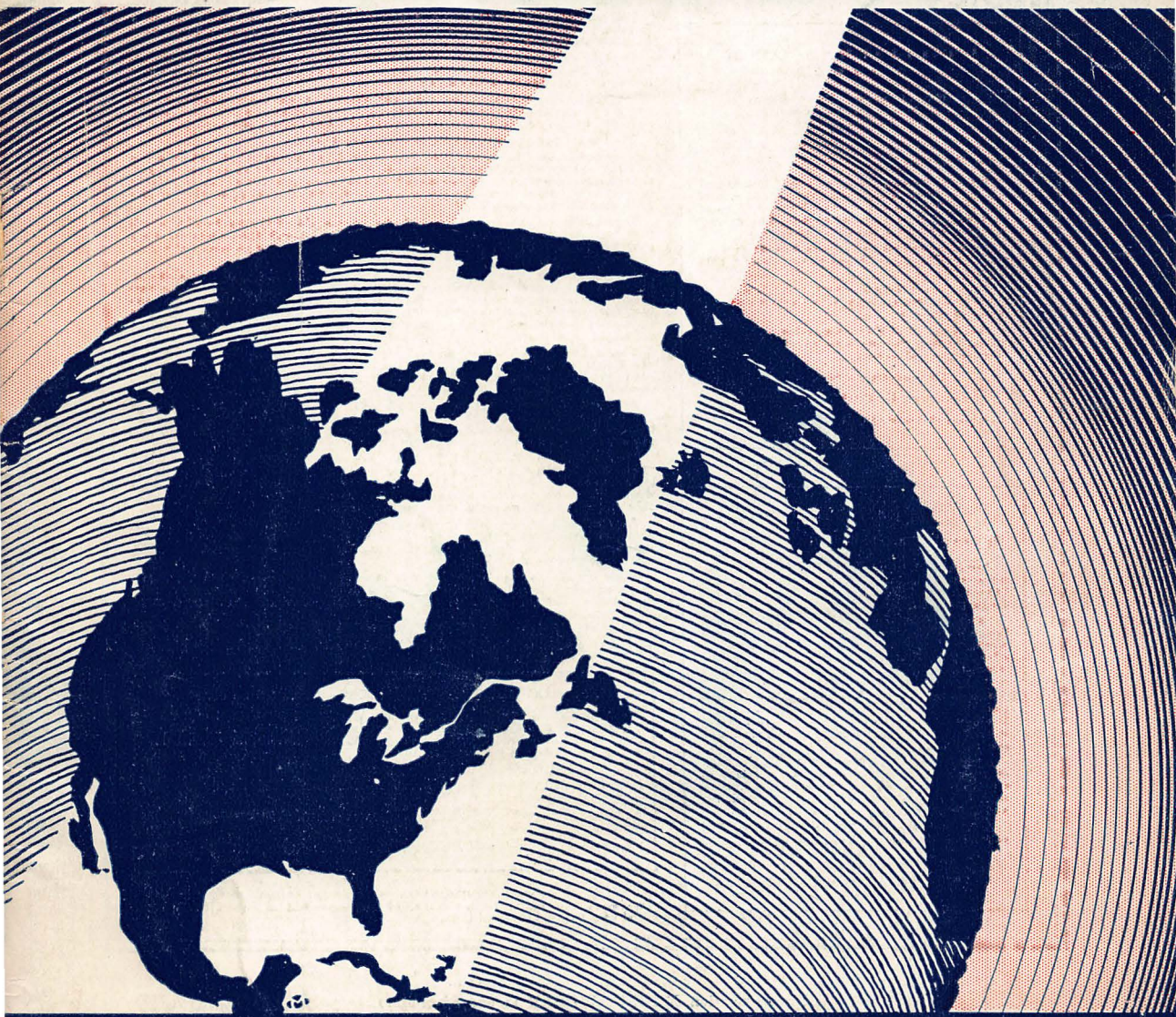


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UNIVERSAL ORDER OF OCCULT SCIENCE

Office of Supreme Headquarters
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December 21, 1929.

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E. E. THOMAS, Master.

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MYSTIC WORLD

Volume I ————— February, 1931 ————— Number 2



FEATURES EXTRAORDINARY

	PAGE
Hearing with Light Vibrations <i>A Great Discovery "By the Direction of President Hoover Referred to the Secretaries of War, the Navy and the Secretary of Commerce"</i>	Charles J. Clarke 6
The Christian Inquisition and Judge Lindsey <i>A Bishop of the Liberal Church Speaks for the First Time in History!</i>	Rt. Rev. C. Wm. Chamberlain, D.D. Ph.D. 22
Psycho-Analyzing a Nation Part II <i>"The Beginning of Mind-Discrimination, The End of So-Called Crime!"</i>	Charles J. Clarke 35
What's It All About? <i>Where Are We Going from Here?</i>	A. Buckland-Plummer 48
Let the Stars Be Your Daily Guide! <i>The Way to Success in Love, Business, Speculation, Travel</i>	53

UNUSUAL ARTICLES

Japan—Through the Eyes of a Mystic <i>Strange Ways of a Stranger People!</i>	Julia Seton, M.D. 28
THE WAY TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY	
Eat Your Way to Beauty <i>How to Eat, Drink and Be Beautiful (Your Chemical Type)</i>	Dr. V. G. Rocine 19
Chinese Pulse Diagnosis <i>The Age-Old Secret of the Chinese Nearly a Lost Art!</i>	Elviah Park Boyle 23

TRUE STORIES FROM REAL LIFE

A Dangerous Pastime <i>The Paths of "Spirit Glory" That Lead to the Grave</i>	Maris Warrington 26
--	------------------------

OUTSTANDING FICTION

Abie "Passes Over" (Part I) <i>A True-to-Life Story What Happens After Death</i>	Verena G. Koehler 11
The Last Days of Atlantis (Part II) <i>The story of a forgotten race when men lived like Gods</i>	A. Noureddin Addis 31
Tires (Part I) <i>The most fantastic story of Black Magic ever penned!</i>	H. F. Jamison 40

MYSTICAL, ORIENTAL, OCCULT

The Mystic Soul of Humanity Looks Back at Its Past <i>"The glory that once was Egypt"</i>	Aegyptus 8
The Uttara Gita (Part II) <i>The sequel to the Bhagavad Gita</i>	Shri Krishna 30
The Art of Alchemy (Lesson II) <i>The Philosopher's Stone and Spiritual Gold</i>	Adirmaled 44
Astrology Simplified (Lesson II) <i>Astrology So You Can Understand It</i>	Charles W. Denicke 51
Business Forecast for the Month	By Astrology 59
Among the New Books	Illuminatus 66

Editorial: *De Profundis—Ad Astra!*

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SIXTH—That this dynamic Power, is NOT TO BE FOUND "within," but has its source in a far different direction.
SEVENTH—THAT THE WORDS OF THIS GALILEAN CARPENTER WENT A THOUSAND MILES OVER THE HEADS OF HIS HEARERS 2,000 YEARS AGO, AND ARE STILL A THOUSAND MILES OVER THE HEADS OF THOSE WHO PROFESS TO FOLLOW HIM TODAY.
EIGHTH—That this same MIGHTY, INVISIBLE, PULSATING THROB-BING POWER can be used by anyone—AT ANY HOUR OF THE DAY OR NIGHT and without such methods as "going into the silence" or "gazing at bright objects, etc."
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The requests for this course of instruction and information concerning it have broken all records. Replies have come to us literally by the thousand and students have enrolled for the course by the hundred. We expected the course to be a success, but we did NOT anticipate the overwhelming number of replies which we have to date received. We are rapidly getting our heads above water and hope to be able to discontinue the use of printed acknowledgments we have been forced to use to date and personally reply to all letters.

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DE PROFUNDIS

—Ad Astra

By THE EGYPTIAN

OUT from abyssmal depths of the primeval Dark, did *embryonic* life spring forth—an endless cycle of *be-ing* and of *be-coming*, so to reflect creative Intellect at large. Not “trailing clouds of glory” were we, but creatures of primordial instinct—striving to achieve articulate expression, and with it, the dormant hope for a larger existence! *Of such stern stuff were men-gods made!*

Then, in those crude Beginnings, did *homo sapiens* feel the ray of cosmic urge; no sentimental coward he—when Nature’s open book his truest Bible was. *Imagery*, in pure symbolic form, became the current medium of his thought exchange—and not *imaginings*, such as the later necromancers indulged in. For in that long-forgotten Dawn of Golden Ages, the genial Nature-gods sufficed; no tyrant overlord, nor *pathos* born of “*sin*” dogma, did cast upon sweet earth its shadow cross of abject gloom! *True Wisdom sprang from simple hearts—and not from brooding brains!*

Ah! then was Knowledge born of LOVE—and that, in turn, of SACRIFICE. At first man, the *realist*, did not indulge in fantasies of Never-never Land. His was a simple nature creed—of COURAGE based on *ethics*. Not he it was who reckoned loss and gain, since *biologic* impulse urged him on to test his patience in the face of countless odds. He toiled and bled, hoped and died—true progeny of the PROMETHEUS breed! *He was a man—who needed no un-earned Elysian bliss!*

Out of such a sterling school of super-discipline was born the free-masonic code of *Liberty* on JUSTICE based. The earliest *logos* concept

of a Messianic “White Hope” was no slabbering sentiment for weaklings, steeped in rainbow-colored dye of selfishness. The MESSENGER, Truth’s warrior was he—and no mere “Santa Claus” to pamper moron greed. The ancients’ Paradise no loafing slackers did contain. Up there—in starry space—the “Shining Ones” and the blessed *manes* worked harder than the earthlings do. In the Elysian fields *began*—not ended—all great, creative tasks! *The “isles of the blest” contained no sentimental drones!*

Straight from the tomb, down into Hell, world-saviors did descend—there to renew the ageless war upon the spawn of CHAOS, and its Night; for EVIL, then, was held to be of purpose great—that out of it, the risen *manes*, should GOOD create. This was the *sesame* key to transcendental alchemy. No hocus-pocus panacea for all ills, nor black magicians’ *tabula smaragdina* worked by mere wish, did *white* magicians propagate! *Wisdom to LEARN was first to EARN!*

Wherefore, O Seeker, do reflect upon these simple truths of old. No immortality of soul, nor Paradisium’s “pearly gates,” exists for those who shirk the common, mundane task on God’s green earth. To live again—renewed of *youth*—do Evil into Good *transmute*. Wish not, pray less; but harder *do* the very deeds all *thorobreds* were meant to do, to leave this earth a *better* place, for those not yet earth-born—ere we, who live today, for the *beyond* depart. Thus only, wilt the *white Christ* comprehend; thus only, *resurrection* makes of Death the mere *prelude*—to *Masterhood’s* celestial symphony! *The Path to Heaven leads through Hell!*





*Earth's greatest secret revealed when
we can instantly talk around the
world and with other planets!*

HEARING WITH

The Amazing Discover

THE scientific and religious world is staggered and stunned by the immense possibilities of these remarkable inventions which make not only inter-planetary but intergalaxial communications possible. Light, from distant worlds so far away that it takes untold thousands of light years for their light to reach our planet, could transmit the human voice and talk to us with the aid of these amazing inventions, whose telescopic receiver has selenium ears that transform light vibrations into sound waves.

Down through the ages there have been a few of mankind whose sensitive natures were *receiving stations* of the Once Great Unknown, and now with the aid of an artificial telescopic ear, many others may listen to mes-

sages broadcasted from the Infinite Hosts of Heaven.

The complex, multi-tubed telescopic ear can also detect rays of light too faint to be seen by the unaided human eye, and by means of a polarized light projector equipped with a specially designed shutter directly connected with a vibrating diaphragm something like that of an ordinary telephone transmitter, the human voice will carry hundreds of miles over the polarized light rays as clear as if the speaker were just across the room.

By means of a system of reflectors set up every few hundred miles it would be possible to talk around the world with light rays. And, what might not be conceived at first thought, this system of communication by means of



LIGHT VIBRATIONS

of Charles J. Clarke

At President Hoover's direction referred to the Secretaries of War, Navy and Commerce

varying the intensity of polarized light rays could be used even in the daytime, for the telescopic selenium ear can be made so sensitive as to register the projected polarized light rays even in bright sunlight.

The polarized light ray projector, sending out only a narrow beam of light to a telescopic receiver, not only makes possible private communications over immense distances, but also permits the broadcasting of a practically unlimited number of messages or programs simultaneously without interference, and a multiplex receiving station could be so wired that it would be possible to instantly connect up an individual telephone line or loud speaker with any program desired.

By a special adaptation of the inventions the varying intensity of a spot of light projected

in television could be made to operate a loud speaker, thus perfectly synchronizing vision and voice.

Every large sea craft or air craft could be equipped with a telescopic spar carrying a polarized light projector which could be elevated in case of danger and, revolving, send out a S.O.S. for hundreds of miles in every direction.

Mr. Clarke, like all true scientists, does not wish to commercialize his inventions, and all United States and foreign patents will be used more for the purpose of preventing any monopoly of his discoveries, than for personal profit. In fact he has already offered to assign to the United States Government all patents granted to him in order to prevent any private exploitation of his inventions now or later.



... Blind scoffers, facing IT at night, alone—to be dwarfed by the over-powering "presence" of occult Genius, imprisoned in stone! Silhouetted against a starry canopy of deepest blue, its Eastern side wrapped in solid shadows from the nearby Great Pyramid of Khufu, thus appears the Androgyne symbol of the Sun God—Guardian of the Nile, and the Key to Egypt's Messianic Mysteries of deathless life! An enigmatic reminder of forgotten Wisdom-Love; its awe-inspiring countenance a divinely-noble study of serene MASTERHOOD! A living Force; a tensely crouching SOMETHING—ready to spring into action! "HU," the Smiter—"Father of Terror" . . . and Who, amongst mortals, ponders not over the veiled significance of the secret stela of SPHINX, for "Here Have I Stood Since the Beginning!"

As The Mystic Soul of Humanity Looks Back at Its Past—

By ÆGYPTUS

"HOBGOBLINS"—"kelpies"? Yes—and no again; was Earth not young, and was man *not* the incarnate progeny of *embryonic elementals*? Diminutive of size; the bulging eyes furtively slanting, far back to both sides of its egg-shaped head, covered with the ridiculous "*pepper-corn*" crop of hair—typical of all pygmy aborigines. Alertly nervous, ever ready for sudden disappearance; yet boldly curious, in spite of natural timidity born of nameless fear. Such was the *web-footed*, original "*pickaninny*" of the equatorial *hinterland*: *ante-deluvian* foster-child of Earth-father *Seb* (Joseph)—of "*little-folk*" legends, and "*Mother Goose*" fame. *Your* ancestor—and *mine*. (For

Cro-magnon *giants* were not, as yet, to lead future anthropologists on a "*wild-goose*" chase, away from the *other* Goose symbol, *Seb*, of Egyptian hieroglyphs!)

Out of Earth's *volcanic* fissures (Ptah, pigmy, type for Osiris, Lazarus, became "*Vulcan-Hephaestos*" later!), and from the clefts of rock, sprang IT—ere sex division saw the *he* and *she* of Eden fables. Ah! Did not the negroid pygmy *Ptah* (first *humanized* form of *Messiahs*) become L-ASAR (Osiris-Lazarus) and the Q-R-S-T mummy-type of *annointed Christ*? Hath not the Messianic form of human-shaped ATUM (ADAM, ADMU) been thusly depicted—as "*God of Mankind*," and

"God of Resurrection"? Of mundane birth, but of *Divine* descent—*via* elemental progenitors of a primordial Past!—did early mankind reckon true genealogy!

The great dark surrounded *hermaphrodite man-woman* of that *pre-Akkadian* age—did not its curious *web* feet come handy in the equatorial *reed* swamps of the African Great Lakes? The tiny creature amply hid by taller jungle grass, agile as the ape cousins, from whom it borrowed the "clicking" language of the earliest *homo* (the KHOI-KHOI *Hottentots* still use it!) And *no sun!* The mellow *mother-moon* was the chief delight of its *nocturnal* mode of ante-deluvian life. The moon was ever dear to *little folk*, and lesser *monkey-folk*. Such, then, is the actual scene to greet the "missing link"—betwixt "astral" (*elemental*) ATUM, and a later full-grown, sex-split, human race. Millenniums passed ere *solar* cults replaced the original *lunar* cults! AFRICA, the Dark Continent—not Asia!—is the *cradle* of humanity (by the way, is not the infant cradle *crepuscular* shaped?) Ages passed ere African mythology became "historic" (?) legends of Asian-Semitic manufacture—ere KHEM'S talking animals (of Bushmen and *Hottentots*) made copy for Christian nursery rhymes!

The *Mama* dom-palm of Equatoria was the earliest shelter and abode; the dome-shaped, semi-circular, rock was the legendary place of birth—the original "Rock of Ages." Food and shelter gave the Tree—the prototype of legendary *Ygdrasils*. A warming-place (as "council-seat"—still used by Apes!) and a primitive mortar (for grinding nuts, herbs, and maize) was the *birth-rock* (the hieroglyphic letter *T*, and sign for *female mons veneris*). Both, *tree* and *rock* were sacred fetish, *venerated* (not *worshipped*) for their symbolic significance in commemorating The Beginnings, and because of their signal usefulness to earlier *realists* (who were no *metaphysical* speculators on abstract riddles). From that selfsame palm-tree was early man to weave his *first coverings* (the Eden fig-tree is a native of AFRICA!), and to manufacture his *first thatch* model for future kraals (church and mosque interiors are still *dome-shaped*!). From that selfsame birth-rock was he to snatch the *first* flint-spark that wrought the blessed miracle of fire; and to shape and to sharpen the *first* weapons to free him from the tyranny of predatory beasts. Could anything be *more sacred* than the humble tree and rock—that were the *primary* cause of later civilizations? O *Mama* Tree! O *Rock* of Ages! How soon mankind forgot *your* place in

true history! (Or can it be that the DOME-shaped rock of *Sepulchre*, and the *weeping willow*, reminders of African everglades, now guard, symbolically, our *re-paganized* (in Mother-Father Earth) *Dead*?

II

Again the Rock—again the Tree. A kraal of huts constructed from palmetto leaves, fibre and grass—the clay floors stamped solidly, and covered by mattings. Cooking utensils and water gourds—from hardened clay, melons, coconuts; robes made from tree-bark and animal furs. Decorative colorings—extracted from tree-sap, plant-juices, and terra cotta. Stone-axes, flints, spear-heads, arrows, bows, knobkerries, boomerangs, shields of dressed hide—mute evidences of domestic peace and rampant warfare gathered, symbolically, under the same roof!

Semi-circular rocks for a multiform usage of war and peace. A huge "birth-rock" in the spacious, open center of the kraal and dark, russet-brown stains bespeak eloquently of the sinister origins—altar of sacrifice and puberty-rite "table" of operation, in one. An immense titan of the forest—resplendent with its shadow-giving foliage—stands, also, in this first of *Agoras* and public *forums*; "*gree-gree*" fetishes, for daemon-propitiations, dangle in colorful variety from its massive limbs; the bark-covering of its sturdy trunk sports a bewildering maze of carved symbolisms. Mooing, bleating, cackling, grunting noises testify to the fact that domesticated stock has the *run* of the villayet. The deafening concerto of nearby—at their *safe* side of the thorn-brush ringed *kraal*! Ever-curious monkey-folk and still more "nosey" birds (with a choicely-profane vocabulary!) gives the Dawn its noisy welcome. Babies squawk—as only babies can. Soprano-alto notes seek to pacify the "precious ones'" racket. Baritone yawns and grumblings are now and then off-key in throaty falsetto-tenor. No need to emphasize the fact that it is before breakfast's soothing pacifism, and that "Home, Sweet Home" witnesses a (now-common-place) prelude. Man is at last on the high-road to Civilization!

The entire village is assembled in the *Forum*, marked by Tree and Rock. Females to one side, smaller children at the same side; males to the other side. In the center, facing the altar-rock, stand two columns of youth—one male, the other female. No need to guess their respective ages—their budding forms reveal the unmistakable signs of the pubescent period of adolescence. By the altar-rock, gravely of mien,

stands the *wise woman* and her oldest daughter—Africa's equivalent of the West-Indian "*mamaloï*"—the Seeress-Mother of the totemic clan. (The *petticoat* suggestion of the earlier "Amazon" rule of totemic Motherhood is still apparent in "Sophia," "mother church"—not to mention "*aprons*" and clerical, ceremonial robes, as well as judicial and academic costumery!). It is the final stage of the *Matriarchate*—already declining before the imminent Patriarch period (that invariably; even among aborigines of the day; marks the important epochal change from the *palaeolithic* totemism of tribal connubium—to the *neolithic* group-marriage, and its succeeding *pairing* of latest monogamy). The puberty ceremony reaches its dramatic climax of *young-man* and *young-woman* making, as the lawful initiation into adult membership of the clan and its mysteries. Youth after youth, maiden after maiden—all of the puberty-age candidates—submit to the sub-incision and circumcision operation, performed with an obsidian knife. This done, the feast of honor begins—and the Saturnalia of promiscuous tribal connubium holds its unchecked orgiastic sway. (This, then, is the once *necessary* reason for stone-age *lust*, so glibly denounced by ignoramuses, who, also, little suspect the *symbolic* significance of *commemoration*, as yearly celebrated by all enlightened nations of antiquity, so to honor the remote beginnings of natural selectivity *via* communal "passion-plays"!)

III

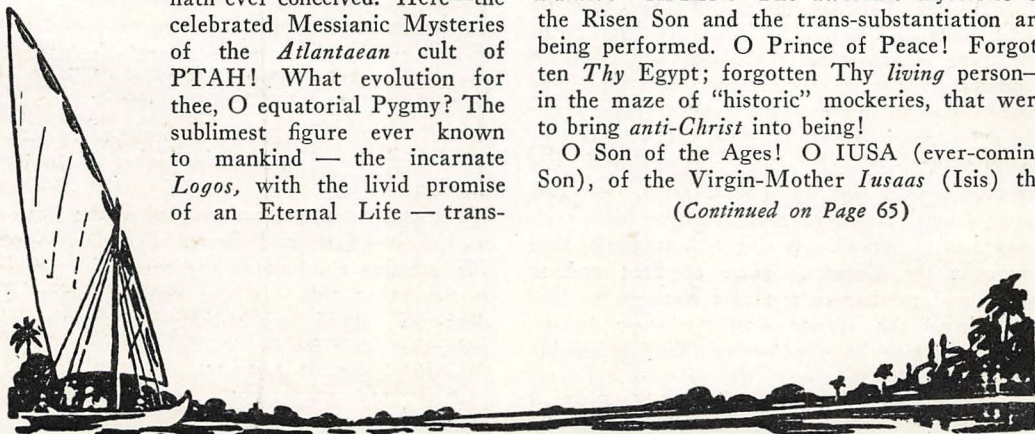
Memphis, Golden Memphis! What bloody, abysmally-savage milleniums of an evolutionary *pathos* went into the makings of thy matchless glory? The dark lore of Inner-African beginnings, cemented by untold sacrifices, is now the dom-lore that the mind of man hath ever conceived. Here—the celebrated Messianic Mysteries of the *Atlantæan* cult of PTAH! What evolution for thee, O equatorial Pygmy? The sublimest figure ever known to mankind — the incarnate *Logos*, with the livid promise of an Eternal Life — trans-

planted from the still unexplored fastnesses back of Tanganyika territory, thence to lower Egypt with its Sphinxion and Pyramids—thence to *everywhere*!

