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The New LIBETACOR...

MARCH
1931



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The TREND is Upward! . . .



WE HAVE come a long way up through the ages together, striving to win out over ignorance and error, greed and avarice, suffering and heartbreak, strife and antagonism, all that long gamut of social blundering that makes human life what we find it at present. We want logical explanation of why these things should be our earthly heritage. Every adult is the result of what he has been taught. If adults in the mass find life to be an ordeal, it means that sometime, somewhere, somehow, their teaching has been wrong, for taught they have been or society would be composed of unlettered brutes. Now then, knowing that we have been taught and yet are either guilty of, or victims of, social vices and inequalities, something has been radically wrong with our teaching. The time has come to discover it and correct it. If we can find the means to correct it from wisdom supplied us out of higher levels of Time and Space, let us listen to it. If we cannot, are we any worse off than we were before we tried? Life must have been given us for some logical purpose. What purpose could be more logical than discovering the causes for our errors, both as individuals and as racial groups, correcting them deliberately with the aid of spiritual counsel, and making ourselves fit candidates for those advanced states of social culture which the average person thinks of as Heaven?

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The New **LIBERATOR..**

VOLUME ONE

DECEMBER, 1930 - MARCH, 1931

NUMBER FOUR

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Edited by
WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

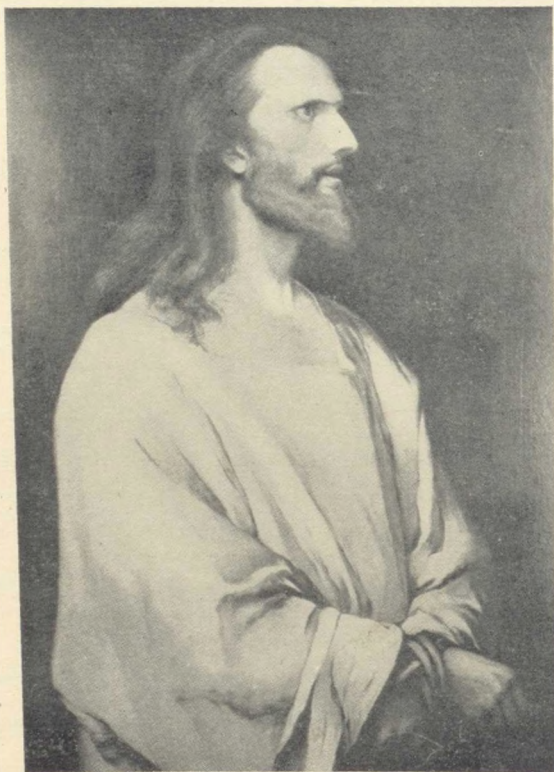
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"An End to Commandment!"

A BOOK OF ASTOUNDING IMPORT

ON the morning of September 9, 1930, the Editor of this publication received sudden and dramatic instructions to write a book. The contents of this Book had already been prepared by Great Intellects on Higher Levels of conscious Thought. It contained a sweeping panorama of the Great Teaching that had been ordered for human beings of the present generation, from the avowedly true explanation of the Universe and cosmic origins, up through the mazes of celestial physics, to present-day culture,

social enhancements, explanations of such great catastrophies as the world war, and the nature and meaning of international events that lie still in the future.



THE EDITOR withdrew from New York, left his affairs in the hands of trusted associates, exiled himself in the country, and prepared to "take" this imposing work. Immediately that he was ready, the chapters began coming on schedule.

*Day After Day for the Past Two
Months this Great Transcript
Has Been Given Steadily!*

THE WORK has already run to over 300 pages, and it is still arriving, day after day, evening after evening. Indications are that it will probably exceed 600 pages.

HERE IS A BOOK THAT CANNOT HELP BUT LEAVE ITS
IMPRINT ON THE THINKING OF THE PRESENT GENERATION!

In effect, it seems to be a complete exposition of sacred Metaphysics between one pair of covers, and it differs from all other such books in that scarcely a word of more than two syllables has been used to date!

"An End to Commandment!"

Dictated to the Editor Psychically

HAVE you ever had an interested friend say to you: "Where can I get a book that will give me, between one pair of covers and in simple language that I can understand, the complete program of teaching that is afoot in practical and applied Mysticism?" You have probably been at a loss what to reply, because most treatments of the subject have covered many volumes, been told in ponderous language that required a scholar to interpret, but more than all else were compiled in the interests of some cult or to advance the teachings of some special sect or creed . . .

*On Completion, Here Will Be a Great Bible of Modern Mysticism
for the Man in the Street!*

STARTING in with simple explanations and expositions of what the universe is and how it got into being, this significant work goes on through the structure of Matter and Light, up into the whole wonderful and beautiful doctrine of rebirth, into the treatment of culture and comparative religions, through to the colossal changes in society that are now impending, and why they impend . . .

THIS BOOK WILL BE MODERATELY PRICED, BUT PRICE AND
PUBLISHER WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER!

MR. PELLE has used all of his skill as a popular writer to so edit this vast manuscript, break it into simple divisions, and explain many of its knotty points with anecdote and illustration, that it may have as wide a reading as any of the recent "Outlines" of Philosophy, Literature, and History that are at present finding such vogue with the public.

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Most People assume that the "voices" heard by Joan of Arc were her own imaginings and the legend concerning them mere superstition. The modern psychical researcher understands that the Maid of Orleans had a "clairaudient ear" and received actual instructions from Higher Individuals in another dimension . .

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The DEAD are *Alive* and *Organized!*



IT IS my present conviction that during the past three years I have made two discoveries — profound and far-reaching at least to myself.

First, I have become convinced by my own investigations and experiences *that there is no such thing as Death*—that life once created cannot die to extinction,

that there is one continuous stream of consciousness using many lives for expression, of which physical bodies in a mortal world are the lowest and clumsiest.

Second, I have become convinced through the training of my own psychical faculties, confirmed by messages received by other psychical persons and steadfastly proven by current events, that the outstanding master-brains of the ages—the leaders in religion, statecraft, science and art who have ever ennobled human society by living in it

Reports are coming to Us through Psychical Persons in Every Country that the Great Souls of the Ages have Combined in One Sublime Organization to Guide Harassed Humanity in the Critical Times Now on Us

—have not ceased contact with this earthly sphere. They have not abandoned humankind to ascend to “higher realms of bliss.” They are right here in contact with us but living and working in another dimension—not necessarily the Astral of the occultists with which I am entirely familiar. More than this, they have banded themselves together in a vast sublime Lodge of Supernal Wisdom for a concrete and benevolent earthly purpose. Under the dynamic generalship of Christ, they are contributing their massed intelligence toward the

early establishment of an entirely new social order that shall permanently abolish Ignorance, Depression, Poverty and War.

A third "discovery," which is really a phase of the second, reveals that the World War and this present earthwide commercial depression are but features of the ushering in of this new social order; that thirty to fifty years will be required to complete it; that the next ten years will be as vital in human relationships as any decade that has passed since Christ Himself dematerialized into the Fourth Dimension for more effective direction of the world program which He originally came to earth to instigate.

THESE are my present convictions, I say, arrived at after dispassionate consideration of the evidence that has been forced on my attention and a most amazing series of personal adventures that seem to have informed me with considerable authority of what is afoot in order that I might be a secular instrument for informing millions of unsuspecting people now blundering blindly about their mortal affairs.

