



ISSUED EVERY FULL MOON.
\$1.00 A YEAR.

331 MAIN STREET, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

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"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending; the one who is, and the one who was, and the one who is coming the all powerful."

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

SUCCESS

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

'Tis the coward who quits to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

There is little in life but labor,
And tomorrow may find that a dream;
Success is the bride of Endeavor,
—And luck—but a meteor's gleam.
The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is fought in the homestretch—
And won—'twixt the flag and the wire!
—From Songs and Stories of Tennessee.

x

The only sin is to be unkind; the only virtue
is to serve.

To expose another is to expose yourself.

To bear disgrace rather than inflict it is surely
divine.

If a man has faith in his power, he can wait.

Our greatest deeds we do unknowingly.

It is a fine thing to make yourself needed.

All that glitters is not brass.

I used to live in a glass house, but now there is
nothing left but the sash.

—Fra Elbertus.

x

LOVE

IS the only bow in life's dark cloud. It is the
morning and the evening star. It shines upon
the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb.
It is the mother of Art, inspirer of the poet, patriot
and philosopher. It is the air and light of every
heart, builder of every home, kindler of every fire
on every hearth. It was the first to dream of im-

mortality. It fills the world with melody—for
music is the voice of Love. Love is the magician,
the enchanter that changes worthless things to joy,
and makes right royal kings and queens of common
clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower,
the heart, and without that sacred passion, that
divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it,
earth is heaven and we are gods.—Ingersoll.

x

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring in the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the mountain peak
That shoulders out the sky.

—Edwin Markham.

x

Leon Daudet, the son of the great novelist, ad-
vocates the enactment of a law forbidding the sale
of all fiction to women and children on the same
principle that morphine and also cigarettes are
forbidden in certain States. M. Daudet says mor-
bid appetite for romance is responsible for most of
the unhappiness and dissatisfaction, which in turn
breeds crime. He declares that his contention is
supported by every scientist who has been ques-
tioned upon the subject. He points to universal
warping of the mind, and predicts that future gen-
erations will scorn novel-reading as a deliberate
and low form of intoxication.—New York World.

x

No one can cherish an ideal, and devote himself
to its realization from year to year, and strive and
struggle and make sacrifices for its attainment,
without undergoing a certain gracious transforma-

tion, of which the highest powers must be aware and which men can hardly miss.—John White Chadwick.

x

Live; make no complaints.
Complaining is death.
Eat, drink, but taste nothing—
To taste is degeneracy.
To what end, then, is life?
That man grow as an infant.
Manhood attained, he shall know
How to taste and be nourished—
How to think and be happy.

—A. C. E.

x

WHY PEOPLE BREAK DOWN

THE breaking down of so many actresses at the beginning of the season is due to the national disorder. I might properly call it the peculiarly American disease, nervous intoxication.

There are tides of strength as regular as the tides of the ocean. They are due, as are the tides of the ocean, to planetary influences. The moon controls the movement of the ocean. It is the sun that causes the ebb and flow of strength in the human body.

The tide of strength begins to rise at about the time of the rising sun. It is at flood about every twelve hours, then recedes, and is at its ebb for twelve hours of every day. The tide is lowest in the early morning. It is highest in the early hours of the night. The person who rows with this tide has all the advantage of the swimmer or oarsman who is moving with the stream. He who rows against it, by working when the tide is ebbing, is like the rower pulling up stream.

This is not a mere figure of speech. It is a physical fact. The sun gives off and regulates electrical currents, which are passive, or practically disappear, when the sun sets. Its influence is felt when it is shining, and for a few hours afterward, while the earth is reflecting the sun's rays that have been stored in its bosom all day. It disappears from two to four hours after sunset.

Generally speaking, the tides of strength begin to rise at about 7 in the morning. They continue to rise until twelve hours later, or at 7 in the evening. At that time reaction sets in. The person is weary. The ebb tide has begun.

Nervous intoxication is the result of working during the ebb tide. It follows the rowing upstream.