A hush of impressive silence grips the secret conclave of the Memphite *Great Company Her-Seshiti* ("Horus Followers"—the oldest *Brotherhood* known to history)—as the mysterious Youth *Im-Hetep* (*Prince of Peace*) begins his impassioned discourse of Messianic wisdom. Even the sacred presence of "Paruhak" ("Pharaoh," falsely) *Hesepti* is forgotten during these sublime moments of oral mystery teachings. Ah! What would *Solon*—who learned in Sais the Deluge Mystery from the *Her-Seshiti*!—have given, to sit in the Divine Presence of that twelve-year-old "Saint" of Memphis (whom antiquity was to hail as Aesculapios-Harpokrates-Imouthis—the "Son of PTAH," and the wisest man of all times). What would Pythagoras, Hor-Apollo, Herodotus, Manetho, Eratosthenes, Appollonius, and Plato have given for the privilege to hear the "Sayers of IUSA (Jesus)" from the lips of HIM, in whose name spurious "historic" *effigies* were to be foisted upon ignorant millions upon millions!

"I AM THE SON OF YESTERDAY, OF TO-DAY, AND OF TO-MORROW, AND I HAVE THE POWER TO BE REBORN AGAIN AND AGAIN!" "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!" "I COME AS THE AMBASSADOR OF THE LORD OF LORDS—HE IS I, AND I AM HE!" "I TRAVEL ON HIGH; I TREAD UPON THE FIRMAMENT; I RAISE A FLAME WITH THE DAYLIGHT WHICH MINE EYE HATH MADE; AND I FLY FORWARDS TOWARDS THE SPLENDORS OF THE GLORIFIED, IN THE PRESENCE OF RA, DAILY GIVING LIFE TO EVERY MAN WHO TREADETH UPON THE EARTH!" "WITNESS FOR ETERNITY IS MY NAME!" And thusly onwards flow the rhythmic truths of HIM who came for His "*hidden Father*." AMEN. The awesome mysteries of the Risen Son and the trans-substantiation are being performed. O Prince of Peace! Forgotten *Thy* Egypt; forgotten *Thy* living person—in the maze of "historic" mockeries, that were to bring *anti-Christ* into being!

O Son of the Ages! O IUSA (ever-coming Son), of the Virgin-Mother *Iusaas* (Isis) the
(Continued on Page 65)





ABIE “*Passes Over*”

A Land Where Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

By VERENA G. KOEHLER

ABIE is awake and feeling fine. A good night's sleep is a remedy for almost any trouble. Ah, yes! What was it he was thinking about? Too bad one must wake up—after such a sleep.

There is something—. Last night after he left his store—. But a pleasant voice breaks in on his reverie, startling Abie.

“So, you are here!”

Abie opened his eyes and looked at the speaker—a man he never before had seen.

“Of course, I am here. Wherever I am is ‘here,’ isn’t it?”

Abie is rather irritated. What does the man mean by coming to his home and waking him?

A low chuckle is the man’s only reply.

Abie sits up. More business of course. He has a wonderful store, second to none in his city; but sometimes—. Well, the man, whoever he is, doesn’t look like the kind who would drive too hard a bargain. Perhaps he can sell him

something. Of course! Abie glances about, looks again,—then stares incredulously. Where is he? He has never seen this place before! This is outdoors!

Around Abie stretches what at first glance would seem to be a park. There is something about this park, however, that is different, the difference being somehow indefinable. Perhaps this difference is due to the clear sky; perhaps the air which has the sort of tang that makes one want to breath deeply and to enjoy it to the full. Even the grass on which Abie has been lying seems different—the ground is not damp and although the place is brightly lighted there is no glare from the sun. In fact, the sun is not visible at all. Trees, shrubbery and grass are plentiful; all seem to be in perfect condition. Strange, that even under the trees the light seems as bright as it is in the open spot where Abie found himself. A very strange place!

Where is this park and how did he get here? Abie tries hard to think. Why can't he remember, anyway?

Again Abie hears that pleasant, low chuckle, recalling him to the fact that he has a man with him ready to talk business—for what else would bring anyone to see him this early? But the man is laughing at him. Perhaps when they get through talking, Abie will be the one to laugh. That has happened before with people who looked much more shrewd than this kindly faced young man sitting here on the grass in front of him.

First, though, he must find out where he is. A very strange place! Open country and he has been lying on the grass. Hm!

"Perhaps I can be of some assistance to you," the pleasant voice suggests.

"Maybe you can. Where am I? And what is it you want? Something I can sell you? If you will come to the store we'll talk beezness, Mr. —." Abie hesitated for want of a name.

"Call me Brother Donald."

"Call you br—, Brother Donald. Sure, I'll call you Father Abraham if you want me to. Now what beezness—." As usual when there seemed to be an opportunity to make a deal, all other matters vanish from Abie's mind.

"If it doesn't matter," Brother Donald suggests, "I would like to answer your other questions first."

Abie considered. The man looks as if he might be a good customer. He is well dressed, in fact, very well dressed; his general appearance is that of refinement, and hanging about him is an indefinable air of command. The man must be humored. Besides Abie WOULD like to know how he came to this place. Strange that he cannot remember.

"Well, where am I? And why am I here?"

"Do you recall what happened last night?" Brother Donald asked.

"Why,—why, yes," Abie replies, though actually he does not remember. Is Brother Donald hinting that he has been out having a good time and got so pickled that he didn't know what happened? But he hasn't been. He—Abie—has no time for such parties. How could he with a business like his? His friends thought him foolish to tie himself down to work so much of the time, but what had they in comparison? Nothing. And he was only thirty-five. At fifty he would own half the city. But Brother Donald has asked him what happened last night. It will not do to let Brother Donald think he does not remember. He must begin with what he can recall. Abie thinks hard.

"I shut up my store, and called for my friend Ikey, and we started home. I was driving fast because I was late, then—then—"

"What happened on the corner of Clifford Street?" Brother Donald asks as Abie hesitates.

"When I got there the light turned green and

I started across; then I saw a big truck coming down Clifford—going pretty fast. It came right along and I knew there was going to be a collision and—and—that's all."

Abie can remember no more but what he can recall has an awful significance.

"What happened? There must have been an accident." Abie is getting excited. "Did you see it? Wasn't I driving all right? The truck was to blame, wasn't it? Did anyone else see it? Did you get their names? Did it hurt the car? . . . Well, why don't you say something?" Abie pauses for breath.

"There was an accident, and I saw it," Brother Donald calmly replies.

"Well, wasn't I driving all right? Wasn't the light green? Wasn't I on the right side of the street? And I wasn't going too fast because I had nearly stopped when the light was red. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, that is all true."

"Good!" This is very much to Abie's satisfaction and with zeal, due partly to inheritance, partly to training, Abie at once plunges into the phase of his present problem which holds the most interest for him.

"Now, my friend, we are going to do beezness. We are going to sue that truck."

"We are?" Brother Donald inquires with a calmness that Abie finds just a little irritating.

"Of course, we are. Do you think I'd let anyone run into me like that and not get anything for it? How bad was the car hurt? And," as another thought enters his mind, "was Ikey injured?"

Brother Donald nods.

"How bad?"

"Very badly."

"You mean he was—"

Again Brother Donald nods.

"My friend Ikey dead! Oh, Ikey! Ikey! The best friend I ever had. And I am the one who brought him to his death. Oh, Ikey! But—" The mental training he has given himself for years comes to the foreground again. "That truck is going to pay for this, and they are going to pay a big price, too. How much do you think I ought to sue them for?"

"I don't think you will sue them at all."

"What! Not sue them? When I was right. When they killed my friend Ikey! When they—" Ah, yes. Something else. Why hadn't he thought of it at first? "Say, what did they do to me?"

"Your car was ruined."

"Yes, yes. I know, but what did they do to me? Why am I here? Was I knocked unconscious and someone brought me to this place? And why can't I sue them anyway?"

"If you will feel of the back of your head you will find out what happened to you." Brother Donald has an odd look in his eyes.

Abie immediately puts his hand on the place

mentioned and finds that the lower part of his skull has been crushed. In consternation he brings his hand back and finds it covered with blood. He cries out in alarm.

"I'm hurt. Hurt! Hurt bad! I've got to get to a hospital quick. Call an ambulance, will you?"

"Sorry, Abie, I can't do that."

"Well, if there aren't any ambulances near, get someone else to take me. I don't care who or what—but hurry. With my head smashed like this I'm likely to die." Abie's voice rises in a wail. "Why don't you do something instead of standing there smiling at me as though this was a show or something? I'll give you five dollars to get me to a hospital."

"But, Abie, I can't, I—"

"Ten dollars."

"Not even for that."

"Fifteen."

"No, Abie,—"

"Twenty, and may God forgive you for being such a robber."

"No, Abie. I can't—."

"Can't nothing! You want more money, huh? But you are not going to get it. I'll die first." Then in a tone of persuasion,

"Twenty dollars is a lot of money, my friend."

Brother Donald smiles. "First you call me your friend, then you call me a robber; then I am your friend again. How about it?"

"Oh, you are my friend—if you get me to a hospital."

"And a robber if I don't, eh?" Evidently Brother Donald's perceptions are keen.

"Well, — well, why don't you do something? Why don't you say something anyway? This pain is driving me crazy. How much do you want? Why won't you take me to the hospital? Why—"

"Just a moment, please." Brother Donald interrupts Abie's eloquent gestures. "You do not understand. I don't want any of your money."

"Then what do you want and why don't you do something? Do you want to see me die right here in front of you?" Abie's voice rises, partly in anger, partly in pain, which he is just now beginning to really feel.

"You can't die, Abie. There is a good reason. And there is no reason why you must go to a hospital. I can attend to your injuries myself."

"So, you are a doctor." Abie's relief shows in his voice. "Why didn't you say that in the first place?"

Brother Donald smiles. "Perhaps I didn't have a chance. Now, if you—"

But Abie has another thought. "How much are you going to charge me, doctor?"

"I am not a doctor and there will be no charge."

"Not a doctor? Can you—" Abie stares at Brother Donald in bewilderment.

"Yes, I can help you to effect a complete cure of your injury in a few minutes," Brother Donald replies, answering Abie's unspoken question.

"Huh," Abie comments dubiously, "the part about no charge sounds good anyway. . . . Go ahead."

"The first thing that I want you to do," Brother Donald instructs, "is to make a mental picture of your head the way it looked before you were hurt, while I apply some medicine I have here."

"Will the medicine burn?" Abie asks as he sees Brother Donald pull a bottle from his pocket.

"No, you will hardly feel it, but you must do your part. Concentrate on the back of your head as it looked before you had the accident."

"Do I have to remember the little bald spot that was starting to come?"

"Not unless you want to. Are you ready?"

"Yes, but this seems like a funny way to be curing broken bones." Abie is still suspicious.

"Suppose you leave that to me." Something about Brother Donald's tone gives Abie assurance that whether he is a doctor or not, Brother Donald knows what he is about. The medicine is applied to the crushed skull while Abie tries hard to concentrate. In a few moments Brother Donald has finished.

"Now feel of the back of your head."

Very gingerly Abie puts his hand back and finds to his great surprise that his injury is completely healed. To say that he is surprised is to put it mildly. He is simply dumbfounded. There is no more bleeding, no more pain; everything is all right, and it only took a few moments. He has heard of wonders performed by some famous surgeons but nothing like this, ever. This is almost a miracle.

"Oh, my friend! My friend!" he cries as soon as he finds his voice. "How did you do it?"

"So, I am your friend now? You are sure I am not a robber?"

"You said there was no charge, didn't you?" Abie asks, again suspicious; his face a study in expression.

"Yes."

"And you meant it?"

"Certainly."

It is safe then for Abie to be enthusiastic. "That is wonderful, my friend! Wonderful work! How do you do it?"

"Very easily. I will explain the method a little later."

Abie ponders over this for some time, now and then putting his hand to the back of his head in great perplexity. Suddenly his face lights up.

"Well, now I tell you what!" Abie exclaims, rubbing his hands together, "you and I are going to do beezness. Why, with your ability to

heal and my beezness ability we could make millions. Millions, my friend. You should never do anything 'no charge.'"

"You mean that I should charge you, then?" There is a bit of mischief appearing in Brother Donald's eyes.

"No, no. That is for other people. Between beezness partners it is different. I tell you what we'll do. You cure the people I bring to you and I'll collect the fees. We will be rich. Rich!"

"But, Abie, I have no desire to be rich."

"What! What? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Anyway, you would like to be famous. You let me attend to the beezness end of the partnership and you will be famous in a week—in a day—over night. If you don't want to be rich—well, I can take care of the fees."

Brother Donald smiles a slow, patient smile. "No, Abie. It won't do. You will see why when I explain."

"Well, what is the explanation? But before you begin I know you are wrong. When my Uncle Jacob gave me my start he told me always I should think of beezness first before anything else and what did it do for me? Why, I have the best store in town. I have a wonderful wife, a beautiful home, and lots more things—but always it is beezness, beezness first."

"I am sorry," Brother Donald replies, "because there is no business here."

"No beezness! Don't talk such foolishness. As long as people are alive there will be beezness."

"Yes, as long as they are alive."

This reply startles Abie. "Hey! What do you mean?"

"Will you listen for a few moments while I explain?"

"Sure." Abie sees he must humor Brother Donald again. "After that we will talk beezness."

"I am going to tell you something that will be a bit of a shock to you. Do you think you can stand it?"

"It isn't about Rebekah, or my beezness, is it?"

"No, it's about yourself."

"Well, then it's all right if it doesn't cost anything."

"It costs nothing in dollars and cents."

"Go ahead then."

"You remember that I told you your friend Ikey was dead?"

"Yes, poor Ikey! You want me to see about his wife and children, huh? Of course, I will. He had some insurance and I am going to sue that truck that ran into us and you are going to be the big witness. Why right away you will get in all the papers. Could there ever be any better advertising, and free—free— Was that what you were thinking about?"

"No, Abie. I said Ikey was dead. In a few moments you will see him."

"I see him here!" Abie's eyes open wide in astonishment. "Why is he here? Why didn't they take his body home?"

"His physical body is at home. His etheric body with what you probably would call his soul, is over here. Within a very short time you can talk to him."

Abie stares at Brother Donald with eyes that are wide with wonder. "Then I— I—"

"The same thing happened to you. Your physical body is dead and you are here in your etheric body."

"Etheric body?" Abie is almost stupefied by what Brother Donald has told him. He can't really mean that he—Abie—is—is— No, no. That can't be. He is just as much alive as ever. But Brother Donald is explaining.

"You probably think that you have but one body. This is incorrect. You have several. The one you are using now we call the etheric body. It is composed of a substance a little less dense than gas and ordinarily interpenetrates the physical body. When one is asleep or when the change called death occurs, the etheric body leaves its dense physical counterpart and comes over here. That is what has happened to you. As a result of the accident your physical body no longer has life. You have left it and are now functioning in your etheric body."

Abie starts to speak but Brother Donald goes on.

"Before you try to tell me that I must be crazy, I must call your attention to a few things. First, you probably know, if you stop to think of it, that no one who had his head smashed as badly as you did, could possibly live—in his physical body. Also you know that no one could possibly have an injury that was as bad as yours, healed so quickly, if he was still living on the earth plane. As a matter of fact you did the healing yourself by concentrating on the back of your head. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes. No. Yes. You mean I have died and gone to—gone to— Say, do you call this place heaven?"

"You may call it heaven, if you wish."

"That means that maybe it is; maybe it isn't, huh?" Abie looks around him, at the trees and at the grass on which he has been lying. Very carefully he studied the surroundings and he then shakes his head. "I don't think this is heaven. I don't see any angels anywhere, and—and— It doesn't seem like what I have always heard about heaven."

"But, Abie, you were completely healed. Doesn't that mean something? Even the bald spot on the back of your head is gone."

Abie puts his hand back to see if this is true. It is. This IS something.

But Brother Donald has told him that he was in his etheric body and the etheric body was supposed to be made of a substance a little less

dense than gas. In that case one would hardly be able to see it and couldn't feel it at all; but he can be *seen* and *felt*. Certainly! He is just as much solid flesh and blood as ever.

"No, you are wrong," Brother Donald replies as though divining Abie's thoughts. "Your body seems to be composed, just as much of dense physical substance as ever, but it isn't. You will find when you go back to the earth plane that the body you now possess cannot be seen by those who are living there, and that they may pass right through you without feeling your presence at all. Think it all over carefully."

Abie thinks. He thinks for a long time. "Well, with a bald spot cured, and no charge made, this must be heaven. It isn't much like I expected though." Abie heaves a long sigh. "I always thought that some day I would rest on Abraham's bosom but I didn't think I would find it covered with green grass."

Brother Donald laughs. "We seldom find what we expect. But here is Ikey."

Sure enough, appearing seemingly from nowhere, Ikey stands before Abie. Abie throws his arms around him.

"Ikey, Ikey! I thought you were killed. Ikey, my friend, I am glad to see you."

"And I thought you had passed on, Abie," Ikey replies in a voice that quavers slightly.

"Brother Donald tells me that we are both dead and in heaven. What happened to you? Tell me all about it and what you think about this place. What did—"

But Brother Donald breaks in at this point, "I think I can leave you now. I have other work to do. If you need me, call, and I will come."

As he finishes speaking Brother Donald's feet leave the earth and he goes through the air with the speed of an arrow. In only a few seconds time he cannot be seen. Abie watches him, open-mouthed. He turns to Ikey.

"Ikey, he must be an angel to go through the air like that." Ikey looks disgusted. "Abie, I'm ashamed of you. Who ever heard of an angel with no wings and wearing a pair of pants!"

This is food for thought.

"Besides," Ikey continues, "everyone over here goes through the air that way. That's the way they brought me here and I ain't any angel any more than I ever was."

Abie looks at his friend. Those shrewd eyes, that nose (but we will pass lightly over that characteristic feature), the slightly drooping shoulders, the—well, the humanness of him! Assuredly Ikey does not look like an angel. But—

"Ikey. Do you think this is heaven and we have really died?"

Ikey turns the question over in his mind a number of times before replying. After several

moments, during which Abie stands impatiently waiting, Ikey thinks he has the answer.

"No, Abie, this is not heaven."

"Why?"

"Did you notice the cut of Brother Donald's clothes?"

"Yes. They fit him perfectly. But what has that to do with whether this is heaven or not?"

"His clothes fit him like the paper on the wall. That means he has a smart tailor and you know there aren't any tailors in heaven."

"Why couldn't there be?"

"Abie, I'm surprised at you," Ikey replies. "No one ever does anything in heaven but rest."

Abie ponders over this for some time. "This is a strange place all right, but it doesn't seem like heaven," Abie admits.

"It can't be heaven but it looks as though we were here to stay. And—what are we going to do?" Ikey demands.

"Whenever I don't know what to do next I always think of what Uncle Jacob told me when he started me in beezness, 'Remember always, beezness first. Beezness first.'"

"But, Abie," Ikey wails, "what kind of beezness can we do here?"

"The same kind we always do, of course. Have you suddenly forgotten how to cut a suit of clothes?"

"No, of course not, but I can't make clothes like Brother Donald was wearing."

"What a foolishness! Of course, you can. You make the suits and buy the dresses and I'll sell them."

"But what will I make the suits of and where'll I buy the dresses?"

"You leave that to me. I'll find a way. Now— —" Abie breaks off to point at a speck moving toward them through the air. "Look! maybe Brother Donald is coming back."

They both watch the speck as it approaches. Rapidly it comes nearer. It is a man, but not Brother Donald. Whoever it is hesitates as he comes closer, then— Abie recognizes him!

"Uncle Solomon!" in surprise.

"Uncle Solomon!" in fear and uncertainty; for Uncle Solomon has been dead five years. Abie attended the funeral himself. It can't be Uncle Solomon. He looked older anyway. This man might be his younger brother. But Uncle Solomon had no younger brother. It must be one of these freak resemblances one sometimes sees. But the man is speaking.

"Abie! Abie, I just found out you were here. Tell your Uncle you are glad to see him."

"Is it really—" Abie swallows hard, "Uncle Solomon?"

"Vy, of course."

"But Uncle Solomon has been dead five years."

"No, not dead. Very much alive, but lifting offer here."

"But I went to Uncle Solomon's funeral and I saw the body put in the grave."

"Abie, I thought Brother Donald told you vot had happened." Uncle Solomon looks inquiringly from Ikey to Abie.

"He did. He did—but—"

"You didn't belief him, huh? I didn't either at first."

"I didn't till—I saw you." Abie is at last fully convinced. He turns to Ikey,

"He's right, Ikey. We're dead. Dead! And all that work on my store gone for nothing. Who will run it now? Rebekah will have to sell it. And I was going to make it larger. I wanted a big beezness to give to my children and my grandchildren."

"Why, Abie," Ikey interrupts, "you haven't any children or grandchildren."

"Ikey, did you think I didn't know it," Abie asks disgustedly. "Now I know I can't EVER have any, and Rebekah will take her share of my money and marry some good-for-nothing loafer. My beezness! My beezness! That I worked at for years! Gone! All gone!"

"Calm yourself, Abie," Uncle Solomon requests. "I lost my beezness too ven I came ofer here."

"And so have I," moans Ikey.

"But it wasn't like my beezness. I had the biggest store in the city. The windows were beautiful. I had fifty people working for me. I had—, oh, I can't talk about it any more. It is gone—gone. My beezness!"

"But," Ikey suggests hopefully, "don't you remember what your Uncle Jacob always told you? 'When you don't know what to do, think always first of beezness.' Well, why not?"

"Think of beezness! Well?" Abie looks his scorn. "What do you think I have just been talking about—the labor problem? This is—"

But Ikey interrupts. "I meant business over here. We were just talking about it when your Uncle Solomon came."

"No, Ikey," Uncle Solomon says sorrowfully, "there is no beezness here."

"What, Uncle Solomon! I am ashamed of you—to be here all this time and do nothing."

"But you can't do anything over here," Uncle Solomon insists.

"There isn't any place I can't do beezness," Abie is just as positive.

"All right, my nephew. Tell me how you'll do it."

"People wear clothes here don't they?" Uncle Solomon nods. "Then watch me sell some."

"I'll vatch." There is a gleam in Uncle Solomon's eye that surely looks mischievous. "Here comes a lady now. Suppose you try to sell her something."

Coming through the air, now quite close to them, is a young woman. Abie calls out, "Lady! Lady!"

The young woman hesitated, then came near Abie who has run several steps to meet her.

"Were you calling me?" Her voice has a

wonderful quality. Assuredly, Abie thinks, this may not be Heaven but it has some compensations. About the young woman hangs a radiance hard to describe—a sense of joyousness, of lightness and of vitality. Her clothes are beautiful. Made of a soft green material that catches the gleam of the light and seems almost to give out light of itself. Could she have got such a dress from Paris?

"Yes," Abie answers her. "I want to tell you some good news. You have a wonderful dress, but I can get one for you that will be more beautiful and it won't cost so much either. What do you say?"

"I don't think I just understand you." The lady is clearly puzzled.

"Another dress. In a few days we will have a stock of the most beautiful clothes you ever saw. And the cost—a mere nothing."

The puzzled frown leaves the young woman's face. "Yes? I would like to see your stock." Her eyes are agleam with mischief—something like Uncle Solomon's.

"We are not ready to open yet but we will be soon and you will be our first customer?"

"I don't know. I would like to see your stock today."

"But lady, like I told you, we haven't opened up yet."

"Where will you be located, and where will you get the gowns you describe?"