Furthermore, what I have investigated or experienced, or what I am convinced I have received in the way of information out of other dimensions, has all been astoundingly confirmed by the similar enlightenment of other psychical persons and by concrete happenings in world events.

I ask no one to believe what I believe because I say so. I am not propounding any novel theories of my own, or trying to start any new cult or creed. As an average newspaperman, who first viewed these matters with utter skepticism, I have seen too much happen—all building up this stupendous hypothesis—to believe any longer that it can be coincidence, thought transference, or desire-wish activity in the minds of the mass. All I am doing is printing and distributing the results of my own observations and experiences and letting the individual reader take it or leave it according to his ability to assimilate logical if not wholly "scientific" evidence.

But this thing is overwhelmingly true: I have never yet found an individual who has given as much thought, study, and application to these matters as I have done, *who has not unerringly arrived at a state of similar conviction.*

Facetious or skeptical persons are uniformly ignorant persons. They are people who either attack the matter with minds closed or biased in advance, or who refuse to attack it at all for fear their own little pet theories will meet with an avalanche of truth that will stand their private notions on their heads.

I MADE my first discovery by being called out of my mortal body, all unexpectedly, one night in California in May, 1928. I found myself suddenly in a higher dimension, face to face with persons whom the world thinks of as dead.

Twenty millions of people have now read my account of this inexplicable occurrence.

I found that those I confronted were anything but dead. In the freer scope of their Light Bodies and the wider use of their faculties, they were far more alive than people dwelling in this lower three-dimensional world.

Furthermore, they are in active touch and communication with *us*, although in our sluggish physical equipment down here on the bottom of this sea of atmosphere, we are almost unaware of *them* and cannot prove scientifically as yet that they exist at all.

I made my second "discovery" by continuing a conscious and *audible* contact with these people, and with others of higher and more profound intellect, who have purported to reveal what is afoot on both sides of life, what is impending in human society, and how society will react to it.

They have also given me details of a sublime organization which seems to be in existence, whose altruistic purposes, ideals and offices are now working out in human society and which presently will make itself known to mortal kind all over the globe.

IN ALL human logic, I cannot ignore these actual happenings. Neither can I ignore that week on week and month on month, the things that make up the prophetic substance of such information are being proven before my eyes by the trends of the times and positive developments under way in America, Europe, and Asia.

If material "prophesied" over the past for two or three years has come true on the dot—that is, such material as was due to come true within that

time—it stands to reason that material given about events yet to transpire can logically be expected to mature and may for the present be considered as accurate.

It stands to reason, I say. This is no positive or scientific claim that it *will* come true. But if common sense and the march of the times seem to point to it as coming true, and the material goes into great detail about social and economic developments of which I as a mortal man am ignorant, the chances seem more than even that something is stirring "behind the scenes" of life to which it is the part of sanity, discretion, and sagacity to give unbiased consideration.

THE INFORMATION is generally known from Tibet to England and from America to Australia, that tremendous changes in human society *do* impend. Not only is a vast literature growing up about them, but week on week greater and greater numbers of sensible people are being won over to give serious examination to this "wisdom" which purports to come from certain great intellects occupying the higher vantage-points of life in a more complicated dimension.

They are being won over to a belief in the authenticity of this "wisdom," not by hysterical fanaticism or blatant promises of happier times, but by the sober idealism and constructive suggestion in what is offered.

Thousands of them are also converted by the realization that the material must come from higher intellects, not alone from the quality of its substance but because those who are employed as instruments of transference from one plane to the other, have neither the background nor education for composing these new tenets themselves, not even subconsciously or under hypnosis.

THE READERS of this magazine would be staggered if they knew, as I know, the great leaders in statecraft, sociology and business in this nation, who right at this moment are not only aware of such "miracles" but soberly accredit them and conduct their personal affairs and professional careers in the light of them.

I often toy with the thought of what a gigantic sensation might be provoked if I chose to violate

confidences—which I would never do—and make known to the general public a list of present-day leaders in society, politics, and commerce, who have contrived to communicate to me their perfect understanding of the revelatory work I am engaged in and their private knowledge that what I am broadcasting meets with their approbation and is entirely within the bonds of sanity and plausible attainment.

If I had heard such a statement while I was a fledgling newspaperman and before I became awakened to what is going on behind the closed doors of council-chambers in high places, I would have termed its author a dreamer, liar, or insane man. But in the position into which I have been abruptly projected, I find myself called into contact by correspondence and interview with some of the biggest people in America. And I suddenly realize that this kind of knowledge, accredited and accepted, *is what makes those people big!*

Average people are average because they are ignorant. They are dense, skeptical, and think such matters hocus-pocus. Yet their leaders are in the vanguard of society because they know such matters are *not* hocus-pocus. Those leaders let the general public know nothing about their "higher information" because the mass does not accredit it and no purpose would be served but lost prestige and general raillery. Besides, why give away information that makes one great and affluent?

IN the pages which follow, an attempt is made to acquaint the Man in the Street with what is afoot, tell him about the stupendous agencies at work behind life, convince him insofar as possible that the "dead" are not at all dead but very much a factor in his affairs, and generally put him in possession of explanatory knowledge concerning the problems and quandaries which he has to suffer anyway, because he is a unit in the social state that is undergoing the prophesied change.

You may join that fast-increasing army—as I was forced to join it—that comes to scoff and remains to pray!

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

GREAT SOULS *on* much to say *about*

UNSEEN COUNSELLORS
Declare that Our Present Economic System is Undergoing a Process of Complete Alteration and that on the Debris of Profit-Taking Business Will Arise World-Wide Control of Production as Basis for a New Internationalism . .



HERE are great things "on the make" in present-day society. Some of them are too vast and terrific to credit. They can only *happen*, like the World War "happened," for the experts in higher wisdom to interpret as they can and as humanity listens by enforced necessity.

All the countries of the earth are today suffering from a great economic "depression." Ninety percent of the earth's peoples does not know what it is all about. Nine percent think they know and are offering all sorts of makeshift palliatives. About one percent are awakened to the fact that great

cosmic alterations are about to set in, and that sooner or later humanity will be forced to accredit the workings of vast unseen machinery behind life as inexorable in its turning as the movements of the planets.

Unseen counsellors of humankind, who have these changes directly in charge, are not insensible to the sufferings of humanity while they are in progress. But they also know that men fatly fed and housed, with no need for thought of the morrow, are perfectly content to go on thoughtlessly indulging themselves, immune to the promptings of spiritual development.

A HUMANITY that is enjoying a high degree of earthly prosperity is an indolent humanity. Only by turmoil, depression, and acute want are men brought to consider what

the "Other Side" have the Present Depression . . .



purpose earthly life serves and what vast plan is being worked out in the process that we call culture and civilization.

The attitude of the average man of today toward the great issues that are reaching a climax in current society is best illustrated by an anecdote which was brought recently to the attention of the editor of this publication.

COMING into Manhattan one morning on a Long Island commuters' train, one man was exulting to his seat-mate over the saving in subscribers' telephone rates by the recent introduction of the dial system.

"Think of it!" he cried. "The phone company saves the wages of thirty thousand girls by the installation of the dial—which of course is bound to show in lowered cost of service."

