

ADIRAMLED



FLOWER OF THE SUN

VOL. 3. OCTOBER, 1903 NO. 10

PRICE 10 CENTS

Contents...

Following the Galf.
The Future Is Ours.
Principles and Expression.
Cleanings.
The Crystal Palace.
Religion and Politics.
Color Magic--A Study in Purple.
Driftwood Thoughts.
Miscellaneous.
The Tyranny of the Dead.
Inheritance.

patron of yours will gladly stand the postage. I 12
am going to start, sending mine today. I hate hy-
pocrisy, and I guess you do. I have had it all my
life. I believe there is a great era just before us
and that those who are ready to take advantage of
its possibilities will be among the most fortunate
of the earth. I am plodding along toward the goal,
and trying to keep behind your banner. C. L.

BREAD UPON WATERS

My Dearest Adiramled:—God's love is always
in my heart for you. I feel it's glow and I know it
is transforming me from an animal into manhood's
glorious prime. Formerly I was swayed from the
New Thought standpoint—from the intellectual
and love of the strange and mysterious. All this
is passing away and God's true love is taking pos-
session of me. I will go to digging for the blessed
unfoldment along Alchemical lines, after God has
taught me to love, and whenever I get a little fi-
nancial freedom. I must be free before I can do
any real work along your lines. Your spirit in
the meantime is teaching me to love, and after all,
TO LOVE is my real work. I am in **REAL**
EARNEST. Please do not feel disappointed with
my slow progress. Your work is the most glorious
thing that has ever come into my life. I would not
exchange all the best things that have come into
my life for it. In the name of God and in perfect
freedom to yourself, please accept \$10.00 which I en-
close, for which you will please send me one July
ADIRAMLED. I have moved and lost my regular
copy. I am your student, J.

Now this is what I call getting religion—the
REAL THING. Here is an earnest young man, start-
ing out to learn the meaning of love, and he is
starting in the right way to learn through demon-
stration. Many make the mistake of courting Love
for the favors she is expected to bestow. In the
same way God is worshiped, if not to obtain spec-
ial blessings here, then to win immunity from wrath
hereafter. Nearly all pretended love is based on
pure selfishness. It is the recognition of this fact
that has established in every religion the rite of
gifts to the gods. It must be apparent that the
gods themselves do not need the gifts, only the god
within the giver becomes free and comes into a
true understanding of godliness through personal
sacrifice.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his
right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit
the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation
of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave
me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I
was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye
clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in
prison, and ye came unto me."
x x x

The lateness in the appearance of this number
of the Journal is due to delays incident upon our
change of form. As we are considerably behind
the Moon, we thought advisable to issue a double
number. Hereafter, the Journal will appear in the
present enlarged form, promptly with the Moon—
God willing.

SELF-HYPNOTIC HEALING!

I HAVE made a late discovery that enables all to induce the hypnotic
sleep in themselves instantly, awaken at any desired time, and thereby
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any charge whatever. **PROF. R. E. DUTTON, LINCOLN, NEB., U. S. A**

THE HONEST UNCTION

BY GEORGE E. BURNELL, IN "CHRISTIAN."

Let us have the honest unction,
Free from trance of concentration,
Free from fear and superstition,
Free from cant of words and thinking.
What we are, we are forever;
Truth hath charge of that substantial.
Put away your molting silence,
Tinkering of thoughts tobasco.
Loose the lion of abandon
Midst opinion's sheepish nibbling.
Love the grand omnipotential,
That we must be what we are now.
Truth is not the fairy changeling
That can cater to the thinking.
Truth must stay just what it now is,
For its allness leaves no option,
Leaves it nothing to change into:
How then may the thinking change it?
Is it not an honest unction
That what is so must just stay so?
All the Truth may do for any
Is to hand him just what is so.
Were we bound then nothing for it
But the truth confirm our bondage.
Our new freedom's all the reason
Truth can ever prove our freedom.
Just what is so is the true word,
Free from mustard meditation.

Der Honorable Goose-Grease

A Free Translation into the Choiman

by Hans Lacherwitz

Kom oud mit der ungemixte Goose-grease,
Los mit aller Schwarmerei,
Los mit Teufels unt Donnerwetter,
Tink somedings fresh unt speak em oud vonce.
Vas ve bin ve shoost bin anyvay;
Troot's got vun fester cinch on der Butterbrod.
Put your kvietness in der Fedderbed,
Unt yer Toughts mit der Terbacker.
Smash der fences somedimes unter
Unt turn der Lion mit der Sheeps oud.
Luf der grosse Humptydoodle:
Ve got to shtay shoost as ve vas bin.
De Troot she is no Willywinkel
To dance us shoost ven ve pull der Shttring on;
She can't get away uf she vants to,
Denn she iss blg like everydings, you bet.
Unt she can't vare no udder feller's Cloz eeder.
Uf I dinks I vant to shange her, how will I vork
it, eh?
Denn iss it nit vun honorable Goose-grease,
Dot vill shtay right vere you puddem on?
Unt uf you holt de Troot mit den Hands up,
She got noddings aber vat you got plenty alretty.
Ve don't got to go der Shail to fur dot—nein!
It vas die Troot herself vich binds us los alle vile.
Ve can go by der Dutch picnic effery day
Unt die Troot vill bring long das Bier mit.
Nun, shoost vat iss so, dot iss der vay it vas got to
bin,—yah!
So I vill put me some Mustard on mine Ice Cream,
uf I vant to.

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FOLLOWING THE CALF

SAM W. FOSS

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves should,
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bellwether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bellwethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about.
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But they followed--do not laugh!--
The first migrations of that calf;
And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.
The forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again.
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swift fleet--
That road became a village street,
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand route
Followed the zig-zag calf about,
And o'er this crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf, near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day.
For this such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.
A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue
To keep the path that others do.
—Our Nation's Crisis.

THE FUTURE IS OURS

THE Now is but the back door of the Past. It is the moment to which we are manacled, and over which we have no control. It is the harvest sown in the past, which must be reaped be it joy or bitterness. It is a phantom ephemeral that hugs us in its grim grasp, then fades into endless night. Only the Future can be said to be ours. That is a fresh battle-field. Thither all aspirations trend and eager feet do press. It is the goal of anticipation, an iris-hued column that ever goes before the camp. The Past is something. It is a treasure house of memories and experiences which broaden the horizon and illumine the sky of this wonderful fairyland, the Future. ADIRAMLED.

PRINCIPLES AND EXPRESSION

THE principles of the Universe are not inventions originating in the brains of men and women. They are eternal verities that continually express through the masks—personality means a mask—of matter in orderly sequence. The esoteric and exoteric universe may be stated thus: Wisdom and its operations. Brains do not think or evolve thought, they are transmitters of thought. Thoughts are

not things. Thought is singular. Thought forms or manifests things to the material consciousness.
DR. GEO. W. CAREY.

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GLEANINGS

- ¶ Whatever makes men fear, or makes men weak, is to be shunned.—Vivakananda.
- ¶ The only sin which we never forgive in each other is difference of opinion.—Emerson.
- ¶ Toleration is yet a myth, and the unwritten law is that you must conform.—Thomas E. Watson.
- ¶ It is as useless to fight against the interpretations of ignorance as to whip the fog—George Eliot.
- ¶ Human necessity is more sacred than any institution, or law, or theory.—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.
- ¶ How can sin be sin, if, through it, I rise to spiritual heights before unguessed?—Elbert Hubbard.
- ¶ No human being ever lived who can depart from the simple and sincere with safety.—Albert J. Beveridge.
- ¶ If a fool be associated with a wise man all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of soup—Buddhist Dhammapada.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

ALL myths and legends, fairy-tales and folk-lore, the mysteries of magic, astrology and divination, of religious ritualism, current superstition and fraternal ceremonialism, are founded upon one solitary, sublime fact.

That this fact, practically unknown at the present time, was clear to the consciousness of the ancient, and in some degree to the medieval mind, is shown by numerous archeological relics—numismatic emblems, figures in bas-relief, statues, inscriptions, manuscripts, etc.

The rude carvings of the Druids bear a singular correspondence to those of the Aztecs. A papyrus found in the tomb of an Egyptian king is interpretable by the emblems of modern heraldry. The symbolic figures pictured on Assyrian temples are essentially the same as those seen today in Catholic cathedrals.

The signification of all these symbols is embodied in, and synthetized by, that one marvelous expression, emanating from the center of Divine Being: *Fiat lux*, Let Light become!

Everything of which the human mind is conscious is perceived through the agency of Light.

The principle of Light, itself, is never seen. It is hidden. That which is apparent is the luminiferous ether.

Coming thus into visual relationship with the conceptive powers of the mind, this One Thing is perceived as two, one inhabiting the other—both co-ordinately and inseparably related.

The existence of these factors as distinct entities may be abstractly postulated, yet not actually proven; because, to know the Light, the Light must be seen, and this becomes possible only as the spirit of Light is incorporated in its body.

The earth in its entirety may be considered as the cruder, denser envelope of Light, by which it is continually being *be-luxed*, or bleached, to whiteness and ultimate transparency.

Matter appears dead and inorganic just in proportion as it resists the penetration of Light. Opacity is the condition of protoplasmic formation as darkness was of primordial chaos. Evolution results from an illumination of the material. The designations, mineral, vegetable, animal, are merely recognized indices of grades or steps in material enlightenment, refinement or purity.