"Where we get them is a trade secret. You will be surprised. If you will give me your address I will let you know just as soon as we open up."

The young woman can control her mirth no longer. Peal after peal of merry laughter rings out. Abie watches her, very puzzled indeed. He can't see the joke. He looks all around. He looks at Ikey and Uncle Solomon. He looks to make sure his clothes are on right. He can discover nothing wrong. Nothing at all. Then what is she laughing about?

With difficulty she controls her laughter; then, looking straight into Abie's eyes she says, "I'm so sorry that I laughed but really I couldn't help it."

"But what is it all about?" Abie demands, mystified. "I don't see anything to laugh at."

"No, you probably wouldn't because you have just come over."

"How did you know that?" Abie is more curious than ever.

"Anyone who had been here very long would never try to sell another person anything, especially clothes. Let me tell you why. Substance over on this side is very susceptible to thought. All one has to do to create a thing, is to create a clear mental picture of it and it will exist as pictured. For example, watch me." She appears to be thinking deeply but her dress gradually changes color. Its lines change also. In a moment's time the change is complete, and she

is wearing a blue dress instead of the green one she had on before. Abie stares.

"Can you see now why no one would pay for a new dress?"

"Do you mean that everyone over here can do that?"

"Certainly. You, too, can do it. Just think of yourself as wearing your dinner jacket. Think hard," as Abie wrinkles his forehead and closes his eyes. "That's it." For Abie's suit changes gradually to his dinner clothes. He turns in triumph to Ikey.

"See my new suit—and it didn't cost me nothing!"

Ikey steps over to look at it. "If you can get one, I can too." Ikey also concentrates and in a short time appears in a dinner jacket.

The young woman smiles. "I think you can see now why I didn't buy any dresses." With a pleasant little laugh she is gone and Uncle Solomon comes up.

"I haff been vatching you do beezness, my nephew." He teases. "Congratulations. You think you know more than your Uncle Solomon, huh?"

Abie has the worst of it. He can clearly see that there can be no beezness on this side. He will not admit, however, that he hasn't made a good bargain.

"It's good beezness to get a suit for nothing, isn't it, Uncle?"

"Fine beezness! A dinner jacket with no dinner to go to. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"What do you mean, 'no dinner to go to?'"

"Nobody eats ofer here."

"How do you live then?"

"You forget, Abie. No one is alive ofer here. We are all dead and a dead man doesn't eat."

"That means I'll always be dead then, like I am now, I suppose—only I'm not dead. I'm alive and it looks as though I always would be." Abie is thoughtful. "Well, I suppose if you don't like this dinner jacket I could think myself into a pair of pajamas and be ready to go to sleep."

"No, Abie, that would be just as bad. Ve don't haff any night and no one sleeps ofer here."

Abie is exasperated beyond all belief. He can clearly see that Uncle Solomon is right about business anyway. There can be no business here when anyone can get whatever he desires by thinking of it, where no one eats, and no one sleeps. He turns savagely on Uncle Solomon, "Well, what the h— do you do over here anyway?"

"Nothing that I would like to do," confesses Uncle Solomon drearily. "There are things to do but I never got interested in anything but beezness. That is all I effer thought of much, and there is no beezness here. Oh, it is an awful place! No beezness! No beezness! Abie, I am sorry for you."

There is a pathetic quaver in Uncle Solomon's

voice. Abie regrets that he spoke so harshly to him. He always liked Uncle Solomon. He can remember—when he was but a small child—Uncle Solomon bringing him things to eat—Uncle Solomon bringing him a toy—Uncle Solomon letting him play horse and ride on his back—and now he finds him over here and far from happy. Something must be done. Surely there must be something—somewhere. If no one worked and had everything he wanted for the thinking of it, still there must be something to do. Something! Brother Donald didn't look unhappy. And the young woman he had tried to sell a dress to—she almost radiated happiness. Some people must be happy over here. Probably all they did was play—now that was an idea. Hm! Lucky someone had a brain cell or two.

"Listen, Uncle Solomon," Abie begins. "I have a plan. If we can think things into existence over here I am going to make one of those little golf courses you see on every street corner and you and I and Ikey can play."

"But, Abie," Uncle Solomon protests.

"Now, don't say I can't, Uncle. This plan will work beautifully."

"Sure it will. That is just the trouble," Uncle Solomon dolefully replies.

"Come on, Uncle. Be a good sport and think yourself into some knickers. You, too, Ikey."

"But I never wore knickers, Abie."

"Then it's time you began. Everyone wears them playing golf. Look at Ikey. Don't his look nice?" For Ikey had adopted the suggestion at once.

Uncle Solomon looks and snorts, "No, Abie. I'll play if you want me to but not in that kind of pants. I wish you would listen to me."

"No, no, Uncle. You want to tell me I can't do it, but I'm sure I can. Watch me hatch out the niftiest little pewee golf course you ever saw,—sixteen holes, little lakes and tunnels, little hills to go up. Is that enough hazards, Ikey? You think of some while I get my right clothes on."

Laboriously Ikey thinks of more hazards. Little by little the course springs up in front of them. In a few moments time it is all finished, even to the clubs and balls. Abie surveys the child of his and Ikey's brains with admiration. Proudly he turns to Uncle Solomon.

"Now what do you think? Wasn't that some idea? Your nephew isn't such a fool after all, is he?"

"All is vell that ends vell," Uncle Solomon quotes.

"That means, I suppose, that you are afraid you will be beaten."

"No, it means that I am afraid I won't be."

"Ha, ha, ha! That is good. We'll soon see. I'll start."

Abie carefully places his ball. It is some time since he had tried anything like this. The last time, as he remembers it, his score looked some-

thing like the population of his city. He must be more careful now. He swings his club around several times, then steps up to the ball. He hits it. The ball flies gracefully through the air and drops—can he believe his eyes—into the cup. A hole in one! A perfect shot! Abie is jubilant. No matter what the rest of this game may be like he will have that much to his credit. Perhaps he had more skill than he had thought. Or, perhaps the other courses were not made so well as this one. A thing was pretty sure to be better if one made it himself. Abie is jubilant. Really this place isn't so bad. Perhaps he will like it.

"Now, Uncle Solomon, you try," Abie requests.

"No, let Ikey play next."

"All right," Ikey assents, and places his ball. With a great deal of care he swings and watches the ball breathlessly. It rolls slowly into the cup. A perfect shot. Ikey is in luck: Abie isn't so sure he is going to like the place after all. But now it is Uncle Solomon's turn. Abie feels rather sorry for him. To the best of his knowledge, Uncle Solomon has never had a golf club in his hands. It would be pretty tough for Uncle Solomon, when both he and Ikey have made perfect shots. Strange that Ikey has done so. He had never heard that Ikey knew much about the game.

Without much hesitation Uncle Solomon steps up and hits the ball. It starts in the wrong direction then turns and rolls over a little hill and into the cup. Three perfect shots, and Abie is sure Uncle Solomon has never played. Very, very strange. But now it is his turn again.

Carefully he places his ball, anxious to make the best score possible. He studies the ground over which it must go—then swings. Another perfect shot. The ball with no hesitation rolls into the cup. Abie is elated. It is skill that does it of course. Not that he has practiced much but he has always learned everything quickly. With a smile he watches Ikey get ready for his shot. Ikey hits the ball carefully, too, determined not to let Abie get too far ahead of him, and again it rolls into the cup. Another hole in one for him, too. Hm! This business is beginning to look odd.

Tiredly, Uncle Solomon steps up to his ball, hits it carefully and it, too, rolls into the cup. Another perfect shot!! Very evidently something is wrong here.

"Say," Abie demands, "does everyone always make a perfect shot here?"

"Why of course, Abie," Uncle Solomon assents in a very tired voice. "The ball goes wherever you think it is going. There isn't a chance of its missing."

Abie stares at his Uncle in disgust, then throws his club down. "Then there is no use playing."

"Of course not, Abie."

"Well, why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't haf a chance, Abie. I knew you would soon find out for yourself."

"You did, huh?" Abie almost glares at Uncle Solomon. Then Ikey, who is grinning broadly at Abie's discomfort, comes in for his share of the glare. Abie's temper is aroused.

"Get out of here, both of you, and leave me alone. I want to think things out for myself. Get out, Uncle Solomon, and take Ikey with you. I don't want either one of you around for a while. I've got a lot of thinking to do, and I want to do it ALONE."

Uncle Solomon's face assumes a doleful expression again. Abie can't stand that, so he adds,

"Both of you know me. I'm not mad at you. I just want to think. Please go."

Without another word Uncle Solomon grasps Ikey firmly by the hand and they travel rapidly through the air. Abie watches them as long as they are visible, then sits down with his back against one of the hazards he had so hopefully brought into being but a few moments before. Think! Of course he must. He hasn't had time before. Things have happened so fast. Dead and over on the other side—wherever that was, and in such a place! Everything so perfect that it was painful. Carefully he goes over everything that happened from the moment when he saw the truck bearing down on them, and he knew there was to be an accident. So this was what occurred when one died. Nothing like he had thought at all. Whatever was he to do? How could he adjust himself to this place? He knew nothing but "beezeess." Why hadn't someone given him some idea of what actually happened after death? The place he had come to wasn't Hell, of course; but, after all, the Hell he had always pictured couldn't be so very much worse than this.

Thus on and on his thoughts run until Brother Donald, arriving to find out how the latest arrival is getting along, hears him murmur,

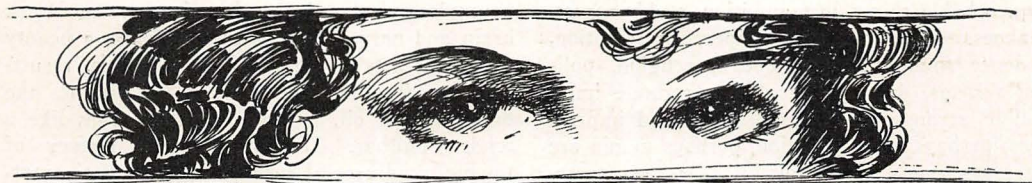
"I almost wish I had gone to Hell. Maybe down there one could pay the little devils to let him alone."

(Next Month—Part II.)

Don't Miss Next Month's Feature by Walter Scott Haskell

"EXPLORATION EXTRAORDINARY"

Read how Andree Discovers a New Continent in Pole-land!



My Secret of Youth I Give to You

EAT Your Way To BEAUTY

By Victor G. Rocine

POTASSIUM IN ITS RELATION TO HEALTH AND VIGOR

(Continued from January)

POTASSIUM is one of the sixteen chemical elements required for health, beauty and vigor. As found in food, but not in drug dope, potassium is highly important for tissue building, tissue oxidation, tissue alkalination. It is valuable for the heart muscles, heart valves and heart action. It favors starch and sugar metabolism, the glycogenic function of the liver, muscular strength, energy and work. It is important for muscular electrification and physical magnetization. It is valuable for the red blood corpuscles, for the formation of glycogen from glucose. It is imperative for the innervation of the motor nerves, for muscular energy, for normal alkalinity of the urine and for urinary flow. It produces greater tissue tone, uterine vigor and endurance in child-birth. With chlorin, it is the element of the greatest value for saponification in the body. No fat could be utilized in the body without potassium, chlorin and sodium. It protects us from certain germs. It is mainly active in the muscles, uterus, heart muscles, in the blood, brain, liver, spleen, bile, digestive juices, tears, perspiration and in the secretion of milk.

It is an antiseptic, alkaline, cooling, protective, antibacterial element. It has great attraction for oxygen and for body humidity. In plants, it has much to do with the evolution of sugar and starch in plant fruit, seed and grain. It has much to do with beauty and proportion of figure, dancing grace, finger skill, motor control and tissue tone.

POTASSIUM EXCESS SYMPTOMS

Should any pretended critic any time wish to prove to his own satisfaction the effect of an

excessive potash diet, let him live exclusively on high potash food for about ninety to one hundred and forty days, and he will have a lesson in practical dietetics that he will not forget on this earth. Let him live exclusively on wild cherries, watercress, turnip leaves, Russian turnips, rhubarb, sorrel, raisins, sour prunes, sweet potatoes, dried olives, dwarf nettle, a large dish of salad once a day, on nasturtium, sea lettuce, lamb's lettuce, kale, juniper berry beer, cranberries, wild grapes, dandelion, coffee, cider, chervil, cabbage, cole slaw. We will leave this profession at once, if he does not develop dangerous symptoms, if he eats such foods from day to day and eats nothing else.

Here are a few of the symptoms that are likely to appear:

Over-stimulation of the kidneys and bladder, sodium hunger, chlorin hunger, acid stomach, circulatory depression, terrific, sudden bloating, vomiting, purging, chilliness with thirst, perspiration of the upper body, rectal weakness, involuntary discharges, pneumonia, mania of persecution, suspicion of plotters, great emaciation because his foods will be rushed through his bowels too rapidly; great prostration, exhaustive diarrhea, perhaps, also a scientific death certificate. Try it, you who dare. It is a strictly vegetarian diet.

POTASSIUM DEFICIENCY SYMPTOMS

When there is a deficiency of food potash in the body, the disposition becomes morose. We feel caved in. Periodic ailments appear as regular as clock-work. We become down-hearted, lonesome, even in our home, or in crowds. Other symptoms are cold sensations that start in the feet and travel upwardly and settle in the lower back-head; spelling seems difficult and we write poorly spelled letters. Restless sleep, hostility,

unquenchable thirst, lost ambition, stubbornness, weakness from passion, temper, or emotion, tendency to storm against evil, religion, politics, wrongs, dress, society, etc.; strange inner trouble, strange influences, hobbies and impressions, perhaps even obsession, perhaps mania are other symptoms. We may intend to get something, then forget on the way what the object was. Still other symptoms are brooding, fear of evil, strange fears, stumbling, throbbing over the eyes, lustreless eyes, grasping at and shaking the head as if there is something wrong inside; a sensation as if a sand-grain, or hair, were in the eye; self-estrangement, strange delusion, bitter taste in the mouth, shrinking of the heart valves, valvular regurgitation, crawling under the skin, bruised muscles, pleurisy, diabetes, hand shakiness, sagging of the vital organs, dry cough. The uterine muscles are too long; ligaments are weak and sagging; pains run from the head to the fingertips. Other symptoms are purplish skin, crampy fingers, loose hanging stomach, cramps most anywhere, blue lips, restless rolling to and fro on the pillow, muscular prostration, organic heart diseases that nothing but a high potash diet could cure, namely—dried olives, blueberries, celery, lettuce, Swiss chard, dwarf nettles, prunes, etc.

When the uterine ligaments become lax, shrunk and too long, from lack of potash food in the diet, the doctor cuts off the ligaments, doubles them up, sews them together like a belt-maker and calls it science, instead of placing the sufferer on a high potash diet.

IODIN AS A BEAUTY ARTIST

It seems that iodine has been washed from the soil into rivers, lakes, seas and oceans, by heavy rains and floods. Hence, iodine is mainly found in sea-food.

Iodine is nature's skin tint artist. When we wish excellent nail tint, fine complexion delicacy, exquisite hair gloss and distinction, beauty of eyes, eye lashes and eye brows, there is no food element that is equal to food iodine (not drug iodine). Indeed, iodine is the color artist, and the tint master of beauty and beauty-building. It is the beauty artist of eyes, nails, eyelashes, eyebrows, skin, hair and complexion.

The iodine food element is also required by the thyroid gland for the secretion of iodothyron, so highly important for the detoxication of albuminous toxins in the blood, as the blood enters the brain. It seems that such albuminous toxins are very dangerous to the brain and nerves, as has been proven by a great many chemists and diet specialists for a series of years, in many

countries. Iodine is a detoxication agent of brain and nerves, besides that of being a beauty artist. It acts on the brain and nerves, resulting in a free use of the brain. It soothes the brain like an oil, and acts on the nerves like a tender mother. It communicates fluency of tongue, readiness of speech. It keeps brain matter in condition, thus favoring the intelligent play of the scenery of the face. The address is more pleasing under the influence of iodine; the nerves are stronger and more controlled under the favorable effect of iodine; brain material can be better utilized; the nerves are better nourished; the torch of reason spreads a better light; the soul's poet, the sage of wisdom, the genius of music, the flash of wit, the gift of oratory and the brain's mighty battery of human magnetism are all advantageously accelerated, more available and expressive of genius, light and power, under the influence of food iodine. The inborn, God-like genius illuminates those orbs of the soul—the eyes, behind which is the brain of human will, human joy, human love, human emotion and human magnetism. The soul's emotions can mirror themselves more successfully in the face and eyes when food iodine is normally supplied in the daily diet.

IODINE DEFICIENCY SYMPTOMS

A dead-like beef-wit expression of face, dull eyes, goiter, indifference, awkwardness, drowsiness and dullness of brain prevail, when iodine is lacking in the body. Complete iodine starvation in the mother and child, both, results in an almost idiotic expression of face and eyes. The soul's intelligence (if there be any) is obscured. Brain work is difficult and the child fails in school studies. Other symptoms are—pus formation, flabby flesh, loose, pasty, coarse, rough or flabby skin; greasy, matted, dull hair; the hair may fall out in spots; the body is cold in spots, resistance is low; the dental ridges are thick; the tongue is thick, broad and protruding; the saliva runs from the mouth; the skin is often waxy and bloated; the eyes are swollen and watery; the eyelids are thick, nails poor, tissues flabby, toes spreading; speech drooling, mind dull, head rolling from side to side on the pillow; the child often stands on tip-toe; the throat is swollen and the swallowing of solid food is difficult. The arteries throb, the breath is shallow and the child is often pigeon-chested. His strength is not available. His actions are silly, fingers are numb, feet are swollen, brain water-logged, perhaps decaying; there is a tendency to look behind, or sideways and to hunt in waste boxes, in nooks and crannies for pieces

(Continued on Page 61)



Beauty and Money Rule the World

Paper money is a nice commodity when it carries such a beauty as this Hungarian damsel, Ila Loth, whose face is to appear on the new Hungarian currency.



THE CHRISTIAN INQUISITION

And JUDGE LINDSEY

By

The Right Reverend C. William Chamberlain, D. D., Ph. D.

Bishop of The Liberal Church of America, Wisconsin Diocese

ARE we to have a repetition of the infamous Toulousian Inquisition in the activities of Bishop William T. Manning, of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York, and of various other autocracies now current in America?

Is this autocratic behavior a revival or a continuation of the horrors of the dark ages when infidels and heretics were convicted for new ideas—when the Christian “Tribunal of the Holy Office” tortured or killed all those who were at variance in their thinking?

Was the downfall of the Inquisition accomplished a hundred years ago as reported in our histories or does it still unofficially exist in a different form? Are leading Christian “divines” and their financial backers, prominent laymen of the Church, active in a subtle conspiracy to perpetuate ignorance and punish the real thinkers of today?

Opinions differ. Just as in previous centuries, opinion is divided as to the authority and actual behavior of self appointed mentors and social leaders in their efforts to enforce their dogmatic creeds and rulings.

History is said to repeat itself. So it may be well to get a perspective of the situation as it is expressed in such national problems as racial hatreds, prohibition which doesn't prohibit, and

other Christian behavior in its relation to sociology, psychology, industry, health of the public, liberal thought and common sense.

If history is to repeat itself, let us face the reality and look back to the time when the horrors of the Inquisition were recognized for what they were.

Not long ago, the writer was privileged to view the famous collection of the nineteen original paintings by *Franz Kasper Vinck* which have been suppressed in many places throughout America. Even in Chicago, portions of these relics of the Inquisition were covered with drapes by “police orders” to shield them from the eyes of the general public. Orthodox sentiment finally closed the exhibition.

Incidentally, the same artist painted the fourteen stations of the Cross, “Passion of Christ,” which hang in the *Notre Dame Cathedral at Antwerp*. The brush of this master painter, coupled with brilliant and unbiased intellect, depicts a panorama of horrors unequalled in the history of Mankind. *He was raised a Catholic and died an Agnostic.*

The Inquisition came into existence about 800 years ago and, if behaviorism travels in cycles, perhaps the time has arrived for the repetition of somewhat similar inhumanity. Or, perhaps it died in name only.

Perhaps inhumane activities, such as poison gas and bombing of defenseless women and children in warfare, the original Klu Klux Klan atrocities in the South, Government-poisoned alcohol in prohibition, food adulteration and poisoning among Christian manufacturers, economic slavery produced by loan sharks, child labor in many States, the autocracy and monopolies of Christian corporations, unemployment and starvation in the midst of plenty—all are evidences of a continuation or forerunners of a repetition of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction established about the year 1200 A.D. in Italy, Spain, Portugal and the Indies and extended into northern Europe.

Perhaps the persecution, beating and near prosecution of *Judge Ben J. Lindsey* is a warning that the Christian world proposes to openly resort to savage and barbaric methods to stem the tide of liberal thought. With Bishop Manning as an illustration, perhaps an analytical mind will be able to note some significance which may point to a general concerted movement by all the various forces suggested in the previous paragraph.

Should all these powerful forces unite under propagandic Christian leadership, would it be possible for civilization to retrogress back to 1557, when the bloody tribunal of the Inquisition was well established?

Few people of this century are informed on the diabolical behavior of the Christian Church although its official downfall was not accomplished until the nineteenth century. The facts of those six hundred years of atrocious barbarity have been *well suppressed*. Try to find the detailed accounts of those six Christian centuries in a *public library* or from any other source and you will discover how efficiently Christian authorities have functioned.

"The History of the Inquisition," by Llorente (just try and get a copy), tells in cold statistics that the Inquisition burned alive 37,658 people in Spain alone; 18,848 were condemned to perpetual imprisonment or to the gallows for life.

More than 200,000 more, having been pardoned and condemned to wear for a certain time or perpetually the penitential garment, were punished with infamy down to their posterity.

Five million more citizens fled into exile from the awful cruelties of the "Holy Office." The Inquisition required no proofs of culpability. Information or suspicion were sufficient cause for action.

The first painting in Vinck's panorama de-

picts an elderly scholar arrested in his study for teaching his doctrines to his daughter. Two Dominican monks are searching among the books of his library for black-listed wisdom at variance with orthodox superstition. The old man is to be condemned and tortured to death, his property confiscated by the church and his rank, dignity and civil rights lost.

Judge Lindsey had to go to church to be arrested and beaten up when his ideas of marriage were at variance with those of Bishop Manning. Modern Christianity has evolved devious ways and means of punishing those who differ with it, and these methods may include loss of rank and dignity as evidenced when Judge Lindsey was ousted from the Bench by a Protestant Inquisition.

False accusations, boycott, slander and social ostracism can curtail or destroy a man's income when Christians have marked a man for punishment. The Church has not progressed as far as it would have us believe.

It is *only* 104 years since the last execution by the *Inquisition*. This was the hanging of Antonio Ripoll, a Quaker, in the public square of Valencia, Spain.

July 31, 1826, was the date and an attempt to commemorate its centennial was forbidden only *four* years ago by the dictatorship. A group of liberal thinkers are still attempting to honor the man who refused to accept the orthodox creed and whose last words were:

"I am willing to give my life to the barbarism of this epoch so that this fanaticism may take no more victims."

Like Judge Lindsey, Ripoll believed in God and that this Divinity had given him a mind with which to think. Like the Judge he was an educator. He shared his worldly possessions with others and gave counsel to those who sought his advice and philosophy, as does the Juvenile Judge. Ripoll's body was placed in a barrel and thrown into a river. The same year a Jew was burned alive for being an unbeliever.