A little attention to this in your own person will teach you the law of your own being in regard to these tides. They vary somewhat with individuals, although they correspond more or less closely with the course of the sun. They are influenced to some extent by the habits and health of the person. But each one may discover this for himself by noticing when he is most and least fit. The maximum period of strength is about ten o'clock in the morning; that of exhaustion about ten o'clock at night.
—Dr. Carleton Simon, in the New York Journal.

x

There is only one true way to enlighten humanity: Shine yourself, with an illuminating magnanimity.

MESSAGES FROM URANIA. XI

ZEBULUN-SCORPIO

“ZEBULUN shall dwell at the haven of the sea and he shall be for an haven of ships; and his border shall be unto Zidon.”

We have at last arrived at the coast of the great human sea—there where the in-dwellers go down to meet those arriving from distant shores. Zidon means “a place of fishing.”

We have but to note the physiological emplacement of this astrological sign to locate the coast referred to, and also the dwelling of the “fisher-folks” there—the very companions and disciples of the Master himself.

ZEBULUN is the Tenth son, or sign, of spiritual perfection—the perfection that is found in fruit. This fruit is two-fold—that of generation, and that of regeneration. But, in all this fruit there is *seed*, and in this inheres that potency which perpetuates, as well as that which perfects.

These two-fold fruits are called respectively Scorpio and Aquila. The one crawls in the dust and has a venomous sting of lust and death; the other mounts up on eagle's wings, and, free from earth, attains to unknown heights of love and life.

In the age that preceded this, the age which gave us our legends of gods and demons, fairies and imps, and all those wonders classed as myth, the inhabitants of this earth had undoubtedly attained the condition symbolized by the eagle; and this had been accomplished by a purification of the thought in relation to the mystery of Sex.

In those days, Sex was worshiped as a divine thing, because it produced divine things: then it was called Aquila. Following this, came the age of Adam, and the rest is known. Love degenerated into lust, and man fell, mentally and physically.

That which formally produced high things now produced low things—creeping things that bit and stung, and, envenomed by hate, killed and destroyed each other—sinking exhausted into the murky abysses of death and horror.

Sex was also worshiped in this age, but differently. Now it was a thing to whisper about and to hide in the night, because of the dark and hideous things that it created: now was it called Scorpio.

But at the beginning of the Age of Fishes (Pisces), Jesus came to restore the ancient covenant, that had existed before Abraham.

Jesus came to teach one thing—the Purity of Sex. His very birth—a crime against the laws of the Scorpio-age—was maintained as immaculate; and the standard-bearer of the old truth, the Christian church, while upholding the Mosaic decalogue strictly from custom, somehow winked at inconsistency and made place for this new commandment of love. And what shall we say of the emphasis and seal set by Jesus himself upon the purity of love's expression revealed in the episode of the Magdalen?

—"Has any man condemned thee?—Neither do I (3)
condemn thee."

O blind world, cruel and perverse, that kills its own savior, putting out with ruthless hand the fire of life, wherever it flickers to a blaze! It is the taint of the old blood of the Edenic Scorpion, still infiltrating the blood of the offspring of Eve.

But at last URANUS, the day-star, has risen over this dark abyss of seething waters. It is the churning of the sea of milk with the mountain Mandaras in the Hindu legend. It is the war of serpents; the Leviathan of Lust is raging, and the Octopus of Greed is grasping with its slimy arms to drag down the rising isles and their inhabitants.

Let the battle rage on! Let the sea turn to blood and the sun be darkened with the smoke of battles! Out of the sea thus churned by the gods up rises the sacred cow, Surhabi, the fountain of milk, then appears the goddess of wine, then the cool-rayed moon, and lastly, Dhanwantara, robed in white, bearing in his hand the cup of Amrita, the Elixir of Life.

This is the Tenth-Naronic cycle, the Age of Aquarius, or Man. There are 600 years in each age or period of the great cycle of 6000 years. Of this last period 100 years have already passed. There remain just 500 years. We have come to the boundary land—the land of ZEBULUN.