Purity is derived from the root *PUR*, meaning Fire, and denotes a state attained through pyromorphous activity. Fire, though commonly considered identical with heat, or flame, is nevertheless strictly the invisible principle of Light.

The sacred *fire* that Prometheus stole from heaven, that Vulcan employed in his subterranean

forge, is nothing less than *solar* heat actively expressed in certain magical creations.

As an ethereal entity, this is incapable of analysis, but as an incorporated essence, it is quite possible of description. How strange, then, that it has never been openly described by any of the world's greatest philosophers! Why is it concealed in myth and shrouded in mystery, all descriptions of it being veiled in allegory and fable?

The legend of Prince Charming and the Sleeping Beauty, of Siegfried and Brunhilde, or more anciently of Adam and Eve, Jacob and Rachel, Boaz and Ruth, Orpheus and Euridice, even Jesus and Mary—all these are manifestly impersonal tales, relating directly to this one great central Fact of life.

The Prince is plainly the *solar* ray, but the slumbering Beauty, awakened by the kiss after her long, lethargic sleep, what is she?

The description might poetically be seen to apply to the sunshine kissing the frozen hillside and causing it to awaken from winter's long sleep, yet what is the original basis, or foundation, of such imagination? An image must be the reflection of an eternal idea. There very surely is a deeper meaning here than mere poetic fancy.

An important and suggestive clue to the mystery is afforded by the Norse legend of Brunhilde, who is represented as lying bound upon the rock, surrounded by living flames. The situation of the sleeping Walkure plainly indicates her intimate relationship to the Rock itself; while she, "a warrior-maid in bonds," reveals a certain peculiar, latent *strength* inherent in the Rock. In this legend comes Siegfried with the kiss of awakening. But this plainly is *not* the Solar kiss. To be sure, the sun shining upon the rock will, after ages, disintegrate it, and after other ages will build it into organized forms; but the kiss that awakens Brunhilde is something *different*. Siegfried comes suddenly. His kiss is magical, its effect instantaneous.

Again, in the case of the Adamic sleep, Adam himself might be taken as the Rock from which a living, sentient principle, Eve, comes forth.

Minerva, similarly, springs full-fledged from Jupiter's brow.

One very prominent idea brought out in all these legends is the relationship of the sexes, manifestly indicative of two diverse aspects of the One eternal principle here operative. It is easy to note that sometimes the union, and at others the separation of these two phases is implied. It is both natural and easy by way of correspondence to call one of these *male* and the other *female*, and from this it is only a step to their personification. In

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this manner all mystical personages have originated. Furthermore, the various symbols of this principle, or potency, whatever it may be, plainly indicate its visibility and corporeality, though the terms *spirit* and *soul* are frequently applied to it.

It is shown as a *substance*, transparent and crystalline. Many have thought it to be the atmosphere in which the sunlight plays; but the atmosphere itself will not satisfactorily fulfill the mythic descriptions of it, the air being in no sense solid as this object apparently is.

The next substance that suggests itself to the mind is water, and there is much evidence to show that it is water, or something akin to it.

"In the beginning," the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the *waters*. Venus rose from the *sea*. Christ is born of *Mare*, the Virgin Sea. With the mountain Mandara, Asuras churns the sea to produce the ambrosial *Amrita*. The Great Sea, symbolled by Woman in so many legends, is the mother and matrix of formal life.

In Nature we see this being worked out constantly before our very eyes. The sunshine draws up the vapor from the sea, impregnating it with life, and causing it to appear thereafter as drops of dew or rain—each one in itself a miniature crystal-palace.

The stomata of the leaves and rootlets of the plant drink it up. In the plant it undergoes its primal transformation.

Here we find it entering into real, cellular life; which finally, through a long continued metabolism becomes incorporated in the organism of man, forming the material body with all its delicate membranes and strange activities.

Each little cell is filled with a translucent, crystalline fluid in which there goes on ceaselessly the manifestation of vital action. It is, indeed, the fabled Prince and Beauty who, having met, here live together in their splendid palace—a more enduring habitation than the fragile drop of dew wherein the betrothal kiss was given.

And do not forget that the *bride* was "once upon a time," literally, Cinder-ella, a *little cinder*, which the eternal love of Prince Light has transformed and clothed with diamonds and pearls.

Down in the earth, this same mysterious work is going on. There the prince, known to the gnomes of the rock as CHRIS, is working wonders. Out of dark stones he makes the crysolite, the opal, the ruby, the diamond—all beautiful gems fashioned by magic art.

At last these become further perfected as *Crysos* (gold), and our Prince then dwells in a veritable Golden Palace—not yet as beautiful as in future ages it will become, when Gold will be transparent and emit a light like the sun.

CHRIS does not abide in one castle alone. For in the Universal Realm of the Father, our great King, there are many mansions.

From the Chrysalis he merges into the Christ. The ceremony of *Chrism* in the early church was representative of this subtle potency of CHRIS, which when viewed under certain fixed conditions, bears resemblance to a fine ethereal *oil*.

The rite of Baptism, like that of Unction, is symbolic of the union of our Prince (principle) with his natural bride.

The writer of Proverbs occultly refers to this union as "the way of the Serpent upon the Rock"—one of the things Solomon regarded as a great mystery.

CHRIS is, indeed, the great *serpent* of ancient ophiatry. Serpent worship is the adoration of this mystic nature-principle.

The alchemists refer to this union of homogeneous elements as a conjunction of *Sol* and *Luna*, which reminds us of the fact that all the astrological signs of the zodiac, particularly Capricorn, Pisces, Gemini and Cancer (double signs) were originally designed to express different states, or conditions, of this peculiar bi-une principle. The twelve Sons of Jacob, the twelve Apostles of Christ, the twelve labors of Hercules, have a similar significance.

Solomon's Temple, the siege of Troy—all Grecian mythology and Hebrew poetry—have no real historical, nor yet any astronomical basis, as believed. They are purely metaphorical descriptions of this one alchemical Matter.

There is no more beautiful legend portraying the positive aspect and action of this, our natural marvel, than that of Narcissus, the Grecian youth, who spurned the admiration of all the nymphs until, accidentally, catching sight of his own reflection in a fountain, he became so enamored of it that he languished and died. Narcissus is from the same root as *narcotic*, and implies stupor, or slumber, a condition of substance—showing this to be but another version of the Brunhilde legend.

In Persia we find the same story recited in the poem of *Shah Nameh*, the Strong Woman. To quote Michelet: "The holy soul of Persia, under all the floods of barbarians, has preserved itself in the earth as *living water*, which flows fresh and pure in the obscure depths of forgotten canals.

"Toward the year one thousand (after Christ) there made his appearance *one* who was imbued with the ancient spirit and worship of the sacred fountains. All were reopened to him, rich as ever, murmuring, eloquent of antique things which had been considered lost"

The plainest of all legends, however, is that of the Argonautic Expedition, since it shows the actual nature and rationale of the Great Art which man, performing the function of God in nature, is able to accomplish. Jason is the Prince. The ship Argos, the means through which Jason achieves his work. The rocks, the whirlpools, the winds, the waves, the "bulls breathing fire," are succes-

sive and necessary labors. Medea is the first reward, the White, Silver Work; the Golden-fleece, the final recompense, being the acme of magic skill.

Through this tale alone the modern *illuminati* may, indeed, clasp hands with Enoch, Elijah, Hermes and Zoroaster, comprehending the Truth of all truths.

The charm and persistence of all these strange tales is not alone due to their poetical and mystical setting, but to the Vital Truth therein concealed, as by a rich, semi-diaphanous drapery.

The sphinx of Egypt, the royal arms of England—two silent, speaking symbols—come down through all the ages to tell the same old magical story.

But how differently they tell it. In one, the couchant Lion slumbers, half buried beneath the shifting sands, unmindful of the passage of dreary ages, of the ravages of armies, of the fall of empires. One day it will awaken, and the world shall listen to its roar with terror. In its calm and stony face—the face of Luna—this prophecy abides. In the other, the lion is erect, rampant, aggressive, dominant. In apposition stands the Lunar emblem apart, ever holding impulsiveness and rashness in abeyance. One day these two shall clash in deadly encounter. The Lion shall receive from the Unicorn a mortal thrust and shall sleep. When the dead shall reawaken, a new ensign, a new power, a new race, will have been born!

In the coming time when man shall have met his ruling divinity in the garden of Nature, and learned to enter into communion therewith, he shall hear the Oracle of the *Rock*—the Rock of which Moses and the Bards of Israel sang, the Rock upon which *Petros* established the Church of Christ, the same Rock in which Brunhilde slumbers forevermore. This Oracle shall inform him of the secret *regimen* of the Fire, that he may be enabled to walk unharmed to the side of his beloved and fondly waken her from that long, long slumber.

But contrary to the capricious rendering of modern paraphrasers of legend, like Wagner, there shall follow no separation, no jealousy, no sorrow, no tragedy, no death; for in this eternal and finished Union of Love, God wipes away all tears.

Clad in robes of brilliant *white* and richest *purple* they dwell as One in their beautiful Crystal Palace—the Bi-une Form—perfected through many lives and aeons of experience.

This palace is of purest Gold, as it were, transparent glass, needing not the light of sun nor moon to shine in it, for the love of the King and the Queen is the light thereof.

It is the wonder of the world, the realization of philosophy, the poets' dream, the vision of the seers.

