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Volume 3, No. 7

Los Angeles, Calif., Wednesday, January 5th, 1927

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WASHINGTON'S VISION AT VALLEY FORGE

Future of U. S. Shown to
Father of His Country.

By Wesley Bradshaw.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then 91 and becoming very feeble but though so old, his dimming eye rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which, he said, he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand—"what time is it? I cannot see so well now as I used to".

"Half past three."

"Come then," he continued, "let us go into the Hall; I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life, one which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you live, you will before long see it verified."

Reaching the visitor's room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are kept, we sat down on one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following singular narrative, which from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

When the bold action of our congress in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels whom British grenadiers would soon tame into submission; but undoubtedly we prepared to make good what we had said. The stern encounter came and the world knows the result.

It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of '76, but they little know,

NOAH AND HIS WONDERFUL ARK

Symbolism of the Great
Flood

By Manly P. Hall

Every passage in the Bible has many interpretations, for the book was written as the key to all things and not merely as the explanation of a single mystery. Therefore when we study that part of it which takes up the story of Noah's Ark, we are dealing with a twelve-fold allegory. Many of its mysteries are as yet unknown to even the most advanced students, and it can never be understood in its fullness until man's mind reaches cosmic proportions. The Bible is a sealed book, and it will remain sealed until man himself through the purification of his bodies and the balancing of his mind has given the sword of his spirit the power to cut the Gordian Knot, which the lay brother must spend years and perhaps even lives in trying to untie.

True occult work is not secret; no one is forbidden to study and master the laws of Nature. But until we have prepared ourselves by service and altruism, we are unable to comprehend the grandeur, purity, and justice of the Universal Plan. The reason the Bible is a sealed book is because the student can see nothing in the world without or in the Sacred Books unless he has evolved eyes within himself with which to see and appreciate. Ingersoll was perfectly correct when he said, "An honest God is the noblest work of man." For while God is unchanged by our concepts of Him, still to us He is limited by our own ideals, and the mysteries in His sacred books are veiled from the eyes of him who looks only with the physical sense.

Now let us turn to the Book of Genesis which contains the story of the Ark and the Flood and read the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth chapters. If the stu-

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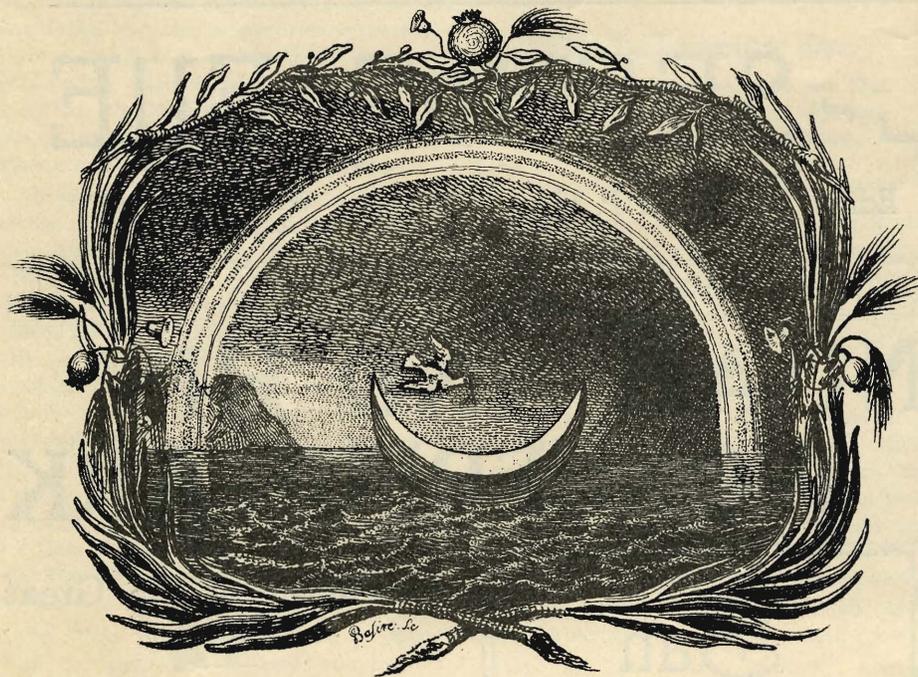
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on Page 6

neither can they imagine the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and unless it is checked will at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

From the opening of the revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good and ill, at one time victorious and at another conquered. The darkest period we had, however was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's care-worn face as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray.