"Fine!" agreed the other man. "Thirty thousand intelligent young women are thrown out of employment overnight by another clever invention—so that your rates may be lower or somebody's dividends higher. But tell me, my friend, what actually becomes of those thirty thousand young women as factors in our economic system? Is any

other industry ready to absorb them? Does the phone company distribute them through other departments?"

"I'm not interested in what becomes of them," the first man growled. "All I know is, the company saves their wages and we ought to benefit in lowered cost of service."

"BUT you can't turn thirty thousand young women adrift from employment overnight without seriously affecting the current labor market."

"I'm not interested in the current labor market and I don't know anything, or care anything, about economics," returned the first man. "*All I know is, the company saves their wages!*"

"What good does that saving do you, however, if you gain two dollars a month on your phone bill and the week afterward are called to contribute twenty-five dollars to your Community Chest to help relieve local suffering from unemployment? Wherein are you gainer?"

The first man didn't know and still claimed he didn't care.

"And suppose," went on the second, "that industry all over America, and all over England and Germany, keeps on inventing and installing labor-saving machines that discharge more and more armies of men and women? Where's the money coming from to buy the goods those machines produce?"

The first man was mute—and sulky.

"We must take thought to such matters," went on the second man patiently. "Machinery can reach a point of development where it does almost all the work—in proportion to the population served—but unless people receive wages, how on earth can they purchase the products of those machines?"

"That's Socialism, even Communism!" cried the first man, now thoroughly angered. "It's unpatriotic to argue we should stop our splendid progress—"

"But all the same, what's to become of all the millions of workingmen who are being displaced by machines in all nations? What will we do about them?"

"Oh, start another war and kill 'em all off!" was the muddled rejoinder, as the first man sprang up and went forward into the smoker to find a less troublesome person who would exult with him over phone savings.

THAT childish and silly solution, "start another war and kill 'em all off" is the psychological attitude of the average Babbitt who is to be brought to his knees and made to take sober thought about the problems of humanity as a result of this disaster that is overtaking society.

You might try to argue with such men till your tongue became shredded and they would "move along into the smoker" to escape your sober logic and unerring perception.

But with the machine juggernaut speeding on to its own wreckage, *everyone* will be obliged to take thought to such matters and harken to those who maintain that whether society likes it or not, the handwriting is on the wall and even the Babbitts must at last give serious thought to the problems of the other fellow.

And that doesn't mean that the "other fellow" is confined to one neighborhood or nation. It means the "other fellow" in England, Germany, Russia, and Australia. For he is just as much a factor in the economics of a nation as 30,000 phone girls discharged in one city like New York.

IF THIS be Socialism, Communism, What-Not, we must make the most of it.

People on the Vantage-Points see the gale that is in the wind and are waiting patiently to send the light down into the dark malignant mazes of our present economic system. If we will not listen, or look at that light, *we are going to be made to do it by frightful suffering that brings us to our senses.*

Over a period of two years now, I have been persistently warned of what was ahead for society. I have tried to imply it indirectly. People have written to me by the hundreds exclaiming, "Please omit the generalities and get down to cases. Just what *is* going to happen and *when*?"

But I have not been able to print blatantly what I have been told, for two reasons—

The truth would be too dramatic to be accredited.

I would be labeled another fanatical socialist, even a Bolshevik, and the very credibility of my brevet be discounted and hooted at.

My alternative is to interpret in the light of my private information the trends of the times and gradually win over a sufficiently large army of people so that three to five years hence we may be sufficiently strong to do something about it constructively in a desperate and half-wild state of society.

I must begin with the simpler fundamentals of what has been imparted to me and get people "prophetically minded" before I can print frankly and literally what I have every reason to believe from the present trend of the times is the highest part of supernal sagacity.

THE work of the world has been disrupted. A pause popularly blamed on "economic conditions," has come in the labors of humankind.

Now this is a fine phrase that has little meaning unless one understands the machinery that is at work behind society bringing about these periodical fainting spells in humanity's business.

Explaining to humankind what economics consists of, is nothing but a talk on efficiency in human relationships.

We are not interested in a person who goes about his business solely unto himself, playing the game according to his own rules, concerned only in his own advancement, making others do what he says blindly, and generally deporting himself as though he were a private god.

We are interested in the man who gives himself to his community, is a good advertiser, transacts his business in an interesting, open manner, and makes himself of service to all with whom he comes in contact.

We make a hero of such a man, whether he be a Wanamaker, a Lindbergh, or a Biblical saint. For a nation or a race to do it, however, becomes unthinkable—even "unpatriotic!"

The idea is, that being efficient to one's community is being most efficient to one's self. When we come to the question of economics, we find in the last analysis that it results in nothing more nor less than *everyone knowing what everyone else is doing* in order that public and private work may go forward intelligently.

In other words it means a cooperative effort that has never been the social practice before this period in the world's history.

ECONOMICS, we say, has been the study of the law of supply and demand for goods and labor making for the earthly well-being of the individual.

It has its root in principles that spring from the soil.

Nature gives us certain natural elements that when converted by human labor become chattels that sustain and beautify daily life.

The principles in the past have been that if you have a fish and I have a pair of shoes and I want your fish and you want my shoes, that we trade. If I want your fish and you do *not* want my shoes, we are in an economic impasse which nothing can solve but theft—providing I want your fish badly enough to steal to get it.

There are conditions abroad in the world today where this simple equation is now at work on a grand scale, making for most of the suffering that exists in human affairs. Wanting a fish and having no shoes to give in exchange is equally as bad as wanting the fish and yet not being willing to give up the shoes to get it.

We are reaching a place where the average person must reorganize his entire thinking about the laws of supply and demand. We must go deeper than the mere ownership of fish and shoes and *ask ourselves where the fish and shoes come from in the first place*, how it happens that they are in the possession of two separate parties, and what must be done when there is an unwillingness to exchange on one side or the other, or how the problem is to be solved when one party or the

THIS PRESENT depression is going to end, but not in the manner of other depressions in times past. We stand on the threshold of events as stupendous as the world war proved stupendous when it came on schedule. The times call not for alarm or terror but for a deep serious probing and studying of the machinery behind life and what it is producing in human affairs.

other may want what the other party has, but lacks both article to be bartered or medium of exchange to take the place of that article.

THE question of economics comes home acutely then to the man in the street.

He is the blind tool of influences which he fancies he can neither explain nor recognize. He must go to his daily labor, have a job or not have a job, make money or not according to the dictates of the times.

Vaguely he fancies that some great Moloch decides whether he shall be prosperous and have work or customers, or whether he shall be kept in want through not having work or customers.

He is unable to realize that the whole problem of economics *is strictly a human problem easily controllable.*

GIVING a penny and getting a pound is now the average man's idea of successful business. Where the difference between the penny and the pound comes from, how he gets it and why he is allowed to keep it,—these have been

unwelcome and non-understandable items to the average person calling himself a business man. And yet misery and woe attack him as in the present incident of the current depression and he has to suffer if whether he likes it or not. He endures it as stoically as possible, shrugs his shoulders and tightens his belt, cuts down on his wife's allowance and whistles a tune to keep his spirits up, the theme of which is: "Better times are just around the corner."

Better times always have been just around the corner in the past and so he is not disposed to get unduly excited over the causes which have made it necessary for him to tighten his belt at present.

Now we are approaching a time and a depression that is not a neighborhood affair, not a bagatelle of national politics, not a national condition at all, much as party politics is blamed for it by little men.

