

Four Predictions

(1) I predict that ninety-seven per cent of what has been reported in the newspapers of the land with reference to the case of Aimee Semple McPherson will not be regarded as worthy to be brought before any judicial court or commission of investigation.

(2) I predict that because of the absolute absence of any reliable evidence, against Mrs. Aimee McPherson, the whole excitement will "flatten out" inside of a very brief period.

(3) I predict that as a result of this unfortunate affair a profound conviction will settle down upon the minds of those who are thoughtful and discriminating, that a noble Christian woman has been shamefully slandered, misrepresented and maltreated.

(4) I predict that Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, by public demand, will enter, at an early date, upon a period of world evangelism, which will equal, in power and results, the colossal achievements of the famous Moody and Sankey of a former generation.

It may be that in the providence of God this noble woman is being prepared for a special purpose hid in the divine mind and yet to be revealed, in the unfolding developments of coming days.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm."
Arizona Officer States Truth With Held In Case

The "Daily Sun" story follows:

"The constable stopped in Redlands this morning to visit his aunt and uncle, the Rev. and Mrs. Geo. Gardner of the Citrus Avenue M. E. church, South, before continuing his return journey from Los Angeles, where he testified on behalf of Mrs. McPherson.

Desert Really Ganny Country

"In the first place," Constable Ash stated, "there is no such place as the desert with scorching sands, prickly cactus and the kind of brush that would tear clothes and scratch shoes; that is, there is no such region in the district where Mrs. McPherson was said to have made her escape from the famous shack of Agua Prieta. I don't know why the public has been misled concerning the topography of that country, because that so-called Sonora desert is the other extreme. It is a grassy country, ideal pasturage land, with plenty of springs of water. The altitude of that misnamed 'desert' is 5,000 feet.

"And 'Aimee's shack' has been found," he continued. "I have seen the five-gallon oil can which was used by Mrs. McPherson to cut her bonds. Her hands and feet were not bound with rope, but with strips of cloth similar to bed ticking."

Newspapers Ahead of Trial on Testimony

While eating my lunch in Los Angeles the other day I purchased a newspaper which gave a full account of the testimony of M. E. Irvine, a photographer from Douglas. But Irvine had not yet been on the witness stand and did not get to testify until two and one-half hours after I read his alleged testimony in the paper. Furthermore, in several instances when I answered 'yes' on the witness stand I was quoted in the newspapers as saying 'no.' Witnesses have been misquoted in many instances.

Shack Used As Miner's Cabin

"Accompanied by an Indian and Leslie Galiff, lieutenant of the Douglas police department, I back-trailed Mrs. McPherson, following her tracks along a fence which runs due east from Douglas toward Niggerhead mountain. After going nine miles we followed the woman's tracks south along the Galardo ranch fence for another nine miles. During this latter stretch there was a distance of nearly two miles where the trail could not be found because of cattle tracks. Our first trip was a failure.

"Then, on August 18—that was after Mrs. McPherson has returned to that region to help officers hunt the cabin where she had been held prisoner—we found the shack that the evangelist and the other officers failed to find. Lieutenant Galiff was the first to spy the place. The shack was really a miner's cabin at the abandoned San Juan gold and copper mine.

Tied With Cloth Similar to Ticking

"In this shack we found the can which had been opened with a can-opener, and we could see that the rough edge had been used to cut the bed ticking strips which apparently had bound the woman's wrists and ankles. Incidentally, I saw the marks made on Mrs. McPherson's wrists by these strips, although the Los Angeles papers denied there were any marks. There was no furniture of any kind in the house when we visited it.

"The San Bernardino Sun correspondent goes on to say that Constable Ash, together with his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Gardner, spent half an hour in the Redlands office of the San Bernardino Sun, describing the evangelist's case as he saw it. He admitted that he knew little concerning the pastor and her work, but he is confident she is the victim of much misrepresentation.

"Great concern is roused because of the report that Mrs. McPherson had hiked twenty miles across the wild desert without scaring her shoes and tearing her clothes into shreds. Please observe that the shoes I now have on have not the slightest scratch, yet I walked days and nights over the grassy country in search of Mrs. McPherson's trail. Mrs. McPherson's ankles were swollen from the long walk she took. I noticed the swelling. I also saw holes in her stockings, though the newspapers denied this. One pocket was torn from her gingham dress, too. When I testified in Los Angeles on Tuesday and Wednesday I wore a silk-finish alpaca suit which contained no blemishes, despite the fact that I had worn it constantly two days and two nights when I finally arrived at the shack which the evangelist had described to me.