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dent will read these before he goes on with this article, it may make some of the points clearer.

First, let us consider the Flood. In every religion of the world we find reference to this, and all agree approximately as to the time when it occurred. The student of comparative religions will of course remember the great flood that sank the last of the continent of Atlantis about nine thousand years B. C. All earlier floods covered only a part of the earth, and the searcher is forced to look elsewhere for the Great Flood or Oblivion that is spoken of in the Bible. We find that the ancient word used for flood does not mean water necessarily but rather oblivion.

One of the great laws of Nature is that of periodicity—in other words, the law of action and repose. We know that it is necessary for man to go to sleep every night to make up for his great expenditure of energy during the daytime. We know that every giving forth must be balanced by a taking in. It is the same with the universe as it is with man. There comes a time when the world must rest after each great day of manifestation. This is called the Night of the Gods. At this time all of the planets and suns return into the universal All. We can see this process taking place in the great nebulae in the sky. It is then that God, the creator, ceases to manifest for a certain length of time **before** again sending out globes on which the development of man may proceed. It is then that Noah, representing the God of our solar system, and his three sons, who represent the threefold trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, float over Oblivion, carrying with them the germs of all created things which have been drawn back into the Infinite.

When the worlds are sent out again, these beings are drawn to the globes to whose rate of vibration they are attuned. The process is the same as that used by the Ego, which contains within it the seed atoms of the lower bodies. The Ego and the spiritual substance with which it is clothed constitute the Ark; the three sons of Noah are the seed atoms of the lower bodies, and their wives are the negative poles of these atoms. Noah is the mind. The Ark with the seed atoms floats in mind stuff before the descent of the atoms again into matter through rebirth. In Masonic stories there is mentioned a cable tow that connects the Ark with the earth. This the student knows to be the silver cord, which connects the spirit and the body.

We know that spirit cannot die. The animals which are driven into the Ark represent the life of all the kingdoms that is withdrawn into God and remains there until planes of consciousness are evolved for its remanifestation.

Then again the story of the Ark is the story of the Ego building the bodies which when completed will give him consciousness on all planes of nature. The three sons of Noah are the three lower bodies. In order for man to function on any plane of nature he must have a body attuned to that plane. The loss of consciousness means that the vehicle which attunes the spirit to that plane has been withdrawn. When the three lower bodies have been built, the Ego always has a vehicle of expression and never loses consciousness on any plane of nature.

The animals in the Ark thus represent the various powers in man that are carried with him from life to life in the living ark of his own being. The one window

in the Ark represents the spiritual eye through which the higher man watches the bodies below him.

When the world (the bodies) again comes into being, the Ark comes to rest on the top of Mt. Ararat. This is the head of man, or the high place in the body. There in the frontal sinus the Ego takes its place, and the forces coming down from it again people the body.

When the dove, the messenger, brings the sprig of acacia back to the higher man, then he knows that the lower bodies have come to life again, and that it will be possible to come down from the Ark and labor with them. It shows that the higher ideals and the transmuted animal forces can again go to all parts of the earth and proceed with their work.

The first thing that Noah did when he left the Ark was to build an altar unto the Lord, and upon this altar he built a fire, and upon this altar he made sacrifices to God. Each of us who would follow in his footsteps must do the same. The altar that he built to God was his own purified body, and before it he and all of his children bowed. The fire upon the altar was the spirit fire within himself which he had kindled by his own actions and thoughts. The sacrifice that he made upon that altar was that of the lower passions and emotions of his life.

Then the rainbow appeared in the sky, and the promise was made by the Almighty to Noah that as long as that bow remained there would never be another flood. This is a wonderful allegory, especially when we remember that the rainbow is made of the three primary colors: the blue of the spirit, the yellow of the mind, and the red of the body. These are the colors of the trinity in man: the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

As long as these three principles are balanced in man, forming in their combinations all the other colors, there will never be another Oblivion. But if even one of those colors disappears, darkness falls over the Ego in whose temple that mistake is made. The threefold path that leads to God is one. If you love with all your being and allow your mind or body to go unused, you are taking your rainbow from the sky. If you know all things and have not love, you have gained nothing. If you have both knowledge and love and yet the action of hands and body in daily work is neglected, there is nothing gained.

