

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Philosophy, Science and Religion

The ALL-SEEING EYE

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Edited by MARY HALL

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10c a Copy

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

KRISHNA AND THE BATTLE OF KURUKSHETRA

THE GREAT WAR OF THE MAHABHARATA

When the student begins his search for the hidden wisdom contained in the mythology of ancient people, he should always have one thought in his mind, one question that he eternally must ask himself. What does this mean to me now, and how will it help me to live better, think better, and strengthen me to master the problems of every day life? The average student is wound up in theory. He may have a large number of facts at his command, but through much study and little thinking he has developed only a parrot consciousness. He is able to repeat facts and memorize dates, but can make no practical use of the information he has gathered. Unless we are able to gain something of every day use from the things we are learning it will be wise for us to change our line of thought into other channels. We must study things that will help us and our fellowman to gain a greater understanding of living problems. The average so called student and theoretical thinker is merely a mental gymnast.

If we are to draw the mystic meaning from the words that drop like pollen from the lotus lips of Krishna, we should read with this thought uppermost in our minds, the wonderful story of Arjuna and the Great War as it has been recorded in the Mahabharata.

We should not study it for the legendary history it contains, but rather to correlate it with present day conditions, where as never before father and son are battling each with the other. Never in the history

of mankind have the pearls of truth falling from the mouth of the Lord of Love been of greater use than now. We as individuals, as nations, and our globe as an entire, must learn the lessons that Arjuna, the beloved disciple learned at the feet of Krishna.

Blessed are the students who can see in the battle of Kurukshetra the eternal war as old as time itself, a war beginning in the dim forgotten past, and continuing until every soul listens to the words of the Higher One within himself, and wins the battle of life as Arjuna did when he learned and understood the reason for being.

It was said by the ancients that the Gods above were eternally battling with the
(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

FIRST REQUISITES FOR STUDENTS OF OCCULT SCIENCE

What are the first requisites of a student of the occult sciences?

Answer. There are many things to be considered and books could be written concerning this vital question, but listed below are three requisites without which little progress, if any, is possible:

(1) Purity. Before high spiritual or scientific truth can be comprehended by any student, it is necessary for him to lift his center of consciousness and the forces which nourish and supply it into the centers of higher sense perceptions and spiritual cognitions. This is only possible when the body, emotions, and mind are purified by supplying their vital centers with purified life essences. High, altruistic ideals cannot manifest through vehicles that are filled with low thoughts, animal desires, or destructive actions. The gratification of sense centers must be transmuted from the animal to the spiritual mental plane, and this is only possible through a purification of the entire organism.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

GREAT GREEK PHILOSOPHER TELLS OF DEATH

From the Dialogues of
Plato.

(By B. Jowett, M.A.)

(After an interval of some months or years, at Phlius a town of Sicyon, the tale of the last hours of Socrates is narrated to Echecrates and other Philasians by Phaedo the "beloved disciple"—Jowett.)

(Many philosophical questions are discussed in prison by Socrates and his friends, many questions concerning death, suicide and the proper attitude toward life. Speaking of the other world, the superior world, the upper earth. Socrates tells them the following:—Editor.)

In the first place, the earth, when looked at from above, is like one of those balls which have leather coverings in twelve pieces, and is of divers colors, of which the colors which painters use on earth are only a sample. But there the whole earth is made up of them, and they are brighter far and clearer than ours; there is a purple of wonderful lustre, also the radiance of gold, and the white which is in the earth is whiter than any chalk or snow. Of these and other colors the earth is made up, and they are more in number and fairer than the eye of man has ever seen; and the very hollows (of which I was speaking) filled with air and water are seen like light flashing amid the other colors, and have a color of their own, which gives a sort of unity to the variety of earth. And in this fair region everything that grows—trees, and flowers, and fruits—are in a like degree fairer than any here; and there are