The second painting of the Vinck panorama shows a dungeon of the Inquisition, a subterranean vault more than thirty feet under ground and holding eight prisoners, similar to the crowded conditions of modern Christian prisons. Unventilated, damp, cold and filthy, one is reminded of descriptions of many of the city jails in America in the year 1931. In this painting a friar, attended by the official torturer and his assistants are about to take forth the scholar for his further punishment. As late as 1819, six of these Inquisition prisoners strangled one an-

other to avoid the rack, the one survivor asphyxiating himself by inhaling the mephitic gas from the vessel used in the dungeon for excrement.

The third painting depicts the Grand Inquisitor in the Tribunal where the old scholar is sentenced to the rack for torture. This picture is followed by "The Strappado Torture," a barbaric system of stretching every muscle and sinew in the body by suspending the victim from the rafters and attaching heavy weights to his feet well above the floor. The poor liberal-thinking scholar is shown expiring from the torture.

The next painting looks like it might be the "Knight-Cap" kidnapping of a beautiful woman, but in reality it is the "Parduna," an infernal secret brotherhood of Christians who perpetrated horrible crimes similar to those accredited to the Klu Klux Klan of Civil War days. In this picture they have seized the daughter of the learned victim and her fate is too horrible to contemplate.

The next two pictures depicting the "Water Torture" and the "Spider" were reserved for women and we shall not describe them for obvious reasons.

The paintings: "The Torture of the Feet," "The Scourging," "The Spanish Boot," and "The Rack," were all ingenuous cruelties, too horrible to describe, while the succeeding pictures have to do with other official punishments and particularly the burning alive.

The last painting might remind one of modern day methods of punishment such as the *Ohio State Penitentiary* disaster or of the use of mustard gas and flame machines used by Christian nations at war nowadays. Not to mention the victims of modern Christian industrialism who starve and freeze in the shadow of the Cross during periods of *unemployment*.

Human nature has not improved much, if any, since the Inquisition a century ago. Christian autocracy prevails today and even if the orthodox church tells us that religion has nothing to do with science, politics, sociology, eugenics, health, marital behavior, birth control, sex, business and a hundred other things, it manages to dogmatically condemn every step forward which is at variation with its ancient prejudices.

"There is a principle which is a bar against all argument," said Herbert Spencer, "and which can not fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance; this principle is contempt prior to examination."

It would appear that this bar against all argument was effective in the case of Bishop Manning. Refusing to listen to Judge Lindsey's address and attempting to prevent the clergy of his diocese from hearing the Judge, on December the Seventh in his church, he denounced the jurist and the theory of "Companionate Marriage."

When the sermon was finished, Lindsey who had sat respectfully listening to what he termed "a false representation," stood up and asked to be heard. Thereupon he was set upon by Christians and dragged from the Cathedral. One female follower of the Nazarene struck Judge Lindsey in the eye with her fist and, no doubt, would have committed mayhem had she not been crowded back by other sweet souls who wanted to do him physical violence.

"Love your enemies" certainly does not include those who are trying to do one a friendly service by attempting to induce them to think.

The term "Companionate Marriage" is unfortunate. In the minds of nasty-nice puritans, suffering from starved love lives, the term suggests to them that marriage should be a pleasure rather than a stern duty and a life of martyrdom.

That husband and wife should be loving and happy companions, instead of opposing sexes repressing all the happy, holy sacredness of a beautiful love, is a situation beyond the power of hide-bound fanatics to visualize.

The puritan inhibitions and the drab tragedy of average marital relations are a bar to all normal healthy expression. Conservatism to the point of bigotry marks the mind of those who have been denied mental and spiritual evolution. Unreasonably and blindly attached to their particular ideas of human conduct, they become pathological and their diseased brains make them intolerant to even slightly different ideas, and obstinate to the point of fanatical asininity.

This type of Christian would revive the physical tortures of the Inquisition. And this kind of mental attitude explains the apathy or opposition expressed when ideas of prison reform, the abolishment of capital punishment, the discontinuing of killing and blinding people with poisoned alcohol, the punishment of loan sharks, or of those Christians responsible for food poisoning, child labor, etc., are mentioned today.

Flogging is still legal in some states. Chain gangs are common in the South. Solitary punishment and the third degree still survive, not

to mention other tortures, which are denied officially but actually existing in 1931.

Life, it is assumed by our Christian friends, should be hard, painful and distressing. We must bear a cross—the heavier the better. A crown of thorns must be rammed down on our brows. Pleasure is evil. Happiness is wicked. Joy is a sin. All love and affection must be as bitter as gall to be virtuous. Anyway, what's a little inhumanity among Christians, and especially with those who are at variance with them in belief?

So "Companionate" smacks of affection and pleasure and enjoyable association, all of which are evil and must be damned. Sane analysis and common sense must make way for traditional prejudice.

These closed minds are quite sure that Judge Lindsey is a devil incarnate, never considering that he is a Protestant Church member in good standing and loved by those who know him intimately. They don't find out how many souls he has "saved" from hell on earth; how many happy homes he has been responsible for; how many suicides he has prevented; how many holier-than-thou Christian reputations he has saved from degradation at the hands of other Christians; how many boys and girls he has guided to worth while citizenship.

So they never read his books or hear his lectures. Or, if they do, their twisted minds never learn that the only difference between Companionate Marriage and the orthodox form is that married people without children may secure a divorce without all the perjury and ridiculous complications now so common to that act.

It is more than eighteen years since I first met the Judge. Even in those days he was nationally famous as Denver's Judge of the Juvenile Court. The man's human qualities, his simplicity and his common sense so impressed me that I have followed his career closely through the years. After a quarter of a century of *trying* to practice the humane philosophy of Jesus, he wants the world to have the results of this experience. But the mailed fist of orthodoxy in the person of Bishop Manning bars the way to liberal thought.

The following editorial was published a few days before the recent Lindsey episode occurred in the Cathedral of "Saint John the Divine." It appeared in *The Christian Register*, perhaps the most conservative of the liberal publications, and was entitled: "Bishop Manning's Power." To quote:

"Another revolt from (or against) Bishop William T. Manning by the clergy of his diocese in New York has aroused the public mind, which would like to know what it means. This unpopular but singularly successful prelate keeps his ascendancy because he has the history and logic, as well as the mailed fist of orthodoxy, on his side.

"The present argument is over the status of the clergy, and their relation to other churches. He says the Protestant Episcopal Church is Catholic and Protestant. By "Catholic" Bishop Manning means that it is the one true Church. It dates from the beginning of Christianity. The Roman Catholic Church is also Catholic, but it claims to be supreme over all churches in its Pope, which Bishop Manning denies, as do all Episcopalians and Anglicans. By "Protestant" he means that his Church broke in protest from Rome and its claims to primacy of authority, and became the true Church. Its priests are in the pure tradition of apostolic succession, as evangelical ministers are not."

The editorial goes on to explain the difficulties between the Bishop and his clergy who can not agree with him on many points. It does *not* explain that, according to Bishop Manning's theory, his Church is a true part of the same organization which was responsible for the Inquisition a century ago and for six hundred years of unparalleled barbarism. And the Bishop is *not* discussing that phase of his religion.

The editorial proceeds to explain the autocracy of the prelate and the spectacle provided by the clergy opposing the rigid law of the Church and Bishop Manning. It concludes:

"There is one plain way out. Let these ministers of Christ reform the church by changing its law. Failing that, as they would, let them no longer deceive themselves and suffer indignities at the iron hand of their invulnerable bishop. Carry the revolt as real freemen out of the institution, which is an anomaly in a democracy and a scientific age. There are only two genuine positions that one may take in religion. It is authority or freedom, either of which requires complete commitment, and is therefore absolutely irreconcilable to the other. For a great many years, we venture to prophesy, what Bishop Manning holds will rule. His dogma is the law, and the rock of his power."

When Bishop Manning failed to prosecute Judge Lindsey in court, Protestant Episcopal

(Continued on page 61)



A DANGEROUS PASTIME

A True Story from Real Life

By MARIS WARRINGTON

This story is one that will be wrangled over by those who are skeptical, and by those who contend that spirits do not exist at all, and by those who stoutly deny that personalities (such as those to whom we are about to introduce you) could really do as we claim they have. Then, again, we shall hear from those who will call the story a fabric woven from the idle imagination of a novelist's brain. But even the most skeptical will have to admit that it is a dangerous pastime to trifle with those forces about which the average persons knows so little. In their vast ignorance they set in motion vibrations that often do incalculable mischief to the novice.

This *is absolutely a true story*, given to the reader just as it happened. It is a warning to those who scoff and jeer at powers of which they can know nothing until they too shall cross the river of death and learn with amazement that beyond this world there are worlds upon worlds teeming with myriads of souls who were once men and women. You will be introduced to several personalities whose very human failings may shock the sensibilities of those who have preconceived notions that spirits

are angels with shining wings hovering over the mortal. To those who do not want this illusion dispelled—to such I say do not read this story.

They were a chatty friendly group of brilliant men, who gave us audience from day to day, and told us to keep a record of every word that was given us. We continued the pastime just one year, and the record of that year makes this strange and interesting story. Every letter is given as received from day to day, and the reading of that record ought to prove to all mankind, beyond cavil, the existence of life beyond the grave, for it was an utter impossibility for me, the amenuensis, to know a year in advance just what would happen in these strange proceedings.

The story is not, as one might suppose, by a professed spiritualist, but by a happy-go-lucky person who had to be shown every step of the way before venturing into that realm where the mysterious holds sway.

With this slight preface we proceed with the story, which can be vouched for by many reputable persons in New York, and, above all, by the record of a lonely grave.

II

(Continued from January)

The following week Brenda called upon me again and said to me: "I feel impressed that we two, in order to investigate this thing without any outside influence, should form a circle of our own. What do you say to my plan? I think you will find that we shall get along all right by ourselves; we will keep a record of all we receive and see if it is worth while or not."

"Well, I am willing," I replied; "there can be no harm in it, for it's only a little amusement to while away the hot days. I am quite agreeable to delve with you into the hidden mysteries, but I shall be hard to convince, of that I warn you."

"We shall see; I have brought my Ouija board with me. Ever use a board?" she asked.

"Oh, I know it will work with me, but I won't believe anything it says," I replied.

Brenda drew a small table between us and laid the board upon it. With a pad and pencil handy, it was not long before the pointer began to move, and spelled out:

"Madam, will you lend me your hand to write? Take up that pencil; I am going to try and write."

I obeyed. Laying the pad on the table, I took up the pencil and held it passively in my right hand while my left covered Brenda's right. Almost immediately the pencil began to glide over the paper, writing in a perfectly legible and rather large, masculine hand. The result was a series of the most remarkable letters, from several personalities, who each and all preserved their own individuality. I kept these letters, and thus am enabled to give them to you, just as we received them from the spirit world.

Space will permit the giving of but a few of these letters, but I hope to show by the few I give what manner of man one of our correspondents was. No doubt many will recognize him from his own description and his character as revealed to us day by day. I took the whole thing as a huge joke, because I would not believe it could be true, until it was too late to remedy the evil. We, in our blind egotism and vast ignorance, could not see the future as the spirits could.

Question by me: When shall you write?

June 15th, 1913.

Why, at this moment. I think this is the greatest thing, being able to write as of old. I am told that I am over here—over the line—and you are there—but somehow I cannot realize it. Strange things happen in that old world

of yours. You, madam, are inquisitive when you desire to see my coveted signature. I will do my best to show it to you—signed in the old way. In its day it could shake old New York to its very foundations, and cause some flutter in the market. This is really a great scheme—this writing. I was told it was possible if only I could get you into the passive state where you would allow me to use your physical power. I am sure I could now write forever. It's easy once you know how. This is the first time I have found something to amuse me since coming over here. In life I was never without a hobby of some kind or another to keep me busy.

There are several here today, besides myself, who wish to try their hand at this game—just for a moment; but I am just selfish enough to wish to retain it for myself—and I decline to give it up even to a lady. Will you not come tomorrow, Miss Lee? Then I will tell you how I chanced to take an interest in you. I have much to say that I think will be interesting. Good day.

John.

June 16th.

My Dear Madam:

Since leaving you, I have thought the matter over and wonder if you would act as my amanuensis—that is, I would like to have a regular time set for this method of communication, if I could depend upon you. In time, I am sure, I can reward you. Let me see, suppose I give you my note?

Query: What good will your note be? You are dead, and you won't meet it when it comes due.

Answer: If I cannot meet it, I will renew it indefinitely; but my note ought to be a most valuable asset, if only as a souvenir; it is, I assure you, a treasure of inestimable value to any museum.

Query: I will not give you my promise; but if not engaged, I will try to oblige you. How much will you give me for salary?

Answer: I'll give you my note for five thousand dollars.

Query: You take my breath away. Don't I wish you were here!

Answer: Thanks; then it's a bargain. Will you please sign this agreement?

Quick as a flash he had written, with the pencil in the air:

For the sum of five thousand dollars, I hereby agree to act as secretary to Mr. _____ (name in full) for the term of this year 1913.

Signed _____

(Continued on Page 66)



J A P A N

Through The Eyes of a Mystic

By JULIA SETON, M. D.

THE Japanese say that as soon as anyone comes to their country he at once writes a book and launches it onto the public—the shorter their stay, the more they write. Those who stay in Japan a long time never write. It is only brief visitors who think they know it all. Those who remain long find so much to know that they become buried in silence and awe. The Japanese say they can stand all these many books because they have a deep national sense of humor.

But, this is not a book, nor is it even an article. It is just a simple tale of things to be observed as one passes in a stranger's land. And, it is not surprising that so much is written by those who pass through Japan. Whenever a foreigner comes to a country so different in every respect from his own he must be struck by many things the native-born never think about and which are passed up as a matter of course, having in them nothing peculiar or odd enough to be worthy of attention in writing a book.

Just as those who live in a well protected home are not given to gossiping about their own affairs, their pride, and reverence for their home, but keep them silent, just so there is a national pride and reverence in the hearts of the natives that do not obtain in the foreigner nor hold back the public and private opinion

of the visitor. Strangers come to see, stay to study, and leave to digest what they have seen and learned; and to profit, if possible, by the knowledge the visit has given them.

When we visit a foreign country, several lines of investigation are open to us. We can study all of them or we can bear down on the line in which we are most interested, but no matter what we do we must arrive at some certain conclusions. These several lines of study are, the country, the people, the transportation, accommodations, comforts and discomforts; its industries, its men, its women, its children, its national ideals and politics, its religious ideals, its churches, temples, shrines; the evolution of the country, its place and function in the universal plan.

It is natural that a foreigner in Japan will have his eyes wide open to take in what he can of all these things. No one will get all the deep labyrinth of civilization which these things mean; but, if he is awake to the signs of life everywhere, he can read with a very great degree of certainty much of the handwriting on the wall of their country. Two and two make four either in numbers or countries. What *is* can never *not be*; and what is *not* can never *be*.

Some things made a great impression on my mind and they will always remain, because they

are not simply a thing of my fancy—they are existing facts which need no word of mine to foster. I found them there. They are the product of the Japanese consciousness and as such claim a reverence from me. No simple word of explanation on my part will give anything to them, or take away. They came because the Japanese civilization inherited some of them and created the others.

THE COUNTRY

Japan is all beauty. There is not a sordid or unpleasing spot anywhere. Nature is mighty. Here indeed is beauty and grandeur which man did not make and can not mar. The incomparable mountains, the terraced hillsides, the low mounds, the gardens on half-level spots (not much of Japan is level—only over the valleys of rice fields), the rise and fall of the country, the marvelous pines and waving bamboo groves which even in winter are green and refreshing, the many shrubs and trees which give the glory of blossom time to the land, even the piles of snow on the mountainsides and covering the valley below, never dimmed for a moment the gallery of beauty which fascinated.

It seems as if every available inch of ground is cultivated. The gardens reach to the top of the tall mountains. One can easily understand that, in summer, these gardens, mixed with the flowers that stamp Japan as the garden of the world, would make a scene indescribably beautiful.

Wherever we turn our eyes we can see beauty spots—lowlands with flowers and shrubs, mountains with their rugged beauty all over-topped with the majestic, white top of the "Fuji," the winding paths, cascades and gigantic water falls, boiling springs, the fascinating rice fields flooded with water, while close by stand artistic rice stacks awaiting the threshing time. They seemed symbols of living bread, for rice forms much of the food of the people. One finds it everywhere, even on the streets hot rice muffins are bought and eaten by the public, much as Americans eat "hot dogs" and "hamburger."

It is a country, once seen never forgotten. Nature has been so bountiful. So many of her greatest gifts are hurled together here, not only generously given, but lavished with untiring opulence. Japan may be the land of the rising sun, but the land is also filled to running-over with gifts of the full noon-day and the setting sun. One steps upon her shores gently, with reverence, filled with joy that he has been granted the privilege of living even for a little while in this, an earthly paradise.

HER PEOPLE

The first thing that impressed me, after the beauty of the country, was the seemingly almost helpless inefficiency of the people to cope with what nature had so lavishly given them. Such gigantic possibilities seemed to be matched with a much too puny strength of power, consciousness, or wealth. One looks, and feels that the Japanese have inherited so much, and that there is no use to try to escape the feeling that it is something like gems in a beggar's hands. There is so much more that should be done and could be done with a bigger vision and a larger concept of efficiency. Truly, it is remembered that much *is* done, but this that is done is so much less than that which awaits doing. And, what is done seems to have been done and is still being done at a tremendous price of human energy. The temples have been inherited and, with the grandeur of the ancient visionists, they have descended almost as a burden upon the backs of a race today who never could have built them, and who even have an endless struggle to keep them from falling into decay. One cannot escape the impression that the egos of the Japan of today are a different class of understanding than those who built and bequeathed to them its greatness. As the foreigner strolls along through their walks he must feel that children—in comprehension and ability—are running the country which was once the dwelling place of the genius-crowned aristocrats of earth, giants in intellect.

The people of the present Japan strike one as a happy people. They laugh. They are always smiling. In any hard task of loading or lifting they laugh. In any mixup of autos or trucks they laugh. If they swear in Japanese they do it with a smile on their lips. No one would ever know they were harrassed. Their faces are smiling and there is never a rasp in their voices. A traveler in Japan relates this personally witnessed, amusing incident. He saw two youths, each riding a bicycle, approach from opposite directions. They collided and each was knocked over with his wheel. As soon as they could extricate themselves they rose to their feet, each one bowed to the other with a smiling countenance, and, without a spoken word, each one mounted his bicycle and rode happily away. The workmen all seem to treat each other politely, and in no place did we see an overhead boss. They all seem to know their work and to do it without someone standing by with a big stick. I asked a Japanese if this eternal smiling

(Continued on Page 58)

The Sequel to THE BHAGAVAD GITA

THE UTTARA GITA

Being the Initiation of Arjuna by Shri Krishna
Into Yoga and Dhyana

By Babu Rai Baroda K. Lahere

CHAPTER I

(Continued from January)

10. Such a seeker of Brahma, after fixing his mind as aforesaid, and shutting himself out of all objective knowledge (Adnânium), should hold fast the support of unchangeable Dnânium, and think of the One Indivisible Brahma in the inner and outer Akasha that exists at the end of the nose, and into which the life-breath merges.†

11. Freed from both nostrils, where the life-breath disappears, there (*i. e.*, in the heart) fix thy mind, O Partha,* and meditate upon the All-Supreme Ishvara.

12. Think of the Shiva, there, as devoid of all conditions of life, pure, but without lustre (Prabha), mindless, Buddhi-less.

13. The signs of Samadhi are the negation of all positive conditions of life and the complete enthrallment or subjugation of all objective thoughts.

14. Although the body of the meditator may now and then become somewhat unsteady at the time of meditation, yet he is to consider that the Paramatma is immovable. This is the sign of the Samadhi.

15. He that considers the Paramatma as without *Matra*, *i. e.*, neither short nor long in metre, soundless, unconnected with vowels or consonants, and beyond the Point Bindu, *i. e.*, Anusvara (which produces a nasal sound), beyond the *Nada*, *i. e.*, the voice that rises from the throat, etc., and beyond the *Kalas*, *i. e.*, the different phases of this sound, is the real knower of the Vedas.

16. He that has acquired Vidnanum (the Supreme Knowledge) by the aid of Dnanum,

i. e., the knowledge derived from books of Philosophy and instruction from a Guru, and has learned to place the object of this knowledge in his heart, and he that has acquired peace of mind, such a person requires no Yoga for further practice, and no meditation for further conception.

17. The syllable (Oum) with which the Vedas begin, which figures in the middle of the Vedas, and with which the Vedas end, unites Prakriti with its Own Self; but that which is beyond this Prakriti united Pranava is Maheshvara.

18. A boat is necessary until one gets to the other side of the river, but when a man once crosses the stream, the boat is no longer necessary for his purpose.

19. As a husbandman throws away the husks, after thrashing out the corn, so does also an intelligent person give up the study of books after he has attained knowledge from them.

20. As light is necessary to find the wished-for object in a dark chamber, but when once the object is found, the light is necessarily put aside; so also when the Object of the Supreme Knowledge, that is kept hidden by the illusions of Maya, is once found out by the torch of Knowledge, the Knowledge itself is afterwards put aside as unnecessary.

21. As milk is not necessary for a person who is already satisfied with the drink of nectar, so also Vedas are not required for a man who has already known the Supreme Deity.

22. Thrice fortunate is the Yogi who has thus satiated his thirst by the nectar of knowledge; he is henceforth bound to no Karma, as he has become the knower of the Tattwas.

23. He that has known the unspeakable Pranava as the one continuous sound of a big gong, or like one unbroken thread (Dhara) of oil, without division and separation, understands the real meaning of the Vedas,

(Continued next month)

† There are two well-known processes of practicing Yoga: viz., to concentrate the mind (a) at the point where the nose ends, and (b) where the root of the nose begins. The result in both cases is the same as are the further processes of practice, but in either case the instruction of a Guru is necessary, otherwise it is absolutely impossible to succeed.—Trs.

* Another name of Arjuna.—Trs.

THE LAST DAYS OF

ATLANTIS

The Story of a Forgotten Race When Men Lived Like Gods

By A. Noureddin Addis

CHAPTER II (Continued from January)

THE SHIPS OF ATLANTIS

"The men of Erin were all at the battle
After the Formorians came;
All of them the sea engulfed,
Save only three times ten."

—Eochy O'Flann.

Among the wounded and prisoners who were left in the hands of the enemy were Eorwynn and Ilu. The former, wounded and insensible, had been abandoned by his tribesmen in their wild flight; Ilu was there because he was unwilling to leave his young master.

Lasor, the chief physician and surgeon, seconded by quick-fingered, watchful assistants and highly trained nurses, both male and female, bent over the quiet form that lay upon his table. Throughout the night he had worked without ceasing. And, although it was already past noon on the day following the battle, his eye was as clear, his attention as unwavering, his touch as infallible as when he had been called to his task the evening before. Many were there among the desperately wounded of Kirat who owed their lives to this talented man—and many, too, whom his skill could not save.

"Eighty-three," counted a young surgeon, inscribing the number in Atlantean characters in a book which he held, and—attending closely to the words of the wounded youth—"Coros, an orphan, student under Tekru the High-Priest."

"Eighty-three," repeated the chief-surgeon thoughtfully. And every table has been kept as busy as my own since last night. A terrible day, indeed! Does anyone know the extent of our losses in this uprising of the natives?"

The assistant made a negative gesture. "I have not learned to a certainty," he replied.