In this rainbow we see the threefold silver cord, and when it is broken the body is dead. Death is the result of crystallization, when the body becomes too heavy to be carried by the spirit. Then it is discarded and another taken. It is the same with the thoughts and emotions. They must be high and ethereal, yet ever

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THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

"A precious treasure," murmured Mandarin Ming. "a precious treasure indeed—I wish far more that it were filled with rice, for the little germs which feed my people are cleaner than the men they feed." He rose slowly and carefully locking the casket with its strange contents, he carried it under his arm out into the passageway and along the corridor until he again reached the place where the piano stood, and where bad whiskey spread the death of the white man and opium's endless sleep hovered in the air.

There, like a figure of stone, he stood in the passageway through the hours that passed, his great back hunched like some beast ready to spring. In his hands lay the casket with the heart of wax.

CHAPTER IV

The old Chinaman stood there while his fluid mind reacted the events preceeding this final act of his little drama. He saw Pink Wilson creeping into his home; he saw his daughter, blinded by a love for which she was not altogether responsible; he saw her, overcome by soft words and futile promises, follow the scheming American out of her home and into an automobile. He saw them speeding through the city, he saw them reach the old saloon; he could actually hear them descending the steps. And sure enough, a few seconds later, he heard the old bartender ordering the people out of the back room, heard the door close and lock, and, gazing through a concealed peephole over the piano, he saw his daughter with the cherry blossoms still wound in her hair, still garbed in her silken Oriental costume, seated at the little table while across from her sat the American.

The corners of the old man's mouth set in a hard cruel line, then he gazed upon his daughter. He saw the look of fear in her eyes and he realized that a great disillusionment was taken place. He heard his child pleading.

"Let me go back! I am afraid of you!"

He heard Pink Wilson's heartless laugh and answer.

"Go back? Well I guess not! There's a couple of thousand dollars waiting for me across the border, where old Chow Fat is looking for a wife just like you. Take you back home? Well, I guess not!"

The long fingers of the Chinaman ached to strangle the life from the American but he restrained himself. He heard his daughter's soft voice pleading. He listened to her prayers, and her cries, which ended as with a dull thud she crumpled

upon the floor. He listened to the laughter of Pink Wilson, but around the corners of his mouth there lurked a strange, sardonic smile, as slowly he opened the sacred box and drew forth the heart of wax.

"So, my honorable friend," he whispered, "you laugh at the curse of Ming Quong? Ha! You laugh now. You crept into his garden of dreams and stole its treasure. That treasure is now broken at your feet. Laugh—for you have not much longer to laugh. Smile and jeer today—for tomorrow you will be dead. Ming Quong is not the foolish yellow man you think. The real Ming Quong is a great man you do not know."

Again a burst of laughter sounded through the door.

"You laugh too loudly," exclaimed Ming Quong, "it grates upon my ears. How does this feel?" He took from his sleeve a little wooden hairpin with a fan on the end—one that his little girl used in her hair and which he had drawn from it the day before. Still a little cherry blossom was twined around the wooden stick.

Taking the thin shaft he pressed it against the side of the waxen heart. At the same time muttering an incantation.

The laugh of Pink Wilson stopped short on its high note as he felt a pain shoot through his heart, which nearly threw him from his feet. He sank into a chair gasping for breath, with his hand over the tortured organ.

"Oh-h-h," he gasped, "what was that?"

Through the solid wall a voice answered him.

"That honorable Mr. Wilson, is just a little prick from a hairpin."

The American started from his seat.

"Where are you?" he screamed.

Nothing answered him, and as a few seconds later his strength returned, he threw off the web of imagination which he felt was grasping at him. Picking up the unconscious figure he headed towards a secret panel in the wall which he knew concealed a passageway leading into a house where he could find concealment.

He had but started when a voice behind him ordered: "Stop!"