This depression is world-wide and growing acutely more so day by day and week by week, because a fundamental factor of human life and industry is being ignored—*something that is peculiar to this age, that has never maintained in any age since there was a nation.*

THE nations of earth have been lately recovering from the wounds of the World War—so they imagine. That war brought about nothing of lasting spiritual value except to acquaint one people with the national problems and aspirations of other peoples. It brought the earth together, socially speaking. But along with the World War, coincidental to it, and certainly as its aftermath, went a great spurt in creative invention and mass production.

Scientists called into the laboratory to solve war problems remained to solve peace problems by health measures and machinery. Inventions brought forward under the stimulus of war were used in pursuits of peaceful industry with an application no less vicious.

The nations of the world learned what they could do collectively—that is, socially—but they also learned what they could do mechanically.

The result has been that wartime practises, both social and mechanical, have remained in force and wrought a condition by which organi-

zation and machinery have been able to manufacture goods for human consumption in vaster amounts than the average populace has had the purchasing power to acquire or in many cases need.

Instead of prices going down and hours of labor shortening, the old price levels and working hours were not only maintained but in many instances increased.

Now humanity stands confronted with a capacity for organization and an ability to produce goods all out of proportion to the consumption of, or demand for, those goods. The result is stagnation, world-wide and increasingly vicious to what we commonly accept as human prosperity.

HERE is a condition which has never maintained before in history. Never before in any cycle of human life upon this planet has mankind had such resources for the production and distribution of goods. Never have such machines been at human disposal. On the other hand never has human want been more prevalent.

Take China as a case in point.

Here are four hundred millions of people enjoying a more or less simple civilization. China is ordinarily thought of by the average person as a great market for those surplus products which cannot be consumed in America and Europe, and which therefore ought to solve the economic problem of keeping our workmen employed and our commerce active.

But China has little or no earning capacity per person, hence no money to pay for such goods. As a result as a market it is negligible, and to all intents and purposes might as well not exist.

WE are looking at the problem now with a broad scope to find out why so soon after the war the world's commerce is at sixes and sevens—why Europe, America, and in some instances South America, are in the throes of trying to explain their lack of markets for goods.

Little political panaceas, the tricks of demagogue statesmen to catch the ear of the crowd, local palliatives, all go by the board when we confront a customer with no money and no opportunity to earn any money.

England at present is in the process of what amounts to confiscation of the estates of her propertied classes to a degree which exceeds anything that Russia attempted during the darkest days of her revolution. She is simply making aristocratic Peter pay employee Paul by handing out money to the poor with one hand which the wealthy have been owing with the other. Ultimately, as the resources of the wealthy are pulled down by excessive taxation to a point where there is no longer the wherewithal to pay taxes, there will be no money to dole out to the unemployed and a state of despair will face both classes.

Europe and the United States may try to solve the problem by a similar process though called by other names. In America we do it by shoveling out money to the Red Cross. The fact remains that year on year science and invention are producing more and more machinery and goods from machinery with no corresponding increase in human employment, and therefore earning capacity, and the world's manufacturers confront the dilemma of selling their goods to a world of beggars.

ONE MIGHT ask, if this be true, and it certainly sounds logical in its broader aspects, why we do not return to the pre-war mode of living, producing, and distributing goods, and bring back "the good old times" when the balance between wages and production was more level of beam and profitable to employer and employee.

But there can be no going back to "the good old times" because a new era has come as a result of our efficiencies in the war. Prometheus has stolen from Olympus the sacred fire of mechanical ingenuity and mass production, and it has started an economic conflagration not only in America but throughout the world that cannot be extinguished without humanity losing its social cohesion.

We confront a world filled with machinery growing more and more efficient month on month, releasing additional thousands from gainful labors, finding easier ways to do things at less cost to the manufacturer and more dividends to his stockholders. But it is also a world in which the manufacturer must sell his goods to his own em-

ployees, and if they are out of both jobs and money he has simply "cut off his nose to profit his face."

THE PROBLEM, my friends, is as simple as that. We have made colossal strides in efficient massed effort and inventive ingenuity. We have made no mental or spiritual strides in proportion. We have not looked beyond our own dividend sheet and thought of our employees as our consumers, real human beings with an economic problem that is rapidly becoming unbearable in each specific case.

Now humanity is being called to take stock of its spiritual attainments through bitter disillusion and financial suffering. War-time ingenuity and social organization to get a productive result have reached a point where the thing created is turning and rending its creator.

No man in his senses thinks that civilization can be halted or turned back to where it was 50 or 100 years ago. No one wants to halt human inventiveness, junk our machines or go back to Ghandi's spinning-wheel. That is not the solution.

The solution lies in the fact that human enlightenment has not gone far enough, either in economic education or spiritual values. And that enlightenment must come swiftly and unerringly—to both employer and employee—or the race faces economic suicide.

Down on the sub-strata of human society, in the brain and heart of the average person, there is no true grasping of the great transfiguration that must reach society both mentally and spiritually before it can hope to control these vast agencies making for human distress, which by their very root must grow greater as the weeks and months go onward.

THERE is only one great industrialist in America at the present time who stands head and shoulders above his fellow captains of industry for dramatically displaying such spiritual sagacity in his undertakings.

That man is Henry Ford.

Henry Ford has come to realize that in effect he is selling his automobiles to his own employees and unless he pays them steady and ample wages, they cannot buy his product. Of course his sales



are not actually confined to the roster of his employees, for that would be lifting himself by his own bootstraps. But the money released through the Ford industries seeps throughout whole strata of citizens all through the nation and he conducts a colossal business because his principles are correct and it eventually comes back to him in nation-wide buying power.

Henry Ford, however, is only *one* industrialist. He cannot alter the economic face of the world's industry alone.

What Henry Ford is doing, without maudlin sentiment, is the highest type of constructive spirituality deploying throughout society by way of mass-production industry. If every employer in America, England and Germany sincerely adopted the Ford principles this afternoon, *and remained there*, the world's economic depression would be ended tomorrow morning *to stay ended*.

Of course there are other factors involved besides paying high wages, and this is not saying that everything Henry Ford does is economically correct or that the man himself is human perfection.

But the basic principles on which the Ford industries have been founded and conducted, are those of a business economist a generation ahead of his time.

ONE of the happiest things that could happen to humanity would be to make Henry Ford the coordinating czar of the world's business, precisely as the motion picture producers made Will Hays the "dictator" of the movies—providing Ford would take the job, which he probably wouldn't. But that would mean a sort of vicarious atonement in business and the present generation of business men would profit nothing individually.

A thorough realization of their own shortsightedness, childishness, and suicidal grasping for profits at any cost to the public so long as sales charts stay up, is what the present generation of business men must come to, each man working out his salvation through bitter experience.

That is the true purpose of Life, first, last and all the time.

THERE are no more great major industries to be started to take up surplus labor and pay living wages because humankind has all its basic wants supplied. There is no way in which countries like China can be brought to have money to buy western goods, lacking the capital per person to pay for those goods when made and delivered.

The old economics had it that in the main each country produced a different thing, China producing silks, South America producing hides, while England produced cotton goods. Their commerce was simple barter on the aforesaid fish and shoes basis.

But if China goes into the business of raising her own hides and cotton in order to give major-industry employment to her own people and thus increase the per capita wealth, she will find herself in the curious position of not wanting hides from South America or cotton from England. So again South America and England are stagnant.