Temperature That Day Near 100

"In my opinion, the shack is about 10 miles from Douglas. The evangelist declared she had walked twenty miles. The maximum temperature reached the day Mrs. McPherson walked across the grassy country was 96 degrees; at least, that's what it was in Douglas.
"John Anderson, the cab driver who brought Mrs. McPherson across the border at the request of the mayor of Agua Prieta, did not heed the mayor's order to take her to the hospital because the woman in a semi-conscious condition, continually called for the police. Therefore, Anderson took her first to the Douglas police station. That is how I learned of the case immediately. I had been a police officer or a deputy sheriff since 1899, and I am now serving my second term as constable.

"I know the border country well and I have had considerable training in tracking. So when I heard the evangelist's story I organized a party to search for the shack and to hunt for the kidnappers.

When a bit of kindness hits ye,
After passing of a cloud
When a bit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feeling proud,
Don't forget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feeling blue,
For the moment that you sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

AIMEE'S CRIPPLE

LOS ANGELES TIMES

BY ALMA WHITAKER

So widespread have been the rumors regarding Mrs. McPherson and the people who are healed under her ministry, that we are reprinting the following brief story by Alma Whitaker, a feature writer for the Los Angeles Times.

All my attempts to find that sham cripple have failed. But the story still goes merrily on.

Another story I tried to track down was the $500 worth of rich silk underwear that Aimée was supposed to have purchased for her trip to the Holy Land. Dozens of people I know got it straight from the girl in the store that waited upon her. . . . but for the life of them they can't just happen to remember which store it was, or where I can find this saleswoman. I have had a great time visiting the lingerie departments without success.

On the other hand, I did find a girl who told me she had sold Aimée an underslip for $3.95, when the one she really admired was $10, but Aimée thought the little inexpensive one would do.

Poor Aimée. She must not only face the actual definite legal indictments against her, but she is up against this sort of petty tattotidale and insidious gossip as well.

Sometimes she is a child cripple, but then again she is more often somebody's cook.

The first time I heard about her was when my manliurist got it direct from a lady who got it from the man whose wife knows the child's family. Yes, ma'am. This man's wife had been hiring the child's mother and knew the child. A husky youngster, with large eyes. Yes ma'am. So you can imagine this man's wife's surprise when she went down to a healing service at Aimée's temple and saw this child come in on crutches, all crippled up! But by and by, after the service, what does he do but throw her crutches away and testify she is healed. So the next time this man's wife hired this child's mother she asked about it, and found the child had been paid $25 to fake a healing.

This story distressed me. But the next time I heard it it was "my neighbor's cook." "Yes, ma'am. She left right before dinner when they were giving a party, said she had got everything ready but she just had to go out. My neighbor was pretty sick about it, but she served dinner herself. After dinner the company got to talking about Aimée (company does these days,) and they suddenly decided to go in a body to visit Aimée's temple."
Yes, you’ve guessed it. “There was the cook, all on crutches, and telling how she had been crippled for years, and by-and-by she throws away her crutches and says she is healed. When she comes home that night my neighbor says: “Why, Ora, what was you doing down to that temple on crutches? And Ora says she done it often and got $20 for it.”

Exactly. And since then I have heard a score of variations on that cripple story. It was usually offered to ridicule any faith I might have in Aimee and her works.

Everyone that told it to me got it straight from some one who knows somebody who saw it with their own eyes.

I decided to track it down. Ever tried to track that sort of a story down? I went back to the manicurist, but, alas, she did not know the name of the lady who knew the man whose wife hired the crippled child’s mother. “She just came into the store.”

So then I tracked down the lady with the neighbor. But the neighbor who told it to her got it from a lady who was visiting another neighbor, and the other neighbor could not rightly remember who her guest was that it happened to.

One lady had got it straight from her bank teller, whose wife knew the lady whose cook was doing the cripple masquerade. I tackled the bank teller, who undertook to tackle his wife, and for the life of her his wife couldn’t remember the name of the lady who had the cook.

**Judge not the words and deeds of others, for their brain and heart you cannot see. What looks to your dim eyes a stain, In God’s pure sight may only be A scar, brought from some well-won field Where you would only faint and yield.**

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**THE McPHERSON CASE**

The preliminary trial is closed, and that you may know how it impressed the Editorial writer of the Los Angeles Record I am including in this booklet an Editorial taken from the November fourth issue of that paper. The Record has tried to play fair in this case and has succeeded better than any other paper in Los Angeles. Thinking people are beginning to see through this unholy persecution and becoming alive to what is going on in Los Angeles under the guise of prosecuting Mrs. McPherson.

Justice, winking and smirking, was vindicated in Judge Sam Blake’s municipal court yesterday. Or, at least, so we are told. Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson and her white-haired old mother were duly bound over, as was expected. They will be tried in January, if the district attorney decides to carry on with the case. They will then answer to a jury in superior court on charges of perjury, subornation of perjury and conspiracy to defeat justice.

Mrs. Lorraine Wiseman-Seiffert, who confessed hoaxing both the district attorney and Mrs. McPherson, was also bound over. At almost the same hour, in another municipal court, the district attorney removed from the calendar another charge against her, the accusation of passing false checks, which hung over her head while she testified for the prosecution. Those who know her Bible will be able to locate the Savior’s saying, “The laborer is worthy of his hire.”