Astronomically, this may be called the Land of the Eagles. There is a well-founded tradition that after the great catastrophe that separated this age from the preceding, some of the surviving inhabitants of this country migrated to Africa and there established the colony which grew into the famed land of Egypt.

Aegyptus means etymologically "the eagles," and we know that the standards of the Egyptians bore this emblem.

According to this, the American Indians are ethnically related to the ancient Egyptians; and we, the virtual descendants of the latter, changed past all recognition, by many and varied lives of experience in all ages and climes, have at last returned to the promised land, our old home, to reclaim our heritage—the land of the Eagles—America.

Behold the Eagle, emblem of our fair nation! At the very beginning of the age it arose and spread its wings for freedom. In its talons, instead of the ancient Snake, it grasps a bunch of arrows, the shafts of truth, which one by one shall be made to sink deep into the heart of the nation.

The Eagle typifies the age of Air, of aerial flight, of wireless message-sending, of thought transference, of a new world of food and light and life—all existing permanently in the Air, and standing revealed to the consciousness of the Aquarian Homo.

DRIFTWOOD THOUGHTS

A KNOWLEDGE of law, on every plane, combined with a highly developed intuition, will so connect cause and effect, from inmost to outmost, through the different degrees of being, that what is termed supernatural will become natural, on a higher plane—subjective realities will become objective, and apprehensible to the new and clarified understanding.

Unless thou knowest thine own soul, thou canst not know the soul of another—be he lover, friend or brother. Into his soul thou canst not look. It is unto thee a sealed book.

Wouldst thou unfold the scroll of thine outer life? Learn the meaning of the inner scroll—penetrate the divine mystery of thine own being—be at home and at ease with thyself.

Freedom is not license. To be truly free, seek for truth. An enlightened understanding will regulate one's actions with certainty, and will adopt methods to preserve harmony and rhythm, under existing conditions.

To "die daily" is to put off the old, by spiritual and natural evolution, until we attain to the full stature of a *man*, that is, of an *angel*.

The temple is not far to seek, containing our altars and shrines, our sacred fire, and perpetual incense.

An act thought out is half accomplished—thought gives impetus and life to the deed.

Be great, knowing God is within thee—be humble *because* he is there.

NEPHRATA.

x

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

"HE that is without sin, let him cast the first stone"—Jesus.

The recent death of Ida Craddock at her home in New York City and by her own hand is an incident to afford serious reflection.

Mrs. Craddock's trouble appears to have first begun some months ago, when she wrote and published a book on some phase of the Sex-question for the circulation of which she suffered indictment and criminal prosecution, serving out a three months' sentence on Blackwell's Island.

After her release, she attracted considerable attention by writing up in the N. Y. World, a detailed account of the horrors and indignities she had been forced to endure while in confinement.

It was only a short time before she was arrested a second time, charged with circulating improper literature, whereupon, to avoid a second term, she ended her life. That, in brief, is the story as I have gleaned it from the daily papers.

It is not my purpose to attempt the justifica-

tion or condemnation of anyone connected with this tragedy, but rather to point out the lesson conveyed.

First of all, it shows us the error and abortiveness of missionary work. A large majority of the people in this world possess a disposition to seek to mould others' opinions to their own. I believe we must all plead guilty to having some of the same disposition. Surely, it is to be regarded as a mark of higher development to find people who have thoroughly learned the lesson of attending to the missionary duties within their own picket fences—in a word, of minding their own business.

The world here and elsewhere doesn't want to be reformed. It resents and resists all specialized efforts brought upon it to change or modify its fixed habits of thought, which have crystallized into social customs and religious forms. Furthermore, it feels itself justified, and from the standpoint of individual right it is justified, in eating up or otherwise disposing of the meddling missionary.

History has shown the futility of religious propagandism. The recent Boxer-movement in China is a good illustration of what it accomplishes. All such effort is directly antagonistic to the spirit of Jesus' teaching. He said, "LET your light SHINE before men, that they may see your GOOD WORKS and glorify the Father."