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¶ "The less wit a man has, the less he knows that he wants it."

¶ "Beware of the silent dog and still water."

RELIGION AND POLITICS

RELIGION and Politics represent two definite species of crystallization in the human mind, forming the great body of fixed belief. Progress is due in this world not to any specific movement of this body, for it is passive and practically immovable, but to the gradual breaking up of the fossiliferous conditions inhering therein by the disintegrating principle known as Doubt.

Spiritual salvation may be conditioned on belief, but natural progress is promoted through doubt. Doubt sentiently is the disquietude incident upon the birth of a higher belief. Faith includes both belief and doubt—the former is faith in the dead, the latter faith in the living. Paradoxical as it sounds, the doubter has the highest quality of Faith, just as the atheist has the highest conception of God, and the anarchist the highest ideal of Law.

When a man is bound to the tenets of any organized church or party, he ceases to think independently. His responsibility is vested in the pope or the president. He has nothing to say or do any more regarding the issues of life or death. If he is saved or damned—enjoys or suffers—it is all one to him. He is merely the creature of inexorable destiny to which he must be resigned.

It does not take much thinking to see that this is but a step beyond savagery—in fact, the savage is in many respects the freer man; for the Great Spirit to whom alone he owes allegiance is far kinder and less capricious than God's self-appointed vice-regent, the priest or king, to whom the semi-civilized barbarian bows.

Man suffers not and never save from the INHUMANITY OF MAN, and this suffering he endures just because of his superstitious adherence to the belief in powers that be, or are supposed to be, and from his fear of attempting to change them.

Society enchained by religion and politics is like a wild elephant that allows itself to be confused and captured by the clamorings of a cordon of coolies which it could annihilate with a single massive sweep of its ponderous trunk while free, if it had sense enough; but no, it suddenly turns tail and rushes into the palisade, becomes outwitted and entangled by superior strategem, and henceforth is doomed to serve its Master Parasites forever, or rebelling, fall a death-victim to their wily intrigues.

Freedom is the special shibboleth of this country. Glorious land of freedom! A theme for national pride and Fourth of July orations! But for all this, the fact remains that the number of free men and women in this country is very small—only a mere handful in proportion to the populace.

And the reason for this is two-fold: First, a large percentage of our population is a direct importation from monarchical countries, and these foreigners have no conception whatever of the

American ideal of freedom, beyond the privilege of a free fight. Having no conception of individualism, or independence, they can be massed by scheming politicians in blocks and marched to the polls, just as they are worked in construction gangs. Secondly, a large part of our American born population display their simian descent by reverting to the imitative worship of the foreigner and his ways. Add to all this the fact that the popular education—at the fireside, in schools, from the pulpit, through the press, in social and industrial experience—all trends toward selfish collectivism, competition, clanishness and clique, and what, pray, becomes in time of the original lofty ideal of freedom conceived by the founders of this republic?

No man who adheres to any political party or church, or who is bound by *any* institution whatever, is to be accounted a free citizen of a free republic, though he may imagine himself to be so. Freedom consists in something more than the privilege of walking the streets without arrest and breathing the air without license. These are the only two things that I know of that are free, and even these may be subject to discomforting limitations.

You may not loiter on the street, or step upon the grass. Gentlemen have been run in and given the "third degree" for it. You may not talk on the street corner. A whole band of Socialists in Denver recently were arrested and fined for it. You may not express your mind in print. Helen Wilmans and others who have done so are denied the right of the mails, and I, together with others, am compelled to pay an enormous tax for it.

You may call it freedom to be allowed to work for wages, but you must be a slave to hold your job, and in the end eke out a precarious existence. You may call it freedom to be allowed to marry and raise a family in peace, but your nose is well levelled upon the grindstone to keep clothes upon their backs and shoes upon their feet. In case of war, your sons are taken from you as food for howitzers, and your daughters—well, they will patiently take the mother's place at the mill and go on with this eternal grind.

Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, and a few other magnificent minds bequeathed to us in the childhood of this republic an example of the progress that would result from freeing the thought, the speech, the action of the people. But though they fought valiently to establish so noble a precedent, before their ashes were cold, the same old iron-clad Frankenstein, the specter of voracious greed and insatiate maw, broke from its temporary confines and began to swallow up the country. And this specter, against which our Fathers warned us, has remained and propagated a vast brood, which today rides upon the Public Beast curb-bitted by political privilege, and reined by religious reverence.

7
So long as you are bound by your conscience (ignorance) to vote the ticket put up by *any* political party, you are in a position to be reduced to something below Russian serfdom—to crawl upon your hands and knees and lick the dust whenever your masters—those to whom you have yielded your own powers and surrendered your own autonomy—desire, or become strongly entrenched enough to compel you to do so.

THEIR STRENGTH IS ONLY COMMENSURATE WITH YOUR WEAKNESS, THEIR INDEPENDENCE WITH YOUR SERVILITY. It is the history of the world—of every nation in the world. There are just four stages: 1. The free wild beast in the jungle—savagery. 2. The hunt and capture of the beast—civilization. 3. The taming and subjugation of the beast—era of commercial prosperity. 4. The revolt of the beast—the downfall of the empire. Then the world is ready for a new deal. From the ashes of the old civilization springs a new jungle inhabited by a new beast—and history repeats itself.

Religious intolerance always keeps exact pace with political despotism. What a curious thing religion is! The word itself means re-bound, bound again, doubly bound—bound hand and foot, body and soul—a slave to the cunning and greed of those who are mentally free, but as yet conscienceless. For those who hold the whip-lash, the leaders of Church and State, have no real belief in the way along which they drive the m asses—only that it is *easier* to ride than to pull, and what does it matter to *them* so long as the Beast is patient and thinks only of its oats at the close of the day?

Any one who will read the political history of the country will see how foolish it is to stick to a party because of a name. Names are only fetishes to conjure with. There are never—never can be—more than two great parties, the one representing the stagnant and the other the progressive element of society.

Start, if you will, at the period of the revolution in 1776, with the Tories and the Whigs—the conservative and liberal parties. These gave birth to the Federalist and Republican parties—the latter called also Democratic. But no party can long have two names. In the time of the civil-war issue, we see the Republican party, not born at that time as so many suppose, but only appearing on the scene *as* the old federalist party *under a new name*—a name borrowed or stolen from the liberal party, which then had to fall back on its nick-name of Democrat. The real character of these parties did not appear in the heat of battle, but there is no mistaking it now. The Republican is the great grandchild of the Tory party, which believed in the British and believes in the British still; while the Democrat is the legitimate offspring of the Whig—believing in American supremacy and allegiance to no one, nevermore, amen!

You may know the progressive party always by the stand taken on the issues concerning individual freedom. Only a short time will elapse before this country—the world, in fact—will be solidly divided on the one great issue of Free Labor. And this issue will cause a re-naming of the parties. The republican will pass out and reappear as the democratic, representing the same old conservative mulishness, the same old ball-and-chain to human progress, while the more liberal element will take a new name. What name shall it be? Perhaps socialism. Time will tell. Right now there are hundreds of men who know in their hearts that justice demands that they should take a stand with this progressive party in this great issue for freedom, but they are bound by party prejudice, and their judgment is warped by continually keeping their noses stuck into one party paper, paid to publish party-prevarications.

And their refusal to be free blocks the way for other men who want to be free.

I know plenty of men who boast of the fact that they have always voted the republican ticket since the birth of the party. It is nothing to be proud of, but is rather a confession of narrowness, moral timidity and mental weakness. It would be the same if they boasted of adherence to any other party. **THE WORLD MOVES.** There is no glory in remaining behind a pillar of salt, or on the junk-pile.

And to see the protestant nations of the world, especially Germany and the United States, vying with the Vatican in expression of ostentatious, maudlin sympathy and interest in the demise of a poor, old, fragile pope, who, without any disrespect whatever, is only entitled to be spoken of by the free American as plain Mr. Pecci, and referred to only as a good, well-meaning, efficient man in office, who did the work assigned to him conscientiously well, and died in a ripe age like any other man. How could the vicegerent of almighty God die? And if he does die why should a great fuss be made about it?

Think of the absolute tomfoolery of saying a series of masses over the catafalque of Leo in effigy right in one of the principal cities of the U. S. A., in the year of dis-grace 1903; and then think further of the senseless ceremony (and questionable constitutional usage) of allowing a company of U. S. soldiers to stand guard about the coffin in which there was nobody or nothing! What were they guarding, pray? and why should they guard it? Why this childish pageantry in an enlightened age and country? Whither will all this sham and dumb-fool show lead us? It simply leads nowhere. It is but an index of effeteness and decadence of public sentiment in its senility. The old is dying, the new is being born. In this period we shall witness all sorts of absurd spectacles, for example one crowd

of well-dressed people, standing in the driving rain for hours, and singing hymns, watching for the appearance of the Virgin Mary on the balcony in the form of a decrepit old woman, or another crowd displaying their pseudo-patriotism in following a military parade about town, hurraing for anybody or anything that happens to be on the ticket.

Surely we as a nation must be in our dotage, or else this is a parade of the reincarnated monks and monkeys of medievalism that we see. Of one thing you may be perfectly certain. Religion is the barometer of politics, and just in proportion as you see conformity to the one, you may know that corruption exists in the other. Church and State go hand in hand. The one means mental, the other physical coercion.