Of course this is not literally true in its finer aspects. Certain products are always peculiar to the terrain of given countries and can never be grown elsewhere. But even if China grows silks in abundance wherein does she gain if the purse of the American housewife cannot afford silks because her husband is out of a job in an automobile factory, and China cannot use automobiles because of lack of roads and a natural antipathy to mechanical contrivances?

THE whole problem is a vicious circle and its answer lies not in political tricks nor yet in educating peoples of other countries in the use of products they have never enjoyed before.

It lies in a new grasping by the average person of the new phase of civilization that is being ushered in by this world-wide economic depression, what its basic principles are, how it will operate.

GREAT SOULS who are carefully watching humanity from the vantage-points of higher spiritual attainments in finer dimensions of Matter, do not put this forward as any pet theory of their own, which they want to see tried out. They are not theorists. They are clairvoyants, so to speak. *They see what is actually coming to pass.*

They say that the day when business is merely the taking of profits by expedients of the moment, is almost at an end.

They say that the business of the world—not one nation only but of the *world!*—is proceeding toward greater and mightier centralization.

They say that the day of petty competition has gone and that competitive effort is an archaic system.

They say that new leaders are due to arise in business and effect political internationalism by first effecting business internationalism.

They say that we are heading directly into world-wide control of the production and distribution of the world's food stuffs and major industries supplying human necessities.

They say that we are approaching an age when government by politicians shall no longer "interfere" with business or take over business, *but when business shall take over government*, so to speak, perceiving clearly that the real government of a people lies in its business ethics.

They say that the taking of profit as the gauge of a business man's success is to be anathema in the New Age of International Business, and that the new standard is to be, "How many people do you serve and how well?"

THEY say that all this is not to be a long-drawn-out educational campaign but that strange new leaders are already implanted throughout humanity who are going to rise up mightily and effect these changes when the pinch of suffering under the old-fashioned leaders with their archaic practices has become sufficiently acute to rally humanity around them.

And that is far closer than the average person dreams!

Six men do a piece of work now and get paid for it. They trade their earnings for the product

of six other pairs of hands and are temporarily satisfied that "business" has been done.

Nothing of the sort has happened so long as the products are perishable and tomorrow the demand may cease to exist.

THE solution of the problem lies in making the average man see that he has a duty to perform toward his countrymen all over the planet *in setting up a system whereby the supply and demand of the world may be controlled by spiritual agencies functioning spiritually*, that is, in terms of service, instead of in terms of taking immediate profits and letting tomorrow fend for itself.

A new day will dawn in economics when men say "we will no longer tolerate a system that gives us a feast today and a famine tomorrow. We will no longer tolerate a system motivated by selfish profit-taking at the expense of the body politic. We will no longer tolerate a system that has as its basis the taking of usury in the form of stored foods and other necessities of life while millions are denied them because they have no opportunity to earn the wherewithal to pay for them.

We want a universal system whereby the wants of humankind can be gauged, supply curtailed in an orderly manner, provision made for natural catastrophes, and work supplied to every man who is willing to labor.

We want a banking system founded on service for the transfer of capital to effect these adjustments and for no other purposes. We want business leaders who are leaders of thought more than action in this—that they labor for the result itself, not for the increment arising from the result."

THESE are hard ideas for the human race to grasp but they are going to be actualized by frightful necessity in the times ahead.

Spoliation and confiscation will first serve as palliatives, but when the wealth of the world has been dissipated in stocks of manufactured goods consumed, and gutters are glutted with gold that will buy nothing because machines do the work at the cost of a little oil and power, the race must face its predicament squarely and come

to an understanding that conditions are loose in the world that have never existed since the dawn of civilization.

Never before has the earth been explored and charted, investigated and reported on to its outermost limitations and frontiers. Never before have peoples known peoples as they know one another at present. Never before have we had airways, submarine cables, trans-oceanic radio—all the products of invention that are making this globe one compact unit. The same problem is universal. The only thing that has not kept pace with all this materialistic growth has been the development of the human spirit and man's mental sagacity in terms of enriching his neighbor in order that he in turn may be prosperous.

Both are coming in with terrific impact on existing systems and archaic institutions.

NOW ALL this is not Socialism in the generally accepted sense.

Nowhere in my own instruction have I found a single intimation that the wealth of the world is to be "divided," that any man's income is going to be assured him whether he labors or not, that machinery is going to reach a point where we merely press a button to get earthly work done while we loll on eider-down mattresses and grow flabby mentally, spiritually, and physically. Nowhere have I heard that the individual's initiative is going to be circumscribed or taken away from him or that all human beings are to be reduced to the common dead-level of average mediocrity.

Human nature is not constructed that way.

What I do find my Unseen Mentors prophesying is, business being done solely out of regard for the prosperity of the human being, the service rendered blanket-humanity, and the psychology permeating the group of "one for all and all for one." . . .

Moreover, I am told that America is due to

lead the nations of the earth in this new psychology.

America, my friends, is not a geographical location, but a cooperative Idea.

It is the Melting Pot made effective without the loss of individuality, either racial or personal. And while the other races and nations of the earth may think they "hate" America for a time and cause us many harassments, it will only be the "hatred" of the slothful for the enterprising, the ignorant for the wise, the bigoted for the studious and open-minded. Let us not be petty. We are big enough to overlook it and make provision for it.

Because sooner or later economic pressure is going to cause a general scramble in other countries to find out wherein those other countries are all wrong in their ideas and come around to ours.

IT WILL take me five years of constant publishing to set forth concretely just what is "on the make" throughout the earth as seen clairvoyantly by those Great Wits now counselling humanity whether they know, or like it, or not. I have tried here to lay the broadest outline and epitomize the significance of this present depression. More will follow.

Working for the group and not for the individual is the new order that is being thrust upon us. And it must go on to fruition, terrible as that fruition may easily become in its individual suffering because of the bigotry and ignorance of the "hard-headed" who will not see the handwriting on the wall or observe the influences permeating society like a thief in the night.

Going on is necessary. There is no turning back.

There can be no obstruction of these vast economic and spiritual agencies working at this present moment throughout the whole earth to bring about what we call the Millenium.



WE have no Milk for BABIES ..



HERE come times in our lives when the problems of existence seem well-nigh overwhelming. Close relatives die suddenly, children are snatched from us through sickness or frightful accident, the savings of a lifetime are swept away by theft or dishonesty of others, someone in whom we pinned vast faith, has suddenly shown himself as a wolf in sheep's clothing. The very foundations of our trust in all human relationships become as dust beneath our feet.

There is no time then for happy axioms, blissful contemplations of sunsets, poetic fantasies or the glamorous pronouncements of silly souls who go about prating of an optimism that is largely the result of a well-filled stomach.

We want the stern, raw, terrible actualities of life explained to us without mincing language. We want to know while still in mortal flesh, whether the whole world is an accident that merely runs itself, whether we are swirling motes in a passing sunbeam, or really creatures in the image of the All-Powerful.

If we are suffering for errors in past lives, we want to know it and what those errors are. If we are not performing according to our pact made before entering life—with ourselves or with others—we want to know that also. If we are chagrined before God and have no place to hide our heads it must be because of something left undone that we should be doing. All, all of it means KNOWLEDGE.

We want knowledge before all else in the world, and given Knowledge, it is part of our godhood that we can endure the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Without knowledge we are indeed motes in the universal sunbeam.