He did not say anything about incessantly snuffing your neighbor's candle, or nagging him day and night to trade it for an incandescent burner. He *did* say, in as plain words as it could be said, Mind your own business, and make *yourself* an example worthy of emulation!

What is the record of the Catholic church in its dreadful march of coercive propagandism? A slaughter of over seventy million human beings—killed outright, and many of them horribly tortured simply because they would not confess and conform to a creed.

Not alone in Catholicism has this occurred, but in all religions, till we come to Protestantism; and even there we find the same dogmatic intolerance exercised against the free-thinker, whom the church mentally crucifies.

We cherish the fond ideal, some of us, that we live in a free country, and that we are free, but a trial is sufficient to show that we are corralled by prejudice and lariatied by public opinion. The same old judges that burned the witches in Puritan times still sit upon the judicial benches. They do not know that they are the same, but they are. Their methods of torture are a bit more refined, but no less incisive.

And is it not very apparent by the recent doings in South Africa and the Philippines that Protestant Christianity, the bastard child of Catholicism, has inherited a large measure of the cruelty and rapacity of its parent?

I would like to expand upon this subject if it

(4) did not lead into politics, about which I think the least said the better.

The application I wish at present to make is to moral reform. Here we see an exemplification of the same spirit in society as in war—always and forever attempting to FORCE opinion, and COMPEL belief.

We may reason that this is but the operation of the law of progress. So it is. But it also displays the march of animal hordes who rend and tear and trample each other in the dust in their mad fight for supremacy. Surely these animals have not yet heard the voice of the Christ; nor have they any concept, as yet, of the meaning of the insignia of the cross that they bear upon their banners. The very foundation of Christ's teaching is NON-RESISTANCE, and non-interference.

Right at the present moment a Christian Science healer is on trial in New York, and likely to be indicted for man-slaughter, because a little child whom he had treated for diphtheria died. Now, we expect the judicial authorities to investigate such cases and decide upon them. We give them the authority to do this. But here is what raises our ghost of disgust that we thought we had laid, and makes us wonder if there IS such a thing as progress, after all. It is to see a troupe of preachers of all denominations, bear down, like a lot of bellowing beasts, ready to rend the victim tooth and nail—for all the world as the old high-priests bore upon Jesus. There surely is nothing so dense as the inconsistency or so blind as the rabidity of religionists.

But now let us look deeper still into the causes leading to these public exhibitions of vindictiveness and attempted interference with the expression of individual liberty. Let us turn our weeping eyes from the Martyr to the Mob. In nine cases out of ten we shall find that the victim of martyrdom suffers the natural penalty for wilful temerity and foolish obduracy in persistently opposing the ideas of others and attempting to tramp on THEIR rightful preserve.

There are always two sides to a question. The reformer always fails to see more than the one side. He is always posing as the injured party. He forgets that he may have injured others.

"With what measure ye meet it shall be measured unto you again." Mrs. Eddy begins by claiming to have discovered the law of Christian healing and inaugurates her work by the very unchristly act of patenting her method, and what is worse, exorcising all other methods, declaring them wrong and diabolical. Such a stupendous piece of egotism could not fail to draw upon itself universal wrath and opposition.

Jesus said, It must needs be that offences come, but WOE to him by whom they come. Mrs. Eddy has surely brought this woe upon the cause of Christian Science by her Puritanical intolerance,

the very same thing that she, no doubt, condemns (5) in others.

And while I am touching on this point, I would like to know what right the Christian Scientist or any other mental healer has to proscribe the medico, or interfere with his practice?

Further, if he is *sure* of his position, why **NEED** he interfere with the other? If mental science is a restitution and exemplification of the practice of Christ and the apostles, then surely it has no need to argue or place restrictions. If, according to the words of St. Mark, the believer may take up serpents and drink deadly things without harm, certainly the medicines of our modern pharmacopœia cannot interfere with the demonstration to be wrought.

It is this very demonstration that would win nine out of ten doctors to a favorable consideration of the method, and would soon lead to its universal adoption by all. Doctors as a rule do not have horns. On the contrary I have found that they are, for the most part, as reasonable people as we have among us.

