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Our Duchess of Manchester's Soul Hospital

Odd Experiences in Her Theosophical Retreat Just Outside London, Where "Visions" of "Past Incarnations" Absorb the Rich and Aristocratic Patients and One Has All the Sensations of Elaborate Dinners Without Touching a Bit of Food

London, June 25.

THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER, who was Helen Zimmerman of Cincinnati, Ohio, has founded a theosophical hospital at Isleworth, and London's smart set is delightedly supporting this novel scheme. Visions of past incarnations; visions of wonderful future happenings are induced by the injection of a mysterious drug, and cure of many of the ills that flesh is heir to is promised.

The hospital has been in existence for several months, but the general public has known little of it and its doings. Theosophists of England, America and Europe are watching this soul hospital with eager eyes, for if the Duchess is really successful in her pet project this "soul hospital" may become the parent of others in other lands.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester are both Theosophists, as are many other members of the British nobility. There are scores of well-known women in London, in Paris and in New York who have their own yogi or master.

It was the Duchess who conceived the idea of founding a hospital on theosophical lines. The Duke aided her. Just at the psychological moment the Duke became interested in Dr. Orlando E. Miller, an American who claimed to have a cure for consumption and its kindred diseases. The Manchesters are very public spirited, very much interested in the betterment of humanity. "If I found my hospital," said the generous Duchess, "the tuberculosis cure can have a try-out there."

Mr. Zimmerman as Backer.
The Duke had long consultations with his wealthy father-in-law, Eugene Zimmerman. Finally Mr. Zimmerman said:

"Find the house and I will finance the hospital for a year."

Down at Isleworth was the superb country estate belonging to the head of the Pears family. Mr. Pears had just had a most unhappy domestic experience. The estate he had spent half a million dollars on was put up for sale. Mr. Zimmerman and the Duke secured it, and the Duchess and her theosophist friends were delighted.

The estate is one of the handsomest places near London. The mansion was large and sumptuously furnished, the gardens superb. There are acres of lawns and woodland. It charmed the Duchess's esthetic soul and pleased Mr. Zimmerman's business sense. It was just the place to please the very wealthy invalids and near invalids of society whose nerves were "on edge," or whose souls needed patching up.

The Duke was perhaps more interested in the Miller cure than in the soul or nerves departments. Mr. Harold McCormick and Mr. J. R. Hatmaker, formerly Cornelius Vanderbilt's private secretary, were also interested in Miller. Mr. McCormick, in fact, was the cause of Miller's trip to England, and it was

McCormick who introduced him to the Duke. The Duke took the treatment for nerves before he went in for the hospital idea, and was so enthralled with the visions he saw that he became a firm believer in the whole thing and worked hard for the success of the hospital and for Orlando E. Miller.

This American has quite a record in his own country. He ran a hernia cure in Denver, an asylum for inebriates near Chicago, and has been interested in many other schemes. He has been attacked by the medical profession in this country.

While the Duchess was having the Pears' mansion transformed into a hospital, London's fashionables were agog with curiosity. The tuberculosis cure was advertised by its loving friends and the Duke and Duchess had many offers of help. On the opening day the Duchess gave a beautiful garden party. The Dowager Duchess of Manchester, Lady Paget, Mrs. William B. Leeds and Mrs. Cornelius West were in the receiving line. A member of the royal family, long known for her theosophical beliefs, was also a patroness.

Theosophists of all degrees were there. The scheme appealed to the leaders of the religion, and they gave it careful consideration. They wanted to learn all they could of the remarkable cure.

The Princess' "Vision."

Of course, there were no patients at the hospital on the opening day, but they came very quickly; there were the Prince and Princess Von Hohenlohe among others. The Princess, one of the most charming women of Europe, took the cure for nerves and for what the boyish Princess called her frayed soul. The drug did not give the Princess any wonderful visions of former incarnations.

"I saw only the future," said she to a young American patient. "I saw myself ruler of a wonderful city; there were millions of people in it; they were giants, the women were seven feet tall and of great beauty. The men matched them. I was their Empress, and always I was laden with chains of jewels. And, curiously, there were never any children in this remarkable city! No, the Prince was not with me. He was having his own visions! I saw this vision every

day for five days. Then I saw no more."

The soul cure is expensive, and yet it has so many followers it is not always possible to admit them. The rates are graded according to the patients' social position or wealth. The Prince Von Hohenlohe for instance, it is said, paid \$50,000 for his and the Princess' treatment. Miller's tubercular cure is his chief interest. He has a well-known licensed physician in charge. This physician went out to Isleworth as a patient in the beginning. Then he went into the scheme himself, with Miller, and to-day he is a staunch believer in all departments of the soul hospital.

A Young American's Experience

But what is the treatment? How is it that seeming miracles are wrought? The idea of the visions is the first point that impresses the patient. But the visions are, after all, but a small part of the cure. Not all patients have these glimpses of their past or future. Cold, phlegmatic temperaments take the soul cure stolidly. The vision seer must be intense, must have an active imagination, must be sensitive, responsive.