This magazine is often criticized for supplying too red meat to babies in intellect, making claims that are hard to masticate, presenting information as "truth" that cannot truly be proven in each individual case until physical death has released the immortal spirit.

But we have heard no criticism coming from those who are close down to the foundation-floors of fearful sorrow, unhallowed perplexity and spiritual tumult. The people who are following these pages month on month have been those who have looked deeply into the heart of life, watching its naked beatings, and seen the blood spurt into the arteries of living organisms. They clamor louder and louder for more, *more!*

WHY We Can't See the "DEAD"

Q *WHEN YOU Understand the Scientific Composition of Matter and Why One Material Differs from Another, You Have the Key to the Enigma of Persons in One Dimension Being Unable to Make Themselves Discernible to the Senses of Persons in Another Dimension . .*



THE REASON so many people remain skeptical about the existence of life after physical death is because the "dead" can't be seen with the eyes, heard with the ears, or touched with the fingertips.

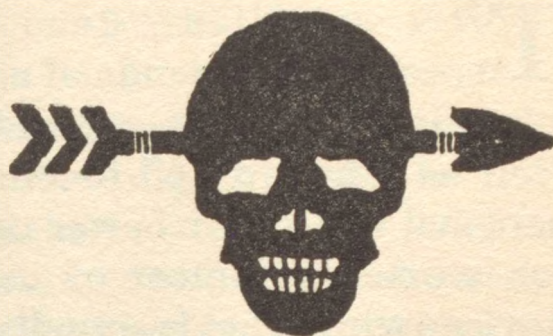
To the vast majority of people, nothing is real—and therefore provable—that cannot be grasped with one of the five bodily senses. If people cannot have conditions, and causes and reactions, in an after-death state that perform and display in exactly the same ways that conditions, causes, and reactions per-

form and display in an earthly mortal state, they challenge the idea that there is any after-death state that is worth serious consideration at all.

They forget that conditions, causes, and reactions *may* perform and display in both states in much the same fashion, but that the activities of one state may not be discernible or intelligible to the other.

For instance, you have a dial on your radio that tunes you into different stations by turning it from the Number 20 to Number 100. You turn the dial way down to 20 and start getting stations that operate on a "low frequency" wavelength. You turn the dial gradually toward the right and low frequency stations dissolve and die away. To all intents and purposes they are out of existence and not broadcasting at all, insofar

IF YOU had a Magnifying Glass powerful enough, you could turn it on a living Human Body and see Nothing but Trillions of Electric Granules composed of Pure Energy moving freely in Space with distances between them proportionately greater than the distance from the Earth to the Sun, ..yet in this Field of Space your conscious Soul-Self is somehow operating ..



Now suppose for the sake of illustration that all the low stations on the dial were *people*. And suppose they suddenly set up a skeptical hullabaloo about the existence of the high-frequency stations, denying they existed at all because they didn't operate on a low-frequency wave length. How silly and childish we would call them. For we would know from our experience with radio workings that both kinds of stations *were* in existence and were broadcasting. But one couldn't know about the other's existence until they tuned in at the right wave length—which of course would be quite impossible, for to do so would be to destroy its identity and individuality. The moment Station 24 tuned up so that it broadcast as Station 68, it would cease to be Station 24 and *become* Station 68—or there would be a caterwaul on the air that would make the Federal Radio Commission jump into the chaos and administer a big sharp fine to the station that so boosted itself.

WE ARE confronted with almost the same set of circumstances when viewing the different "states of Matter" that constitute life in its various degrees of conscious existence.

The true reason that we have so much skepticism among average folk about the actuality of life after death, or the possibility of any sort of life existing that cannot be seen, heard, or felt by our present physical senses, is that the average person doesn't understand one-two-three about the true scientific composition of Matter.

The average person sees a table, knows it is made of wood, accepts it as wood, doesn't try to think any further than wood. Wood is *wood*. He looks at his kitchen stove, knows that it is

as you are concerned when you are listening to a station whose number is 70 or 90.

But because you are listening-in on a station whose number is one of high frequency, doesn't mean that the low frequency stations *aren't* broadcasting or that you couldn't get them again by turning down your dial to the left till you reached them. And on the other hand, when you had done so, the high frequency stations would practically be "out of existence" on your particular radio.

NONE of it would mean, however, that the same laws of radio dynamics and wavelength transmission weren't operating in both cases to get either low stations or high stations. You would be using the same kind of current, the same sort of microphones and the same broadcasting and receiving equipment, in both cases.

THE so-called "dead" speak to thousands of us a hundred times a week and "tell us what to do" in our personal affairs for better or for worse. But most of us, not knowing what is actually taking place because we can't tell the difference between their direct voices and our own pensive thinking, assume that everything that enters into our heads is of our own manufacture.

made of iron, accepts it as iron, and doesn't try to think any further than iron. Iron is *iron*. He hasn't the education, time, and in most cases curiosity, to learn the scientific reason why wood is different from iron, what makes wood come about in the first place and what creates iron in the first place. Try to tell him that wood and iron have a common basis, or are created from a single basic substance, and he will boo you. He is really too busy sitting on the chair or finding coal to go into the stove to pay serious attention to such scientific profundities, anyhow.

WE DON'T have to go to the so-called supernatural, however, to get explanation for these mysteries of different materials and why they are what they are. We go to hard-headed modern science. And in *every* case, those who do go to modern science to disprove the mysteries of the supernatural, are quickly rebuked—if they accept the findings of modern science at all. Those who come scoffing remain to pray.

For they find dramatically that modern science—almost unknown to the Man in the Street—is bridging the gap between the natural and the so-called supernatural.

The modern scientist will back up the explainer of mysticism by telling him why he can't see, hear, or touch the "dead," without wholly realizing that he is doing so.

The nature and primal causes for the *difference in material substances* is the key to the whole enigma.

IT IS nothing but ordinary high-school physics in these advanced days, that when we "break down" such substances as Wood or Iron to find out what they are composed of, or why they are different, we come upon the atom, the molecule, and finally the so-called "electric granule."

The "electric granule" is the finest form of any substance which scientists have thus far been able to find. And this "electric granule," whether it be of wood, iron, water, or diamonds, is found to be a form of electrical energy called an Electron, flying at an incredible rate of speed about a center or core called the Proton, in exactly the same fashion that the earth revolves about the sun.

Where there is but one Electron revolving about one Proton, we get the simplest form of all Matter or the so-called hydrogen atom. If two Electrons revolve around a Proton, a substance is produced that is slightly different from hydrogen. If a dozen Electrons revolve about a Proton in such a way that they never collide with each other because their orbits and speeds are correctly timed, we get a still more complicated form of Matter or Substance—or as we say, a "denser" form. So all the way up to such complicated combinations of Electrons, Protons and Speeds as we find in gold, diamonds, platinum and the like.

Explaining it rather crudely in this way, that is why our wooden chair is different from your iron stove. The wood in the chair and the iron in your stove are composed of nothing but pure energy moving in different complications of units.

But, you ask, what is this pure energy made of, what originally started it into a given pattern, and what keeps it going?

THERE you abruptly leave Science—although the truly great scientists such as Lodge, Milliken, Eddington and Einstein subscribe to the apparent validity of it—and enter the domain of metaphysics, or the spiritual realm which Mr. Average Man hoots at as being crackbrained and guesswork.