One important fact, we believe, the public should keep in mind. Mrs. McPherson and her mother were not found guilty yesterday. They were bound over, on evidence which the municipal judge said he believed warranted trial of the facts in a superior court of record. Their innocence is still presumed, at law, unless and until convicted by a jury.

It is not the desire of the province of The Record to question the wisdom of yesterday’s decision. We recognize that ambitious and earnest young judge was in a difficult position, both as to law and public opinion. The reporters say that his hands and voice trembled as he read his brief finding. Quite likely. There is even now a snarling among judges of the superior court to avoid assignment of the case to their courtrooms. None of them hankers for the limelight in this sorry mess. Which is rather unusual and somewhat funny.

But judges and jaded public alike look forward with relief to at least two months during which the McPherson case will not be headlined in Los Angeles newspapers. Even the newspapers most avid for salacious circulation probably join in this feeling. They are gorged and sated. By January they will be hungry again. The Record alone among Los Angeles newspapers, has attempted to present both sides, fairly and accurately, during this prolonged and expensive public discussion of shocks, shoes and “shimmies.” It has not joined the
pack in hilarious, roller-than-thou pursuit of a noted woman. It has not sought to defend her if she committed any momentous public wrong. In closing this particular chapter of the case we simply reiterate certain observations on the fundamentals involved.

1. Accept, for the moment, the blackest possible picture of the matter, as presented by the prosecution. Boiled down, it is the charge that Mrs. McPherson committed what society considers a personal sin, and then lied about it.

2. This same personal sin is committed wholesale, every hour of the day even in the most sanctimonious sections of our purified Los Angeles without clamor of outraged public feeling, or shocked public officials.

3. If Mrs. McPherson sinned, and lied about it to the grand jury, she did so to protect her reputation, to protect her aged mother, and to protect two innocent children. Yes, perhaps, to protect the faith of a multitude who believed in her as a shining guide to a better life.

4. If Mrs. McPherson lied to the grand jury, she injured nobody but herself, nor imperiled the reputation or the peace or the freedom of anyone but herself. She harmed no one—only that abstract, grotesque thing we call “Justice.”

5. That lie—if she lied—constitutes the whole sum and substance of the charges conveyed in the ponderous words “perjury, subornation of perjury and conspiracy.”

6. Meanwhile, during all the weeks of this trial, daily in every court in Los Angeles, men and women have been committing perjury, as every lawyer and every judge knows. Perjury is the most common offense in our courts, and the least punished.

7. Meanwhile, with scores of public officials zealously, feverishly attempting to prove that a woman lied—to protect her honor—the machinery of justice has detoured around a multiplicity of crimes of much more serious importance.

8. Mrs. McPherson’s position as a religious leader, in her own church, is a matter for that church to determine. It is none of the business of other sects, or of a scoffing public, and this is written by a man who believes not at all in Mrs. McPherson’s brand of Gospel.

9. A very large amount of money has been spent to prove that a woman loved and lied. Before it is over, if the case goes to trial, it will have cost several hundred thousand dollars. And it will have sold millions of copies of Los Angeles newspapers. And it will have blackened one woman’s reputation.

Los Angeles Business Man In Open Letter Asks Rev. Bob Schuler 42 Questions

Probably one of the best things that has been written on the McPherson case is the following article written in the form of 42 questions addressed to Rev. Bob Schuler, who has been viciously attacking Mrs. McPherson and her work ever since she has been in Los Angeles. These questions were written by A Los Angeles Business man who does not believe in Mrs. McPherson’s Gospel and are well worth reading. The church is being tried today before the world and is being judged not by what Mrs. McPherson has or has not done, but by the attitude assumed by professed followers of her who said, “Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.” Has your attitude been that of a Bob Schuler or that of a Doctor Dyer, whose wonderful sermon, “Pray for Mrs. McPherson,” is included in this little booklet following this article?

LOS ANGELES—As an onlooker in the very serious religious crisis that has arisen in this city since the disapperance and reappearance of Aimee Semple McPherson, I am constrained to record some of my impressions in the hope of counteracting some of the harmful effects of the discussion that has followed.

I use the term religious crisis advisedly for the reason that the central figures of the controversy are religious leaders and I am persuaded that the religious life of this city, if not the entire world, is to be more seriously affected by this unfortunate circumstance than by any other happening that has taken place in the last fifty years or that may take place for many years to come.

There is no doubt but that all branches of our social, political and even our business life will be in some measure reached by the harmful influences of this scandal, but most certainly our religious circles are undergoing a crucial test and will be re-quired to meet it in such a way that the non-religious world will be convinced that Jesus Christ is still among us, or go down in a defeat that may tie the hands of the church for an indefinite period.