And right at this moment we have another phase of the religio-political mix-up in this Macedonian insurrection. Now the whole American bishopric is crying out against Turkish atrocities, and everybody is saying that the Christian world should unite to suppress the terrible Turk. The Christian world unite! The trouble is, the Christian world never does, never will, never can unite. There are four or five different kinds of Christians over there in the Balkans, and they all hate each other cordially and are quite as ready to murder each other as they are the Turks.

It is entirely due to the internal dissension and warring between Christian sects in the orient that the Turk has been able to hold his supremacy so long. The Musselmans in the past have stood united almost to a man through their religion. There is one God and Mohammed is his prophet; but the original one god of the Christians has been split up into so many sections that there is no unanimity in thought, purpose or action whatever among the Christian hosts—the untutored hosts.

Furthermore, they may go on slaughtering each other for centuries, or getting slaughtered, as they have been doing over there for ever so long, and none of the so-termed Christian powers will bat an eye or lift a finger; but just let the missionary contingent be ever so little threatened, and a howl goes up and there are bellicose demonstrations at once.

Now, when the missionaries invade Turkish territory they should take their chances. They ought to know they have no legal or moral right there. I use the word moral advisedly. Moral means custom. The Turk has his customs, and he doesn't want yours. He has his religion, and he has no use for yours. He resents the missionary, as China does, as every foreign nation does. The missionary is an anomaly and an impertinence. Moreover, many a Brahmin, Confucian or Ottoman can prove to his face that he is a back-number and no follower of Christ.

Suppose organized bands of Moslems should

invade this country and endeavor to proselyte the people to their faith, meanwhile setting at defiance all the customs of the country, wearing their style of clothes, keeping their harems, etc., how long before Christian America would be in open revolt? They would not stand for this thing a minute. Then what right have Americans to invade Turkey for a similar purpose? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, but it happens that neither goose nor gander in this game is remarkable for good sense or discrimination.

Do not understand me as decrying either religion or politics as forces in the world of action. I only say this, that a person must rise above and beyond religious and political bondage, and refuse to be controlled in thought by either, before he is in a position to begin to realize what true existence means. Otherwise, he continually looks through cross-eyed binoculars which blur and invert all images of the truth. All the beautiful things we possess—art, learning, morality, culture—appear to have been evolved from out the bosom of the church and to have been inspired by religious sentiment. But the truth is, they have been brought forth by men who reached out beyond the church-bars and who fought single-handed to plant the standard of freedom higher, all the time harassed and hindered by bigotted churchmen.

Again, politics may appear to have transformed the rude rule of the patriarch into that of the king and finally into the more broad and liberal forms of government which we now enjoy. Yet, this has been achieved only through political dissenters who may be said to have waded in blood to their bridles-bits, opposed and persecuted by the sticklers for conformity and regime.

Verily, human life has never been counted in the gigantic struggle for truth and its establishment, nor will it ever be counted. Talk of "non-resistance!" There never is one inch of progress made save by sturdy and stubborn resistance. That resistance is right which resists resistance to progress. Fighting from behind, it falls, if it fall, wounded only in the back. Talk of "peace," when there is no peace! Thus the Master: "I came *not* to send peace, but a sword." And it is no figure of speech to say that in this great conflict the God of battles wields the sword. **THAT WHICH BLOCKS THE WAY OF TRUTH MUST BE HEWN DOWN!**

The invisible crown which surrounds the head of the empty, stupid money upstart is formed of mud, blood and the sweat of workers and weavers.—Welt-am-Montag.

x x x

Duty, obedience, honesty—these are little sums placed on the slates in God's Primary Character Class, by which the children slowly learn the law of love.

COLOR MAGIC. IV

A STUDY IN PURPLE

THE Solar light being positive, is expressed through Mars, the Red Ray, while the Lunar light, being negative, is expressed through Venus, the Green Ray. The chief modifying influence is Jupiter, the Violet Ray, which may be termed sequentially the "Son" of Sol-Luna.

Violet is the highest perceived ray in the spectrum—the Seventh Tone—and marks the fulfillment of that expression predicated in the lower colors.

By a saturated violet and green, blue is produced; while the deeper shade of indigo, or ultramarine blue, is violet with a weaker green. The Violet Color in all its shadings is intuitively suggestive of that which is pure, tranquil, serene, heavenly. Before us ever is the picture of this Thought in the azure blue of the sky by day, and the darker blue of heaven's vault at night.

We naturally associate blue with the idea of wisdom and profundity—symbol of the hidden and unmanifest. Purple, which is a combination of violet, red and green—in other words, violet and blue—becomes the insignia of royalty. Purple and Gold—wisdom and power.

Now Gold, or yellow, is the union of the lower duad—Red and Green, while Purple, or blue, marks the conjunction of the higher duad—Green and Violet. As Green is the Negative One standing between two positives, this is metaphorically expressed as the Virgin between two lovers—Mary, the wife of Joseph overshadowed by the Divine Spirit.

Woman is the Eternal Feminine Mediator between two planes of experience. She reaches down to lift up the lower, and thus receives power which she transmits on high. This is the deepest truth and the most profound philosophy if it be comprehended.

The phenomenon as viewed in the crystal spectrum is one of transition—opacity to transparency—darkness to light. But as someone has aptly said, "The difference between the highest known transparency and the highest known opacity is one of degree merely." The perfectly transparent we cannot cognize—the perfectly good could not be apprehended. For reference I will append a list of the more usual complementary colors:

Red—bluish-green.

Orange—azure-blue.

Yellow—indigo.

Blue—orange-red.

Indigo—orange-yellow.

Violet—yellow-green.

A careful study of the above will explain some of the peculiar phenomena which students will experience in color vision. Colors are truly nature's most wonderful secret. Take the flowers, for instance. Here you find exhibited eight fundamen-

tal colors, including white and black, each displaying seven varieties.

These colors may be described in terms of taste as follows: Red is sour, yellow is bitter, green is alkaline, white is sweet, black is noxious, paleness is insipid. Likewise in the auric sphere, black expresses malevolence or grief; red, anger or passion; green, sympathy or deceit; blue, religious feeling, devotion to ideal, spiritual conception, and lofty aspiration according to shade—the lilac and ultra-violet tints denoting the higher, purer sentiments.

It will not be difficult to understand that, whereas the plane of the ego may be recognized by the color that the individual selects and delights in, yet that power which animates the ego, and moves the cycles of human progression may through volition—its own peculiar attribute—employ Color as a means of raising the plane of the ego itself. This on the principle that things grow like or adapt themselves insensibly to their imposed environment.

This may be termed reflex action—the power, say, that a certain association of colors would have to affect and change the quality of thought and consequent action. But since this is demonstrably true, does it not prove that there is nothing inanimate—that the lily and the rose are but manifested out-breathings of the Divine Spirit of Life, which emanate as perfume, and something more subtle still, sinking into the soul of the beholder as the luminiferous radiations of light penetrate the atmosphere and all surrounding objects?

In the Hindu system, Violet or Purple marks the Nirvanic stage of the soul's progression. In the Alchemical system it marks a certain point and period of repose—the fruition of the Great Labor—the autumn purpling of the Vine-Fruit.

There is a wonderful lot of ancient symbolism in the rituals and ceremonials of the Hebrews, Persians, Egyptians, Mexicans, etc., all of which displays an ancient insight into the meaning of color far transcending present general knowledge. In later writings I shall bring more of this out. For the present it will be sufficient to observe the Biblical symbols. Purple and blue are referred to in the following places:

Purple—Dan. 5:7; John 1:5; Song 3:10; Heb. 9:19; Num. 4:13.

Blue—Ex. 28:31; Num. 15:38. Purple and blue are usually associated with scarlet, as in Ex. 25:4; 2 Chron. 3:14, and that wonderful picture, Esther 1:6—a true picture of Esther (the "Star").

That which the Sages denote as the Highest Good may be found in the study of blue in its various shadings. For even before it attains the highest—nay, while it is yet the lowest—it retains an azure impress, revealing to one who reads by signs alone that it is of heavenly origin and destiny. For this reason it is called the *lāpis lazuli*.

A verse from the beautiful poem of Ainsworth,

put into the mouth of the Sylph of Ruggieri, seems very apropos in this connection:

"In the solemn groves of Wisdom,
Where the black pines their shadows fling
Near the haunted cell of Hermes,
Three lovely flowrets spring:
The Violet damask tinted
In scent all flowers above;
The milk white vestal Lily,
And the purple flower of Love.
Red Sol a sign shall give thee
Where the sapphire violets gleam,
Watered by the rills that wander
From the viewless golden stream;
One Violet shalt thou gather,—
But ah—beware, beware!—
The Lily and the Amaranth
Demand thy chiefest care."

The student should for this study prepare two disks—one Grey, Cadet-Blue, the other deep, Reddish-Purple. In these two may be seen the extremes of wisdom's way—the two ends of Jacob's ladder reaching from earth to heaven. The blue is placed in the South, being the symbol of the Ruling Wisdom, the Sun, which at meridian height is the glory and beauty of the day.

The Violet ray, which we denote as the Jupiter influence, governs that vital center known as the Liver. As is well known, the health of the body is largely determined by the condition and action of the liver, the chief function of which appears to be the secretion of bile, glycogen, etc.