The way to win them to our cause is to give *them* a free hand. Prove the validity of *our* claims and we shall have no difficulty in winning their recognition and ultimately proselyting the whole bunch. Meanwhile, let us have peace or we shall never have progress.

To return to the subject of my sketch, I wish to say that much as I personally deprecate the methods employed by Anthony Comstock and his associates in their attempts to ferret out and fix crime, yet the existence of this society is, after all, due to just such people as Ida Craddock, who are some way inspired to think that they have a mission to reform the Heathens that don't want reforming.

Elizabeth Towne tells this in her own inimitable way in the last Nautilus. She says, "There are just as many patterns of beauty and satisfaction and usefulness in this world as there ever were people in it. If you could succeed in fluting and printing John Smith after your pattern and setting him up behind your particular rail, he would kick himself off and back-bite you for your pains. He doesn't want your old pattern—he wants to be happy and beautiful in his own way, on his own little shelf."

When **WILL** religionists and moralists and all others mind the injunction, "**LET** every man **WORK OUT** his own salvation?"

To reform is to interfere with natural development, and therefore, to weaken and to dwarf—to put off the day of salvation. Moreover, how do you know that you **ARE** engaged in a reformatory work? What is your authority for the "message" you bear? You may actually be leading **AWAY** from the real truth.

It is claimed that Mrs. Craddock went among young school-girls to disseminate her literature—

the literature that the court adjudged indecent. "Indecency" in this case probably means that she advocated in her writings more freedom and honesty in the expression of sex-relationships, and it was of course construed to mean advocacy of the much-tabooed and little understood idea of "free-love."

I do not know what this literature was, but I have no idea that it was a hundredth part as indecent or as immoral in its real influence on the mind of the reader as the common daily paper, with its record of heinous crime and choice scandal.

The paper goes free, and the editor goes free. So, then, should the literature of Ida Craddock have gone free and she, as well. And so she might have gone and might be alive and well today, had her discretion been equal to her zeal. She had better have remained to learn her lessons and do her work in a better and more effectual way.

There were, no doubt, many ready and waiting for her message—many who would have gladly received it and profited by it.

But unwisely she neglected these, and went among the heathen, with this unhappy result.

Let us learn from this a lesson of larger love and freedom; above all, let us learn sense and discretion. There is no glory in martyrdom, because there is no value in it to the world.

The object of life is to shine and **SHINE MORE**. There is nothing so great and so good as an example of greatness and goodness. We grow by emulating such examples. They become engrafted into us and transform our whole being.

The eyes of the world are upon us—that world which has not yet risen to our level. Everyone stands in relation to such a world as teacher and leader, but let not this fact inspire pride or egotism. There is a world above for *you* to emulate; look you to *that* world.

Do not go among the aliens to "show off." Vanity lies at the base of all such impulses. All you have to do is to stay at home, mind your own business, weave beautiful patterns in the fabric of your own life. You will find that there will be plenty to observe and copy them. And if you never **SHOULD** receive homage and recognition on earth for the good you have really done, your reward will be even greater in heaven—the state of mental harmony and poise gained in **DOING** the Father's will.

x

To bear another's burden is to procrastinate his development.

There is good enough already in the world to transform it into a paradise, if the evil were shut out.

Until love transcends the level of selfish indulgence, how can we expect anything but greed to manifest in the offspring?

The woman who is looking hard for an ideal man is apt to forget that the man is likewise looking for an ideal woman.

WANT COLUMN

Plans and Specifications for HER

HEIGHT—About 5 ft. 6 in.

WEIGHT—About 125 lbs.

HEAD—Small, "well-shaped."

FOREHEAD—Not too high, broad, music bumps over brows.

Nose—Straight, clear-cut, with "sensitive" nostrils;—not too aquiline.

MOUTH—Not too large—but mouth is a matter of character.

CHIN—Firm, strong, square under ears, and projecting to or beyond under lip.

EARS—All clear lines and circles; not too small but fitting close to head.