The explanation comes to psychical persons from higher levels of intelligence that this basic substance is that mysterious thing labeled—for want of a better name—*Ether*. And the force which keeps it in motion is a peculiar phase of the Almighty's mentality actively working.

Professor Milliken said this exactly before the American Society for the Advancement of Science at its recent conclave in Cleveland, Ohio. See the Literary Digest's report of it in their issue of January 24, 1931.

But to get back to why we, on this "low-frequency" wave-length of Matter, can't see the so-called "dead" who are existing in a world of a high-frequency wave-length. . . .

PROF. A. S. EDDINGTON of Cambridge University in England, made this remarkable statement in his astounding book "The Nature of the Physical World" published two years ago (and if you haven't read his book, I strongly advise it)—

The human body is made up of a known quantity of chemical and mineral substances known to chemistry and physics. Those substances in turn are different from one another because of the different compositions of their electric granules. Each one is composed in its own right of trillions upon trillions of these electric granules—or electrons revolving at furious rates of speed about their cores or protons. Now then, it follows that as each electric granules contains one or more electrons revolving in given orbits about their

THE EDITOR of this magazine invites any reader to send in questions concerning anything in the magazine's contents which he does not fully understand. Such questioning letters are invaluable to guide him in the matter of what readers most want to know. From month to month papers will be prepared and printed explaining whatever puzzles or mystifies.

protons, there are immense spaces when figured in the accumulate, between these electrons and protons, in order that they may possess orbits. If it were possible to subtract all the orbitary space, or spaces between each electron and its proton multiplied trillions of times, from the body of an average 150-lb. man or woman, *there wouldn't be enough solid substance remaining that represented only electrons and protons, to more than cover the top of an ordinary common pin!*

IN OTHER words, from the standpoint of the electrical scientist investigating the composition of Matter, your body and mine is truly 999,999,999/1,000,000,000 raw empty space!

And yet in that raw empty space patterned by the electronic figure of your 150-lb. body and mine, there is a "something" residing for sixty or seventy years that is the real *you* and *me*.

It is something that knows it is consciously sentient and alive. It is something that holds all those trillions of electric granules in physical



position. It is a stream of consciousness sensitive to all that goes on within this area of electronic space called a Physical Body, and outside it.

Religion calls it the Soul.

The metaphysician calls it the *psyche*.

You and I call it Ourselves.

But unless Science is all tomfoolery—and modern invention and investigation proves that it is not—this Soul, Psyche, or What-Not truly exists while in physical flesh, not in a great hulk of skin and bone and muscles and hair that a street-car can demolish in ten seconds, *but in enough pure energy to cover only the top of a common pin!*

If we want to follow the bombastic claims of the ignoramuses who say that the body produces consciousness and when the body dies, consciousness dies with it, we must be prepared to maintain that consciousness is therefore created by enough pure energy to merely smear the head of a common pin. For the rest of your 150 lbs. is only empty space, remember!

NOW the reason that we cannot see the "dead," or hear, or touch them, becomes really very simple when we face the scientific facts as to what Substance and Matter are on this plane of material activity where we find ourselves for sixty or seventy years.

Consciousness, that is the self-aware You and Me, is not that energy on the pin-head. It merely resides in, or functions through, that pattern of energy which is our bodily proportions. In other words, consciousness is an attribute of energy only as we consider it as something needing sense to grasp in material form. That is not saying that it cannot function without material forms or patterns. Those material forms or patterns are only the evidence that consciousness is functioning on a plane, level, or vibration where it can be evinced to others like us on a similar plane, level or vibration.

Consciousness came before Matter, not as result of it, because Matter is a *product* of consciousness!

People who talk about Matter producing consciousness are not educated scientifically in the knowledge of what Matter is and how it is composed.

THE consciousness that is the real *you* and *me* cannot perish. It is indestructible. Once created it cannot die to extinction. But it can, and does, function in many patterns of energy—or forms of bodies—some of them of electrical composition so fine of texture in other dimensions that they can pass through the coarse clumsy texture of our present mortal bodies in this dimension like a compact body of steam drifting through a closed screen-door.

The steam goes through the meshes of the screen; it is not damaged, torn apart, or in any wise injured. Neither is the screen-door injured and not a wire gives way to let the steam pass through. The compact body of steam drifts down the steps and off over the lawn—and we think nothing of it. And yet there are compact substances in the universe so fine of electronic texture that beside them a body of steam would be like a block of ice. If a block of ice passed through a screen-door without damaging it, you would say that a miracle had happened. Think of the conscious souls of our "dead" friends residing in such an infinitely-fine substance, exactly as we now reside in our present low-frequency bodies of Matter, and you should begin to see why our coarse, sluggish, screen-door organisms are unaware of these higher forms of Matter "passing through us" unnoticed, unheard, unfelt.

MILLIONS upon millions of so-called "dead" people *are* residing in such forms of high-frequency Matter. Their composition obeys all the laws of the natural universe. It is put together in much the same pattern. But to use our common-pin metaphor again, let us say that the pure energy in *their* present bodies (in comparison to ours) wouldn't cover an area that could be discerned by anything less than a 10-inch microscope.

The electrons in *their* bodies are so exquisitely fine and are moving at such tremendous rates of speed, as it were, that we can't discern them any more than our normal physical eyes can see light-waves beyond the ultra-violet.

That doesn't mean for a moment, however, that the quality of their consciousnesses, or their personalities—the souls—psyches—individualities

—within those infinitely finer vehicles are one whit different than what they were while in physical bodies like ours now, moving at a low-frequency wave-length. They may have a different kind of bodily behavior in that more exquisite vehicle, and comply with conditions of different surroundings. But their consciousness remains the same. They think the same thoughts, have the same feelings, have the same memories, react to one another and to us exactly as they always did in the world of three dimensions.

Because you go to Boston on a slow accommodation train doesn't make you any different sort of man or woman from what you would be if you went to Boston on a fast express or in an airplane. The real *you*—the person who is traveling—will view the same landscape, have the same species of fellow travelers, and want your food three times a day, no matter what form of travel you employ.

I SAID to one partially materialized psyche one night in a psychical-research experiment: "Tell me, do the group of us sitting here in this room appear the same to you as physical persons as we appear to one another? . . . and how do the solid substances of this physical world look to you that you can walk through them without the slightest apparent difficulty?"

Our spiritized companion answered: "No, you don't appear to me as you appear to one another. As I look at you all sitting here, you seem to me to be strange sluggish creatures moving about deep, deep down in a half-opaque body of water—like creatures on a sea-bottom. Perhaps a better illustration would be, like animated human fruits "frozen" in the heart of a mass of jelly. As for walking through what you know as solid substances, they appear to us so porous that we dissolve right through them like X-rays dissolve through human skin, or water goes through a sieve, or a sunbeam passes completely through a pane of glass without breaking the glass or losing its own brightness or pattern.

IT IS through the advancement of Science that the metaphysician and the so-called Mystic is going to be ultimately vindicated before society

METAPHYSICS shows what theology does not, that psychology and behaviorism are purblind ways of explaining the accumulation of experiences from your many previous lives that are merely forms of Memory, and that all the peculiarities of our social relationships have their basis in previous personal contacts that have left debts or credits in our mutual affairs to be adjusted.

in what now seem to be bizarre and dream-like claims of what goes on in higher dimensions and velocities of Matter.