"Although one of the soldiers told me but a moment since that of our garrison of two-thousand men more than half were killed or wounded."

Lasor's skilled hands were running over the wounded youth, his keen eyes scrutinizing every inch of his body.

"And that does not include the civilians who were in the battle, such as this lad here," continued the assistant.

"Yes," Lasor replied, still preoccupied with his examination. Then, addressing the wounded lad, "An arrow wound through the left arm. A spear wound in either leg. No broken bones. No internal injuries. Extreme weakness from loss of blood, but with that thou art fortunate. But tell me, how is it that thou, a student, came to be engaged in the battle?"

Coros smiled wanly. "I was accused of betraying our city to the Britons," he replied. "A company of younger officers seized me and forced me into the fight on that account."

"Why did they accuse thee of this crime?"

"It is because I have, or rather *had*, for I fear he is fallen now, a friend among the tribesmen, one Eorwynn, the son of Red Karu, the chief. I was accustomed to meet and talk with him."

The surgeon was silent, busy with some task, and, after a moment, the wounded boy continued:

"Some years ago he saved me from a bear's jaws, did Eorwynn. Since that time we have been friends, and I have taught him something of the wisdom of the Atlans; for he is a noble youth, and intelligent, despite the savagery wherein he was born."

"Thou lovest this youth, then?" Lasor's tone was cold as he put the question, and his keen eyes pierced Coros through and through, as though to read the soul within.

"Aye—like a brother."

"But not enough to betray thy own people for his sake?"

"Sir," returned the wounded youth, "I am an Atlan!"

"Here," to a nurse who waited nearby, "take this lad and bind up his wounds. Treat him well and see that he has the best of care. And," scowling fiercely, "remember that no one is to visit him without my permission!" Turning away, old Lasor muttered under his breath. "Aye, and there are many that would give something to know that he, the last of his line, lies wounded and helpless!" Then aloud: "Bring in the next man."

The latter words were spoken to the young assistant surgeon, who opened the outside door to give admission to the next patient. At the same instant Coros' bearers carried him through the opposite door into the hospital proper.

But instead of the usual bearers with a stretcher supporting a wounded soldier there entered a tall, elderly man, who moved with slow grace and dignity toward the centre of the room where Lasor stood.

"Greetings, Lasor." The newcomer's white turban surmounting the serpent figure bound about his brow had the effect of inducing an instantaneous attitude of respect from all in the room. It was the High Priest of the Temple of the Sun.

"Greetings to thee, O Lord Tekru."

The keen perception of his assistant seized upon something in the tone in which old Lasor spoke, something in his physical attitude as he faced the high-priest, that betrayed the contempt which he dare not openly show.

A moment passed. A messenger came in with a note to Lasor from one of the physicians in the hospital, but at sight of the serpent-insignia about the high-priest's head, he stopped as though frozen in his tracks. All was quiet in the surgeon's operating room where everyone awaited the pleasure of Tekru, the High-Priest.

The silence was broken by the opening of the outer door to admit two soldiers bearing a stretcher upon which lay the unconscious body of the Briton, Eorwynn.

Lasor observed the skin-clad figure of the Briton which they had deposited upon his table. He then turned to the leader of the soldiers testily, "What does this mean?" he demanded. "These were to wait until our own wounded had received attention. Remove him, and bring a wounded Atlan."

"A moment, Lasor," the priest raised his

hand. "It is by my orders that this man comes to you. He is the son of the rebel chief Red Karu. "Yes, if report speaks correctly, he himself is chief today. His father fell in yesterday's conflict, and it is said that one of our men shot down his elder brother as he fled from Kirat. In that case, he is chief. And he is badly wounded."

The surgeon said nothing, but his face pictured amazement and inquiry. Tekru approached nearer, and, speaking in a tone that could reach no ears but their own, "The Sun-God is angry, Lasor. Otherwise such a calamity as yesterday's could not have befallen the sons of Atl. Fruits and flowers have I offered up to Him, The Most High, and the blood of strong young animals, yet still his anger grows. It is the great sacrifice that he demands, O Lasor."

For a moment he hesitated, looking fixedly at the silent form of Eorwynn, then "Save me this Briton," he shot out fiercely at Lasor, and was gone.

In his book the assistant surgeon wrote, "Eighty-four," and opposite the number, the single word, "Briton" in Atlantean characters. No one was there to know Eorwynn's name, even though the high-priest could have given it had he so chosen before he departed.

Silently and swiftly, Lasor worked over the young Briton, as was his custom, nor was there aught of the unusual in his manner save an added tightening of the lips and a drawing down of the eye-brows. Even these were so slight as to have escaped the notice of all but his young assistant, who was puzzled as he watched his superior closely. When Lasor hesitated, seemingly undecided, his lancet pressed tightly against a vulnerable spot in the Briton's neck while exploring a spear-wound there, the young assistant knew that his suspicions were not wholly imaginary. He also knew that the wounded Briton had been within a hair's breath of death at that moment. He wondered why.

But he would not have wondered had he caught the words that the old surgeon muttered under his breath as he released the lancet: "Better him than one of our own," he had said.

The days that passed were days of watchful care on the part of Lyortha, the nurse. They were days of oblivion to Eorwynn in his hospital prison cell, to which he had been returned immediately after the operation. But as he lay insensible, Nature, aided by the watchful care of the nurse and the giant,

Ilu, together with the healing unguents of the stranger physicians, worked ceaselessly for his recovery. A heavy blow upon the head had wrought the injury which resulted in his unconsciousness—a blow which, notwithstanding, caused but little other injury.

A blare of trumpets without the prison finally aroused the young Briton. Weak and nervous, he stared at the dull, smooth stone-gray of the vaulted ceiling, wrinkling his forehead in a fruitless attempt to grasp the meaning of his surroundings, and rolled his eyes from side to side, although he could not move his head.

"Art awake, my young master?" The giant Ilu placed his great rough hand upon the couch, and leaned over Eorwynn.

"Ilu!" The voice was so feeble that it scarcely rose above a whisper. "Where am I?"

"Thou art a prisoner in the hands of the dark men—the foreigners."

"A prisoner! And the battle, Ilu?"

"The gods were against us, master," replied the great savage with lowered head.

"And my father—and Birul?"

"Dead, O my master, thy father, certainly. Thy brother, indeed, escaped from the circle of death with which the enemy had ringed us round, only to fall and to meet death as he fled with the remnants of our fighting-men."

"And thou, Ilu?"

The giant again lowered his head.

"I remained with thee, O master."

"When thou couldst have fled, Ilu?"

"Perhaps I could, my master."

"And thou didst stand forth to shield me from my father's wrath, it seems, although my memory is not so good."

"Perhaps I did, O Eorwynn, chief." And the simple, childish giant fell upon his knees beside his master's couch in token of fealty and obedience.

"Ilu!" said Eorwynn after a moment. His voice was noticeably stronger, although it trembled slightly.

"Yes, master."

"Thou art a man, Ilu."

While they were speaking the nurse, Lyortha, entered, and, seeing that Eorwynn's eyes were open, approached the couch, and placed her hand upon his head.

"Thou art better," she said with a smile, speaking in his own British tongue; then hastened from the chamber.

"Who is that beautiful being, Ilu?" demanded Eorwynn, when the girl was gone.

"She is a nurse, called Lyortha," replied the giant, "one of our own race, who was brought up in the household of the surgeon, Lasor, himself one of the foreigners. She has the wisdom of the foreigners, O Eorwynn, and speaks their tongue, but she belongs to our own people, nevertheless."

Eorwynn rapidly regained his strength on the generous prison fare of the Atlans. In addition to the regular hospital diet of broths and other light foods, savory meats, richly flavored and tender, were his. These were carefully chosen by Lyortha so as not to offend his British palate. Savages though they were, the Britons were more sensitive about such things than were the Atlans. To Eorwynn and Ilu it seemed that they were treated as honored guests rather than prisoners of war. For they recalled how infinitely worse the captives of the Britons fared, even the Britons themselves, than the prisoners of the Atlans.

In spite of the solicitous care he received at the hands of the hospital authorities, a strict watch was set about Eorwynn. He was allowed to see no one, even the giant Ilu was kept in a separate cell at some distance from that of his master, as soon as the latter's strength began to return.

The midsummer festival of the Sun-God was approaching. The townsfolk, remembering the customs of their homeland, were eagerly looking forward to the ceremonies. Flowers were everywhere, and such fruits as were already ripened in that northern land, the first offerings of the season upon the sacrificial altar. Then, too, it was rumored that the closing rites of the festival would embody the great blood-offering—not alone of sheep and oxen, but human blood. This ceremony in itself was sufficient to occasion no little excitement among the people. Among them there was the growing suspicion that the displeasure of the Sun-God had fallen upon them and their city had been signally confirmed by the disaster which had overtaken Kirat in the form of the attack of Red Karu and his savage followers.

The old surgeon's abruptly formed friendship for the youth Coros brought to the young student privileges that would have delighted the heart of many an Atlan of more mature scholarship. For old Lasor was one of the few Atlans, or Poseids, of that modern day who had delved into and honestly tried to assimilate the wisdom of the old builders of

that wonderful civilization. In fact, such was the degeneracy of the times, that to most of his contemporaries, even learned men, the marvelous mechanical inventions, the psychic development, the just and liberal social organization enjoyed by their direct ancestors had taken on the character of myths.

During the time that Coros was still bed-fast the physician had discovered his taste for literature. As soon as he was able to walk about, the young man was invited to call and look over his library. Soon Coros was to be found there whenever his nurse would grant him leave of absence from his room. The confirmation of the so-called myths of ancient Atlantis which he found there, the proof that they were not myths at all, gave him great pleasure. For he had always felt a glow of pride at the tales of those far-off ancestors who navigated the air with incredible speed, their ships agleam with odic lights and equipped with far-seeing, far-speaking instruments, tales which he, as a scion of the ancient White Brotherhood of Atlantis, had absorbed with his mother's milk, and could no more banish from his consciousness than by willing could he still the beating of his heart.

"I presume thou art eager to be far enough recovered to resume thy place in the temple ere the coming midsummer festival," suggested Lazor one evening as he sat in his library watching Coros moving about among the ancient volumes.

"Naturally I should like my health back; but this library contains much more of interest to me than does the temple."

Lazor smiled enigmatically. "Hast learned the program of the festivities?"

"I have not. Lord Tekru is not given to communicating his plans to students and inferiors, consequently no one has told me of them. Doubtless, too, my ignorance would have been as great had I been in the temple all the time."

"It is said that the great blood sacrifice will take place."

Coros stood a moment staring at the grizzled old physician. "The great blood sacrifice!" he repeated dully with a visible shudder. "And the victims?"

The sharp eyes of the old man abandoned their eager scrutiny of Coros' face. The shudder and the word "victims" had given him the answer he sought.

"In Atl they make use of criminals, and, prisoners of war," he said gently, his eyes half averted.

"A murderer now awaits execution within the prison."

The surgeon thoughtfully smoothed the folds of his gray turban. "Yet it is said that the blood of enemies is sweeter to Our Father, the Sun-God."

Coros held up the antique volume which he had just been reading. He hesitated a moment as though considering the advisability of giving utterance to the statement he was about to make. "This author says that the human sacrifice brought about the downfall of our race."

"The author is in error—partially, at any rate. True, the human sacrifice has brought its share of degradation, but our ancient standards had already been lowered again and again before the practice was officially recognized."

The expression with which Coros received the old man's explanation was one of understanding and sympathy.

"Ah, I know thy descent, O Coros; I know whence comes thy aptitude for these studies," indicating the volume under discussion. "When thy ancestors at the head of the White Brotherhood ruled in Atlantis the sorcerers were even then secretly practicing their murderous rites. They slaughtered their victims, by preference the young and innocent, to the end that the fiendish demons through whose power they wrought their vile magic might gain strength to do their bidding by feeding astrally upon the fresh-blood as it flowed upon the hidden and obscene altars."

The old man rose and paced nervously up and down the length of the chamber. "I am an old fool," he growled, shaking his head with a forced barking laugh as he paused beside Coros. "One would say that old Lazor was growing tender-hearted—Lazor, the surgeon—my enemies have even had it, Lazor, the butcher. Yet it is less sympathy for the victims than detestation of the degeneracy of my race that prompts my loathing."

"But who are the victims, O Lazor?" demanded the youth when the old surgeon paused. "Whom have they chosen for the sacrifice?"

"As thou saidst but a moment since, Lord Tekru is one who knows how to keep his own counsel, nor is he more likely to make me his confidant than thee. But I know that with our prisons overflowing with British captives as they are since Red Karu's rebellion, there can be no lack of material for the sac-

(Continued on Page 57)



PSYCHO - ANALYZING A NATION

At the Direction of President Hoover

The original manuscript of this article on "The Beginning of Mind-DISCRIMINATION—The End of So-Called Crime" was laid before the National Commission of Law Observance and Enforcement, commonly known as "The Wickersham Commission." It has created wide interest amongst officials and thinkers. Many of its suggestions have already been adopted by our leading law-makers.

By CHARLES J. CLARKE

(Continued from January)

50

There can be no true progress in that which perpetually stupifies intelligence, on the contrary, in some conditions to escape is nearly hopeless, for even the mental integrity of the worker is invaded in the training for increased efficiency; commercial schools to enhance the speed and receptivity of stenographers, requiring them to learn "touch" typewriting, which induces in the one who practices it, a high degree of self-hypnosis, with a concomitant breaking down of the mental personality and the so-called moral nature; resulting in a weakened resistance to suggestion, and a lack of initiative inevitable in a divided or differentiated single mind, which is normally deficient in the power of immediate re-integration.

51

Nature itself tending to end the existence of anything that is in vain or without reason, where there is no progress, there is, unless crystallization ensues, stagnation, if not retrogression; thus mental faculties when not used become numb and paralyzed, and insanity,

which in this instance means a sort of mental clogging, leading to feeble-mindedness and death, is a concomitant of a mind unbalanced through over-specialization.

52

Of this latter fact we have direct proof in biology; for according to Weismann, the eminent Freiburg professor, the primitive life forms, the Protozoans (unicellular organisms) were immortal, death appearing in the secondary stage of evolution in the Metazoans (pluricellular organisms), as the result of over-specialization in the differentiation of labor, *unless the differentiation was alternated with INTEGRATION*, or re-union of the differentiated elements, under certain circumstances relatively shown in activity or consciousness alternating with rest or sleep, restoration and reintegration taking place during the latter, which is its purpose.

53

The menace of mass production is in the fact that the masses, stupified from their cog in the wheel existence, are impelled to seek

vicarious salvation, an inevitable concomitant of excessive over-specialization, with scant hope of obtaining it from the mass-trained caretakers of body and brain, or in finding it in the mass-produced movies or talkies, or the fiction piled high at the street corners.

54

And their limited intelligence being insufficient for correct guidance in making investments, they intrust their savings to banks and insurance companies, another glaring example of an attempt at vicarious salvation, who keep the stream of existence flowing in the same unending circle through refusing capital to those who might start intelligent competition with the Juggernaut.

55

So arrogant are those in false power that so-called Better Business Bureaus, with a progress challenging aggressiveness that should presage a short-lived existence, are using pressure on advertising mediums to prevent them from publishing advertisements soliciting capital unless they have received the B.B.B. O.K., the advertising manager, patronizingly and knowingly asking, when rejecting the advertising copy, Why does the would-be advertiser not go to a bank or an insurance company for capital?

56

And the Usurper whose self-destruction-inviting mental defection has given rise to the delusion that efficiency can be increased permanently through stupifying and degrading the minds of the masses during working hours in paying a perpetual premium on perpetual ignorance in the form of higher wages, time bonuses, and old age pensions, now exhibits the additional delusion that increased efficiency can be gained profitably through dominating the leisure hours of the workers, who, because the minds of a large number of them are becoming gradually infantile, defective, degraded, and feeble, offer a continually lessening resistance to the Usurper's paternal or "fatherly" interest—the very ancient stock in trade of the seducer—in their private affairs, and even so-called moral life, when it insists upon a majority vote from them to enact laws, ordinances, and prohibitions, obviously for the protection of a defective class, but which, in their general and non-discriminating application, *except in the not generally known exemption of the Hebrew race to prohibition to the extent of ten gallons of liquor a year*, are a

direct insult to every individual having mental integrity.

57

To which insult is added the humiliation of being told through the aside remarks of the citizens of the country which our fathers fought for freedom, that we gained freedom before having the qualifications necessary for self-government, and remind us also of the fate of the legendary inhabitants of Aster, the former planet between Mars and Jupiter, who, letting loose forces they had not yet learned to control, hoisted themselves with their own petard, and blew Aster into the 666 pieces now known as the Asteroids.

58

That discrimination, both in the wording of any protective law, or prohibition, to indicate to whom it would not, and to whom it would, apply, and in its enforcement, to determine in what circumstances it should not, or should, be enforced, is self-evidently necessary, is shown in the very nature of a protective law or prohibition.

59

The fact, established in the intelligence tests and examinations during conscription in the world war, that a large part of the masses have infantile, defective, degraded, and feeble minds, and thus need protection, necessitates in the maintaining of protective laws and prohibitions, specific classification of all individuals, regardless of sex, race, or color, during the process of reconstruction and reintegration, so that laws and prohibitions enacted for the protection of an inferior class, would not necessarily have application to a superior class.

60

This would not be a revival of the doctrine of special privilege, but an intelligent adjustment to the obvious fact that progress has been delayed for ages through the burdensome laws and customs with which the straggling masses of mankind have handicapped their leaders.

61

The latest nation-wide census should give data sufficient to begin the needed adjustment.

62

While there are various statutes already enacted for the protection of minors, incompetents, feeble-minded, and the female sex, there are a large number needing protection who do not come specifically under the aforementioned classes; and age and sex should

not be taken into absolute consideration in a new classification, for even children of both sexes before reaching the present legal maturity, would be allowed to petition for examination as to their intellectual competency to enter the unprotected class.

63

Those passing satisfactory examinations as to competency would be given an identifying photographic badge, and also a certificate of competency which they could carry for additional identification; it would also be appropriate for them to wear something distinctive that could be perceived from quite a distance.

64

Those in the unprotected class who wilfully violate its code could be made to forfeit their badge and certificate, and which they would be unable to regain until they had made a new petition and passed another examination satisfactorily, undergoing if deemed necessary, a period of probation.

65

There should be two distinct grades in the protected class: those who are only simple-minded, who would have a physical freedom practically equal to the unprotected class, but who should be required to wear clothing, as distinctive as women once wore, for their protection; the remainder of the protected class should not be permitted to wear the distinctive clothing of either the simple-minded, or that of the unprotected class, and this would be the means of distinguishing them.

66

The unprotected class while being exempt from the application of those laws and prohibitions enacted specifically for the protected class, should have no protection in the war of wits, or through a so-called confidence game, or trick and device, for to be protected in any way from being taken advantage of in such a manner would be undesirable because it would weaken the incentive to true intellectual enlightenment, and anyone would be able to gain exemption from the application of the Volstead act, whose intellectual enlightenment and mental integrity showed his or her fitness for exemption; thus those who should have prohibition, would have to have it; and those who should not have prohibition, would not have to have it; and everybody then should be happy.

67

With this discrimination in classification, there would be no necessity of punishment

through imprisonment, or restraint, except for acts involving the threat of, or actual, violence; and the protected class could not be reached for anything of great financial value except through a guardian.

68

Anyone in the unprotected class could, should he or she so desire, surrender badge and certificate, and become one of the protected class, without being allowed any retroactive protection.

69

The foregoing outline of a system of classification of, and procedure with, the people of a country where protective laws and prohibitions are maintained, reveals that while such a system would be somewhat cumbersome, it would be inevitable in the practical use of a specific plan for discriminative protection.

* * * * *

70

What the inventors of automatic machinery and systems have done to standardize mechanical products and to make mass production possible, with concomitant deterioration of the individual worker, is evidently the source of the inspiration of *the makers of false mental laws*, who, regardless of their inroads into the province of individual integrity, are ever devising rules and systems of thought, ever discovering laws (?), with which human entities are alleged to be automatons whose activities and final destiny in any given instant may be infallibly determined.

71

And then from the economic viewpoint of the pseudo-thinkers, it is more desirable to broadcast stereotyped platitudes than it is to give the Truth applicable to each individual—that would not be in line with their dominant idea of mass production—it would be too much like work.

72

For a precedent they quote the old adage about sowing and reaping, when Truth self-evident or Absolute needs no precedent, and they also completely ignore, in their haste to gain a so-called precedent, the fact that the wildling coming from its own parent seed, after being subjected to the modern process of building or grafting, furnishes a stock more hardy and free from disease, yields a more desirable quality and a greater quantity of fruit than that which would be produced in the natural processes of sowing and reaping from the seed of the fruit desired.

There may have been a time before modern mental progress had fought free from the slavery of the mechanical law of cause and effect, when it was necessary in both the psychical and physical garden to sow the seed and reap the harvest of the seed sown—if that were invariably the case, Savors were worthless.

Even a few decades ago, when there was a very popular interest in natural, artificial, and self-suggestion, it was considered correct to teach as Truth a mental law of becoming what you think, regardless of the ignorance or intelligence of your thoughts, with concomitant dire predictions of just what would happen to you if you rejected this dictum of the pseudo-thinkers and thought on things tabu.

Thousands of books were donated to public libraries and to private individuals, and sold in quantities of hundreds of thousands, proclaimed automatism of mind responding to thought suggestions as the proper and correct law of thought and expression, which we might wish to be, and for the most part, is, a law or sequence of correct thought, but which in no sense is a true or Absolute Law with ignorant suggestions, or dualistic so-called "evil" or "sinful" thoughts, although untold millions have accepted, reacted to, and perished from, the false suggestion in the half-truth, doctors dying of the disease they were doctoring, practitioners going insane from treating patients lacking mental integrity, and prosecuting attorneys being convicted of the violation of the laws for whose violation they had been prosecuting others, when the real Truth of the matter is, that True Thought would free those adversely influenced through the suggestion of former or even present mental states, and enable them to do differently from what they had thought at a previous or even a present time, when those thoughts were, or are, incorrect.

Even the definition of sanity had to be revised to keep pace with modern mental progress and enlightenment; in former times it was said, "The sane mind is determined from the greatest apparent 'good' for itself;" now we correctly say, "The sane mind chooses to do that which itself conceives to be for the greatest value or the least injury to itself, or *its* aims.

Man, the transcendent being, is the one exception to the old Law of Correspondence, he can have an aim transcending and extraneous to the temporary self, thus with correct thought he escapes the mechanicalness of blind, non-discriminating law, and aligning his aim with the Great Aim, he can subordinate the desires of the present to the Vision of That Which Can Be.

We have elsewhere stated that during the world war there was established the fact that a large number of the masses have infantile minds; and here dealing with facts, and not with remote causes, which might be mental defection, degradation, or feebleness, there is marked *need to emphasize* the illuminating corollary, that we are logically, inevitably compelled to treat these infantile minds, regardless of age or the contributing cause of the mental condition, the same as we, from a sense of duty, and legally, should be compelled to treat natural children—with the utmost enlightened consideration and discrimination, and with the utmost tolerance for those faults which we logically should expect to be a concomitant of infantile intelligence.

A true intelligence test should consist, not in determining the extent of the intellectual befuddling, or so-called education, received at school, but in determining the capacity of the individual to attain true intelligence, which can be determined in the measuring the degree of awakening and development of the specific ten senses, the normal attributes of an individual having complete mental integrity.