Not that I wish to give the impression that the fate of the church or Christ’s kingdom lies in the hands of any individual, but rather that the church as a whole, comprised of the entire body of believers and followers of Christ, no matter what denomination or creed they represent, are the building house of the spirit of Christ and of God.

Because this matter has such a direct relation to the church, (meaning by church all professing Christians) and because it has grown to such proportions, the eyes of the world are waiting to see the outcome of it. In other words, if you please, the spirit of Christ as embodied by the professed followers of Christ is on trial and exhibition before the world.
Either Christ will manifest Himself as “the head from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplyeth,” or the multitude will suddenly become aware that He is no longer among our company.

Whether Mrs. McPherson and her mother are innocent or guilty of the crime of which they stand accused; this is not the big issue of the moment or the pending trial. Whether or not Christ is among His people to save and bless and comfort and preserve; this is the big question in the heart of the world. The only way the world can tell is by the manifestation of the spirit among the professed followers of Christ. “Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children, and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us and hath given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor.” This is what the world expects to find and when they do not find it they turn away in disgust and sorrow.

If Mrs. McPherson is guilty of the things of which she is accused there is no question as to her standing with God. For do not the scriptures say: “For this we know, that no whoremonger nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolator, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God. . . . Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of the disobedience.”

But whether she is guilty or whether she is innocent has nothing to do with the behavior of the rest of God’s family.

I charge that the spirit manifest by a great majority of the professing Christians of this city with reference to this case has been far from Christ-like, and venture the statement that it will react to the hurt and detriment of the rest of God’s family.

As a sample of that spirit I would like to mention Rev. Bob Schuler’s little booklet “McPhersonism” as the latest edition, “containing summary of facts as to disappearance and re-appearance of Aimee Semple McPherson!” More particularly the introductory remarks as to said disappearance and reappearance.

I select this specimen because Mr. Schuler is a minister of the gospel, the pastor of a large congregation and one who should be an example of the kind of spirit that should be possessed and manifest by a follower of Christ. Moreover, the tone and temper of this pamphlet is fairly representative of the spirit manifest by a great many so-called Christians which appears to the writer as anything but Christlike, and open to stern rebuke and criticism.

Inasmuch as Mr. Schuler has himself assumed the questionnaire method of criticism and exposure, he can have no objections to my pursuing the same course. I propose to analyze the spirit of this pamphlet by asking Mr. Schuler a number of questions relative thereto.

1. Is it becoming in a minister of the gospel to take advantage of a sensational scandal for personal aggrandizement or gain?

2. How much profit has been realized from the sale of your pamphlet “McPhersonism”?

3. Who receives that profit?

4. Is it likely to win souls for Christ?

5. Is it not likely to be a stumbling block to the lost?

6. Can you conceive of Christ publishing such a book?

7. Is it fit for your daughters to read?

8. Could you recommend it as wholesome and edifying to the unregenerate young people?

9. Should the criticism and denunciation of a sinner by a minister of the gospel differ in any respect from that offered by an ungodly unbelieving world?

10. How did Christ speak of a woman taken in the very act of that which your booklet indicates Mrs. McPherson is guilty? Does the fact that He was merciful and kind convict him of condoning her sin or of lacking courage to rebuke the sinner?

11. If Christ had said to you: “He that is without sin among you, let him first publish Schuler’s booklet “McPhersonism,” would you still have published that booklet?