Just how this is accomplished is one of the unsolved problems of physiology, but this we do know, that the functional activity of the liver may be stimulated, and nature assisted to normally perform the subtle alchemical metabolism by a volitional influx of the Violet light.

Nor is it necessary to actually see the light with the outer eye, providing the imagination is sufficiently strong to conceive it as existing. After all, we find that the mind is the magnet attracting this—or any other—particular ray. The ray itself evidently is the Agent effecting the result. All exercises with disk are merely mechanical means for intensifying the power of the imagination. For, if one can see a thing as actually so, it becomes so.

EXERCISE 1. Gaze steadily at the purple disk and inhale very slowly, imagining that you are breathing in the color. Of course, you will be conscious only of the movement of the diaphragm, yet in thought you can easily carry this activity to the liver.

EXERCISE 2. Use purple fluid in writing, and also cultivate the violet hues in dress. The effect is beneficial in more ways than one, especially if you think why you are doing it. Through this association, by reflex action, the mind in time goes out and insensibly is attracted toward the Highest Good, coming more and more en rapporte with that basic element or principle in nature, which virtually produces all these phenomena, so intimately connected with life itself.

"For behold the stone that I have laid before

Joshua; upon one stone shall be seven eyes (colors): behold, I will engrave the graving thereof, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will remove the iniquity of that land IN ONE DAY. In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, shall ye call every man your neighbor under the vine and under the fig-tree." (Read Zech. 4:9-10).

x x x

DRIFTWOOD THOUGHTS

BY NEPHRATA

IT seems logical and rational that if God created man in His own image that man should become the visible expressment of that image.

We know not life until we vibrate with the heart of the Infinite in infinite love for all things.

Let the world pull on you for love. Give it out from the central fire of love. Love with all the strength there is in you! Love without fear, without hope of favor or reward! Love, because love is life. Love made the world and all therein is. All creation is love.

We do not have to pursue the things worthy of possession—they ask only recognition, to "come in and sup" with us. Our own development will reveal to our consciousness unsuspected possibilities in ourselves.

The objective is the vehicle of manifestation—as we grow toward the centre of life, that which manifests becomes finer and more capable of expressing interior life—but no matter how deeply we sink into our consciousness, still there must be manifestation.

If we live for the highest we shall recognize it when we come to it.

We should seek—not people—not personalities—but principles—principles will give a firm basis for new and enduring personalities founded on law.

We pass through the intellectual plains of life, to reach and ascend the mountains of feeling—then comes the illuminated sunlit view.

Ignorance encourages a belief in fatality—Wisdom controls destiny—by its own light it sees the path, and walks therein.

Law within law can exist without confusion—though apparently contradictory.

x x x

One of the most usual and widely spread superstitions is that every human being has his own definite qualities; that a human being may be good, bad, wise, stupid, energetic, apathetic, etc. Human beings are never so. We can speak of man that he is more often good than bad, more often wise than stupid, more often energetic than apathe-

tic, and the reverse; but it will not be true if we speak of one man as being good and wise, and of another as being bad and stupid. And yet we always classify people thus. And that is false. Men are like rivers; the water is the same in every river, but there are narrow rivers, rapid, wide, quiet, clear, cold, muddy, warm rivers. So with men. Every human being has in him the germ of all human qualities, and sometimes he shows one, sometimes another, and it often happens that he is not at all like himself, remaining, at the same time, himself. In some people these changes are especially striking. —From Resurrection: Count Leo Tolstoi.

x x x

When standing before a grand conflagration, witnessing the display of mighty energies there in action, and seeing the energies rushing into combination with a force which no human energy can withstand, does it seem as if any power could undo that work of destruction, and rebuild those beams and rafters which are melting into air? Yet in a few years they will be rebuilt. This mighty force will be overcome; not, however, as we might expect, amid the convulsions of Nature or the clashing of the elements, but silently in a delicate leaf waving in the sunshine. The sun's rays are the Ithuriel wand, which exerts the mighty power, and under the unerring Architect, whom all true science recognizes, the woody structure will be rebuilt, and fresh energy stored away to be used or wasted in some future conflagration.

This is no theory, but sober, well-established fact. How the energy comes and how it is stored away we attempt to explain by our theories. Let these pass. They may be true, they may be mere fancies; but that the energy comes, that it is stored away, and that it does reappear, are as much facts as any phenomena which the sun's rays illuminate. I know of no facts in the whole realm of Nature more wonderful than these, and I return to them again and again with ever increasing wonder and admiration, amazed at the apparent inefficiency of the means, and the stupendous magnitude of the result.

The crust of our globe consists almost wholly of burnt material. Our granite, sandstone and limestone rocks are the cinders of the great primordial fire, and the atmosphere of oxygen the residue left after the general conflagration—left because there was nothing more to burn. Whatever of combustible material, wood, coal, or metal, now exists on the surface of the earth, has been recovered from the first conflagration by the action of the sun's rays. One-half of all known material consists of oxygen, and, on the surface of the globe, combination with oxygen is the only true state of rest. In the process of vegetable growth, the sun's rays have the power of freeing from this combination hydrogen and carbon atoms, and from these are formed the numberless substances of which both the vegetable and animal organism consist. From the material of these organisms we make charcoal, and Nature makes her coal-beds, and supplies her petroleum wells. Moreover, with these same materials, man has been able to separate the useful metals from their ores, and, by the aid of various chemical processes, to isolate the other elementary substances from their native compounds; but the efficiency of all these processes depends on employ-

ing the energy which the sun's rays impart to the carbon and hydrogen atoms to do work. A careful analysis of the conditions will show that it is just as truly the sun's energy which parts the iron from its combination in the ore, as it is solar power which parts the carbon from the carbon dioxide in the leaf. We have here, however, but a single example of a general truth. All terrestrial energy comes from the sun, and every manifestation of power on the earth can be traced directly back to his energizing and life giving rays.

Matter is indestructible and measured by weight. Energy is indestructible and is measured by work. Intelligence is indestructible and is measured by adaptation. These great truths explain and supplement each other. Give to each its due weight in your philosophy, and you will avoid the extremes of idealism on the one side, and of materialism on the other.—Josiah Parsons Cooke, Jr. (The New Chemistry: D. Appleton and Co., N. Y.)

x x x

IT, ITER, ITEST.—The Itest of all Its is IT, a bran-new breakfast food, made by the Genesee Pure Food Co. It's Iter than any before it. You try it. I am sending sample package of IT to brother Ralph G. Weston, editor of "IT," who I am sure will appreciate the Itness of IT. Watch later reports on IT.

x x x

Just as we go to press we receive the unwelcome intelligence that our friend, Samuel C. Greathead, whom many of our readers know through his excellent writings, has recently been prostrated by a severe illness. He wishes me to announce that he has yet on hand unsold a few hundred copies of his booklet, *THE BREATH OF LIFE*, price 25c, also some copies of his magazine of the same name, price 10c each. Now, friends, send in, all of you and help reduce this stock. I am sure it will be appreciated by the sick brother, and besides, you will get some valuable reading.

x x x

And Yawcob, observing his dog Schnitzel, spake unto him as follows: "You vas only a tog but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust turn round dree dimes und lay down. Ven I go mit my bed in, I haf to lock up der place und vind up der clock und put der cat out und undress myselluf and my vrow vakes und scolds, den der baby vakes up und cries und I have to walk mit him der house around; den maybe ven I gets myselluf to bed it is dime to got up vonce more again. Ven you gets up mit your bed you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle und you vas up. I haf to light der fire und put on der kittle, scrap some mit my vife alretty und get myselluf breakfast. You play mit der day all round und haf plenties of fun. I haf to vork all der day round und haf plenties of droubble. Ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."—Boompnickel Blatter in The Public.

x x x

I notice that the Wall Street Gang recently held up the Steal Trust and confiscated a large share of its Irrigated Securities. No honor among these rogues.

THE TYRANNY OF THE DEAD

If you dare to think out, in the here and now, a theory of the universe, of the at least seeming intelligence that moves and adjusts matter in orderly sequence, that manifests that which is manifested and man and his relation to this power or energy, you are assailed by myriads of angry men and women—backs to the day, facing the cemeteries of the past,—and told what Jesus said, or would say or do IF HE were here, or what Paul, or John, or James or Peter would do, say, or think about it. And if your theory should be at all sensible, sane, practical, something you want *now* and what everybody wants now, if they could *think*, you are told that it is contrary to the opinions and advice of those dead men, and if you value your soul's salvation, you must abandon such wicked thoughts.

Oh that man had no soul to save! Then indeed he might act sanely and naturally, and no longer be ruled by the dead.

—DR. GEORGE W. CAREY.

x x x

INHERITANCE

BY DANSKE DANDRIDGE

I

Be still: the trees are still.
Be strong: the trees are strong
Be glad: the trees are glad.
Fear thou no wrong.
Lie in the springing grass;
Watch the fleet clouds that pass
Over the trees.
Feel thine own Mother Earth
Thrill with the blossoms' birth:
Is not the air a-thrill?
Doth not the Sun his will?
Thrill thou with these.

II

Thou hast the Violet's right
To thine inheritance.
Take of the Oak-trees might:
All earth is theirs and thine:
Smile in the good sunshine.
God needs thee, fearful heart;
Thou, of His plan a part,
Sing, while the flowers dance,
Sing and be glad.

III

Let not the Crocus shame thee!
Let not the sparrows blame thee!
O, in this air of God's,
Grief dare not claim thee!