hills, and stones in them in a like degree smoother, and more transparent, and fairer in color than our highly-valued emeralds and sardonyxes and jaspers, and other gems, which are but minute fragments of them: for there all the stones are like our precious stones, and fairer still. The reason of this is, that they are pure, and not, like our precious stones, infected and corroded by the corrupt briny elements which coagulate among us, and which breed foulness and disease both in earth and stones, as well as in animals and plants. They are the jewels of the upper earth, which also shines with gold and silver and the like, and they are visible to sight and large and abundant and found in every region of the earth, and blessed is he who sees them. And upon the earth are animals and men, some in the middle region, others dwelling about the air as we dwell about the sea; others in islands which the air flows round, near the continent; and in a word, the air is used by them as the water and the sea are by us, and the ether to them what the air is to us. Moreover, the temperament of their seasons is such that they have no disease, and live much longer than we do, and have sight and hearing and smell, and all the other senses, in far greater perfection, in the same degree that air is purer than water or the ether than air. Also they have temples and sacred places in which the gods really dwell, and they hear their voices and receive their answers, and are conscious of them and hold converse with them, and they see the sun, moon, and stars as they really are, and their other blessedness is of a piece of this.

* * * * *

I do not mean to affirm that the description which I have given of the soul and her mansions is exactly true—a man of sense ought hardly to say that. But I do say that, inasmuch as the soul is shown to be immortal, he may venture to think, not improperly or unworthily, that something of the kind is true. The venture is a glorious one, and he ought to comfort himself with words like these, which is the reason why I lengthen out the tale. Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below (purgatory like, first, before being led to the "upper earth,"—Ed.) when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men will depart at some time or other. Me already,

as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison: and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead.

* * * * *

Said Crito. But in what way would you have us bury you?

In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who have been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed,—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul will evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best.

* * * * *

(Having returned from the bath the jailer came to him saying):

To you Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—Indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand. Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid. * * * * Let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some.

Yet, said Crito, the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement

has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time.

Socrates said: Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone: I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me.

Crito when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. * * * * He handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? The man answered: We only prepare Socrates, just so much as we deem enough. I understand, he said: yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me. Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow, but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: What is this strange outcry? he said. I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience. When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back * * * and the men who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs, and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

ABSTRACTIONS

**A Short Story in a Lighter Vein, But
With a Deeper Undercurrent.**

Wanted, an information bureau to enlighten individuals as to what the majority of cults think they are teaching and why. We are going to give you a few paragraphs from the diary of Jeremiah Supleigh who has been wandering mid a jungle of occult decrepancies for many years seeking for the light which lighteth every man which Kipling has immortalized in the "Light that Failed."

Mr. Supleigh reconnoitered around town seeking for the answer to how he should train a disobedient instrument into a harp for the sounding of celestial symphonies. In the "Think As Think Can New Thought Center" he met Mrs. Gabley and interrogated her concerning the highest known philosophy. Mrs. Gabley replied: "God is good."

Mr. Supleigh with his under nourished brain had already reasoned out in his simple way that conclusion but wanted a little more definite information on the subject, so he said, "Madam, I have suffered from blind spavin for sixteen years. How may I secure healing?"

"Just know that God is good," replied Mrs. Gabley with soulful intonations.

"My dear lady, what is good?" asked Mr. Supleigh.

"Only God is good" answered Mrs. Gabley.

"My dear madam, I have already accepted that as a statement but my spavin has now become so acute that every time I bend over my kidney catches on one of my ribs and hangs fluttering in space. For years I have been searching for truth for I am repeatedly told that there is such a thing but nobody seems to know anything about it."

"If you would only realize that God is good you would know that there could be no such thing as a kidney out of order."

Mr. Supleigh picked up his hat and staggered slowly towards the door.

"Madam, every word you have spoken is undoubtedly true and I honor your creed which while is it is not exhaustive may never the less be a masterpiece of human induction. But for some unknown reason I feel that I am the best able to judge whether or not I have a kidney. Though I have accepted for the last twenty-five years that God is good, I am quite confident that He is not the incentive behind this peculiar pounding in the small of my back. You have said great truths, madam, but it don't mean anything to me and I do not feel a bit better than when I came in. Your abstractions do me no good so

if you have nothing which will assist me in tying this kidney back in its cavity I am forced to depart where I can receive relief."