The five so-called physical senses, touch or self, taste, smell, hearing, and sight, have a continually progressive enlarging of their actual definite space spheres of consciousness; and the five mental or psychic senses, have likewise a continually progressive enlarging although interpenetrating spheres of consciousness.

The affirmed fact of our being equally responsible and accountable with all those elements subject to our presence or influence, was difficult to understand until we became free from dualistic belief, and gained the monistic knowledge that we are all elements of the One Being, and dependent upon each other for the accomplishment of any ultimate, or great, and therefore, all-inclusive aim; and

until in the Absolute Sense of oneness we gained the ability to translate those characteristics, inclinations, feelings, and emotions, of our own and other subjective minds, which the beggarly dualistic thought ignorantly defined as "good," and "evil" or "sinful," into degrees of intelligence indicated on a scale at whose one extreme is Unconsciousness or Ignorance, and at the other, Omniscience.

82

The sixth, or sociological sense, the sense of duty, duty being the noun form of the verb "to be due," whose complete development is Race Consciousness, formerly vaguely considered to be a sort of action and reaction of the deeper, or so-called emotional nature, correctly, the subjective mind, but now defined in degrees of intelligence, is of a different order from the five preceding senses, in that it is a mental or psychic reflex, not the direct result of normal physical sense perception. Its degree of development is shown in the extent of unprejudiced knowledge which identifies the kinship, responsibility and accountability, of the individual with the race.

83

The seventh, or humane sense, whose complete development is necessary in the maintenance of bodily health and sanity, is a specific reflex, or consciousness, whose sphere includes the elements of all the different varieties of life, including the phase of life called death. Its degree of development is shown in the extent of the individual's true knowledge concerning the nature of, and the dominion we are required to maintain over, and the consequent correct attitude toward, both human and non-human life.

84

The eighth, or common sense of honor, in the dawn of mind being Sun-worship, its lower degree is the recognition of the air to breathe, food, drink, clothing, shelter, and other necessities and luxuries of life, and honor and respect for whom or what provides them. Its degree of development is shown in the extent of reverence, gratitude, or thankfulness, to That which sustains existence; and in the intelligent discernment of what, or what, That is; which because we first see the near, the effect, instead of the remote cause, we simulate discrimination in first calling It the Supreme, instead of the One, Being. The emotional, or subjective intellectual, reaction to the perception of That, is given in a word picture in the following lines from Tolstoy:

85

"One knows God, not so much through reason, or even through the heart, but through one's feelings of complete dependence on Him, akin to the feeling which an unweaned child experiences in the arms of its mother. It does not know who holds it, warms it, feeds it; but it knows there is this someone; and more than merely knows—it loves that being."

86

The ninth, or sense of immortality, unawakened is measured in the extent of memory, and in the peculiar indifference to danger, or in the lack of the instinct of self-preservation—obviously not required in an immortal being—shown sometimes in what is called the "garret stage" of genius. Its awakening is shown in the willingness to sacrifice the temporary aim for the Great Aim, or in the union of individuals in a definite organization, whose aim, transcending in both time and place, is the dominant idea of the individuals.

87

The tenth, or Absolute Sense, is the union or integration of the individual mind with Absolute Mind, or the Tenth Avatar of Vishnu, or Vishun (English spelling, Vision, without which we perish), shown when the individual exhibits the double mind and Inner Vision of what is called genius. Its degree of development is known in the extent that its sphere includes all other proximate spheres, and thus in the measure of its ability to perceive Truth has the rule, law, purpose, positive or negative cause, the Reason for Existence, and Why, How, and for Whom or What, beings or things exist.

88

While there is often a natural and normal awakening of the mental or psychic senses, as of the sense of duty, or sociological sense, when "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," during an earthquake, proper education for the most part should consist in the awakening and the developing of the ten senses; which is not extremely difficult, for even an artificial intelligence test of any of the higher senses, tends to its awakening when it is dormant.

89

The extension of intelligence into the sphere of animal and plant life, and into the sphere of insane or disintegrating life, made necessary in the search for food to maintain health in body and mind, naturally awakens the human sense. (Continued next month)

T · I · R · E · S



A Weird Tale of Black Magic ∞ By H. F. JAMISON

TO THE world, I am a negro—one of twin brothers, of medium height, regular features, and, although full dark, generally considered handsome, according to the standards of our race.

In our earlier years I was a home-loving boy, while Brother Sam liked to wander. But whenever he was away from home he always wrote to us at regular intervals. His letters were likely to come from any point. We had received them from New York, San Francisco, and even from cities on the far off Mediterranean Sea.

One day a missive came after a much longer period of time had elapsed than usual. It was written in a scrawly hand, was dirty and showed every evidence it was written in great haste.

Now, Brother Sam always had been very neat and precise in his handwriting. Even before this letter was read, I scented trouble.

We were both graduates from the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, and at one time we had been personally instructed by that great leader of modern education for the colored people, the Honorable Booker T. Washington. This

influence made care and neatness a pleasure to Sam. Why did he send that letter?

It read:

"Dear Brother:

"I fear I shall never see you again for I am behind walls of horror. Don't try to locate me, as you, too, might meet a similar fate. I write only that you may understand just why I have not written sooner, and to let you know that I have not willingly deserted you, if you never hear from me again.

"If this reaches you, I bid you a long farewell. Kiss mother for me, but tell her nothing of my possible fate. I am smuggling this out in a truck-load of tires. Someone may find it, and—they are coming now—goodby—Sam."

The letter ended abruptly, as though indeed the chance had come to smuggle it out.

I could not kiss poor mother for Sam. She had long since passed away, grieving her heart out for him on account of his unexplained absence.

I turned the envelope over and over in my hands. I scrutinized it with the most sacred and minute care. The only indication of where it came from was the postmark of a certain great railway system. Evidently someone had mailed it on the train. May God in His infinite mercy bless my unknown benefactor who mailed that letter!

The letter itself bore no evidence of its origin.

Finally, in holding it before a very strong light, I noticed a faint watermark,

FLESKO TIRES.

Eagerly I searched through every catalogue I could find for such a brand. They were unknown to every dealer I approached regarding them.

Giving up my studies for the ministry, I became a wanderer—searching, searching, always searching!

I travelled this continent over, riding freight trains, begging rides on public highways, doing odd jobs, preaching often in the suburbs of large cities to my own people, bound for—I knew not where.

For five long years I roamed, homeless, friendless, kicked and cuffed from pillar to post, resenting nothing, doing good to all men; leaning always on Him who spoke peace to the troubled waters, who is always a friend to the world's poorest vagabond.

II.

One day I walked wearily along a pike road. Far in the distance it faded out, seemingly endless. How hot and dry I was! My

tongue was parched. My shoes were worn out and my naked feet were bleeding from contact with the small, sharp stones. I came upon an old Ford car by the side of the road in the inviting shade of a large oak tree. Here, perhaps, was a chance to rest my weary body—my tortured, suffering feet.

There was not a soul in sight. I went up to the old car. I hesitated before getting in, for I had been driven from so many places of rest before.

Lying upon the seat of this ancient Ford was a large thermos jug. I touched it. It felt cold in spite of the boiling sun.

Water at last!

Trembling from head to foot, I slowly unscrewed the cap. It was full of ice water!

Reverently I knelt and lifted my burning, bloodshot eyes to Him I trusted. I knew He saw and heard me then.

"Master," I breathed, "I am only a poor helpless and wretched negro craft on the great ocean of life, but I want to thank You for this water. You have sent it, as You sent food to the prophet Elijah by the ravens, and manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness. You have lost none of Your mighty power, Master.

The people are just unbelieving, that's all. You no longer tolerate their insolent scorn. You have knocked at the doors of their hearts, until, unbidden to enter, You have departed sorrowfully. Like a certain city of old, You no longer can do any mighty works therein, because of their unbelief.

But, Lord, I believe.

You are merciful, Master: You give me water to drink. I humbly thank You. Amen.

I drank deep and long.

Did I see the dim outlines of shadowy forms about me and feel the fan of seraphic wings? Did I hear faint, celestial music? No, it couldn't be. I was but a worthless black man—a beggar—an outcast! Really great men never see or hear such things. They scoffed at them.

No?

It was but the overcoming effects of that cooling drink. Or, perhaps, 'twas but the heat dancing before my eyes. Or, it may have been a gentle breeze stirred to life in the foliage of the great oak tree.

Again and again I drank. Then I dragged my miserable, although wonderfully refreshed body into the old car and sank down—exhausted. Soon everything grew dark about me,

and then I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision—as you will.

Standing at the foot of a long hill, I gazed with awe and wonder at the great colossal buildings grouped upon its crest. They resembled those of a great hospital or college. A fine concrete road led up to them.

Several heavy trucks passed me—each bearing the trade name

FLESKO TIRES.

A memory was stirred in my subconscious mind—a letter—a watermark—my brother! Something seemed to tell me that this was the end of my journey. Eagerly I started up that long grade, joyously and hopefully.

In my long search one part of brother's letter had been ignored, and now it was entirely forgotten as I hurried toward those buildings that loomed majestically against their picturesque background. Very soon, however, I was to learn why his first hurried words in his last note were,

"Don't try to locate me, as you, too, might meet a similar fate."

Approaching the large iron gate I found it unfastened. I walked in uninvited and unnoticed. At the door of the front building I stopped. The sign "NO ADMITTANCE" had arrested me.

I went around to one side of the huge structure. I passed building after building. On every door appeared the same sign, "NO ADMITTANCE."

Strange, not one person crossed my vision. At last I came to the highest of all the buildings. In letters fully four feet in length appeared the words for which I had searched so long:

FLESKO TIRES.

The sound of heavy machinery reached my ears. Some unknown force guided me on. Soon I stood at the edge of a heavily barred window. On the inside I could hear fiendish shouts above the rattle of the heavy machines. My heart beat a mad tattoo within my breast as I cautiously peered in.

There before strange mechanical contrivances, I saw hundreds of men—black men—stripped to the waist, some of them entirely nude. They were feeding what appeared to be cotton or wool fibre into the throats of those greedy monsters.

A giant white man, fully seven feet in height, ran here and there among those black brutes, shouting, cursing, striking right and left with a terrible whip which resembled that

of the once famous cat o' nine tails of our western prisons, only it was much larger.

"At it, ye hellians," he raved, "I want a full stream of fibre full up in them saws, or I'll gear 'em still faster."

The pitiable devils were already working with feverish intensity. Their bodies were even then covered with a lather of evil-smelling sweat, flecked with streaks of their own blood!

Sickened by such awful brutality, I moved onward to another building. Here I saw great vats of some dark liquid which I guessed was rubber. Another scene of intense cruelty was being enacted. A towering giant slashed about among the black-skinned human wreckage!

Why did they not revolt? But I soon saw the answer. Guards stood near, weapons in hand.

Once more I heard the snarling shouts of the whipping boss:

"Keep them turn-overs moving, you heathen. We are behind on Flesko orders now. There'll be no eats again for you, less'n a thousand pounds an hour, hand-mixed."

I stared in amazement at those bony frames. They were living skeletons, yet whipped mercilessly!

I closed my eyes to shut out the hideous sight.

At a table before a barred opening sat two men. One of them was a firm-faced, slightly-sneering man of fifty years. The other—where, oh, where had I seen that mocking, diabolical countenance before? Yes, in Faust—Mephistopheles. The face was a counterpart in every particular!

Even in repose his entire physiognomy was one to repel and to disgust at first sight. And now—in his present condition, semi-intoxicated, his eyes suggested those of an insane demon!

In one hand he held a piece of an automobile tire about a foot long. This he caressed as a miser would caress his pile of gold.

"See that," he gurgled, as he struck the piece of tire with a heavy cleaver as sharp as a knife. "Absolutely proof against any sharp substance. It positively can't be penetrated by any object under the weight of our modern cars—in short, *puncture-proof*. And the process is all my own—and guarded well."

Here he laughed such an inhuman, unearthly laugh that I shuddered. He reached for a large black bottle and took a long gur-

gling pull, then smacked his lips. With an uncanny and forceful emphasis, he volunteered:

"And we can make you wholesale dealers a mighty good price on 'em, too—either 'with' or 'without'."

The other was silent for a long time. Finally he cautiously inquired:

"What do you mean by saying 'with' or 'without'?"

But the demon—I can think of no better name for him—appeared not to have heard. After possibly two minutes he pointed an unsteady finger at the bottle and began:

"Misther bottle—mighty good friend o' mine—no shecrets 'tween us. You know all about 'with' and 'without,' don't you? Course, you do."

The other man arose. Evidently scenting the possible drunken betrayal of a valuable formula for making tires, he stepped silently back into the shadows.

The demon heard the move, drunk though he appeared to be. He turned in his chair, his eyes glittering like the eyes of a cobra, his lips slightly parted, and his voice lowered, as in fiendish exuberance his answer came:

"Fooled you, didn't I, damn you. Thought I'd tell my formula, didn't you," he hissed. "Well, I'm goin' to give it to you. It'll never help you any, for you'll never leave this place alive."

"Bargo—"

It was a call. Although the trained hand of the man flew to his pocket, it was too late. He was pinioned from behind by a superman who held him in his terrible grasp as he would have held a small child!

"Tie him good, Bargo," the demon instructed. "I want to talk to him. Get out and stand beside the door. I'll call if I need you." The giant grinned and withdrew.

The demon arose, walked over to the man and turned back the lapel of his coat. The shield was there.

"A Dick," he said laconically. "Thought so. Very well. You are seeking information. I possess that information. I shall give it to you in the form of a little sales talk."

"Tires, real honest-to-God tires," the demon continued, "are at present, the world's crying need. They have not in the slightest degree kept pace with the rest of our great automotive progress. Thousands are spent for wonderful cars like the Rolls-Royce, yet, even

those luxurious machines are equipped with tires but slightly above that of a laborer's Ford.

"Multiplied fortunes today await the inventor of a tire that will not delay the millionaires by that most annoying of all things when a man is really in a hurry, a *puncture*."

"And now, my would-be purchaser, *I have such a tire*. I have perfected a process for making puncture-proof rubber that will not even scar although being driven over 200 miles an hour, under load limit, across circle-saw teeth. I have demonstrated this time and again in miniature. Our larger ones are, of course, built on the same ratio.

"However, what is most wonderful of all is this fact—although tough enough to be puncture-proof, at the same time they have lost none of their resiliency when used.

"How do I get this marvelous substance?"

Once more his eyes took on that snake-like expression as he answered his own question:

"FROM FLESH," he sibilated, "BLACK FLESH."

He paused and awaited the effect of his words. The other gasped. The clock ticked unusually loud, I thought. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. It was all so ghastly, so gruesome!

He continued:

"Throwing the high-flung talk to the winds, I will say we simply use one part nigger to every ninety parts of my already nearly-puncture-proof product. The result is perfection.

"How does nigger meat make rubber puncture-proof? I don't know. It was discovered by accident, like Edison discovered that the human voice could be reproduced over and over again from dead wax by the addition of a very small percentage of rat flesh. Later, he discovered a substitute which took the place of his rats, and, without a doubt, someone will later on discover a substitute in this product. But right now I know of nothing better than BLACK FLESH.

"As I was saying, I discovered this marvelous process by accident. About five years ago I was making legitimate tires, far better than the ordinary from my own special patents. One day I got mad at a negro boy—yes, I can even afford to give you his name on account of the great start he gave me in life—SAM BRADLEY. As I said, I got mad and knocked him into a vat of my secret process rubber in the making.

(Concluded next month)

The Practical Art of ALCHEMY

By Adiramled

LAMED L

(Practical Lessons No. 2)

(Continued from January)

“**B**EHOLD, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.”

LAMED is the 12th letter of the Hebrew series, and means literally, “an ox-goad.” More generally the word signifies “a beater or chastizer.” The word is still preserved in English with the identical signification: lamm, to beat soundly.

The oldest specimen of Hebrew poetry extant is said to be the address of LAMECH (the personified Lamed) to his wives (*Gen.* 4:18-24):

“Adah and Zillah, hear my voice
Ye wives of Lamech, give ear unto my speech:
For a man I had slain for smiting me
And a youth for wounding me,
Surely seven-fold shall Cain be avenged,
But Lamech seventy and seven.”

This seemingly unintelligible speech acquires a meaning only when understood as an *occult* description of certain processes connected with our unique philosophical work.

LAMECH is identical with the *Lion* in our previous figure. The youth who smites him is the “Strong Maiden.” Gender is applied to this force very arbitrarily by mythic writers. The fixed element, or LAMED, is always masculine, while the volatile (the youth) is hermaphroditic or of either sex. LAMECH is the body, Sulphur, here represented as being wounded by Mercury.

The fact that the youth is slain by LAMED shows that the fixed Sulphur is the stronger of the two. This is expressed *alchemically* by the saying, “In the first part of the magistrery the Woman (water) rules. But she is finally overcome by the Man (earth).”

This same idea is presented in a hundred

legends. The story of *Cain and Abel* is precisely similar. Abel means “mist” (*Ger.* Hebel) and Cain means “royal earth” (*Ger.* Konig). The mist approaches the earth and is “slain” (absorbed) by it.

Another tale of like import is that of the slaying of Adonis by the wild boar. A still more suggestive one is the slaying of the Lion by Samson (*Judges* 14:5-6). Samson’s riddle (*verse* 14) is the very acme of Alchemical truth. The “bees” that settle in the Lion’s carcass (*verse* 8) are the active energies aroused by the union of two opposite chemical principles. The “honey” is the white substance that actually forms out of the “carcass” by the operation of these hidden principles. This white substance is what the sages term “our mercury,” and is virtually the mother of the philosopher’s stone.

The moment of first espousal is marked by a dark color, typified by the Lion, the Dragon, or some other Beast; and in early Biblical Symbolism by the First Wife. In our LAMECH story it is Adah, whose sons were herdsmen and musicians (*Gen.* 4:20-21).

Following the period of darkness comes the dawn and brightness. This is the second wife, Zillah, who gives birth to the first Alchemist recorded in history, viz.: TUBALCAIN (*Gen.* 4:22).

In the legend of Abraham, Hagart (flight) precedes Sarah (brightness) in which legend the most perfect alchemical truth is imaged forth.

After the meeting of the man and his first wife (sulphur and mercury) there is a period of retirement from the world. In *Deut.* 24:5 the man is given a year, in *Gen.* 29:27 a week. It is brought down to the present time as the “honeymoon.” The “honey” of this “moon” is the same that Samson ate, and the real truth is, it is not perfected for about nine moons (months).

The first period, called the reign of Saturn (or blackness), reaches its climax in forty days, and this explains scientifically the meaning of the frequent use of the number 40 throughout the Bible: *Forty* years in the wilderness, *forty* days' rain, *forty* days' fast, etc. This is expressed throughout all mythical writings as the dark period. It is Job's experience.

The Twelfth Tarot (see Papus, *The Bohemian Tarot*) figure corresponding to LAMED is called "The Hanging Man." It shows the youth, which is introduced in Figure 6 (*The Lovers*) standing between two females, as now hanging between two columns.

This young man is our Lamech, our Lion, our Sulphur, and the females represent his dual wife. Both are essential to his development and necessary to bring him into a state of harmony and equilibrium.

The female attendants become the pillars of support in this figure. The Bacchante is Isis, or the generative principle of the Stone. Diana is the Virgin (Sarah, Rachel, Hannah, Mary) that ultimately bears the immortal child.

This ancient symbolism is interesting, since upon interpretation it reveals a knowledge of nature's arcane laws wholly unknown to modern science.

Enoch, Lamech, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, etc., are all expressed in Adam—RED EARTH. This earth is a literal fact, existing today as it did 10,000 years ago, or "in the beginning," if we can imagine a beginning. It is not any crude, cold, hard earth, such as we walk upon. The *common* earth is the excrement of heaven, which for heavenly purposes must be raised up and sublimed by the *Divine Workman* himself. Man cannot do this by any known chemical process. This wonderful *Adamic earth* is actually made by God in the Air, or, as we may truly say, in heaven, for heaven is every inch of the ground above the earth.

But, notwithstanding that it is congealed in heaven, gravity will draw it to earth, and you may, at certain times and in certain places, run across it. It is esteemed of little value, and was called by the early alchemists, LITHARGE.

In the state you find it, it is practically

dead, and can only be brought to life by its sister, Mercury.

You may sooner find this Litharge than Mercury, though the latter is by far a more common thing. Guard against the discouraging thought that these objects are either expensive or difficult to obtain, though many alchemical writers might make it appear so. To quote: *Sendivogius*: "The substance is vile and yet most precious." *Philalethes*: "It is a most common thing and yet the most precious treasure of all the world." *Helvetius*: "Neither the Mineral from the egg, nor the solvent salt are expensive." *Aphidius*: "The philosopher's Gold may be bought at a low price."

In fact, Christ himself is a perfect type of our substance. "He hath no form nor comeliness." (*Is.* 53:2). "He is despised and rejected of men." In the 22d Psalm he says, "I am a worm, and no man, a scorn and laughing stock of the people."

Compare the saying of Solomon (*Song* 1:5), I am black but comely O ye daughters of Jerusalem.

In the philosophical work the climax of blackness is reached in 40 days. This is the period of the "hanging man," the end of the reign of Saturn at which time the "Crow" is said to be born. It is "the evening which precedes the day in the Biblical account of the Creation."

Light springs out of darkness. We see this illustrated everywhere in Nature. The sea in the earth, the child in its mother's womb, etc.

The object of Earth is to afford a receptacle or a *place* in which to conserve the *astral* influences. If you trace the beginning of life from the *amorba* upwards you will see that every *body* is merely a congelation of matter, an incrustation to protect and facilitate the wonderful operations of the spirit energy within. The *spirit* is the GREAT ALCHEMIST who is constantly moulding matter into higher forms of expression to subserve His own purposes—purposes that seem to be fulfilled in harmony, beauty and more abundant expression.

It is exactly this way in our Stone. We find the substances in which the two opposite principles of expression are brought to the highest perfection possible in Nature, though concealed from the common gaze by most un-

seemly and unsuspected guises. We combine them and lo! it is the marriage of "Christ" to the "Bride of Heaven."

The artist, Man, has only to look on and see the New Jerusalem with its golden streets and pearly gates descending before his very eyes. No figures are sublime enough to represent this marvel. Ezekiel, Daniel and John came the nearest of any to painting it vividly.

You must understand that in all these similitudes, imagination has supplied the description, with details. The facts from which the figures were originally drawn would in the eyes of some people be no more than the making of a plum pudding. This is the reason why such people are never permitted to gaze upon so wonderful a phenomenon.

When Mercury smites Sulphur, the Savior on the cross exclaims, "*Eli Eli lama sabach-thani!*" and the veil of the temple is rent in twain, and there is darkness at the 6th hour. It requires about 6 hours for this union to be effected. Usually the earth will exhibit great cracks, because the stroke of Mercury is as the thunderbolt of Jove. Then night settles down apace. The Savior is inhumated. The "three days in the heart of the earth" is one of those purely indefinite expressions, that may be interpreted here to mean three fortnights, exactly typified by Lent, the season of fasting. The Paschal lamb is now slain and eaten with bitter herbs. His glorified spirit rises on Easter morn.

Meanwhile, he lies like Job in "sackcloth and ashes." The rising from this "bed" means passing into another color, a grey, expressed as Jupiter.

In fact, you must know that Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury are merely successive stages of the *one* work, each exhibiting a *different* color.

Philosophers have caused much confusion by placing Mercury in every part of their work. Strictly speaking, it is not mercury at all in the very beginning of the work, though mentioned as "common mercury." When perfected toward the middle or end of the work, it is designated as "our mercury," which virtually is the resurrected *soul* and *spirit* of the *original* bodies entering into the *mixt*.