Before him stood Mandarin Ming, a majestic, towering figure, in his hand a little heart made of wax. Pink Wilson jumped back and dropped his burden to the floor.

"Mr. Wilson," exclaimed the Chinaman, "my honorable friend. I came to you as a father protecting his child, and asked as a father that you would leave her

alone. You promised me as a gentleman that you would do so. You have broken your promise. No Chinese gentleman would want to live to be confronted by a man he had wronged, and I am about to save you the dishonor of outliving your crime. You have stolen from me my blossom. I shall take her again close to my heart and pray that the wound you have made shall heal. But my blossom will never be as fair as before for the tender shoot has been broken and the plant will be dwarfed. You would sell flesh and blood—you, who call yourself a Christian would do this to a heathen. You have heard of the curse of the princes of Ming, you shall feel that curse. Here in my hand I hold your heart. Look, I touch it, you shudder. By the powers I have, unknown to you, I have united your living heart and this heart of wax, and I hold your life in my fingers."

The Chinaman reached over his shoulder and picking up the end of his cue twisted it around the neck of the aorta of the heart of wax. He then took the bamboo pin and placing it under the rope of hair, slowly twisted it.

"No, no!" screamed Wilson, his eyes staring from his head. "Don't do that! Take away your daughter—take her back but don't do that!"

The Chinaman answered, "You were not too cowardly to face the curse, therefore why are you too cowardly to pay for your folly?"

"No, no," screamed Wilson running to the door, "don't do it! Let me go!"

The Chinaman held up his hand. "Three threads there are, threads of hair, your hair, in this heart. These three threads of you seal your doom. This thread is for that broken heart that lies at your feet, this thread for the outraged father who stands before you, this thread for civilization's debt which you must pay. The only reason why I hesitate to turn this cord is that I hate to fill hell with such as you."

The Chinaman's eyes had in them the glint of stone.

"No, no, don't! Mercy!" screamed Wilson, his face white and his jaw dropping. Great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. He tore at his collar and clutched at his breast. "My God! Do anything, but don't turn that cord!"

A crafty look came over the Chinaman's face.

"My honorable friend will always find Ming Quong considerate. You have prayed that Ming Quong will not turn that cord. Very well, he will not, for it would not be a fitting punishment. You have not strangled us as I could strangle you. You have done something else—you have broken my heart, you have

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

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MANLY P. HALL*Editor*
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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

What is the life in man?

Answer. The life in man is that spark of the Divine Fire which in search of experience has robed itself in the garments of matter which it is slowly transmuting until its prison walls shall become a glorious dwelling place to be finally united with the Life itself.



What does man carry with him from life to life?

Answer. His consciousness and upon **MANLY P. HALL** the seed atoms of his various bodies the records of every thought, action and desire which have animated his being. These form the basis of karmic payments and future growth and unfoldment and they will remain with him until he has absorbed all of these experiences into the soul.

Is man perfect now?

Answer. Perfection is a matter of relativity and in order to be perpetually perfect requires perpetual adjustment with ever finer planes of spiritual influx. Each divine Ego is perfect but this perfection must remain unexpressed until evolution, or experience, molds the bodies into worthy implements for the life within.

Is there any short cut to perfection?

Answer. The longest way around is the most successful because the fineness of adjustments is the basis of the estimate of perfection and those who have done their work the most thoroughly have in reality done it in the shortest and most satisfactory manner.

What is man's work here?

Answer. His duty is to learn through experience, to harmonize his mentality with the finer heart sentiments. It is the

union of spirit and matter, heart and mind—the marriage of the sun and moon—which man is striving to attain through an equal development and harmonization of his thoughts and emotions.

What is man's true position in the universe?

Answer. He is according to the ancient poets 'twixt heaven and hell—half way between perfect consciousness and absolute negation. He should stand in the center of his spiritual and intellectual world drawing towards himself from all extremities of the universe the powers that he needs but always remaining true to his own center and never identifying himself with any of the tangents.

Was Masonry known in Atlantis?

Answer. Wherever the Wisdom Religions are found, be it East, West, South or North, we find Masonry. From the heart of China to the jungles of South Africa. Masonry undoubtedly had its foundation in the sun worship of ancient Atlantis.

What is the soul?