Poor Mr. Supleigh spent many days in searching for truth and finally landed upon one Brother Gollop whose spirituality was accepted wherever he went and whose wisdom was exhaustive. Putting once more his besetting question, Brother Gollop "sshed-ed" him with a sweet smile and spreading out his arms dashed madly at Supleigh and gathering him close to his bosom gave him a paternal smack on each cheek.

"You poor sinner!" he exclaimed, "you would be alright if you only realize divine love. You would flit through life like this." And brother Gollop balanced on one toe.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Supleigh, "but don't throw your arms around me again, you are pressing my kidney. I have come for information. How can I be saved in mind, in soul and in kidney?"

"Just know that God is love," answered Gollop spreading his arms in imitation of some denizen of the ethers. "Just know that love is all there is."

"I would that I could," answered Supleigh, "but love is so shallow when compared to a floating kidney. And my sins weigh so heavily upon me and my back is growing so weak that I must needs have something more substantial than those words which cover the universe from end to end but leave me out entirely."

"Poor benighted mortal," exclaimed Gollop, sighing. "If you only had the vision of a dreamer."

"I wish I could," exclaimed Supleigh, "but I haven't slept, let alone dreamt. for six months. Have I eaten something that has made me this way? Should I stop drinking and chewing tobacco? Should I exercise more or take less cocaine? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, brother, say not of mortal things! Just bask in the sunshine of Divine love

and know that you are all right."

"Humph!" said Supleigh and wandered off unconvinced by the words of divine wisdom which gushed from Gollop's illuminated personality.

Supleigh wended from door to door. He met all kinds of sweet people with sweet notions, sweet personalities and beautiful ideals but he didn't meet a single individual who told him anything that any human being could possibly do.

Professor Horatio Wobble told him to concentrate upon perfection but Supleigh had never seen anything perfect to concentrate on. Madam Scoops had told him that he had no kidney but he put his finger on it and knew better. Nicodemus Ashley told him that he should take up esthetic dancing while Lora Wampus gave him a discourse on the lilies of the valley and their correlation to divine salvation. Another read a book to him for two hours and a half and collected five dollars.

But still Supleigh grew weaker and weaker. As the hours went by he became more and more disgusted with religion. He had been to all the eminent authorities on postmortem salvation. He was told that he should know truth, that he should love divinely, that he should realize his own perfection, that he should affirm health and realize that it was God's plan for His children. He learned also that the Divine was God, kind-hearted, humanitarian, benevolent, considerate, very astute, philanthropic, paternal, maternal, fraternal, diurnal, that Mars in Libra caused the ailment, that his unbelief was the basis of his dilemma and that a floating kidney was created out of the mist of matter.

He tore his hair and took a Viking oath that he would remain an atheist to the end of his natural life.

It was about that time that he entered a Chinese laundry to find out why his sixteen shirt returned a thirteen. Leaning on the counter he tenderly rubbed the small of his back, which was daily becoming larger as the kidney developed along its rather eccentric line,

"Owwwww-ooo" murmured Supleigh.

"Whata matta? You catchem sickee?" beamed the Chinaman over the counter.

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

The Church of the People

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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

(2) Harmony. A person who lacks poise and the ability to keep his equanimity under trying circumstances is of absolutely no use as a teacher or guide for humanity. Our present public school system has proven that fact time and time again, when quick-tempered teachers have been found to do more harm than good among the pupils. Truth is harmony radiating through the forty-nine branches which we call the arts,



sciences, and spiritual perceptions, and only harmonious people can learn or radiate a harmonious doctrine. Many students waste enough energy in disputes, misunderstandings, and religious hair-splitting to take them and all their acquaintances to heaven and back, if it were used as God and nature intended. When we so pervert this Master Builder's power, then is "the Lamb of God slain for the sins of the world," for this Lamb represents the vitalizing energies which we so often waste in discord.