Thou too, hast praise to sing.
Thou too, hast gold to give.
In his own love-light
Live, God commands thee, live:
So shall thy soul grow strong;
Grief spread his vampire wing,
Scared by thy song.

—The Independent.

x x x

¶ None should ever forget that a man can injure himself, but no one on earth can injure him.—Frank Herbert Tubbs.

MARRIED LIFE

THE general public is basely ignorant on this delicate subject. Nearly all stand in great need of the ENTIRE AND MOST IMPORTANT FACTS which would be a God-blessing to the majority of homes. I have just printed the only book ever published that gives a NEW AND PRACTICAL PHASE OF THIS LIVING, making for permanent happiness, health and love in most sacred relations of man and wife.

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"PROF. DUTTON'S SCHOOL OF SCIENCE," Lincoln, Neb.

ADIRAMLED

VOL. III.

SOUTH HAVEN, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1903

NO. II

¶ South Haven.

¶ By the Sea.

¶ Back again into God's country.

¶ Surprised? Well, so am I.

¶ But you must have learned already that I am a born mover.

¶ "A rolling stone gathers no moss," but it never gets moss-backed.

¶ I was afraid that if I stayed in New Jersey another year the birds would begin nesting in my whiskers.

¶ I mustn't say too much. Comparisons are odious—especially to a New Yorker, when Chicago is mentioned.

¶ But fax are fax. I've traveled East and West, North and South, have visited every section of the country, but all things considered, a more ideal location than this would be hard to find. That is to say, for free men and women, whose business does not tie them to any certain locality.

¶ I don't say it because I happen to be here, for I could just as well be anywhere else if I chose, but I am stopping here because I am perfectly charmed with the location and environment.

¶ South Haven is a lovely spot. As I was coming in about four o'clock in the afternoon, when about twelve miles out it began to rain very hard and continued until we were perhaps three miles from the town. Then it suddenly ceased and there appeared in the heavens, stretching over the distant spires which were just coming into view, a most beautiful rainbow. It is a sign, I said to myself—this is to be our Haven.

¶ And I had no sooner landed and taken a brisk walk of some five minutes to the Lake Shore, than I felt sure that my premonition was true and that the sign had not failed. It is the most charming site imaginable for a city. The present town lies on an elevated plateau overlooking Lake Michigan from many points. The lake is mostly hidden by the dense foliage that lines the shore at the entrance to the harbor, which is formed by the Black River joining the lake at this point.

¶ A few rides in the country have only served to strengthen my convictions. The entire country surrounding South Haven is a veritable garden. Located picturesquely along the Lake Shore Drive, winding in and out along the banks of the River, or spreading in every direction, as far as the eye

can reach, one sees orchard after orchard and vineyard after vineyard, literally bending to the ground under their loads of fruit.

¶ This is the very center of the most prolific and prosperous section of the country, and enjoys special advantage from the fact of its shore position, harbor and shipping facilities, and its nearness to good markets. Four elegant steamers, as fine as you will see in New York harbor, make daily trips to Chicago, a run of four hours, the round-trip fare being only one dollar. This makes South Haven practically a suburb of Chicago.

¶ The north Lake Shore is one continuous row of hotels, cottages, resorts and places of amusement, many of which are very elegant. During the summer something like one hundred thousand people come here to spend the season, many of them remaining till December. They fill up every available house in the city and scatter out over the country for miles in every direction. It is a regular western Newport, but with a large per cent. of the sham and frivolity of society removed. The rich are only too glad to get out of the heat and dirt of the city and get over into this cool, clean, delightful land to spend the summer, living almost anywhere to get the benefit of the breezes, the quiet, the delicious fruits, milk, cream, butter, eggs—in fact, everything that cannot be procured in the large cities.

¶ A great many people are coming here from all parts of the country to buy land and locate. In fact, I met a man from California a day or two since who said that this section is ahead of anything he had seen even in California. It is some time since I have been in a town where the Real Estate business was as brisk as it is here, and everyone that comes, like myself, expresses himself as surprised and delighted at what he finds here. The city has taken a substantial boom during the last three years, and property is going up steadily all the time. I consider this boom only in its incipency, however, for it seems to me the possibilities of this country are only just dawning.

¶ One acre in this country judiciously set to fruit and well cultivated is sufficient to keep a small family, five acres make a good income, and ten acres may be handled so as to net a snug fortune to one. Ten acres are really all that one man can attend to right. There is comparatively little labor involved in fruit raising. It is light, clean, genteel and profitable. Every one should own a fruit farm.

I left East Orange on the twentieth of September, and have made an extended tour along the Western coast of Michigan, which is known as the Michigan fruit belt. I presume I do not need to state that this section of the country leads the world in the production of fine fruit. Every variety of fruit produced in the temperate zones, and much that is semi-tropical is grown here in great abundance and of finest quality. Nor is it fruit only that is raised. All kinds of vegetables are grown here of best quality and of enormous size. Everywhere and in everything there is an indication of thrift and enterprise. The small farmers are getting rich, and doing it easily. They are working away quietly, living on the very fat of the land, and laying up their bank accounts. The quantity of fruit, etc., raised in this country is simply enormous, and one only needs to take a trip through this section and see the tons of apples, plums and grapes still hanging on the trees and coming into market to fully realize the fact.

All this is due to the peculiar adaptability of the soil, and to the equability of the temperature. The Great Lakes temper the air and keep away frosts. There is abundant rainfall, which, together with the long season of sunshine, ripens and perfects the fruit. An admirable feature of this place is that for many miles the good land runs right up to the lake shore, whereas farther north, you have to get far away from the shore to strike the productive soil. Nature surely has done much for the environs of this place, and what she neglected the people are perfecting. Having both the lake and river frontage, it is peculiarly adapted for resort purposes, and this, together with the rich country behind it, and with easy transportation to one of the largest and best markets in the world, I see nothing in the way of its future prosperity and development.

The trouble with the East is, that there are too many people to the square foot. Only the fittest can survive decently, and these must suffer a thousand inconveniences which those in the open West know nothing of. And then, there is always practically a food famine in the East. Qualities are poor, prices are high, and all sorts of adulterations are foisted on the markets. Oh yes, I know a good many folks *live* down there, so they do in London and Pekin. But think of the graveyards! In New York they have one right on Broadway, in the center of town, an object of historical interest. Let the dead bury the dead and remove the traces of death!

This is not to imply that New York is interested in dead people and things. The place is very much alive. In one way, too much so. Everyone inhales the commercial atmosphere that surrounds the metropolis, and forth with becomes seized with the Dollar Dementia. From that time forward he has only one thought, to "step lively" and make everyone

2 else do the same. Strenuosity is the ideal. It is a pace that kills. And yet there are more people in New York trying hard to live without work than in any other place I know of.

They have no use for you down there—only for your money, or service. The word hospitality exists there only in the dictionary—no one knows really what it means or how it is to be applied. How should they? It is a hundred years since it was practiced. In the West it is wholly different. The farther West you go, the more hospitable and whole-souled the people become. Here they have more room, and their minds broaden. Success depends here more upon legitimate industry and not upon plucking their fellows.

The brave men, the industrious men, the true-hearted men—these have ever been the pioneers. And the children of these have not wholly forgotten the example of their fathers. With the West I must include a large portion of the South; for there too, the people are born and bred to hospitality, and something more—gentility.

The East is the consumer, the West the producer. The cow which supplies the East feeds on the corn of the West. That is not saying that the inhabitants get the real product of the cow. What they do get comes largely from the Harlem river. One morning not two months ago, I set out on a journey to find some real, old-fashioned butter. I visited every market in Newark, N. J., and sampled the stuff they call "creamery," which was offered at 28 cents per pound. Finally I did find a place where the dealer had a few tiny wads of white looking grease, which he assured me was Philadelphia butter. The price was 28 cents per half pound!

Now all that cry down east about scarcity of food is false. It starts with the commission men, and is taken up by the retail dealer in order to hold the price up on the consumer. You would only have to come to Michigan one day to be convinced of this fact. There never was a more abundant crop of apples, nor finer fruit. You can buy a whole orchard out here at 20 cents per bushel, and there much inferior apples retail at 50 cents per peck. Peaches were only a half crop here, and yet you could in season buy the finest for \$1 per bushel, and a bushel at retail in East Orange would cost \$6.40. Tomatoes have been held there all summer at 15 cents per quart; here they were 25 cents per bushel and are now selling at 10 cents per peck. I have just purchased several barrels of the loveliest apples for 35 cents per bushel. And for dinner to-day we had strawberries, the second crop of the season, raised naturally out of doors. They were large and fine and not expensive. For one like myself, who lives much on fruit, this is a veritable paradise.

The best advertisement for South Haven is the fact that the State Commissioners have selected it

as the place for the State Experimental Gardens. These are located on the lake shore just south of the central part of town, and are highly attractive, aside from their great utility. Here they plant every known variety of fruit and test it under most favorable conditions. I will give a detailed description of the fruit culture carried on at these gardens at another time.

¶ I am not in the fruit business, but if any of my readers can figure out the transportation and find it profitable to themselves, I will secure them any desired quantity of apples at from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per barrel. We are thinking about a plan whereby our readers and others who wish to join us in the enterprise can get all they desire in the way of fruit and produce at the lowest wholesale market price.