Answer. The soul is a body built by the thoughts, actions and desires of human life which weave a garment according to their own quality. Later this garment becomes the vehicle of consciousness for the spirit for within it are incorporated all of the growth of the lower bodies.

Does our life belong to us?

Answer. In many ways our life belongs to us. In fact in the Great Plan it does so entirely. But owing to the fact that in the past we contracted certain debts, our free will is mortgaged in favor of people to whom we owe certain actions and qualities. Therefore in coming into incarnation certain things we must do whether we want to or not because of sacred obligations we have made in the past.

What is free will?

Answer. God alone has free will. Man

has the power of choice. Ignorance is the limiting factor in free will. The greater number of things we know the greater is our area of choice until as gods, knowing all, we have the choice of all.

Are all individual experiences preserved?

Answer. Yes. They are the basis of soul growth and are stored up in the centers of bodies until we have built the necessary faculties to read them.

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INITIATES OF THE FLAME

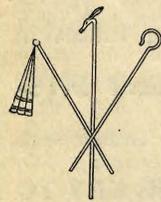
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CHAPTER IV THE EGYPTIAN INITIATE

Myriads of years have elapsed since the Egyptian Priest-King passed through the pillars of Thebes. Ages before the sinking of Atlantis and many ages before the Christian era, Egypt was a land of great truths. The hand of the Great White Brotherhood was outstretched to the Empire of the Nile and the passages of the ancient pyramid resounded with the chants of the Initiates. Then it was that the Pharaoh now called half-human half-divine reigned over Egypt. Pharaohs were degenerate and of little importance. It is only the early Pharaohs we now list among the Priest-Kings.

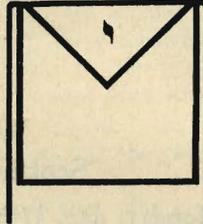
Try to picture the great Hall of Luxor with its inscriptive columns holding up domes of solid granite, each column having carved thereon the histories of the gods. At the upper end of the chamber sat the Pharaoh of the Nile in his robes of state; around him were his counselors, chief among them the priest of the temple. An imposing spectacle it was: the gigantic frame of the later Atlantean, robed in gold and priceless jewels; on his head the crown of the North and South, the double empire of the ancient; on his forehead the coiled serpent of the Initiate—the serpent that was raised in the wilderness that all who looked thereon might live; and that sleeping serpent power in man which, coiled head downward around the Tree of Life, drove him from the Garden of the Lord, but which raised upon the cross, became the symbol of the Christ.

The Pharaoh was an Initiate of Scorpio, and the serpent is the transmuted Scorpio energy which, working upward in the regenerated individual, is called the Kundalini. This serpent was the sign of Initiation. It meant that within him the serpent had been raised, for the true Pharaoh was a priest of God as well as a master of men. There he sat upon the cube altar throne, indicating his mastery over the four elements of his physical body—a judge of the living and of the dead who, in spite of all his power and glory and the grandeur of the world's greatest empire, still bowed in humble supplication to the will of the gods. In his hand he carried the triple sceptre of the Nile—the Flail or Whip, the Shepherd's Crook, and the Anubis-headed Staff. These were the symbols of his work. They represented the powers which he had mastered. With the Whip he had subjugated his physical body; with the



Shepherd's Crook he was the guardian and keeper of his emotional body; with the Anubis-headed Staff he was master of his mind and worthy to wield the powers of government over others because, first of all, he obeyed the laws himself.

With all his robes of state, with the scarab upon his breast, and with the All-seeing Eye above his throne, there was still nothing so precious or sacred to the ancient Egyptian Priest-King as the triangular girdle or apron the symbol of his initiation. The apron of the ancient Egyptian carried with it the same symbolism as the Masonic apron of today. It symbolized the purification of the bodies when the seat of the lower emotions, Scorpio, was covered by the white sheepsking of purification. This plain insignia, the symbol of his purification, though worn by many others inferior to him in rank and dignity but equal to him in spiritual purification, was the most treasured possession of the Egyptian Priest-King. There he sat, with the symbols of his purification and mastery written upon him in the words of the Initiate, a wise king over a wise people. And it was through these Priest-Kings that Divinity worked, for they were of the Order of Melchizedek. Through them was formulated that doctrine which degeneracy has been unable entirely to obliterate and which we know as the divine right of kings—divine because by reason of their spirituality and growth God was able to manifest through them. Conscious instruments were they in the hands of a superior power, willing and proud to do the work of those with whom they had attuned themselves through knowledge and truth.