(3) The Desire to Work. The Great Ones governing the destiny of humanity are not looking for those people whose greatest desire is to go to heaven "on flowery beds of ease." They are seeking souls who want to go out and labor in the vineyards of God, (life). People who are expecting eternally a "soft snap," as it is called in the business world, have nothing in common with the true student of the higher sciences. An honest desire

to make himself useful, in any way that may come to hand, is a certain indication that the student is preparing himself for a greater and better state of existence.

Everyone wants something, and for many years so-called students of divinity have been suffering from the "gimme's." They want healing, they want cash, they want prosperity, and there are still among us certain ones seeking power with which to revenge themselves on others whom they dislike, or just to show off, generally. Then there is another class who would like anything God gave them on general principles. GOD WANTS THEM WHO WANT TO GIVE SOMETHING INSTEAD OF ETERNALLY GRAFTING OFF THE ETERNAL. The true student knows that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He labors not for returns because he knows that serving the needy, preaching the gospel, and healing the sick form an eternal triangle, and the aspiring soul lives only to manifest among his brothers this Flaming Triangle through purified, harmonized vehicles which form pens "in the hand of a ready writer."

What is the aim of a true occult student?

Answer. The occult student is seeking to gain the power within himself which will qualify him to become a conscious worker in the Great Plan of cosmic unfoldment. He is striving to evolve, within the latent qualities which are his divine birthright and which, when awakened, will make him a helper instead of one of the many who are now receiving help.

Who are the heathen?

Answer. The dictionary defines a heathen as one who is ignorant of God, but we generally use the word when referring to people whose religious ideals and teachings differ from our own. When used just as the dictionary suggests, the studious individual will realize that under this definition may be classed nearly all so-called Christians who know absolutely nothing, and apparently care less, about God than the so-called Aborigines. There are many so-called heathen who know more about God and His laws than those who brand them as such. IN ORDER TO KNOW GOD WE MUST ATTUNE OURSELVES TO HIS PLANE OF CONSCIOUSNESS BY FOLLOWING HIS LAWS AND SEEKING TO DO HIS WILL. Only they who live His life can ever know His doctrine, and until we do this we are heathen. The fact that we are baptised by sprinkling, dipping, pouring, or immersing has nothing to do with our spiritual salvation and we are as truly heathen as the worst savage until we are baptised of the spirit, a conscious result of a conscious consecration of our being in the service of the Divine Essence which

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

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Thanking you, HARRY S. GERHART, Managing Editor.

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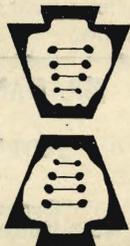
INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)



We have considered the sacral bone which is symbolized by the grave-digger's spade. Here is a picture of the head of the Sphinx and also the inverted sacral bone when it has been turned upward. In the inverted sacrum we see the Sphinx and in it also the inverted Masonic keystone. All this is very interesting, but unless the inner meaning is realized its true value is lost. It is not by chance, however, that these things should be so.

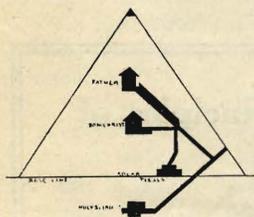
Most students have heard of the Dweller on the Threshold, that creature built by our own wrong actions and mistakes. Out on Egypt's desert it stands and bars the way to the pyramid, the temple of the higher man. And the message that it gives to the world is:



"I am the bodies. If you would go on to the temple you must master me, for I am within you."

Again the Sphinx symbolizes man, with the mind and spirit of the human rising out of the animal desires and emotions. It is the riddle of the ages, and man once more is the answer.

It is said that in ancient times the Sphinx was the gateway of the pyramid and that there was an underground passage which led from the Sphinx to Cheops. This would make the symbolism even more complete, for the gateway to the spirit is through the bodies, according to the ancients.