12. Is there any essential difference between hitting Mrs. McPherson with a stone and hitting her with that publication?

13. Where is that publication did you express any sorrow or heart ache that such a wonderful personal-
with your criticism of Mrs. McPherson and her work?
18. Should not a minister of the gospel be very careful least jealousy of another worker creep in and incapacitate him from heeding his Lord's injunction: "Weep with them that weep and rejoice with them that do rejoice"?
19. Can you believe that Mrs. McPherson has not been used of God in this city to the salvation of many precious souls?
20. Does not your booklet come under the head of slander and scandal mongering?
21. Should a Christian much less a minister of the gospel ever have even the appearance of a slanderer or a scandal monger?
22. Has your church lost any members to Mrs. McPherson's temple? If so, why?
23. If only fanatics and physicked people follow Mrs. McPherson are you sincere in regretting the loss of any church members to her? Ought you not rather be glad to be rid of such rabble as she is doing?
24. Since you first began to attack Mrs. McPherson and her work, has God sanctioned your effort by pressing her or has her work grown on stronger and greater than ever? Does this indicate something wrong with you or is God indifferent to the harm she is doing?
25. Do you think an appeal to the City of Los Angeles to withhold judgment in the McPherson case until the truth is found out and for the people to be charitable in their conduct, not losing faith in Christ or his followers no matter which way it goes, would be more becoming a minister of the gospel than the course you have followed?
26. Are you sincere in the statement on page 3 that "in giving this sensational story, there is no desire to injure Mrs. McPherson personally"?
27. Why is it necessary for a minister to give sensational stories of scandal in order to carry on his work of soul-winning?
28. Do you think any minister who seeks to hold the public attention by crying scandal and sensationalism from the house-tops is gaining lasting favor in the eyes of ether the public or of heaven?
29. as ever in the history of the world a soul-winner and a scandalmonger found to be one and the same person.
30. In your pamphlet you mentioned the death among the heathen of Mr. Semple, a young missionary who had given his life for the Master whom he loved and served. Are your remarks about him the best you can say for one who forswears all to follow Jesus, leaving home and friends and kindred to die among strangers for the truth he loved? Upon reading that reference to such a loyal devoted soul do you think you maintained the sweet spirit of Jesus Christ? Can you not feel in that statement a cruel, sarcastic, bitter hatred, akin to the spirit that crazified Christ?
31. Are you as anxious to have it proven that Mrs. McPherson and her mother are pure holy women, whose labors are being signaliy crowned of God, as you are to have it proven that they are low, vile, criminal, hypocritical imposters?
32. Have you been careful not to bring reproach on the name of Christ by your anxiety to prove another minister of the gospel a hypocrite and a traitor?
33. Have you considered the fact that all of her work and activity has been for the betterment of her fellowmen? Do bad women devote their lives to good deeds?
34. Have you stopped to think what it would mean if Mrs. McPherson and her mother are vindicated and if they are shown to be true women of God? Would that not show you in a rather embarrassing light since you have been so forward with your accusations and denunciations?
35. Should a minister of the gospel deliberately and wilfully do violence to the words of another and twist their meaning to be entirely different from what was intended? Is that honorable? Is that Christlike? When Mrs. McPherson said, "Am I a woman, to be deprived of the chivalrous protections with which Americans always have guarded any woman's name," did she say or mean to intimate that some of her followers should get a gun and go murder Rev. Bob Schuler. Are you not only making yourself ridiculous in the eyes of the public by such a childish maneuver, but are you not also grieving the Spirit of God and bringing dishonor to the name of Christ.
36. You complain that you have been accused of trying to wreck the work of Angelus Temple. You certainly are not trying to build it up, are you? Then why do you dislike to be charged openly with that accusation? Have you sized up the crowd that are interested with you in that enterprise? Do you know that all the sounders in this city from the brothels and bootleggers on up to the crooked politicians are working with you in arm in arm in trying to wreck that work? How does it come that Christ and the devil are agreed for once?
37. Why should you ridicule and jeer at the great company of people who met Mrs. McPherson at the train and welcomed her home. Because her people love her and believe in her and hold her in high esteem for her works take must you revile them and hurk sarcastic cutting remarks at them because of their loyalty and devotion. Is it not true that a spirit filled leader should be thus loved and honored by his constituency? And does not a lack of this sort of loyalty indicate that a leader has failed to reach and
hold the hearts of his people as he might have done.

38. Your frequent and extravagant use of the term "Physic-mad followers," are you not in danger of belittling the power Christ has promised to bestow upon His workers? Has He not said, "Ye shall be endued with power, after the Holy Ghost has come upon you"? Has He not promised that His disciples will be endued with power to accomplish otherwise impossible tasks, after they have been filled with His Spirit? Why do you, a minister of the gospel, make light of any demonstration that goes beyond the acknowledged power of man? Are you not aware that He has promised to "Strengthen with might by the Spirit in the inner man"? Are you unwilling to let Him have the glory for such strengthening with might? Is there no source of power beyond and above the normal, natural sources of human strength to which the follower of Christ may have access. Brother, are you not hasty in ascribing to psychic power and mob psychology, what rightfully belongs to God?

39. From your attitude toward Divine Healing I take it that you have never gone with a broken heart to God alone when all earthly means had failed, pressing your case with Him, receiving instantly and complete healing and restoration. Because you have never thus been tried and helped, do you refuse to believe that such a thing is possible or probable, in the face of countless witnesses who with smiling faces and happy voices proclaim that "God has thus heard their prayers and answered them? With the New Testament as your guide and Christ as your Friend can you dare to deny Him the glory He claims in this regard? Instead of calling such a witness a lier and an impostor why do you not rather admit that you have never really had such an experience and let it go at that?

40. Is your bitterness against Mrs. McPherson and her work consistent with the love and charity and brotherliness one Christian is admonished to bear another.

41. Suppose you and Mrs. McPherson were suddenly called before the judgment bar of God. Do you honestly think you could repeat to Him your accusations as they are in your little book word for word? Are you not afraid you would stutter and stammer and offer some changes and reservations? If so why do you so boldly make them before the judgment bar of men? Do you not realize that we are to give an account to God for every word we have uttered? Yes, even for every word "whispered in the ear...in the closet"? If your accusations will not bear the light of God's judgment, are they becoming to a Christian, not to say a minister of the gospel?