But, as with every nation, the time came when selfishness and egotism entered the hearts of king and people alike.

Slowly the hand of the Great White Brotherhood that had fed ancient Egypt was withdrawn; slowly the powers of darkness transformed its former magnificence into crumbling ruins, and the names of once mighty kings were buried beneath the oblivion of degeneracy. Mighty cataclysms shook the world and out of the land of darkness the Great White Brotherhood carried the chosen people into the promised land; Egypt, once the land of hope and glory, disintegrated into dust.

The great temples of the Pharaohs are naught but ruins, the temples of Isis broken heaps of sandstone. But what of the Priest-Kings who labored there in the days of its glory? They are still with us, for those who were leaders before are leaders now if they have continued to walk in the path. Though his sceptre be gone and his priestly vestments moulded away, still the Priest-King walks the earth with the dignity, the power, and the child-like simplicity that formerly made him great. Though he no longer wears the robes of his Order and though he be without credentials, yet is he now as much a Priest-King as then, for he still bears the true insignia of his rank. Knowledge and love have replaced the coiled serpent of the past; the hand that bestowed gifts of riches then does little acts of kindness now. Though he no longer carry the triple sceptre of self-mastery, still he manifests that mastery in his daily life. Though the altar fires within the Temple at Karnak have long since been dead, still burns the true fire within himself and still he bows before it as in the days of Egypt's splendor. Though the priest no longer be his counselor and the wise ones of his country no longer aid him in problems of state, yet is he never alone, for the priests in white and the counselors in blue still march by his side, whispering words of strength and courage when he needs them.

(To Be Continued)

The Church of the People

Trinity Auditorium—Ninth at Grand
MANLY P. HALL, Pastor; MAUD F. GALIGHER, Associate Pastor.
Sundays, 10:30 A. M.

□ □ □

SERMON SUBJECTS:

January 9th—Capital Punishment.
 In the prologue Mr. Hall will consider the five
 Greatest Men of Arthur Brisbane

January 16th—Character Analysis.
Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life
 Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

THE GAY GHANI

A Refreshing Comedy Said to Show
Up Los Angeles Psychic Fakers.

At the Potboiler Art Theatre.

What happens, when a young Mid-West "aspirant" for "higher knowledges" drops in on an old acquaintance in Los Angeles, is the story told by The Gay Gnani, an original Comedy by Davida and Haldan Thomas. Through his magic and naivete, and by his declaration of the acquisition of certain knowledges the Gnani mixes things up generally. And he brings the people of the play into humorous situations, which bring out their "little follies".

The word Gnani is from the East. It signifies a student or disciple of certain religious or philosophic systems in India. And while the play does not attempt to give any true delineation of such a student, it does tell what an American interpretation might be, and how Americans might apply certain so-called Eastern principles of life. It does this with the attention of the Audience ever directed to the fun that ensues. For in the hands of anyone but the one who knows how to use it, a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

The Gay Gnani will be played on the nights of January 6th, 7th, and 8th.

What center of consciousness is man working on now?

Answer. Man is at the present time laboring especially to unfold the mind with its forty nine centers of sense consciousness. That is the work allotted to him during the earth period of evolution.

Next Week:
Hindu Magic—A Short Story.

Self-reliant thinking is the true purpose of education, and insofar as our schools are promoting this kind of education are they successful as representative institutions in a democracy.—R. E. Blight.

It is never safe for a nation to repose on the lap of ignorance; and if there ever was a time when public tranquillity was insured by the absence of knowledge, that season is past. Unthinking stupidity cannot sleep without being appalled by phantoms and shaken by terrors. The improvement of the mass of the people is the grand security for popular liberty; in the neglect of which the politeness, refinement and knowledge accumulated in the higher orders and wealthier classes will some day perish like dry grass in the hot fire of popular fury.—Gen. Albert Pike.

SAN FRANCISCO

AND BAY CITIES, WINTER SEASON, 1927.