Let no one imagine he will find these things intellectually by simply reading over a book once or twice. I know men who have collected vast libraries of alchemical books and

who have read them all, who yet have not the slightest knowledge of the A-B-C of this art.

The way to study is to read a book until you understand it through the clear light of reason and intuition. God never reaches down to man. Man must climb up to God.

There is a beautiful old legend concerning the formation of the Rhine gold upon which Wagner has built one of his great music dramas. It is said that this gold was caused by the magical transformation of the sun's rays within the waters of the Rhine. This Gold had wonderful mystic power because of its glorious origin—the sunshine.

While this reads like a fairy-tale, it is no less a literal fact. And, startling as it may seem, the same phenomenon goes on there to-day, and can be seen on the banks of the Rhine, as certain travelers attest. Very few, however, have been able to get into converse with the "Rhine-daughters" who guard the treasure, and the secret remains well hidden.

Wagner felt it, knew it, but was never permitted to see the reality of it, for it would have been the end of his effort and the world would have missed his glorious creations.

But I was going to explain the formation of the Rhine gold. A certain divine-essence, emanating from the sun, pierces the soil and the rocks and vitalizes the *seed* of gold which slumbers there.

This essence is the active agent in metallic transformation.

This is what is meant by the sun being *in* the earth, and not the sun only, but the *moon*. By a combination of their rays meeting in the earth, all things in Nature are produced.

This is Nature's grand demonstration of sex-potency—the interactivity of biune forces. For this reason Man and Woman must be united in order to consummate the great law of Nature. The *former* concentrates the *sun's* rays, the *latter* the rays of the *moon*. But Man and Woman have evolved physically above the sphere of goldmaking. At one time they were thus employed in the heart of the earth.

Now they unite in the higher transmutation of the finest matter into mind, or thought; and this mind has the power to look back to its origin and to understand the occult laws of Nature though evolution proceeds. Mind has power to assist Nature to perform her operations more marvelously.

Our Art is no fancy, but grounded on purely scientific principles. To quote an old master, "No one need doubt the truth or certainty of this Art. It is as true, certain, and as surely ordained by God in Nature as it is that the sun shines noontide and the moon shows her soft splendor at night."

There is every evidence that the ancients adorned their temples by Alchemic Art, which was the common secret of Priests and Kings: 1 Chron. 29:2, 2 Chron. 1:15, Job 22:24, Jer. 10:9, Hos. 2:8.

All writers are unanimous in affirming that the *substance* of our stone is *one* thing.

The same writer just quoted says: "As concerns the matter, it is one, and contains within itself all that is needed. Its birth is in the sand. It is the distilled moisture of the Moon joined to the light of the Sun and congealed."

Nothing truer was ever spoken. It is called a stone, not because it is always seen in the form of a stone, but because it finally becomes a stone, capable of resisting the fire.

You can hardly put your finger on anything in nature where *it* is not. Beginning in the seed, it forms wood, bark, leaves, flowers, fruit. It is the direct cause of all colors seen in nature, and this is one of its most wonderful attributes.

Colors are the greatest guide in the practice of our art, as they afford certain landmarks whereby we may be guided aright (Is. 54:11).

But I will give you various descriptions of this stone as it is found in Nature, because here is where we must look for it.

Philalethes gives a very accurate description of it: "Know that our Mercury is before the eyes of all men, though known to but few. When it is prepared its splendor is most admirable; but the sight is vouchsafed to none, save the sons of knowledge. Do not despise it, therefore, when you see it in sordid guise; for if you do, you will never accomplish our Magistry—and if you can change its countenance, the transformation will be glorious. For our water is a most pure virgin, and is loved of many, but meets all her wooers in foul garments, in order that she may be able to distinguish the worthy from the unworthy. Our beautiful Maiden abounds in inward graces; unlike the immodest woman who meets

her lovers in splendid garments. To those who do not despise her foul exterior, she then appears in all her beauty, and brings them an infinite dower of riches and health."

Our author here is personifying the active principle as feminine. I presume because he sees it hidden in water.

He refers to the *Mercury* of the Philosophers. Now, carefully compare his statement with the circumstances of the birth of Jesus Christ (*Luke* 2:7). Then read (*Zech.* 3:3-5), remembering that Joshua and Jesus are identical words in the original Hebrew.

Everything in alchemy and in mythology suggests the idea of this glorious principle being found in very lowly surroundings.

The Jews, themselves, are a living illustration of this great principle working out in humanity. Though socially regarded as outcasts, they remain the "Chosen People," demonstrating their right to this title by practically controlling the treasury of the world and by having given to the world all of value that it possesses.

Now since you know that you only need *one* thing (and that it is a very common thing) you may feel more definitely assured of success. Though I say only one thing is required—one seed—it is taken for granted that we must have a soil in which to sow the seed. Nor is it possible to raise it in more than one soil, because in only *one* do we find the rays of the sun congealed in just the right proportions.

I trust you will be able to see the scientific application of the term "congealed solar-rays."

Take for illustration a piece of common coal. That which causes combustion is the release of these very rays which have been locked in their dark tomb for thousands of years. Thus the phenomenon of *burning* a piece of coal exhibits a great alchemical principle. The spirit of the Lord (fire) is thus called forth and is resurrected to fly again to the bosom of the father, Oxygen (Aleph). This particular soil to which I refer is one that congeals in the air, for in no other way can the sunshine become perfectly incorporated in it. In this same manner the solar fire was once caught in the tree that formed the body of the coal.

(Continued next month)

Where Are Going From Here?

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

By A. BUCKLAND-PLUMMER

PEOPLE have tried being virtuous, clever, thrifty, industrious, strong, dynamic, modest, dominant, truthful, crafty, and devil-may-care, and when the curtain falls the result is always the same—a washout.

On the face of it one might assume that whatever you do or do not do, one thing is certain, you'll be caught in a trap. Empires and individuals rise and fall. Fortunes are made and lost. Nothing stays "put." Every possession has to be defended. The right of self determination is constantly challenged.

Saviours come and go—in carload lots. If decorating crosses were a qualification for glory, the entire human race would be basking in the refined ethers of the supernal. People have been taught that by being prolific, industrious, honest, and kind, such virtues would bring material rewards and heavenly treasures. But experience shows rather that these same virtues rob them of pleasure here, and leave their status for the future in a condition of uncertainty. Their inventiveness and industry merely expedites the time when they will be unemployed and cut off from supplies. Their honesty places them at the mercy of the unscrupulous. Their prolificness burdens them with obligations which they have to strain at the gnat to support. Their kindnesses make them "easy marks" for the hordes of vampires.

Observing these things people often ask the question, "Am I wrong, or is the world wrong?"

The pessimist settles the matter very simply by declaring that both are absolutely off-color; that the best thing is not to be born and the next best thing is to die young. The optimist is equally sure that everything is jake. According to him you have only to look on the bright side of things in order to live in perpetual sunshine.

And the flock of theorists, fanatics, and budding saviours wag their heads, look frightfully serious and assert that nothing but their own particular brand of salvation can

save humanity from going to the bow-wows.

Probably the most unpopular of all views is the one we propose to advance in this article, viz., that the world is perfectly all right and that humans are likewise, providing they snap out of the trance into which the organized system of hypnotism throughout the ages has placed them, and—BE THEMSELVES.

This conclusion does not arise from a personal theory or preference; it has its origin in knowable facts of life. The constant interplay of natural forces produces individual forms. In the case of humans those forms are invested with self consciousness. Consequently, unlike plants and minerals, humans are under the necessity of consciously arranging their lives in a way which guarantees their individual security and makes possible the greatest degree of progress.

That is the first problem which each one must face, and it has its origin in the facts of existence.

Immediately one becomes aware of this problem, another, also based upon fact, presents itself: viz., how to realize one's own individuality to the maximum degree without disturbing the same right in other people. And that is where whole masses of humans so far have failed.

People are constantly creating resistance and bucking up against it. This is inevitable so long as they move like animals under the impetus of habits, or, like thought forms, permit themselves to be impelled by special ideas; or so long as they allow the personal ego to run away with them and to smash them to pieces on the rocks of Cosmic or natural law. Therein lies the trouble. People are acquainted with all sorts of weird and antiquated theories, unproved either by themselves or by their authors. But, at the same time, they are almost entire strangers to the processes of natural law.

They consume certain food which tickles their palates. They like it and repeat the dose

indefinitely, thereby forming a habit to which they become a slave. A special theory stimulates their brain, allays their fears, or awakens their ambitions, and they fall for it, hook, line and sinker, and involve themselves in a further bond of slavery to an idea, which in time renders them incapable of impartial judgment. Money, power, fame, social position, or something else, suggests a direction towards which they should bend their energies. And, not knowing what it's all about, having nowhere to go, they begin moving in that direction, without knowing anything about the perils of the journey or the results which must follow from reaching their goal.

All of these things, with their inevitably sad consequences, come from the general tendency to accept suggestions or things, without first TESTING them thoroughly at the bar of experience. To those few who are capable of appraising the facts of life impartially, nature makes it abundantly clear that she offers every opportunity to humans for happiness and unfoldment—if only they will use their faculties and senses to understand the terms upon which they may receive her gifts.

In effect, Nature says: "If it is your will to enjoy material things, study the earth, the economic arrangements of your society, discover the weak and the strong points, improve your vision so that you will see when to tune in and when to wait. But don't take too much, or it will load you down and cut you off from the treasures of the intellect.

"If you would draw upon the storehouse of knowledge, give your time, energy, and concentrated attention to it, but, again be careful. If you overdo it, you'll become constipated with old ideas and you'll lose your individuality.

"If you would unfold your emotional life, study the arts of love and carefully select joys which your organism can stand, or you'll be lost in a sea of debauchery.

"And if you will to attain a certain goal, be sure that it is really an individual one; make certain that no others are travelling the same path, ascertain that it fills an essential gap in the scheme of Cosmic economy,—or every step you take will produce resistance, which must in time defeat you."

Nature makes it very plain that she has no sympathy with the fanatic, the personal theorist, the intolerant bigot, or with the greedy. They represent the black brotherhood composed of ignorance, greed, vanity, cunning

and personal egotism. They are ever committed to a policy at variance with the normal order of life on all planes. They rule by suggestion, mesmerism, superstition, fear, lies and humbug. They favor individuality when it is opposed to law, and oppose it when it is realized in conformity with law.

It was the knowledge of their methods and their degenerate effects which caused Homer to exclaim, "Better to be a beggar in the upper world than a king in the world of the shades." Yet it must be recognized that these forces have invaded this world nourished by the cosmic sun. They are ever doing their utmost to enslave the children of light and to favor those of the darkness. This explains why the ignorant and degenerate often walk off with the prizes, whilst the virtuous remain in poverty.

It is this conflict of forces which makes of life a great game, producing dividends in developing individual consciousness which could not be brought about in any other way. The fact is that everyone is in the midst of a raging battle, and only a rare few suspect that it is going on. Briefly, there are four contending forces which play upon humans and try for all that they are worth to capture their minds, hearts and physical bodies. Gravity pulls people towards the earth advising them to be practical. Levity, urges people to rise above their elementary surroundings. Attraction suggests directions towards which they may bend their energies, and the force of repulsion holds them back.

These four forces form a condition which involves every human on this planet in four definite trials, ordinarily known as the tests of earth, fire, water and air. Through the forces of gravity man is held to the earth and is introduced to her secrets and possibilities. If he does not realize that the normal object of this trial is to give him an understanding of the laws and processes governing the mineral and material domain, he makes the fatal mistake of grabbing off everything in sight and burdening himself so heavily that he is automatically cut off from other possibilities in nature. Assuming he comes through without too much dirt sticking to him, he is qualified to take the ordeal by fire. In this he is led to experiences which acquaint him with the perils and joys of love, sex, passion, desires, etc. Again, if he does not get too tangled up in the toils of these elemental forces, he may later qualify to take the water

trial, which is concerned with ideas. He is then shown the storehouse of intellectual treasures conserved in the body of nature. Very few ever survive this trial. Ideas give one such a delightful sense of superiority and provide such a wonderful chance to lord it over the less informed. Yet those who have been through the game know only too well that all ideas are relative, none are true in themselves, and that the whole realm of ideation represents consciousness derived from experiences which are past, and therefore DEAD.

And the richer man becomes in all these treasures which are but excretions of things that are dead, the poorer he is in the things of light and life.

The whole treasure house of ideas might well be exchanged for one germ of UNDERSTANDING, for that alone can inform one of the eternal laws which govern the past, present and the future.

And that is the real object of the three trials with all the conflicting experiences which they entail. If one can look on the things of the past and ever remember that one is an individual ego, produced by nature through ages of evolution, and say,

"Yes, these things are very wonderful and most interesting, but they do not inform me of my place in nature. They provide no justification for my existence. If I ally myself with them, I shall only be helping to restore a past which has served its purpose, and I shall inevitably be placing myself in opposition to the plans which the economy of the cosmos has laid out for the future. I shall have to rely upon dead or decaying forces in my fight against the battalions of light and life which are ever working for a progressive future."

And that leads to the ordeal of air where the individual really becomes conscious of himself as a specific ego for the first time. His experience is rather like the story of Christ being taken up on the mountain and offered everything below. And, if he has a fraction of Christ's wisdom, he will say, "Quality, like poison, is put up in small packages. I shall take just enough for the performance of my will which I aim to unite with that of the universe, and no more." He will know that the body or the mind requires very little to keep it in its highest state of pleasure and efficiency, that excess baggage slows down movement, and that liberation from the tangle he has gone through is conditioned by him

remaining detached from the conflict with its allurements and its perils.

So far as we can see there is no possibility of anyone escaping from the interplay of the forces mentioned. But, after one becomes conscious of what is taking place, there is at least a sporting chance of evading their worst effects and ultimately gaining liberation. It all depends upon how far one is conscious of oneself as an individualized ego, as nothing but the strongest will can prevent one being absorbed by one side or the other.

Up to the present, however, not one person in a million has developed this ego consciousness. In fact, almost everyone is a complete stranger to the nature or possibilities of the will. It is generally accepted as a manifestation of will if one persists in moving in a given direction, refusing to be turned aside, no matter how much counter pressure may be brought to bear. But this effect can easily be produced by the mind becoming invested with a special idea, which monopolizes the consciousness, paralyzes the judgment, and bends all faculties into its service. Drunkards, dope addicts, fanatics, neurotics, lunatics, are all able to manifest this quality.

The ego does not really begin to function until it is confronted with a series of conflicting situations which call for a decision based upon keen discrimination. It implies that an individual has first detached himself from the pull of gravity, from the attractions of emotional life, and has liberated his mind from all personal theories.

He then begins to view the whole panorama much as a game of checkers. He observes the players make their moves and careful study shows him plainly what must occur as the result of each move that is made. He concerns himself with inevitabilities. He sees the utter futility of gambling, of playing blindly, or of taking chances. For instance, he observes men making frantic efforts to capture women who touch a sensitive chord in their makeup, but who fail to qualify as affinities on every other basis. He knows a horse cannot win a race on the speed of one foot. It is quite clear that all such unions must produce disappointment.

He observes business men produce an abundance of merchandise for markets which do not possess the necessary purchasing power to buy the commodities. He knows that they are headed for the bankruptcy court.

He watches hordes of people hungry for

(Continued on Page 64)

Your Destiny
And The
Stars!

Astrology Simplified

By
CHARLES W. DENICKE

LESSON II
(Continued from January)

NATURE AND QUALITIES OF THE SIGNS

The following general classification should be thoroughly familiar to the student before the next lesson is attempted.

ARIES ♈

Physique

Often a scar or mole on the face. If no planets are rising a distinct resemblance to the "Ram" may be traced. Broad forehead, narrow chin, often long neck. Gray eyes, sandy hair, worn short.

Psychology

Quick in action, easy to anger, very enterprising, fond of ruling, courageous, impulsive, not very persistent.

Parts of Body

The head and face (not including the base of the skull, which is under Taurus), the cerebrum.

Planetary Affinities

Ruler ♂, exaltation of ☉
Detriment of ♀, fall of ♄

Diseases

Headaches, epilepsy, eruptive maladies affecting the head and face, vertigo, brain disorders of every kind having to do with the cerebrum.

TAURUS ♉

Physique

Full lips and nostrils, full build, rather short

as a rule, very broad strong shoulders and thick short neck, dark eyes, heavy jaws, curly hair, good teeth.

Psychology

Often of considerable strength of character, passionate, yet patient, very obstinate, proud and sensitive, persistent.

Planetary Affinities

Ruler ♀, exaltation of ♀
Detriment of ♂, fall of ♄

Parts of Body

Neck, throat, ears, cerebellum and base of brain, pharynx, eustachian tubes, tonsils, palate, vocal chords.

Diseases

Quinsy, sore throat, diphtheria, goiter, glandular swelling in neck, apoplexy, suffocation, laryngitis, scrofula, polypus.

GEMINI ♊

Physique

Long limbs, well formed body, tall, long face, quick and active in movement, long straight nose, fine eyes as a rule, dark skin, good sight.

Psychology

Eloquent, fond of writing, subtle, clever but often superficial, always busy, inquisitive, not very persistent or stable, generally has two main interests, the element of "duality" being manifest right through the character.

Planetary Affinities

Ruler ♂
Detriment of ♀

(Continued on Page 56)

In Love and Business

LET THE STARS BE

Lucky is the day when
your stars are favorably aspected.

Scientifically calculated for the
the astronomical month of January

(Find the sign in which you

	LOVE	BUSINESS	SPECULATION	TRAVEL
If you were born in AQUARIUS Jan. 20 to Feb. 19	Favorable Days.... Jan. 22, 24, 28, 30. Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18 Neutral Days..... Feb. 5, 6, 7, 10, 19. Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 21, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29, 31..... Feb. 9, 13, 14, 15..	Jan. 22, 23, 24, 28, 29, 31 Feb. 1, 5, 9, 10, 11, 16, 17, 18, 19.... Jan. 20, 30..... Feb. 3, 4, 6, 8, 12.. Jan. 21, 25, 26, 27. Feb. 2, 7, 13, 14, 15	Jan. 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31.... Feb. 1, 5, 9, 10, 11, 19 Jan. 20, 30..... Feb. 3, 4, 6, 8, 12, 16, 17, 18..... Feb. 2, 7, 13, 14, 15	Jan. 22, 24, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18 Jan. 20, 23, 28, 29 Feb. 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 19 Jan. 21, 25, 26, 27 Feb. 7, 11, 14, 15
If you were born in PISCES Feb. 20 to Mar. 20	Favorable Days.... Jan. 28 Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 12, 14, 17, 18.... Neutral Days..... Jan. 20, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31 Feb. 7, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 19..... Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 Feb. 8, 13, 20, 21..	Jan. 20, 25, 27..... Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 17, 18, 19, 21..... Jan. 26, 28, 29, 30, 31 Feb. 7, 14, 15, 16..	Jan. 20, 25, 27..... Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 17, 18, 19, 21..... Jan. 26, 28, 29, 30, 31 Feb. 7, 14, 15, 16..	Jan. 26, 28 Feb. 12, 14 Jan. 20, 29, 30, 31 Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 Jan. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27 Feb. 20, 21
If you were born in ARIES Mar. 20 to Apr. 21	Favorable Days.... Jan. 24, 25, 29.... Feb. 2, 4, 7, 8, 12, 13, 14, 19, 21.... Neutral Days..... Jan. 21, 24, 25, 29. Feb. 3, 5, 9, 11, 15, 20 Jan. 22, 23, 26, 27, 28 Feb. 1, 6, 10, 16, 17, 18 Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 25, 26, 29, 30. Feb. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 13, 14, 15, 19, 20.	Jan. 22, 23, 26, 27, 30, 31 Feb. 2, 4, 6, 15, 20 Jan. 21, 24, 25, 29. Feb. 5, 7, 8, 11, 19. Jan. 28 Feb. 1, 3, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18.	Jan. 22, 23, 26, 27, 30, 31 Feb. 2, 4, 6, 15, 20 Jan. 21, 24, 25, 29.. Feb. 5, 7, 8, 11, 19. Jan. 28 Feb. 1, 3, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18	Jan. 26, 29 Feb. 4, 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 19 Jan. 21, 22, 25, 30, 31 Feb. 1, 2, 5, 6, 11, 15, 17, 18, 20 Jan. 23, 24, 27, 28 Feb. 3, 10, 14, 16
If you were born in TAURUS Apr. 21 to May 22	Favorable Days.... Jan. 25, 26, 29, 30. Feb. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 13, 14, 15, 19, 20. Neutral Days..... Jan. 31 Feb. 4, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 17, 18..... Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 22, 23, 24, 27, 28 Feb. 16, 21.....	Jan. 29, 30..... Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21.... Jan. 22, 23, 31.... Feb. 5, 9, 10, 20..	Jan. 26, 29, 30.... Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19 Jan. 22, 23, 31.... Feb. 5, 10, 20.....	Jan. 22, 23, 26, 29, 30 Feb. 1, 2, 5, 6, 9, 19, 20 Jan. 31 Feb. 8, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17 Jan. 24, 25, 27, 28.
If you were born in GEMINI May 22 to June 22	Favorable Days.... Jan. 22, 23, 24, 28, 29, 30 Feb. 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 20 Neutral Days..... Jan. 31 Feb. 1, 13, 16, 19, 22 Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 25, 26, 27..... Feb. 3, 6, 7, 10, 11, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21	Jan. 28, 29, 30, 31. Feb. 1, 4, 12, 13, 15, 18, 19, 21, 22 Jan. 22, 24..... Feb. 2, 5, 8, 9, 16, 20 Jan. 23, 25, 26, 27, 31 Feb. 3, 6, 7, 10, 11, 14, 17 Jan. 28 Feb. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23 Jan. 23, 25, 26, 27, 31 Feb. 11, 12, 15....	Jan. 28, 29, 30, 31. Feb. 1, 4, 12, 13, 15, 18, 19..... Jan. 22, 23, 24.... Feb. 2, 5, 8, 9, 16, 20 Jan. 25, 26, 27..... Feb. 3, 6, 7, 10, 11, 14, 17, 21, 22....	Jan. 22, 23, 24, 28, 29, 30 Feb. 2, 5, 8, 9, 12, 17, 20, 21 Jan. 31 Feb. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22 Jan. 25, 26, 27..... Feb. 10, 11, 14....
If you were born in CANCER June 22 to July 23	Favorable Days.... Jan. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 Feb. 13, 16, 17, 18, 22 Neutral Days..... Jan. 31 Feb. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 15, 23 Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 23, 24..... Feb. 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 19, 20, 21	Jan. 24, 29, 30..... Feb. 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 16, 20, 21	Jan. 23, 24, 29, 30. Feb. 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 20, 21, 23	Jan. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 Feb. 13, 16, 17, 18, 22 Jan. 31 Feb. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 15, 23 Jan. 23, 24 Feb. 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 19, 20, 21

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20, 1931 to February 19, 1931

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when your stars are afflicted.