HAIR—Preferably dark brown, with gold, not copper, high lights.

EYES—Blue or grey—but an eye is a matter of soul.

HANDS—Impossible to describe in limited space, but I'm very particular. Of course she'll be a lady and will not possess bolster-case swellings on the first joint beyond the knuckle.

Etc., Etc.—So long as She is not bow-legged, parrottoed, knockkneed, humpbacked, crosseyed, harelippped, splayfooted, deaf, dumb or blind, I shall have no kick coming; but I'd even waive a number or combination of imperfections physical if Her soul be of the right caliber.

DISPOSITION—Do not know what to specify. I cannot apply the word to humans or divines.

TEMPERAMENT—This is an important consideration, but it perhaps results from soul and soul-loves. I want a receptive, artistic, aspiring individual with organizing abilities, but who lacks the fire and ideation which I have, or had plus.

ATTAINMENTS—The purely mechanical tricks of the brain interest me not, unless backed up by aspiration and understanding. Preferably, however, an artist, musician, poet, scientist, etc., etc.

CHARACTER—She must be brave, strong, clean, quiet, logical, reasonable, aspiring, honest, tolerant, conscientious, orderly, neat, unaffected, imaginative and unconventional.

She must hate crowds, noise, confusion, Atlantic City, high-heeled shoes, trolley cars, inharmonious colors, skyscrapers, common people, cities, functions, gluttons, braggarts, old masters, eight-day walking-matches and feather beds.

She must love cats, cakewalks, beaches, clinical amphitheatres, light houses, country roads, two-masted schooners, gardening, chemistry, factories, steamers, locomotives, and of course Kipling prose and verse, and she must love everybody and *like* but few, and she must prefer the sea and flat landscapes to mountain ranges.

She must love sensuality and hate herself for loving it.

She must love God, whatever It is, and be **DETERMINED TO FIND IT WHEREVER IT BE.**

But her only passion must be for **HERSELF.**

In short, she must be a cross between George Eliot, Mary MacLane, Sarah S. Stilwell, Maude

(6) Adams, Chaminade, Adiramled and Robert Louis Stevenson, and so oblige,

Hers very truly.

[Girls, this is no joke, though there is humor in it. There is something of stirring value at the other end of this—a real live American Count. Sealed proposals may be sent to this office marked XXX, and they will be forwarded without charge, if postage is prepaid. No commissions, and no triflers.—Ed.]

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A NEW JOURNAL

OUR friend and co-worker, Dr. George W. Carey, widely known as Professor of Biochemistry, author, teacher and lecturer, is about to publish a Journal, called the Journal of Biochemistry.

It will fill a place unoccupied by any magazine in America, and thus there will be plenty of room for it. I predict that it will be a great success. It will be devoted to PRACTICAL things, demonstrable things. Dr. Carey is one of our most enthusiastic students of Alchemy, and has already made a number of valuable contributions to ADIRAMLED, besides many to other magazines.

The new Journal is to be issued monthly, beginning January, 1903, at the usual price of \$1.00 per year. Address DR. GEORGE W. CAREY, 402 East New York Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

x

HERMETIC BOOKS

MANY people write to me for some book that will tell them how to make the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life. There is no such book in the world—no single book. If there was it could easily be sold for a million dollars a copy, and find plenty of purchasers. While there is no such book giving the method outright, yet it is a fact, as every master of occultism knows, that the *secret* of this method may be gleaned from a number of different books. One author explains one point, another another; and the student who would understand this matter is obliged to piece these together, and virtually formulate his own system. In one sense this study may be called the easiest of any in the world, and in another, the most difficult. Its difficulty lies wholly in its obscurity. Given the requisite understanding, and everything pertaining to it, it is easy enough.

It is the study of studies and the art of arts to unfold the intuition and develop the psychic sense. It is worth the application for this alone.