42. How do you reconcile your "going to law" with the scriptures? You have had several law suits in this city, have you not? Does the following scripture mean nothing to you: 1 Cor. 6: 8. "But brother goes to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers..." Now therefore there is a utterly a fault among you because ye go to law with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded... Nay ye do wrong and defraud and that your brethren...

It seems to me that this is a time for the churches to prostrate themselves before God, crying out for His deliverance from this ugly situation. Instead of the foolish jesting and talking and whispering and slandering it seems to me there should be weeping and praying and repentance. If all these things that are said of Mrs. McPherson are true it is one of the saddest things that has ever happened in the history of the church. We should hope and pray to God that they are not true and do all in our power to prove that they are not true until we know beyond a doubt. And if they are not true but the snare and trap of the devil not only to ruin the work of one of God's successful laborers but to seriously retard and impede the work of the combined forces of Christ's people in this community, we should pray and strive the harder to reveal that fact.

There is on thing we can do. We can each so conduct himself with regard to this case as that the world will "take note of us that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him." If the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts are acceptable in God's sight we shall have done no harm though we may not have accomplished much good. If we refuse to become slanderers and scandal mongers we shall not dishonor our Christ or bring condemnation to our own hearts.

I am not pleading in defense of Mrs. McPherson nor am I attempting to injure Bob Schuler. I am pleading with the Christian people of this community to carry themselves as becomes followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. I do not know Mrs. McPherson. I have never heard her preach but twice. I am not a member of the Ku Klux Klan nor of the Catholic church. I admire Bob Schuler as a man and a preacher. I have heard him several times. But I cannot refrain from expressing myself as I have concerning his conduct as a Christian and a minister of the gospel in this critical case. I am only a champion of fair play and Christian brotherliness. I have lifted my voice against an injustice perpetrated in the name of Jesus Christ which seems to me should be rebuked and solemnly warned against.

Yours for Christian brotherhood,
GORDON H. CLARK,
Los Angeles.
Watch Your Step

WONDER how many of us stop to realize that each day we are setting up the standard by which God will and is judging us. Here is what the Bible has to say on the subject:

Mat. 7:1-2-3 Judge not, that ye be not judged.
For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.
And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?
Luke 6:36-37 Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.
Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive and ye shall be forgiven.
Rom. 2:1 Therefore thou art inexcusable. O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself.

Is not our habit therefore of thoughtlessly judging others apt, in the light of the above scripture, to get us into some rather tight places.

WITH WHAT MEASURE YOU METE—IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN

“PRAY FOR MRS. McPHERSON”

Sermon by Rev. Frank Dyer, D.D., preached in Wilshire Boulevard Congregational Church, Los Angeles, California. A sermon that makes you feel 6/1's Fourth of July behind the cloud the sun still shines.

Text: “Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.” Galatians 6:2.
When I went into the pulpit of the famous City Temple, London, England this summer, one of the Officers of the Temple told me this story:
When the young American preacher, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton came to stand in the place where Dr. Reginald Campbell and Dr. Joseph Parker had stood, he was overcome with tremulous fear because of the greatness of the responsibility placed upon him. That first Sunday morning he found in the vestry a bouquet of flowers containing a card this sentence: “We have come not to criticize, but to pray.”
In that mood and spirit this congregation gathers here tonight.
I do not stand here as Judge Blake of the Municipal Court. He has one duty to perform, I have quite another. I am not here as the Prosecuting Attorney. I do not want to take the place of Asa Keyes personally or officially. One of the last persons I would want to be in any community is a prosecuting attorney. That is, no doubt, a very necessary office in the protection of the lives and liberties of men. But I am not called to that office.

Nothing that I say here tonight is to be construed as interfering with these gentlemen in the faithful performance of their public duty.
Neither am I here as a newspaper crime investigator. His is another job I do not want. To spend your day digging moral dirt is not a very inspiring task. More suspicion, slander and sordidness slips into the newspaper office than into any other place in the community. I do not wonder, when men who handle these everyday, become cynical of human nature. The boys in that end of the newspaper business have my sympathy. I do not want their job.
I am not here to blame or defend Mrs. McPherson. Neither of these would help her or the community tonight, on the eve of her public trial. I am here as a Christian Minister to pray for her and to ask you to do the same if you will. I have been praying incessantly for Mrs. McPherson since I returned to Los Angeles a month ago. There is in my heart a very great sorrow for her.
When in 1914 we were rushed into a World War, I had a similar feeling. We were standing in the vestibule of what we believed to be the Golden Age, with science education, commerce and brotherhood everywhere.
advancing. When we were plunged into the bloody horror of a world catastrophe, I went around like a whipped dog for many weeks, as no doubt you did.

The accusations and the suspicions hurled at this leader of religion for months now in the press of this city has left me with a great sorrow in my heart.