Let us now enter the pyramid and, passing through the corridors, come to the King's Chamber as it is called. There are three great rooms in the pyramid which are of deep interest to the student. The highest is the King's Chamber, below that is the Queen's Chamber, and down below the surface of the earth is the Pit. Here we again find the great correlation between the pyramid and man. The three rooms are the three major divisions in man which are the seats of the threefold spirit. The lower room, or Pit, is the generative system, which is under the control of Jehovah. The center room, or Queen's Chamber, is the heart, which is under the control of the Christ; and the upper room, or King's Chamber, is the brain, which is

under the control of the Father. In this upper room is the coffer made of stone, the meaning of which has never been satisfactorily explained but which the student recognizes as the third ventricle in the brain.

It is quite certain also that this coffer was used as a tomb during initiation when, as in the Masonic initiations of today (the remnants of the ancient Mysteries) the candidate was buried in the earth and resurrected—a symbol of the death of the lower man and the liberation of the higher.

It is said that Moses was initiated in the Great Pyramid and some also claim that Jesus was instructed there. Be that as it may, we know that for thousands of years since the time it was built by the Atlanteans it has been the greatest temple of initiation in the world. It also seems that its work is not yet finished, for it is still a mute teacher of the mysteries of creation.

It is further declared by man to be the original Solomon's Temple. This, however, we know is not true, for while it may be the first and original material temple, the true Temple of Solomon is the universe—the Solar Man's Temple—which is slowly being rebuilt in man as the temple of the Soul of Man.

Probably no point is as important in connection with the pyramid as that of the cornerstone. On the very top of the Great Pyramid is a comparatively flat space about thirty feet square. In other words THE TRUE STONE WHICH IS THE HEAD OF ALL THE CORNERS IS MISSING. On the reverse side of the Great Seal of the United States of America, is again the pyramid from which the top has been separated. Omar Khayyam, the Persian poet, gives the secret of the keystone when he says:

**"From my base metal shall be filed a key,
Which shall unlock the door he howls
without."**

The importance of the capstone is better understood in that it completes all the triangles at once and without it none of them is complete.

This stone is the spirit in man which fell from its high estate and has been lost beneath the rubbish of the lower man. This is the true capstone which is now hidden in the pit of man's temple and which he must exhume and raise aloft again as the true crown of his spiritual pyramid.

Man can do this only when he summons together the thousands of workmen within himself and binds each and every one of them to the service of the higher man. There must be no traitors to murder the builder. And Lucifer—the one re-

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)



Jehovah, the Creative Diety.

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(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)
 dragons of darkness below. This great war is the Armageddon of Christian theology, the last great war that is said to end the eternal conflict of human emotions. The true student of occult philosophy knows that this battle must take place within himself when at last, with the sword of spirit he masters the dragon of passions, death, and degeneracy.

Among the Northern peoples and also many other ancient nations it was said that righteous warfare was good, and that those who died on the field of battle went to Heaven and were very happy, while those who died of natural means were looked down upon as cowards. It was said that these cowards were forced to remain in another world and would never be able to feast and battle in Heaven with the heroes who died in war.

If the student will think, he will soon understand the mystic meaning behind the allegory. Life is the eternal battle of human emotions. Life is the Great War, and it is only those who fight the good fight who will receive the reward of heroes. Those who shirk the problems of daily existence are the cowards that hide away instead of rushing sword in hand into the fray and battling like the brave ones for the right.

There are two great forces daily molding the destiny of human consciousness. One of these is the great dragon that rules in Babylon, the city of darkness, physically located at the base of the spinal column. It is here that the nerves and centers are that nourish the animal in man. The other great force is located far above in the City of Jerusalem, and is the power of constructive thought, action and desire. Between these two great powers in man, which manifest as good and evil, truth and error, spirit and body, light and darkness, there is eternally taking place a great war. This war is fought out on the rainbow bridge of the ancients. This war between life and death, vitilization and crystalization is the battle of Kurukshetra. Here on the field of life the higher and lower fight out that problem, while far above on the lofty peaks of the Himalayas the divine Krishna looks down and illuminates with his words of wisdom the higher man in his great fight for existence.