January 17—28th

MANLY P. HALL

Will give the following lectures in the
Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sutter at Van Ness:

Monday, Jan. 17th, 8 P. M.—SUMMING UP MY OWN PHILOSOPHY.

This lecture is given in reply to the great number of questions that have been asked as to what Mr. Hall himself actually believes.

Tuesday, Jan. 18th, 8 P. M.—MELCHIZEDEK, AND THE MYSTERY OF FIRE.

An exposition of the occult properties of fire and the worship of that element among the Secret Schools of ancient and modern times.

Wednesday, Jan. 19th, 8 P. M.—A STUDY IN ESOTERIC ANATOMY.

The evening will be devoted to a consideration of the ductless glands of the brain and the Chakras (lotus blossoms) on the spinal column. Illustrated with reproductions from three oil paintings specially prepared to demonstrate the principles involved.

Thursday, Jan. 20th, 8 P. M.—BACON, SHAKESPEARE, AND THE ROSICRUCIANS.

A stereopticon lecture illustrated with reproductions of famous books and documents, involved in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

Friday, Jan. 21st, 8 P. M.—THE WORLD HOROSCOPE FOR 1927.

An outline of the principles of astrology as applied to national and international prediction, progressing the horoscope of the United States of America.

Sunday, Jan. 23rd, 8 P. M.—MASONIC, HERMETIC, AND ROSICRUCIAN SYMBOLICAL PHILOSOPHY.

This lecture will be illustrated with the pictures which are to appear in Mr. Hall's new book on Symbolism.

Monday, Jan. 24th, 8 P. M.—AN EVENING WITH THE GREAT MINDS OF GREECE.

Plato, on the Lost Atlantis; Aristotle, on Metaphysics; Socrates, on the Invisible Inhabitants of the Elements; Theon, on the Animal Soul; and Homer, on the Cyclops; to which is added the Oracles of Greece.

Tuesday, Jan. 25th, 8 P. M.—MADAM BLAVATSKY AND THE MASTERS OF WISDOM.

A stereopticon lecture illustrated with many rare portraits of Madam Blavatsky and the different Masters who form the Trans-Himalayan Brotherhood.

Wednesday, Jan. 26th, 8 P. M.—UNVEILING THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

This is an interpretation of the arcana of an ancient Mystery Drama, with the application of its teachings to the problems of 20th century living.

Thursday, Jan. 27th, 8 P. M.—MATHEMATICAL MAGIC, THE KEY TO THE DOCTRINES OF PYTHAGORAS AND PLATO.

Illustrated with the aid of diagrams and the blackboard. No lecture like it has ever been given publically before.

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Friday, Jan. 28th, 8 P. M.—HIGHLIGHTS ON CHARACTER ANALYSIS.

Showing the relationship existing between the physical body and the invisible spiritual nature of man. Character analysis is of great value when the individual uses it to analyze himself.

Futher subects will be announced later. Watch local newspapers.

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MING

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

broken the heart of my cherry blossom. Why then should I strangle you? No, I know a better way. I will break your heart."

Taking the wax between his fingers he crushed it into a dozen pieces. The last cry remained unspoken on the American's lips and he pitched forward to the ground—dead. Over his body the Chinaman sprinkled the bits of broken wax.

Then gathering up the limp body of his child he carried her back to the passage-way and to a great couch of silk and ebony he placed her gently and sat down by her side.

"Poor little broken blossom," he murmured, as he stroked the little ivory hand, "how cruel the world is to the one who loves. You sought in trust for love and faith and found only mortal selfishness. But it is the way of the world. I have found it, you have found it. Life is Hell, and beyond life is Life. But here in this little garden we shall plant again the seeds of faith—you and I. You are dawn and I am twilight, but while the light still gleams I will light your way. The world would call me heartless, the world would say if it knew, 'he is a murderer.' Maybe it is so, but I crush such as he as I would a bothersome insect. It is not wrong for the bee to take the honey. I have a beautiful garden in China where the lilies bloom and where at night the fire flies light the darkness with their lamps, where the boatmen sing and the moonlutes play in the stillness of the even. That is my land of beauty; this world where white men live is filled with selfishness and hate. So we will go away, my little flower back to the land of the lily and the pink chrysanthemum and there I will plant her again in the garden of love and will bring the blossom back to life. There I will dwell the rest of my days in the shadow of the Mings that have gone before until the gods of my fathers call me to climb to light upon this cue." And his fingers ran through the long braid of gray hair which hung down his back.