I have never met Mrs. McPherson personally. My work is here on this Boulevard and hers is at Echo Park. She has been busy with her task and I have been seeking to carry forward the trust committed to my care and so we have never met, but I have often heard her, at times at the Temple, because I am a student of religion and more often over the radio and I have come to know something of her method and her message and to be conscious of her power. When she disappeared at Ocean Park you will remember that I gave a Sunday morning prelude entitled "The Sorrows of Thousands for Mrs. McPherson."

I am deliberately trying tonight to inject into this whole situation another point of view than the common gossip of the World; what I believe is a Christian point of view. Within this House of God tonight, it is a privilege to try and think like Christian men and women.

Pray for Mrs. McPherson 1st. Because she is in great trouble. Hers is a great and heart-rending trouble.

As the Child of her mother As the mother of her children As the Pastor of her flock and As a public leader— She is in trouble.

She had built a reputation that went around the world. I had an opportunity to test this throughout England this summer. In every nook and corner people inquired for her. People hoped for her and believed in her.

This world-wide reputation has been assailed. Her veracity, her chastity, her public integrity, her ministerial fidelity—all have been assailed. She has been assailed in an un-paralleled way. Never in the history of the World has the world's suspicions of a woman been so insistently, persistently and publicly paraded as in this case. Around the frill-bark of that life, in the midst of the sea, the waves are breaking high, the winds are howling and the whirlpools are forming. If ever a little woman needed prayers of decent people it is Mrs. McPherson. Pray for her because she is in trouble.

2nd. Pray for her because she has borne the burdens of thousands of others.

Thousands of poor people.
Thousands of sick people.
Thousands of pleasure-scorched people.
Thousands of sinning people.

They have had their burdens lifted by this gentle woman. Day and night she has borne their burdens and carried their sorrows. She has done this beyond all natural human endurance.

One of England's Master Minds was calling this Summer upon the Youth of England not to live comfortably or luxuriously, but to live dangerously for a cause. Beyond anybody else I know Mrs. McPherson has "lived dangerously" for others.

We who know something about the demands of administrative and executive leadership joined with the constant emotional strain of unceasing public appearance can appreciate something of the burden that this wonder woman has carried.

When the mystery in this case is cleared away, it will be found perhaps to lie right there. I do not believe that any crime mystery or vile mystery will be unearthed about her. That she has lived and kept her sanity to this hour is one of the amazing marvels of human endurance. No one should have carried quite the burdens that this little woman has carried, in her vast and far-reaching ministry.

Pray for her—she willingly bore the burdens of thousands of others.

3rd. Pray for her—that her great gift may be saved to the world.

It is my deliberate judgment that she stands today the greatest little woman in the World. I know something about human gifts and divine endowments. I have known the world's greatest evangelists and I have sat at the feet of the sons and daughters of men most gifted in human speech and I do not hesitate to say that she is the greatest little woman minister in human history.

I have no sympathy with the talk that she is a religious profiteer. Money has come to Angelus Temple, but the program of building, enlarging, expanding and serving has required money. What has been given, has no doubt been given gladly. Whatever has come to Mrs. McPherson personally is a mere bugaboo compared with the service she rendered.

There is no woman on any movie lot in Hollywood who has ever earned by her gifts and services a reward equal to that due to Mrs. McPherson. Her gifts, her leadership, her dedication far exceeds any compensation she has ever received.

Pray for her—that her gifts may not be lost to the world.

4th. Pray for Mrs. McPherson—that Angelus Temple may not be destroyed.

Here are a multitude of people hanging upon her word and leadership. I would hate to see them scattered as sheep without a shepherd. That fellowship exceeds, I understand, the membership of any other Christian Church in the world. All gathered within five years.

I have counted it a great thing for the moral and spiritual welfare of this city that this multitude of human beings were being reached and united by the ministry of Angelus Temple. Our human society is not so secure that we can afford to lightly cast aside the powerful religious influence of such work.

How superbly Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. McPherson have used every blast,
every assault, every new affidavit, to
bind Angelus Temple together!

Never in all human time has a little
woman battled so successfully through
such tornadoes and cyclones of op-
position as this little woman has
done. She has shown a skill, a judg-
ment, a power, beyond that which is
human. How many of us could have
carried on at all during the last four
months? But she has carried on
with a refinement, with a skill, with
a dedication which is one of the
wonders of human achievement. I
am not now judging by the comments
of the press of the day, I am judging
by what my eyes have seen and what
my ears have heard.

To have kept body and soul to-
gether, to have maintained mental
and spiritual sanity and to have
held her flock, is a crown of glory
upon her head.

Pray for her—that her work may
ever be destroyed.

5th. Pray for Mrs. McPherson—that
her enemies may not triumph over
her.