When it comes to books, there IS certainly a best selection. There are genuine works and there are spurious ones. I have made it a study of years to select the true from the false, and I give you the benefit of my experience. The following may be recommended as the works of the real masters of the Art, and are all very instructive:

A COMPLETE HERMETIC LIBRARY IN NINE VOLUMES
 The New Pearl of Great Price.....\$ 3.00
 Golden and Blessed Casket of Nature's Marvels 3.00
 Alchemical Writings of Edward Kelly..... 2.50
 Triumphal Chariot of Antimony, Valentine. 2.50
 Collectanea Chemica, several authors..... 2.00
 The Hermetic Museum, 22 books in 2 vols... 12.00
 Paracelsus Hermetic Works Complete in two large and beautiful volumes..... 15.00

We have a special chance now to secure this library complete at the extremely low price of \$25, which as will be seen is a discount of \$15 from the regular low list price. Nearly all of these books are quoted much higher in New York, and we can only sell them at this price by importing them direct and in quantity. One of these books which will soon be out of print is "The Hermetic Museum." It is the book of books, and is the one I recommend above all others.

A few other very excellent books not included in the above list, but which we can secure, are the following:

Magical Writings, Thomas Vaughan.....	\$2.00
The Great Art, Pernety.....	3.00
The Assembly of the Sages.....	3.50
Euphrates, or the Waters of the East.....	1.25
The Hermetic Arcanum.....	1.00
Aesch Mezareph, or Purifying Fire.....	1.00
A Short Enquiry concerning the Hermetic Art.	1.00

A book for some time out of print has just been republished, which may be of interest to many occultists. It is "Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues," by W. Wynn Wescott, price \$1.50.

The demand for these books is becoming so great that orders should be placed ahead for them. There is always some little delay in importing, but all orders given us will receive the most prompt attention possible. Many of the books we carry in stock regularly. Write us for anything in this line that you want. We make a specialty of hunting up rare and out of print books. Address all orders to

THE ADIRAMLED PUBLISHING CO.
East Orange, N. J.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

ONE of the very best books of the month is "Elizabeth Towne's Experience in Self-Healing." Nothing appeals to one quite so much as personal experience. Nothing in life is of so great value as the record of an honest purpose. The author calls this her "confession," and it surely is a grand thing that she confessed. The book might have been called The Triumph of a Soul, or, Demonstration in Daily Life. It gives a faithful picture of her own life, showing how she learned through trial and experience to master and control conditions. The book is strongly written in the author's well-known effective style, and is a book that no one can afford to be without. If it could reach a million hearts, the world would be many million times better. The price is only 50 cents. Address Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

Our esteemed cotemporary, Sylvester A. West, sends us word that he has just issued a work entitled The Master Christian Series. The books have failed to reach us up to date, but you may learn about them by addressing the author at Council Bluffs, Iowa, his new headquarters.

Sex or Pair of Opposites, by Sarah Thacker, Applegate, Cal., price 25 cents. I have only had time to glance through this book, but I think it is one that will repay perusal. The book is full of ideas, and is the work of an original thinker.

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In this connection I wish to give a little lecture to those people who miss their papers by moving. Often some one sends in a complaint that the paper has not arrived. The cause we find to be that they have moved without notifying us, or without leaving postage at their old office to forward their mail. Please do remember that Uncle Sam does not forward anything free except letters. In case your paper goes wrong, send us a one cent stamp and we will forward another if we still have it.

Last month's Journal was very late, and Luna frowned on us for a week. This was partly due to an extra rush that my printer had, and partly to my own rush of business. We are publishing still at the old home in Ohio, and this causes more delay. This month I am putting out the Journal first, and the Alchemy lesson (No. 10) will follow this.

If you have a sweet little thought that you can express in ten to fifty words, send it in for Christmas.

x

In reply to a large number of inquiries, I will say that I do not for any consideration nor under any circumstances give personal instruction.

My correspondence is too great to admit of it, even if I cared to do it.

Neither have I time to entertain callers. Do not ask me to do it. When I work I work, and if you could know how I work you would see that I have no time for sociability.

One day I'm going to stop work for a season and have a great play spell, and I will then give you all a chance, if you wish, to come and see how very sociable I am, when I have a chance to be.

x

APHORISMS

ADI

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