In many of the ancient Indian drawings we find that wonderful child, the Blue Krishna, with his flute to his lips playing the enchanted music which, like the lyre of Orpheus, melted the very stones with its harmony. This symbol of Krishna represents the divine in man concealed behind the blue veil of Isis playing the divine harmonies upon the flute of his own bodies. It was this wonderful harmonization of bodies and emotions balanced in pain and pleasure that made Krishna worthy to be God's messenger among men, and

it is this lesson in balance and the mastery of the lower within himself that he tells us of in his wonderful discourse.

The ties of form and personality hold man in their grasp, and their eternal trend is towards crystalization. Clanisms and creeds are the fathers of the things we are, and the reasons for our present development. They become the enemies however, of those who have outgrown them, and unless we rise out of them, as Vishnu rose from the mouth of the fish, we crystalize with them and all our progress is lost.

It is very hard for many of us to break the ties of form that bind us to friends and foes. We cling to their personalities like life itself. Krishna in India like Jesus in Jerusalem, instructed his students and followers to break away from personalities and serve principles.

This is the leading point in the "Song Celestial," and it cannot be too strongly applied in our daily affairs. If we follow personalities we shall always fail for personalities are ever changing, and being of form will vanish with forms. When, however, we build our temples on the rock of principle like truth itself they are eternal.

Man has within himself all the principles he worships as gods outside of his own being. Far up in the higher man we find the spirit of life and truth which the Brahmans call Krishna, and there in his dragon boat he floats over eternity watching, like the All Father of the gods the battle of life taking place below him. Krishna represents one phase of the spirit in man eternally laboring with Arjuna, the higher human aspect of man, and giving him strength to fight the good fight and release his being from the father mold of crystalization. If we can only see in this legend the daily happenings of life, and how the gods through experi-

ence are slowly molding individuals into useful implements to assist in the great plan, then we have seen through the eyes of Spirit. When we are able to realize this we will have solved the mystery of the Great War, the war that every individual must fight out for himself, with the higher nature to guide him and aid in his choice.

The uncertainty that filled the heart of Arjuna is nothing more than the conflicting emotions that fill each human heart when the great choice of life has to be made, and we feel that the old must give place to the new. When that choice has to be made let us choose as Arjuna did, to serve the right and although the battle may be fierce and the suffering great o'er us will hover in his winged craft Krishna the Beloved, as he hovered over Arjuna in the spiritual battle of Kurukshetra.

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(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)
 that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito, is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

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COLLEGE EDUCATION

Is such training worth while to the man who does not specialize in a certain profession such as medicine, law, engineering, or the like? This question often arises in the minds of the high school graduate, the parents who are considering sending their son to college, and even the student who is in his second and third year at a university. One often wonders if it would not prove more beneficial to have the young man enter the business or career of his choice, and learn from practical experience rather than books. It seems at times that the money and time invested in the pursuit of such subjects as history, psychology, philosophy and kindred studies are wasted.

But there are other advantages than those to be taken into consideration. It has been said by men who have their college degree, and are now making a success in the business world, that the knowledge obtained from books played the minor part, that it was the confidence inspired in one, the ease with which one can conduct himself in a crowd, and the art of making contacts which impressed them with the fact that the time spent in an institution of higher education was well invested.

Such qualities are essential to almost every occupation, and most certainly of material benefit if one is to be considered a success. A man without friends can hardly make a success in any phase of life.

While the college graduate, with his knowledge of theory, generally starts at the same salary as the man who has not had the advantages of a university education, usually the former, more confident of himself, rapidly strides ahead. He is soon paid with interest for the time and money spent in his training.

Statistics show that although but one per cent of American men are college graduates, yet this one per cent has furnished: fifty-one per cent of our Presidents; thirty-six per cent of the Members of Congress; forty-seven per cent of the Speakers of the House; fifty-four per cent of the Vice-Presidents; sixty-two per cent of the Secretaries of the Treasury, sixty-seven per cent of the Attorneys General; and sixty-nine per cent of the Justices of the Supreme Court.

—J. H. H., Supreme Council 33^o Bulletin.