¶ Many people who have lived in Detroit or Chicago get the impression that this is a frozen-up country. No greater mistake could be made. The eastern coast of this state or of Wisconsin—in fact any eastern coast—is bleak and cold, but the western coast, having a water frontage, is always equable and mild. Contrast Washington, Oregon and California with the eastern coast states. It is far more equable in Seattle than in New York, as every one knows. Here the same principle obtains. I am told that it rarely goes to two below zero here. The autumn is very late, the winter short and mild—all due to the protection afforded by the lake. They are more liable to suffer from frosts in Tennessee or Florida than here, as experience has shown. To my mind, this is the most ideal fruit-country in the world. It don't need long investigation to determine this fact—it shows for itself.

x x x

COLOR MAGIC. V

ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOLISM

NO modern attempt on the part of scientists to explain the phenomena of life begins to compare in point of truth and comprehensiveness with the symbolism of the ancients, when this symbolism is interpreted as the ancients understood it.

The strongest evidence in favor of the truth of this symbolism, if evidence be required, lies in the fact of the persistence of the symbols themselves through unknown ages, during all which time they have formed the very basis of thought-development. For example, take the symbols of the zodiac. No one is able to tell when these symbols were first devised. They are more ancient than the oldest known language. To understand them properly, it is necessary to regard them as a part of the present language, and to revive the ancient method of their exoteric representation, which was through a system of myths called "gods and goddesses."

Through the expurgations and iconoclasm of religious zealots this beautiful symbolism has either passed out of vogue or been disfigured; but though

lost to ordinary observation, it still survives and forms in truth the foundation of all religious ceremonialism—a fact well known to all occult students.

When once the ISIS of the Ages is unveiled, it is shown that the whole world still worships Isis under the veil. In no period of the world's history has idolatry been really more prevalent than now, and at the present time as of old it is *possible* only rarely to come upon a shrine dedicated to THE UNKNOWN GOD.

This God is a symbol of the TRUTH we seek.

The ancient worship of the Sun, Moon and Stars, under various names, had a deeper meaning by far than is commonly supposed. To be sure, the masses of the ancient peoples were ignorant of this, just as the religionists today are ignorant of the meaning of their religion. But there were those living who did know, and these were known as prophets and priests who in ages past formed the Hierarchy of Wisdom. In the ancient Wisdom Religion, understood and practiced by the sages, the Sun and Moon were expressive of the two universal existences, exhibited as radiant and receptive. The oldest symbols of these are the straight line and the curve. As the straight line proceeds from a point, and the curve ends in a circle, we have the perfect symbol of a "Point within the Circle"—an expression of the Two in One, which is the ultimate ideal. This sign now stands as the astrological symbol of the sun.

The Curve, shown as the arc of a circle, represents the receptive principle in the Divine Duad, which stands as the symbol of the moon. The moon in this relation is to be understood as the Womb, or formative sphere—the arena of solar activity.

Whatever speculation the human mind may enter into regarding the nature or attributes of the original Cause of action and being, whether it be contemplated as one or more than one, it is evident that nothing definite can be known of it previous to the time of its manifestation. After this manifestation takes place, we may observe and reason upon the resultant phenomena.

The One (if one it be) exhibits the phenomena of self-division—the One becoming Two—and these two are in evidence throughout the entire period of its expression. On this fact are based all laws, as we have observed them, of sexation, of growth, of development, of consciousness even. The observed law of correspondence everywhere would, indeed, seem to verify the Hermetic statement that "As it is below, so it is above," thus plainly indicating the existence of two, eternal, over-ruling powers. These two potencies are represented now, as they have been from the foundation of the world, by the terms "Sun and Moon," which became the chief "gods" of all ancient religions.

These gods represent something far more than mythical deities, or even heavenly bodies. They are the ever present, ever active, vital principles of

the Universal Energy whose presence and operations are revealed throughout nature in visible form and color. Form may be considered as the result of the lunar, color of the solar activity.

An analysis of the various astrological symbols shows that, according to the ancient conception, all planetary results are formed by a cross (union) of the solar and lunar influences.

The planets (little planes) refer subjectively to mental states, but objectively they are expressed by colors. Color is thus the key to the solution of every natural mystery, the thought of the creator being outpictured as it were in color.

The Seven Colors are the seven gods of antiquity—"the seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth" (Rev. 5:6).

In the old system, we find representations of but five planets, the Sun and Moon being reckoned in as planets to make the seven. In recent times, two other distant planets have come into view, making up the true number of seven planets, which perfects the system; for the sun and moon are properly the rulers, or bi-une cause, of all influences operating through the planetary spheres.

But since all our symbols are based upon the ancient classification, and this in turn upon certain occult facts underlying the science of alchemy (which may be termed terrestrial astrology), we will, for the present at least, adhere to the older system, reckoning the planets, or heavenly influences, as follows:

Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Moon, Sun.

Observe how this works out in order through the different months:

LUNAR

1. Jan. Aquarius—Saturn—black.
2. Feb. Pisces—Jupiter—blue.
3. Mar. Aries—Mars—red.
4. Apr. Taurus—Venus—green.
5. May. Gemini—Mercury—clear.
6. Jun. Cancer—Moon—silvern.

SOLAR

7. Jul. Leo—Sun—golden.
8. Aug. Virgo—Mercury—clear.
9. Sep. Libra—Venus—green.
10. Oct. Scorpio—Mars—crimson.
11. Nov. Sagittarius—Jupiter—purple.
12. Dec. Capricorn—Saturn—multicolor.

To gain a general idea of the occult meaning of this arrangement, consider the first six months as the LUNAR or darker half of the sphere, and the last six months as the SOLAR or lighter half.

The same planet is seen to govern two signs, one in each half of the sphere. This gives rise to entirely different effects in color and consequent temperament of an object as Astrology shows.

Thus the color of Saturn in Aquarius is a deep black, a perfectly opaque, dead black, while in Cap-

ricorn it will appear living and luminous, and on close inspection will be found to radiate all the deepest hues; though the outward appearance is a brilliant black, like black diamond. Again the color of Jupiter in Pisces is an indigo blue, coming out of Aquarius it appears a blue-black, but in Sagittarius, when it has been developed under the light of the sun and passed through the refining influence of all other colors, it will be the most resplendent purple. And so with the other colors, as will be explained later. In the lunar sphere metals are developed; in the solar, gems are perfected.

The fact is, the Sun and Moon (understand, their energies) are eternally shining—commingling—passing through the sphere of MERCURY, as light through a prism, by and in which the colors are born, so to speak, in succession—blue, red, green. And being conceived (concentered within the sphere of the Moon), they pass again through the realm of Mercury—this time under the glow of the sun—by which they are transformed, reaching the highest spiritual brilliancy and perfection. This process is going on constantly everywhere in nature in all kingdoms both organic and inorganic.

MERCURY stands as the eternal medium for the reception and transmutation of the Lunar-Solar energy, which we have in another work very appropriately called SOL-LUNA. Mercury is thus the symbol of CHRIST—is *the* Christ, in fact, of every religion.

We begin with Saturn as with the most distant (exterior) plane. Observe that Saturn marks the beginning and end of the Great Work. We may think of the Lunar Saturn as being at the very base of life expression. It is chaos and darkness, and in metals it is lead.

From out this chaos a certain order is evolved and the color gradually lightens, becoming a greyish blue and marks the transmutation of lead into tin. This is Jupiter's first reign.

From this we pass naturally into red which denotes the change into iron through the influence of Mars. At this point in evolution form appears and consciousness is born, hence Aries is said to be the First Point—the origin. This is borne out in embryonic life. The foetus during gestation breathes through the liver (Jupiter), but the moment it is born the diaphragm (Mars) sets in operation an entirely new method of respiration. Life, as we know it, thus begins with the action of Mars.

Almost simultaneous with this is the birth of love, Venus, exhibited in metallic transmutation as green, and shows that the metal copper is being formed. Copper bears some resemblance to gold, just as the lower love does to the higher spiritual love. It is through Gemini, the twain, that the lower love—the natural affinitization of Mars and Venus—is perfected, illumined. Mercury is the agent which transforms the tin into that state of purity called silver.

We have now run once through the gamut of colors, and we begin in Leo to repeat them in inverse order, culminating with the deep-dyed tincture of Saturn's final reign. While much of this explanation will be difficult to follow, save by one who has already traced out the natural correspondencies, yet the more that thought is applied to the subject, the more wonderful become the revelations regarding this synthetic science.

There is only one substance known to man which, like a sensitively attuned harp, responds to every slightest touch of the divine artist LIGHT. Once possess this instrument, and the music of the spheres with its ravishing melodies becomes audible, bringing with it to mundane minds a flood-tide of inspiration, weird and wonderful.

x x x

A SERMONETTE

"WHY art thou cast down, oh my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? For I shall yet praise him for his presence is salvation."

The ideal condition of the mind is quietude, repose. Why? Because the mind when in this condition can turn its forces within upon the construction of its own beautiful temple.

So long as it goes out into the noisy, objective world, getting into other people's business, it neglects its own inner world, which cries out in pain and dis-ease from sheer inattention, for it is the mind that builds and nourishes the body,

When the Master said "Consider the lilies, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin," he did not mean to imply that they had quit work and were loafing in the sunshine, as appearances might indicate, but rather that they were ideal specimens of an organism that was attending strictly to business and growing beautiful.