The figure beside him stirred.

"Father," the voice whispered, "you have not hurt him?"

"Who, child?" asked the old Chinaman.

"The man I love," she asked.

The old man hesitated for a moment.

"No child," he answered, "I have not hurt him, but he has been called away so you had best forget him. Do you still love him?"

"Yes," answered the figure.

"In spite of what he has done?"

"Yes, father."

"Well," answered the old Chinaman, "you may love him now as much as you

will, but you will forget him soon for you are going back to Wiang, amid whose fragrant gardens lies your mother's shrine. There are twelve wondrous chrysanthemums planted by her. You are going back with me to her in the land of temple bells. The great Ming Quong is going to vanish from the world. His lotteries are closed forever, his dope shall cease to flow, and his tongs shall cease their struggles. The palace under the rice shop will go also, and with his many jewels he shall return to the land of his birth. But the most precious jewel of all is the one he nearly lost—his little pink chrysanthemum."

The old man clasped his child in his arms and the swaying silken lantern sent fleeting shadows over all. But the light was too faint to show the stream of tears that fell from the old man's eyes as his lips closed over the cherry blossoms in his daughter's hair.

(The End)

NOAH'S ARK

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

practical. If they are not, the rainbow is broken and the oblivion of discord and uncertainty surrounds the Ego and makes the path of life much harder than it would otherwise be.

Analogy is the key that unlocks many secrets. In worlds and individuals Nature works in the same way. As it is with the smallest, so it is with the greatest. If we want to be the ones to rise above the flood of oblivion and in the ark of our own souls float over chaos, it will be necessary for us to build this ark, (as nature builds the great cosmic ark,) namely, by the lifting of consciousness and the perfecting of ever higher vehicles of expression. This is done by daily living the life of service, thoughtfulness and love, each in an equal measure, and always with the one ideal of keeping alight the altar fire of God

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WASHINGTON'S VISION

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God the interposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulations. One day, I remember it well, the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly the whole of the afternoon alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with the strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing exactly opposite me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence.

"A second, third, and even fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor other than a slight raising of her eyes. But this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarify, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet, even more distinct to my

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sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm and fore-finger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually disappeared, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plain all the countries of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the Republic', said the same mysterious voice, as before, 'look and learn'.

"At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being, like an angel standing or rather floating in mid air, between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some water upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of those countries, and joined in mid ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

"A second time the angel dipped from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view.

"A third time I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn'.

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages and towns and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again, I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn'.

"At this the dark, shadowy angel turned this face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word 'Union', bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said, 'Remember, ye are brethren'.

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"Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard, and again I heard the same mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, the second peril is passed—look and learn'.

"And I beheld the villages, towns and cities of America increase in size and numbers, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in Heaven, or the sand on the sea-shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn'.

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel, placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of those countries arose, thick black clouds, which soon joined into one, and throughout the mass gleamed a dark-red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the column of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country and pillage and burn villages, cities and towns that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice, saying: 'Son of the Republic, look and learn'.

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long fearful blast. Instantly a light, as from a thousand suns, shone down from above me, and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word UNION, and who bore our national flag in one hand, and a sword in the other, descend from Heaven attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived were well nigh overcome, but who immediately taking courage again closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn'.

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel

for the last time, dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants, 'While the stars remain and the Heavens send down dews upon the earth, so long shall the republic last!'

"And taking from his brow the crown on which still blazed the UNION, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people, kneeling down, said 'Amen!'

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who in that same mysterious voice I had heard before said, 'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three perils will come upon the republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the republic learn to live for his God, his land and Union!'

"With these words the figure vanished. I started to my feet, and felt that I had been shown the birth, progress and destiny of the United States. In union she will have strength, in disunion her destruction.

"Such, my friend", concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her remember that in union she has her strength, in disunion her destruction."—Toledo Blade.

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