The village gossip asseverates that Mr. Hall is the proud possessor of a bishop's curious medieval spiked silver ceremonial ring from the famous collection of Rudolph Valentino. This ring is large and heavy and would seem to indicate that the old bishops could have used it in self defense, should need arise.

"The All-Seeing Eye"

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Virtue by itself is not enough, or anything like enough. Strength must be added to it, and the determination to use that strength. The good man who is ineffective is not able to make his goodness of much account to the people as a whole. No matter how much a man hears the word, small is the credit attached to him if he fails to be a doer also; and in serving the Lord he must remember that he needs avoid sloth in his business as well as cultivate fervency of spirit.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

"ABSTRACTIONS"

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

"Yes, I am," answered Supleigh, "I'm sick in mind and body. I used to be a good member of the church but it seemed too narrow for me and I got out to look for something broader and bigger but I can't find anything that is worth working with. They tell me a lot of abstract things but they don't mean anything. I asked them what I ought to do for my kidney which has been backfiring for several months and all they tell me to do is to look pleasant. It's just about crazy with this thing."

"Wellee much too badee. Me fixem." The Chinaman shuffled around his counter and poked gently the small of Supleigh's back which caused our worthy hero to jump several feet.

"Ump. Yessum. Him welle bad. What you catchem eatee?"

"You mean what did I eat?" asked Supleigh. "Well I had a porterhouse steak for breakfast sizzled in onions, two cups of black coffee and a stack of hot cakes. Then for lunch I had breaded porkchops and a couple of hours ago a couple of veal cutlets. You know somehow I've lost my appetite in the last few months."

"You catchem smokee?"

"Yeh."

"You catchem drinkee?"

"Yep when I can catchem."

"You catchem chewee tobacco, too?"

"Yes, I do all that Chinky."

"What you white friends tellem you doem?"

"Oh they told me to concentrate on the Lord and that truth is all there is."

"They no tell you stop eata beefsteak, stoppa smoke, stoppa chew, stoppa drink?"

"No Chinky they never said anything like that."

"They believe in God?"

"Oh, yes."

"They believe God not tell you clean em up, washem out?"

"No, chinky, nothing like that. All they told me was that God is truth."

The Chinaman climbed back over the counter and going in the little back room opened a little closet in which stood a number of Chinese family gods. He lighted a little stick of incense and getting down on his knees mumbled several prayers.

"What are you doing, Chinky, praying for me?" asked Supleigh.

"No, mistle White Man, me playa for dem. What telle you—truth is all there is and no tell you clean em up. They go hellee sure. Me play great Josh—he savem. Them very bad. Me fixem."

The Chinaman then dug around in his belongings and produced a number of herbs which he made into some very strong and bitter teas which Supleigh drink. He hardly got them down before his kidney began to slow up and his diaphragm fluttered less and less.

"Why Chinky, I feel better already. How did you do it?"

"God is good," grinned the Chinaman, "but dis here tea he better. God is wellee wise man. He putta herb in fields, He give you fresh air, sunshine, good things to eat. Yes, God velle good. You do what God want,—you very well. You no do what God want you catchem sick. That's how you find out what God want. God give you common sense, you no use it you lose it. Everything he good for something. People talk all time—they good for nothings. You go out watcha nature, the animal, the birds—you find out what God want. You live like you should you be well. You live bad you talk all timee, don't mean nothings. God very good. Man can be God if he want to. If he no live right, cleanem out, clean em up—he not god; he just one fool. God he good, He kind, He nice Mr. God. But that don't mean nothing less you clean em up too. Me clean me up very good. Me washem twice, me handsprinkle, iron em on both sides—you launie bill he dollar sixteen cents. You shirtee too small, you takem my medicine, and you get small enough go inside shirtee."

The Chinaman made out his little red laundry ticket which Supleigh paid freely and willingly. The Chink took his dollar sixteen cents and held it on the palm of his hand and grinned at the American.

"God be wellee good. I washee two shirts, four pair of sox, six handkerchief—I clean em up good—God is velle good—God give me dollar sixteen cents. But me earnem first. I no earn em. God not so good. Your new washee ready Saturday, Goodbye."