I am not now thinking of the press
or the prosecuting attorney. They
have their duty to perform and I
presume, like other mortals they are
often in doubt as to what their duty
is. I am presuming that their mo-
tives are clean, that they are not
touched by the love of gold or the
love of office, but I am thinking par-
ticularly of these affidavit people.

They are the most disheartening
and disappointing human beings con-
celvable. By their own confession,
they first were prepared to sell them-
selves for gold to create a conspi-
cy and then when the gold was not
enough, they turned to other sources
to secure more gold or to save their
own skins. They revealed that they
have betrayed their own friends and
families. Nothing near and dear to
them has been held sacred. They are
entitled to no credence whatsoever,
I would much rather believe Mrs. Mc-
Pherson today than this tribe of
detractors.

Pray for Mrs. McPherson—that
such people may not triumph over
her.

6th. Pray for Mrs. McPherson—for
religion's sake.

This whole episode is one of the
worst things which has ever come
into the life of Los Angeles. You
can't keep the lid off the community
garbage can without filling the air
with disease. Moral disease is in the
air. The work of Christ and the
Church is none too easy in Los
Angeles. It is going to be harder if
this woman is found guilty of some
great wrong.

What think you is the effect upon
childhood and youth of this repre-
sentation? What think you of the col-
umns of scandal and suspicion sus-
tained day after day and month after
month until the head reels and the
heart is sick over the depravity of
public taste?

For religion's sake—pray that this
nightmare may pass away.

7th. Pray for Mrs. McPherson—be-
cause it is better to be merci-
ful than to be vindictive.
It is better to be merciful than
to be sorry afterward.
It is better to be merciful and
mistaken than to be unmerci-
ful and wrong.
It is better even to be mer-
ciful and mistaken than to be
unmerciful and to be right.

Human history is fraught with dan-
ger signals where communities and
people have become impregnated with
suspicion and have wrought venge-
ance upon defenseless heads.
We may well recall our own fore-
father who passed from mouth to
mouth suspicion and accusation of
their neighbors until they believed
them to be possessed of the devil and
guilty of diabolical witchcraft. So
hypnotized by suspicion did these
sturdy New Englanders become that
again and again innocent human lives
were betrayed and men and women
were done to death in brutal mur-
der because the psychology of suspicion
reigned over human reason.
We no longer spread our suspicions
by word of mouth like that, but we
have invented the printing press and
we can spread them wholesale until a
community judges by hearsay even
before an item of evidence has been
tested.

We know what they did to Joan of
Arc who heard her strange voices and
was moved by strange powers. A
country girl who came to stand in the
presence of princes and of princes
and whose mysterious power baffled
the mighty. She was charged with
the crime of wearing men's clothes
and with other acts that seemed
blasphemous in the Medieval World
and they burnt her at the stake. To-
day the Church canonizes her. She
is a Saint. Today the world acclaims
her. She is a martyr here.

The righteousness of society must
be preserved and I speak no word
against that great necessity. I cer-
tainly hope and pray that that may be
done without destroying this woman.
I am confident that it can be. I
believe it will be.

I would to God tonight that it lay
within my power to deliver this
Christian leader from those evil cir-
cumstances that threaten to engulf
her. I would rather be like the negro
Simon who helped to bear the
Master's cross than to lay one added
ounce of weight upon it or to be a part
of the rabble that cried "Crucify
Him!" or to be Pilate who said "Take
Him and do as ye will."

When I went in to the study of this
Church to come down for this ser-
vice, I found in the corner of the
room a little bird which had come in
through an open window and could
find no way of escape. There it lay,
terrified by the electric light and my
own approaching form. What a joy
it was to take this little creature and
restore it to its sphere of influence
and to its wide and far-reaching
liberty.

I would to God tonight that I had
the same power to take this little
woman and free her from all that
terrifies her; give her back to that
sphere of influence in which she has been so triumphant and to that liberty of prophesying which has made her name so illustrious in the world.

Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.
Pray for Mrs. McPherson:

**Which Are You?**

The following verses taken from the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke is Christ's opinion of the attitude assumed by two men in prayer.

"10. Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee and the other a Publican.

11. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican.

12. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

13. And the Publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner!

14. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

A PHARISEE OR A PUBLICAN—WHICH?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL IT—THEY KNOW IT

You don't have to tell how you live each day,
You don't have to say if you work or play:
A tried, true barometer serves in the place—
However you live, it will show in your face.
The false, the deceit, that you bear in your heart
Will not stay inside where it first got the start;
For sinew and blood are thin veil of lace—
What you wear in your heart, you wear in your face;
If you have gambled and won in the great game of life,
If you feel you have conquered the sorrow and strife,
If you've played the game fair and you stand on first base—
You don't have to say so, it shows in your face.
If your life is unselfish, and for others you live,
For not what you get, but how much you can give;
If you live close to God in His infinite grace—
You don't have to tell it, it shows in your face.

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