	LOVE	BUSINESS	SPECULATION	TRAVEL
If you were born in LEO July 23 to Aug. 24	Favorable Days... Jan. 25, 26, 27, 30. Feb. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 22, 23 Neutral Days..... Jan. 29 Feb. 5, 6, 12, 16, 18 Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 24, 28, 31..... Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 20, 21	Jan. 24, 30..... Feb. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21..... Jan. 25, 26, 27, 29, 31 Feb. 5, 11, 14, 22, 23 Jan. 28..... Feb. 2, 3, 4, 17, 18 Feb. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22..... Jan. 24, 25, 26, 27, 29 Feb. 5, 11, 13, 14, 23 Jan. 28, 30, 31..... Feb. 2, 3, 4, 17, 18	Jan. 24, 25, 26, 27, 30 Feb. 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 22, 23 Jan. 29 Feb. 6, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19 Jan. 28, 31 Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 20, 21
If you were born in VIRGO Aug. 24 to Sep. 23	Favorable Days... Jan. 24, 25, 27, 31. Feb. 1, 6, 14, 18, 19, 23..... Neutral Days..... Jan. 30..... Feb. 2, 3, 4, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 21..... Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 26, 28, 29..... Feb. 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 17, 20, 22.....	Jan. 28, 29..... Feb. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18..... Jan. 24, 25, 26, 27, 30 Feb. 19, 21, 23.... Jan. 31 Feb. 1, 8, 14, 20, 22	Jan. 28, 29..... Feb. 3, 11, 12, 16, 18 Jan. 24, 25, 26, 27, 30 Feb. 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 15, 19, 21, 23.... Jan. 31 Feb. 1, 2, 8, 9, 13, 14, 17, 20, 22....	Jan. 27..... Feb. 6, 7, 10, 15, 18, 19, 23..... Jan. 29, 30..... Feb. 3, 4, 9, 12, 13, 16, 21 Jan. 24, 25, 26, 28, 31 Feb. 1, 2, 5, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20, 22
If you were born in LIBRA Sep. 23 to Oct. 24	Favorable Days... Feb. 4, 13, 16, 17, 20 Neutral Days..... Jan. 26, 27, 29, 30, 31 Feb. 6, 12, 23..... Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 24, 25, 28..... Feb. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 18, 19, 21, 22.....	Jan. 25, 30..... Feb. 2, 13, 15, 22, 23 Jan. 24, 26, 27, 29, 31 Feb. 1, 3, 4, 11, 12, 14, 16, 20, 21.... Jan. 28 Feb. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 17, 18, 19....	Jan. 25, 30..... Feb. 13, 22, 23.... Jan. 24, 26, 27, 31. Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, 14, 16, 20, 21 Jan. 28, 29..... Feb. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, 17, 18, 19	Jan. 30 Feb. 3, 4, 13, 16, 17 Jan. 26, 27, 28, 29, 31 Feb. 2, 12, 20, 22, 23 Jan. 24, 25 Feb. 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 18, 19, 21
If you were born in SCORPIO Oct. 24 to Nov. 23	Favorable Days... Feb. 3, 6, 7, 8, 11, 15, 21 Neutral Days..... Jan. 23, 26, 27, 31. Feb. 4, 5, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 17, 20.... Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 24, 25, 28, 29, 30 Feb. 1, 2, 13, 18, 19, 22	Jan. 26, 27, 28..... Feb. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 18, 19 Jan. 23, 25, 29, 30, 31 Feb. 12, 15, 20..... Jan. 24 Feb. 2, 13, 16, 17, 21, 22	Jan. 26, 27 Feb. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 18, 19 Jan. 23, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31 Feb. 3, 12, 15, 20.. Jan. 24 Feb. 1, 2, 13, 16, 17, 21, 22.....	Jan. 25, 26, 29, 30, 31 Feb. 3, 7, 8, 11, 12, 15 Jan. 23, 27 Feb. 2, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 17, 19, 20 Jan. 24, 28 Feb. 1, 13, 18, 21, 22
If you were born in SAGITTARIUS Nov. 23 to Dec. 22	Favorable Days... Feb. 1, 8, 9, 10, 14, 18, 19 Neutral Days..... Jan. 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 31 Feb. 3, 6, 7, 12, 13, 21, 22 Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 26, 29, 30..... Feb. 2, 4, 5, 11, 15, 16, 17, 20.....	Jan. 23, 24, 26..... Feb. 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 16, 21 Jan. 28, 30, 31..... Feb. 1, 6, 10, 12, 14, 15, 19, 22.... Jan. 25, 27, 29..... Feb. 4, 5, 11, 13, 17, 18, 20.....	Jan. 23, 24..... Feb. 2, 3, 9..... Jan. 28, 30, 31..... Feb. 1, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 22 Jan. 25, 26, 27, 29. Feb. 4, 5, 11, 13, 15, 17, 18, 20....	Jan. 26 Feb. 1, 8, 9, 10, 21 Jan. 24, 25, 31..... Feb. 3, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 20, 22..... Jan. 23, 27, 28, 29, 30 Feb. 2, 4, 5, 11, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
If you were born in CAPRICORN Dec. 22 to Jan. 20	Favorable Days... Jan. 23, 24, 28, 29, 30 Feb. 6, 11, 20..... Neutral Days..... Jan. 21, 22, 27, 31. Feb. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 12, 14 Unfavorable Days.. Jan. 25, 26..... Feb. 2, 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19	Jan. 22, 23, 24, 28, 29, 30, 31..... Feb. 6, 14..... Jan. 21, 27..... Feb. 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 18, 19, 20..... Jan. 25, 26..... Feb. 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17	Jan. 22, 23, 24, 28, 29, 30, 31..... Feb. 6, 14, 18..... Jan. 21, 27..... Feb. 2, 5, 7, 11, 13, 19, 20 Jan. 25, 26..... Feb. 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17	Jan. 23, 24, 28, 29, 30 Feb. 6, 8, 11, 20 Jan. 21, 22, 27, 31 Feb. 1, 4, 5, 7, 12, 14 Jan. 25, 26..... Feb. 2, 3, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19

CHINESE PULSE DIAGNOSIS

*The Age-Old,
Unerring Diagnosis*



*of Disease—Almost
a Lost Art*

By ELVHIA PARK BOYLE

(Continued from January)

Two things are to be observed in every motion—the place where it is made, and its duration. The Chinese physicians are therefore obliged to take notice of the places where the pulse may be examined, and the time of its beating.

The examination of the pulse is the best method of discovering diseases, and of judging whether they are mortal or not.

The pulse of the left wrist must be consulted when the heart is diseased.

The left hand must also be taken in distempers of the liver; but it must be carefully examined at the joining of the wrist with the cubitus.

The pulse must be examined a little higher than the joint toward the end of the cubitus in distempers of the kidneys. For the right kidney, the right hand must be taken; and for the left kidney the left hand.

To repeat: The Gate of Life is the name given to the right kidney.

Chinese physicians are mostly of the opinion that the right kidney is the seminal reservoir. This is the reason it is called the Gate of Life. It is considered that in a large measure it is the right kidney which converts the blood into the seminal liquor.

It is very easy to distinguish the several parts wherein the pulse is to be felt in the distempers of the five different Noble Parts. Notwithstanding this, the examination of the pulse is very difficult in some places. The perpetual motion of the circulation is, in reality, determined to a certain number of circulations; but yet there are a thousand differences in the pulse, according to the season, age, stature, and sex.

The correct number as given by them for the motion of the circulation is fifty rounds in the space of a day and night. While a person is breathing, that is in the space of an inspiration and expiration, the blood and life principle move forward six inches and the pulse generally beats four times.

Every season of the year has its proper pulse.

In the first and second moon, the season when wood is predominant, the pulse of the liver which answers to wood, is a long tremulous motion, somewhat resembling that of the strings of a certain type of instrument.

In the fourth and fifth moon the pulse of the heart, which answers to fire, is as if it were overflowing.

As for the stomach, which answers to earth, its pulse at the end of every season, that is, the third, sixth and ninth, and twelfth moon, should have a moderate slowness.

In the seventh and eighth moon, which is the reign of metal, the pulse of the lungs, which answers to this element, is slender, superficial, short and sharp.

The tenth and eleventh moon, the reign of water, to which the pulse of the kidneys answers, is deep and slender.

The illness is not great if the pulse of the heart is slow, that of the stomach full and overflowing, and that of the lungs deep. But the illness will be long if the kidneys communicate their disorders to the liver, or the liver communicates its disorders to the heart.

The Chinese express themselves curiously and metaphorically. The following table will be better judged as to its action than I can explain it:

The *Father* of the HEART is the LIVER
 The MOTHER of the HEART is the KIDNEYS
 The WIFE of the HEART is the STOMACH

To have the pulse of the lungs in the spring season is mortal, for the pulse of the heart is set aside. The heart is the son of the liver, which has the *kidneys* for its *mother*, and the stomach for its *wife*.

Wood, fire, earth, metal, water, is the order of the generation of the five elements. Earth, wood, water, fire, metal, is the order in which they destroy each other. Of the five TSANG, or Noble Parts, already mentioned, the lungs answer to metal. Metal destroys wood. Thus, in the spring, which answers to Wood, it is mortal to have the pulse of the lungs.

It is not good to have the pulse of the stomach in the spring, the pulse of the heart in the winter, that of the lungs in summer, and that of the liver in autumn.

Thus is taught what relates to the different pulses proper to the different seasons, with respect to the order of the generation, or the opposition of the five elements.

It is said that when in the spring one has the pulse which belongs to the end of each of the four seasons, in other words, the pulse of the stomach, which answers to earth, the distemper generally is not dangerous and recovery comes without drugs.

Again it is stated that it is mortal to have the pulse of the stomach in the spring.

These two apparently opposite assertions are nevertheless quite correct. They are explained in this manner. For example, when in the spring the pulse of the liver is slow and tremulous, although it has the slowness proper to the pulse of the stomach, if it preserves the tremulousness proper to itself, the alteration is not great. But, if it loses the tremulous quality, and has nothing but the slowness proper, to the pulse of the stomach, which answers to the earth, the disease will then be dangerous if not mortal. The earth, when it is predominant, generates metal; metal destroys wood, which answers to the liver and spring. This is the explanation of the apparent paradox. The rest of the pulses follow this same rule.

The Chinese refer the first two months of the spring to wood, the first two of the summer to fire, those of the autumn to metal, those of the winter to water, and the last month of every season they refer to the earth.

(To be continued)



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Astrology Simplified

(Continued from page 51)

Parts of Body

Arms (from finger tips up to and including the shoulder blades), upper ribs.

Diseases

Bronchitis, pulmonary consumption, nervous disorders, pneumonia, sometimes pleurisy, fractures and injuries of the arms.

C A N C E R ☿

Physique

Small hands and feet, broad pale face, fleshy body, wide chest, rolling walk, top-heavy build, small eyes, slow actions, not very tall, soft fine hair.

Psychology

Very imaginative, fond of change and the sea, of a sympathetic and emotional disposition, ambitious, yet having a rather strong love for home, prudent, tenacious.

Planetary Affinities

Ruler ♃, exaltation of ♃

Detriment of ♃, fall of ♀

Parts of Body

The cavity of the chest in a general sense, the breast, axilla, pancreas, the internal mucous surfaces, and to some extent the womb.

Diseases

Dipsomania, digestive ailments, dropsy, cancer, coughs, chlorosis, internal troubles of women.

L E O ♌

Physique

Strong build, fearless eyes often of a peculiar penetrating quality, often gray eyes and yellow or golden hair, free upright walk, large round head, firm step, prominent eyes.

Psychology

Free, courteous, generous, proud, vain, rich in feeling, faithful, stubborn, ambitious, always fond of pleasure and the good things of life, not easily affected by others.

Planetary Affinities

Ruler ☉

Detriment of ♃

Parts of Body

The heart, spinal nerves, the spinal column as a whole, but especially the dorsal vertebrae.

Diseases

Heart disease in all its forms, meningitis, fevers, locomotor ataxia, angina pectoris, deep seated troubles connected with the spinal nerves.

(Continued next month)

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The Last Days of Atlantis

(Continued from page 34)

rifice. It has come to my ears that no less person than the chief's son is marked for the slaughter, and —"

"The chief's son!" cried Coros, forgetting his wounds as he sprang to his feet and seized the surgeon's hand. "The chief's son? Tell me, O Lasor, how is he called?"

"I know not how he is called," replied the physician. "But he is a handsome youth of about thy own age, taller than thee by a head, broad of shoulder, with eyes of grayish-blue, and long, curling, dark-gold hair."

"Aye, it is he. It is Eorwynn. We must save him!"

"We must try," responded old Lasor.

"Not so, O Lasor—we must succeed. Canst make it possible for me to see him?"

"Impossible." Lasor's tone indicated finality. "The priests keep their death-watch even now. Even the giant of his own tribe who accompanied him has been refused admittance to the cell, and has himself been placed under strict surveillance."

"Ilul!" exclaimed Coros. "May I see him, then?"

"Equally impossible. Even I am no longer allowed to visit them without priestly escort. Only the nurse, who is herself a Briton, and an unusual girl, is occasionally permitted to see the young chief alone, for he was sorely wounded."

"Can we not communicate with him through her?"

"Perhaps. But to what end?"

"To bid him take courage—to let him know that we are working to save him."

"Why arouse his anxiety? He does not know his danger."

"Ah-h." Coros gave a sigh of relief. "Then thou wilt strive to save him, Lasor?"

"Aye—inasmuch as I am able. And while standing here, I have evolved a plan that seems to me feasible. Thou hast spoken of a kinsman who is a ship-captain?"

"Yes, an uncle, sailing between Atl and Kirat. His coming may be expected soon."

"Before the midsummer festival?"

"Indeed, yes, now, at once. Besides I may tell thee, he is a member of our order, and likes not the depravity of the priesthood."

"Good! He may well prove our savior in this case. When he arrives I shall consult with him if I am here; because it seems now quite likely that I shall be recalled to Posei-



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The Last Days of Atlantis

(Continued from page 57)

donis soon. The young emperor, Ixon, is suffering from some hidden malady which baffles the most skilled of their physicians, and they wish my opinion. The emperor has not been himself since the last great earthquake. Still he was not injured physically. It would seem to students of the olden prophecies that these frequent tremblings may betoken something of our Atl's doom."

"True. And if this call comes ere my uncle's ship arrives?"

"Then must thou see thy uncle. Have him come here to thee if thy wounds will not permit of thy going to him. But, enough of this. I forgot the seriousness of thy wounds. Back to thy chamber, and to sleep, O Coros! Remember, no excitement! Think no more of priests and sacrifices! Leave the matter to me, and if aught can save thy friend he shall be saved. Nor will I quit Kirat until the matter's settled."

(To be continued.)

Japan Thru the Eyes of a Mystic

(Continued from page 29)

happiness was ingrained and inborn, or acquired. He replied "partly acquired, because the Japanese are all Shintoists or Buddhists and they know the Law: that what they put into life they take out of it, and that they are trying, in any hard lot, to put good things in so their lot will be better farther on; and that they believe it is not good citizenship to act mean, for they love their emperor."

Shintoists have a trinity of worship: nature, beauty, and the dead; and they have an easy mantram by which they live, "act constructively and love and obey your emperor." That is enough to guide their lives and actions aright.

The Buddhists also have a trinity, "The one for all, service, worship." Service is the greatest human method, and worship of the ideal, the great salvation of all. So with these mantrams deep in every mind it is not strange that they smile and laugh. They never seem to fret or struggle to get greater things, but simply try to win them by bearing cheerfully the hard things of their daily life. Here is a story which illustrates their ideal: A child was absent from school for a week, so the teacher called at the home of the parents to ascertain the cause. When she asked for the child the mother burst out laughing and said: "He died three days ago." The laugh covered the broken heart.

(To be Continued)

A BUSINESS FORECAST

For the Astrological Month of
Jan. 22, 1931 to Feb. 19, 1931

What Will Happen in the Next 30 Days?

FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

THE PAST MONTH has been a particularly trying period, but general business conditions promise considerable improvement. Large financial projects will be started but not consummated. Capitalists will be investigating, plans will be considered, but not definitely established. The public pulse will show a higher trend of optimism favoring a greater volume of business. January 30th to February 7th will show some enthusiasm. The month will bring sudden changes, both favorable and unfavorable, which will help stimulate effort for renewed activity.

METALS AND MINING

IMPROVEMENT is promised in iron, copper, coal and other products of the earth. While the market may not reflect great advance in price, a general feeling of encouragement will prevail. Mine operators and superintendents should exercise eternal vigilance as impending danger still threatens loss of life and properties—preventable by inspection and safeguards.

TRANSPORTATION AND MARINE SHIPPING

FEW SIGNS of improvement in land transportation. Marine shipping is hazardous. Storms threaten at many intervals during the month.

REAL ESTATE

IMPROVEMENT in real estate should be noticeable by the middle of February. The public is still uneasy, but taking more optimistic views in spite of present conditions.

AVIATION

A DANGEROUSLY severe month for aviation, indicating many disasters and loss of life. It is an especially bad time to attempt new routes as air currents will be unstable and routes established at this time will afterwards prove undependable because of present-month erratic atmospheric conditions.

LABOR

SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT indicated. There will be sudden outbursts of labor troubles, with some communistic trend that will place American labor in a bad light.

HEALTH

BLOOD DISEASES will be prevalent and erratic methods indulged in. Those afflicted with kidney disorders should exercise care.

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Timidity—	Hayfever—
Self Consciousness—	Asthma—
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Sexual Impotency—	Golter—
War Neurosis—	Uncontrollable Temper—
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Eat Your Way to Beauty

(Continued from page 20)

of paper, etc., to gloat over. The lungs are weak, breathing heavy, eyesight weak, movements awkward and sluggish, bones poor, glands doughy, colds soggy, speech stammering, will-power lacking, mind slow, skin discolored and dead. Yawning, sneezing, watery catarrh, screaming in sleep, poor control of motion, slowness to talk, walk or learn; low life force, lack of energy, hay-fever and thousands of other and less pronounced symptoms, or more aggravated symptoms, including idiocy, feeble-mindedness, myxedema, cretinism, moron-mindedness and imbecility, are the results of complete iodine starvation.

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The Christian Inquisition

(Continued from page 25)

clergymen composed the following limerick:

A bishop who's quite fond of banning
Whatever he haps to be scanning
Made some one so wroth
That he shouted with froth:

"You cannot serve both God and Manning."

Let Judge Lindsey and all his kind beware. Crusaders for humanism like him, like Dr. Harvey Wiley, Margaret Sanger, Jane Addams, Clarence Darrow, and back to Socrates; all these great souls must pay the penalty. Whether it be through an orthodox inquisition or by some more subtle method, intolerance and bigotry demand their toll.

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What's It All About

(Continued from page 50)

knowledge bury themselves in antiquated literature. He knows their end before they get very far. They cannot help becoming divorced from reality, and falling victims to any charlatan who parrots the ideas which they have absorbed.

About the only bright spot on his horizon is the very rare discovery here and there of really sane men or women who refuse to take anything for granted, who fill their minds only with the things they individually discover from actual experience, and who tell all the seducers and saviours to go "plumb to Hades."

People who conduct themselves in the latter way are never bored with life; nor are they ever caught in traps, for the simple reason that they do not enter them. They do not seek something for nothing. They love to discover and to earn things as they go along. Gradually they learn to secure what they need in accord with law without disturbing the same right in others. Before making any contributions they ascertain whether or not their offerings will meet the definite need at a point where there is no resistance.

To them life is an adventure, and the world is a school wherein they develop self consciousness and graduate in the science of natural law. They do not prate about love for their fellow men, but they strictly observe the principle of natural affinity in all associations or contacts they make. They do not rely upon doctors or drug stores for health; but they learn how to keep their bodies internally clean, which makes it impossible for them to experience ordinary sickness.

They do not read books for educational purposes, for they are already students in the university of nature; but they read for pleasure without permitting themselves to be influenced by the author's ideas.

Their natural, pleasant and simple ways of living places them en rapport with the elements, and, in fact, with all living beings. With antagonism towards none, and minus any special affiliations, they come to regard everyone and everything they contact as a cosmic messenger bearing a message for their soul. They learn to read people and things from their inner content.

Thus, may life be made ever more interesting, fruitful and unfolding. It does not

require money, nor much learning, but it does suggest the need for one learning HOW to observe, HOW to think (instead of WHAT to think), HOW to act in accord with the law of affinity everywhere evident in nature, and WHEN to act and when to wait.

Nature has her law, her time, and her religion, and she is kind to those who conform to her ways—while those who do not conform to her ways are annihilated.

Such is the way out of the confusion. It does not call for any special heroism. The simple qualities of a true lady or gentleman will do the trick.

The Mystic Soul of Humanity

(Continued from page 10)

Hathor-Meri (Mary)—of whom Herodotus and Erasthomenes were to speak! The priesthood hath fallen into corruption, and the books *Peri-Em-Hru* ("Come forth by day," now, *falsely*, *Book of the Dead*) of the *Resurrection* ritual have become a meaningless jumble—to bring a mercenary priesthood its "sacred" revenue from Egypt's betrayed masses. Akhenaten, the heretic, whom now ignorant "mystics" extol with *un-deserved* fame, has forgotten his duty as *Hen* (majesty-servant) and, over-zealous in his fanaticism, doth now intolerantly (and ruthlessly) suppress the public worship of *A M E N*, the "Hidden-one-Lord-God-of Gods"—attempting to supplant the *LIVING ONENESS* hidden in *SYMBOLIC* pantheon of Godling-help-ers, by the *DEAD ONENESS* of *Un-Symbolic* exoteric monotheism. *O Ra-Harmakhu*, Sun-God of the ageless *Aten* disk—behold thou how this Akhenaten and autocratic day-dreamer pretends to revive *THY* ageless glory; throwing tolerant Egypt into an anarchy of militant orthodoxy. *O Spirit of Egypt!*—that Thy glorious pages of history should be sullied by one of thy sons—whose intolerant policy of arrogant dogma constitutes the only blot on thy matchless record of religious tolerance. And that he, the *false* son, should be the "hero" of later insidious propagandists—who *fear* to have thee, *O Egypt*, placed in thy true light as the mother of civilization, and the *original-historic* cradle of the Logos-child and the Doctrine of the Immortality of Soul! Well mayest thou say, —*Oh Sphinx*, whom initiate gnostics know to be *The Messianic Symbol*—and say it with Justice:

"Father forgive them; they know not what they do!"

(To be continued)

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MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS, by C. F. Andrews. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.00.

Supported by documentary evidence, the author, for many years an intimate friend and associate of this great character, here presents Mahatma Gandhi as at home in the Hindu atmosphere of India, as a student in England, and as a lawyer in South Africa, but particularly as he struggles for self-government and spiritual development in his beloved India. The reader is led to measure him by his ideas concerning Jesus' Sermon on the Mount, the Bhagavad Gita, and Upanishads, and our duties to our immediate surroundings. The book gives a reason why other nations join India in acknowledging his right to the title of reverence, Mahatma (Great Soul) Gandhi.

DUMB-BELL, by Anna B. Montreuil. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston. \$2.50.

"Dumb-bell" is the hero of this interesting fiction with a modern setting as found in New England and Canada. Although of particular interest to youth, it is also a novel for adult readers who wish to study character development. Dumb-bell discovers the reason he has been dumb-bell when he finds interest in his own soul's law and learns to live thereby.

THE STORY OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE, by Hereward Carrington. Rider & Co., London. 400 pages. 24s.

The findings of modern psychical research are here presented in a helpful manner for everybody interested in psychic phenomena. Psychical research is defined, the reality of the invisible, frauds, and deceptions are explained. This famous author, who is, perhaps the greatest international authority on the subject, gives much attention to the rise of modern spiritualism, psychology and psychical research, physical and mental phenomena, and the relation of psychic phenomena to the sciences.

A Dangerous Pastime

(Continued from page 27)

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(Continued next month)



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