Anyone who watches the cellular growth in plants will find therein a life of ceaseless activity not differing essentially from the growth of the human organism. This is the normal growth by unfoldment and not by accretion. It is the only real growth.

The false idea of man is to get outside and pile up things about him, rocks, timber, dirt, anything that is tangible material, and all this to the neglect of that inner building, "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Were it not that the mind is enchained in slumber for about half the time and made to give its energies to the upbuilding of its own dwelling place, that structure would fall to pieces in a few short days.

This constant and willful ignoring of the needs of the body is the cause of all suffering and ultimately of death.

But, you say, I do care for it. I feed it and wash it and clothe it. Would you put off any other human being that you love or respect, say a wife or child, with no more attention than this?

The body is more than a furnace which may be run by periodically shoveling fuel into it; more than a vehicle that needs to be scrubbed once a week; more than a vine that needs but an extra covering through the cold winter weather.

The body is the home of the mind, the expression of the soul.

Even when we believe we are educating the mind we are more often following the methods of pork-packers or brick-layers, piling up the perishable in structures to delight the taste or please the eye, and only—here is the kernel of the motive—to tickle our own vanity!

This is, in fact, the sum of human accomplishment when it goes outside of its own portals—vanity and vexation of spirit.

And this is why, oh, my soul, thou art cast down, and why in me thou art disquieted. The mind, I, thy only servant, have gone astray, gone out to glory in the smiles of a vain world, but I shall yet praise thee. The voice of my people within shall cry out with hunger and thirst and wretchedness, and I shall hear and I shall feel, for their woes are my woes and their joys are my joys.

I shall sin through neglect of my own, but I shall suffer and I shall return, and thou, oh, my soul, shall be quiet and at peace, for in thy presence alone is their salvation.

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INDIVIDUALITY

"NATURE arms each man with such faculties as enable him to do some feat impossible to any other." The great tendency of modern life, with its enormous combinations, its concentrations of interests and efforts, is to annihilate individuality; but the great duty each one owes to himself is to preserve and develop it. He must not allow his education, his employment or his environment to rob him of his distinctive personality, or efface the stamp placed upon him by the divine hand to distinguish him from all other men. It is his duty to preserve his individuality, as he would his character, for it is a part of himself.

Each one should say to himself: "I have no double. When nature made me she distinguished me from my fellow man. There is no one else like me in all the universe, no one else who can do quite as well the thing I was especially made to do, and I have some advantages over any other being ever born. These advantages I want to make the most of."

The trouble with most of us is that we are content to be echoes, mere miniature copies of other people. Yet since no two human beings are made alike, no one can quite take the place of another, nor can he do quite as easily, or quite as well, the thing which the other was made to do. It is futile as well as disastrous to try to mould ourselves to a different pattern from what nature intended for us. It is better to be an original shoemaker than an imitation Congressman or a thumb-nail edition of some great lawyer. Whatever you are or whatever you do, be yourself.—"The Summer Girl," South Haven.

FREEDOM

DO you know there are very few people who have any conception of the true significance of freedom?

We are said to live in a free country; that thought satisfies the majority and they go on, year after year, in the same old rut, not thinking that we need individual freedom as well as political—even granting that we have political freedom.

The individual variety is the one to which I wish to pay my present respects. Did you ever stop to think how we are all bound more or less, by custom, habit, and the imposition of the will of others upon us? How many are free from fashion's dictates? For instance, if a certain group of women wear street sweepers, do not the rest of them fall in line like sheep and help to sweep the streets, no matter how much their sense of cleanliness may rebel?

In eating, the same thing obtains. Most people follow the prevailing custom, and when one does wish to adopt a more wholesome, simple, hygienic diet, they must face a great wall of opposition from all friends and acquaintances not in sympathy with the effort; they are urged to eat this, that and the other thing as never before. For my part, I hold that no friend, however near and dear, has any right to insist that I eat what does not appeal to me; I resent all interference with my fight to wear, eat, drink or think whatever my own reason dictates.

Art in dress consists in expressing individuality—character—not in copying a fashion plate.

True hospitality consists in leaving the guest free to partake or refuse—just as he likes. Here is the banquet table—you are welcome—frisch zu! That is enough—if welcome is in your tone and manner, there is no need to urge this delicacy or that—your guest will do honor to the occasion if left to himself.

Let us have freedom! Let us cease to try to influence anyone! The moment we try to impose our thought or our custom upon another, that moment a barrier arises that makes it impossible for perfect friendship to exist between us. The free spirit chafes at all kinds of bondage. Attempt to hold me and I hasten from you; set me free and I am yours. I repudiate all bonds—for myself and for you. I cannot be free unless I free you; you cannot be free unless you insist with equal vehemence that I also be free.

It is only in perfect freedom that perfect love can exist. Whatever holds or limits us in any way we cannot love. Let us be free—free from the bondage of clothes, free from the bondage of food, free from the bondage of opinions, free from the bondage of all conventionalities; then will we live at peace with our fellow beings, then will we be free to love; then will we pour forth such a wave of love and good will as will reconstruct the whole social and domestic world.

I demand for you the same freedom that I insist upon for myself; I ask nothing for myself that I do not ask for you. Whoever you are and wherever you are, stand up for your freedom—my freedom—our freedom, for there is only one freedom. With Whitman I repeat for us all:

"From this hour I ordain myself loosed from limits and imaginary lines;

Going where I list, my own master, total and absolute.
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating.
Gently, but with undeniable will divesting myself of the holds that would hold me."

—Carrie L. Johnson, in Alliance.

x x x

THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Love, it profiteth me nothing."

x x x

THE IMPENDING CATAclysm

DR. GEORGE W. CAREY

The dry leaves whirl and swirl,
And seek a safe retreat,
As sudden gusts blow swift
Along the dusty road and street.
The frightened moon hides crescent horns
Behind the hurrying cloud,
And vapors dark, with border red,
Wrap Nature like a shroud.

* * *

The seed once sown by selfishness
Has blossomed in its bed.
The fruit is growing, ripening fast—
Its color crimson red.
The upas tree bears poisonous fruit,
Life withers 'neath its shade,
And those who plant and nourish it,
Beneath it shall be laid.

* * *

The storm has burst; the cannons roar;
The earth runs red with blood;
Is this thy peace, O optimist—
Thy dream of Brotherhood?
Shall competition, hate and strife
And war's dread carnage
Forever write its autograph
On history's dark page?

* * *

Arise, O man! O woman great!
And unity thy cry;
Unfurl co-operations' flag,
And let it wave on high;
And let the new earth onward wheel
Toward the blessed goal,
And let the new Heaven's choir chant
The "Triumph of the Soul."

Dr. Geo. W. Carey has just completed a very successful lecture tour of the eastern cities. His address is 906 Eighteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

x x x

The Devil has no stauncher ally than want of perception.—Philip H. Wicksteed.

The soul of thy brother is a dark forest.—Russian.

SUCCESS!

HOW hard it is for you to receive the word Success! Complaints of discouragement, hard times, bad luck, bitter enemies, failure, sickness, and a thousand and one ills—all purely imaginary, come pouring in to me.

I deny it all! It is false! How can I make you understand this? You are exactly in the position of the schoolboy who is being thrashed for some misdemeanor, only with the difference that possibly you do not know what you are guilty of. Dry your eyes now and let us talk the matter over.

I will tell you your fault. It is in not recognizing the Truth of Life. How may one come into this recognition? Through Love. Love is the magic key which unlocks the portals of happiness leading to the broad fields of success. Begin at once to love. Love more and more abundantly. Love everyone and everything that comes in your path. Pile up the measure of your love full to overflowing. Do something good for everybody. It is a delusion that you have enemies. Love your enemies and they become your best friends.

Take the chip off your shoulder. Stop flaunting the red rag. Cease opposition. Non-resistance is the law of love. Don't be afraid to give, do not give grudgingly. Have you read about the widow's cruise of oil? It is no fable. Your well of love will never run dry, in fact you must keep dipping lively or it will run over. Fear not. Fear is the deadly night-shade. Nothing but the rankest weeds can grow near it. Fear keeps love in abeyance. Remove fear, and you remove a brood of evils, of which fear is the mother—doubt, envy, jealousy, hatred, parsimoniousness, want, wretchedness—in fact all unhappiness springs from fear, just as all joy springs from love.

The hardest point for you to realize, my dear, is that you have been getting just what you deserve. Dry your eyes some more and let us see how this is if we can. You have to realize that this is a divine law of justice, not one jot or tittle of which can pass till all be fulfilled. One day if you enter the path of Love all will be fulfilled and you will be superior to the law, for you will go with the law. Till then you will be bumped and knocked about in by-ways and hedges just to teach you to get in the middle of the road and follow it.

Man has dominion! Be a man and have dominion also! Now get the ravel end of this matter and follow it up and you shall work the problem out right. Do not hunt around for some society to join or some book to buy to learn the secret. Here is what one of the wisest of men, Walt Whitman, says to you:

"You are asking me questions, and I hear you; I answer that I cannot answer—you must find out for yourself."

But I am giving you the key to find out for yourself. Use this key and you will come into a quick understanding of how to vanquish all the "enemies" to your progress. You will become clean, gentle, kind, industrious, hopeful, generous, loving, happy. You will become a magnet to attract "your own"—that which you desire and love, and your own cannot stay away.

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Love must be attracted by beauty of mind and body.—Ovid.



HEMENWAY

REAL ESTATE

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