Undoubtedly, the most thrilling experience at the soul hospital was that of a young American singer, who went under the cure for cataract. When he arrived he found patients in the gardens, hoeing, raking, digging. Men of title, who had never toiled or spun, were tossing hay in the meadows. Delicate, high bred ladies were sweeping the marble terraces. It was a busy scene.

"Work is part of our cure," said the doctor in charge. "We depend very slightly on drugs—just work and the elevating of the soul and mind work wonders."

The young singer was a theosophist; he gave himself up to the doctor completely. He was put to bed in a beautiful room, and there was a particularly pretty nurse in attendance. Under the doctor's directions he received his first injection of the secret drug. He tells his experiences fully.

"I did not lose consciousness. In fact, not once during my week's treatment did I lose consciousness. I was myself always, and held long, interesting conversations with my pretty nurse."

"The first day I had a vision of my future. I saw myself as a great master, the leader of the whole theosophical faith. I did not live in Tibet, but in the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. I had thousands of followers. My teachers were numbered by the hundred. There were men and women teach-

ers and under-masters. But over all was I myself, the great master."

This vision passed the first day; the second day the patient realized that he was hungry.

"I want something to eat," he said when the doctor dropped in.

"Certainly; what will you have? Just imagine that you are in a restaurant, order everything you want, and you shall have it." And he jabbed the drug in his arm.

"Sweetbreads creamed, broiled chicken, French artichokes and—my, how crowded this restaurant is, waiter, and how hungry all these people seem to be. They are eating like pigs. There, take the stuff away. I am not hungry."

This happened for three days. Always the patient felt hungry, ordered what he wanted, and never even saw the food. He had visions of eating, but never ate!

By this starvation method all poisonous gases and germs were supposed to be eliminated from the system. The drug put the patient into a subjective state—he thought he had eaten, he felt satisfied, and yet he knew that he had not eaten.

The fourth day the drug was administered at 11 o'clock in the morning. Two hours afterward the young singer chafed his nurse about a locket she was wearing, ate his foodless lunch and turned to look at a very beautiful vase on the mantelpiece.

What He Saw Through Mirror.

"Suddenly the mirror over the marble mantel dissolved," he said. "I found myself looking down into some beautiful gardens. At one side was an exquisitely beautiful chateau, with a wide marble terrace. On the terrace were four men playing cards at a round table. They were men of Louis XVI. days. One sat facing me. He had a strong, hard face, bulging eyes and a marvellous white wig, and was dressed in court fashion. All the men wore sumptuous court costumes of velvet and satin. They wore real lace ruffles and jewels. Below them in the gardens played four little girls. A beautiful woman came out on the terrace. She spoke to them, then raised her eyes and looked full into my eyes!"

"She started, turned pale and apparently seemed stunned. Then she leaned over and whispered in the ear of the man facing me. She pointed at me. He looked and jumped wildly up, knocking his gold chair backward. The other men



"Suddenly the mirror over the mantelpiece dissolved. I found myself looking into beautiful gardens. Four men were playing cards. They were of Louis XVI.'s day. A woman came out and pointed at me. All arose and fled as though in terror. . . . Had I actually been looking into a century long past?"



The Duchess of Manchester (formerly Helen Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, O.) in Her Ducal Robes and Coronet.

looked up also and literally shook their fists at me!

"A footman appeared through the long window, received an order and disappeared. The men could not finish their game. In a short time a big painted coach, drawn by four white horses, pranced into sight. There were four outriders. The three men, still visibly disturbed, drove away. The children ran up to the terrace and their mother gathered them in her arms. The father stood like a statue, immovable."

"I kept my eyes fixed on this tableau and called softly to my nurse. She came over to my bed, standing just where she could look into the space over the mantel. 'What do you see there, Miss P—?' I asked. 'Why, nothing, of course!'"

"I described the scene fully, telling the colors of the gown worn by the woman, the names of the flowers—everything. But Miss P—shook her head. She saw nothing."

"This vision faded. It returned the next day and the next. It was always the same. The last day in bed the drug was eliminated. The vision changed."

The Meaning of the "Visions."

"I saw brownies and gnomes playing about under the trees on the lawns. I got up and went to the window. The brownies flew up in the trees and pelted the gnomes with leaves. I could not stand it, so I dressed and went out. When I got within ten feet of the trees the brownies and gnomes disappeared."

"This was my last vision. I became mentally and physically stronger, but had no more visions."

After leaving the soul hospital the patient told his visions to several leading theosophists in various cities. They all explained the visions in the same way, although none knew that any others were consulted.

The vision he saw, they told him showed to him his last incarnation. He was then an Italian chemist, who had been brought to France by enemies of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. He was an expert in poisons: He poisoned several members of the royal party and of the nobility. He was executed by every one, even his employers. After the Revolution he was beheaded by the very men responsible for his work. Among the people he had poisoned were the four men who played cards in his vision!

American, English and French theosophists have explained this vision in this way. Neither the theosophists, the Duchess of Manchester, or the doctor admit any connection between any vision and the soul cure. It just happened that the singer was highly temperamental and imaginative. He saw much where others might have seen nothing.

And London's smart set yearns to have a few visions of its own.