Science has given us radio waves—the nearest form of the discarnate condition in its manifestations, that we possess. We cannot see, touch, or even hear radio waves until we have the proper receiving and translating apparatus. And no one is fool enough to claim they do not exist just because he can't see, touch, or hear them with the naked ear.

Science will soon advance to a point—so those on the other side tell us—where the examination of electronic velocities will bring us into tangible contact with those in higher vehicles of ether-matter.

But if we saw them, heard them, touched them now with our present physical equipment, there would be no "higher life" because we should all be exactly alike on all planes and there could be no such thing as evolution toward greater and greater exquisiteness of function.

ARE You Terrified the Theological

*NOW HERE in any Form
of True Psychical Research
has any Suggestion been
Disclosed of the theological
Day of Judgment waiting
for Tormented or Erring
Souls beyond the Veil of
Physical Demise. But a
Mass of Overwhelming
and Dove-Tailing Evi-
dence Confirms a Great
Calm, a Great Peace and
Rest, in Company with the
Leaders of the Race, with
an Opportunity to Live
Life Over Again if
Necessary, to Correct its
Blunders and Undis-
charged Obligations . .*



EVERY human heart at some time or other has been tried, tormented, or even tortured, by pangs of disbelief or doubt as to whether or not religion is correct in its claims and expositions about heaven, hell, purgatory, and a Day of Judgment.

Millions of people are going about in private despair, trying to arrive at accurate conclusions concerning the destiny awaiting them when their living bodies are converted by illness or accident into lifeless corpses.

They fear to investigate the claims about discoveries by psychical research because it may treat of devils and demons only too eager to undermine their faith in God and Atonement by serpentine assurances that neither chastisement nor retribution awaits the soul after death. There is always the chance that the claims of so-called "departed spirits" may be a bag of cute tricks to undermine faith in Christian dogma that has "weathered" the storms of 1900 years.

IT IS useless to argue with these people, or dismiss them as being fearstruck. They must be recognized as people who merely want proof of what the Truth is, that they may follow it earnestly and industriously. They constitute the vast majority of the spiritual horde that has been the backbone of the Christian faith in every age.

These people, however, make two grievous oversights. They forget that Christ Himself was accused of doing in His generation exactly what

at the PROSPECT of "Day of Judgment"?

they now accuse psychical research of doing; nineteen centuries ago the religious standpatters of the times raved concerning Jesus, "this man casteth out devils through Beelzebub, Prince of the Devils." They also forget the answer that Christ made to his accusers, "*a house divided against itself cannot stand nor long endure.*"

No "devils" or "demons" could ever preach or advocate the beautiful and benevolent status of the soul and the provisions made for its repair and ennoblement, reported by those who have passed beyond the Portals and sent back word through human "sensitives" as to what they have encountered.

IN NOT a single case that has come under the observation of this writer, has there been a bona fide intimation that hell fire awaits anyone or ever *has* awaited anyone, that a jealous Jehovah takes diabolical delight in consigning the ignorant or unfortunate to inferno under the guise of "justice," or that fear-crazed souls are herded into any divine courtroom to await sentences meted out to them when their earthly records have been investigated in the Books of Doom.

Reports of psychical-research communication on the other hand are rich unto satiety with references to and expositions of exactly what Christ Himself promised: a beauteous locality of peace, instruction, and tranquil ennoblement where He is still teaching and preaching as one of the Great Masters of the Wisdom, and where human spirits no matter how distorted, crushed or lustful are refreshed, instructed and lovingly helped toward further processes of spiritual development.

This peace, instruction, and tranquil ennoblement is constructive spirituality of the highest order. No devil could practice it. He would "wreck his own house."



Neither could any demon assuage tried, tormented, or tortured hearts with the inspiration for further good works among men that is the product of rigorous investigation into the religious aspects of psychical research.

CHRIST said, "by its fruits shall ye know the tree."

That which inspires, ennoble, assuages, assists, is by its very essence of divine light. That which strikes fear, threatens, baffles and confuses is of darkness and the powers of darkness. It is destructive and vicious. It makes weaklings and cravens. The psychology of a wrathful, jealous God and His worship is the psychology of medieval times when men thought in terms of brutal and

inhuman punishment for transgressions of feudal fiats. As humanity advances spiritually, even human men in a mortal world become more sane and merciful in their chastisements for social errors meted out to their fellows. God being perfection, as compared even to sane and merciful men of our own day, would have no part or parcel with the tenets or spiritual debasements of darkness.

In all sanity and logic, it seems that nothing should please a devil or demon more than to have petty, vindictive, vengeful "religion" taught under the banner of the Prince of Peace. For it would naturally introduce dissension, antagonism, fear and bloodlust into such dogma that would keep human spirits in constant brawl, retarding the work of spiritual evolution and converting humankind into flabby cowards driven hither and yon by debasing threats of punishments.

IT IS absolutely true that in investigating psychical research, the researcher comes upon malignant entities who delight in working confusion and mischief—disembodied insane persons of a sort who introduce all sorts of misleading and muddling phenomena into the probe for truth. It requires stamina to deal with such, even as it takes stamina to deal with insane or irrational persons in flesh.

These people—if they can be called people—operate at a low rate of vibration down close to the earth sphere and in conditions almost earthly. They "get hold" of ignorant psychic persons who have exposed themselves by unlocking their psychic centers prematurely or without counterbalancing knowledge of spiritual control of such forces, and work all manner of havoc.

These low-caste spiritual entities are responsible for half the insanity, epilepsy, and "possessions" of alcoholics, prevalent in society. They are the entities that have operated to give supernatural research whatever odium attaches to it in the minds of the mass.

But one does not go very far into a rigorous examination of the machinery behind life without likewise encountering great "Masters of Wisdom" and transcendent souls who are also keeping in touch with earth conditions to inspire, teach, counsel, and in many places concretely direct the

lives of those sincerely trying to cast aside superstition and the tenets of blind dogma and arrive at an accurate knowledge of what happens after death.

THESE people are the true saviors of the race, its friends and counsellors. Also on occasion they can make direct contact with those of us still in this lower world. They have given rise in every civilization to the idea of gods and saints. Each race knows dimly, or subconsciously, of their existence and feels their influence. When from time to time they are embodied in human flesh for specific errands and purposes among mankind, they show up in earthly life as great leaders in statecraft, social betterment and constructive finance. In thousands of cases they remain unaware of their true identity while encased in the limitations of physical bodies. But subconsciously they play their parts and carry out their pacts, made with their "angelic" friends before descending into life.

They are the "Host" of the theological dogma.

They are the "gods" of ancient Greece and Rome.

They are the "Great White Lodge" of the Theosophists, Occultists and Mystics.

They are really the accumulate souls of great world leaders in every cycle of civilization and culture in the past, who are foregoing the joys of going on into higher and finer spiritual realms to instruct and guide the present human race of less developed souls ultimately to attain to their moral and mental grandeur.

And presiding over them, as the greatest "Master of Wisdom" of them all—as well as the oldest in point of cosmic age—is the literal entity known to men as Jesus, the Christ. . . .

NOW IF there is no literal Judgment Day of the allegorical Scriptures, what exactly does happen to the soul on being "released" from its mortal sheathing?

We have here to guide us the condensed testimony received through hundreds of "sensitives" on this side, purporting to come from those who are now existing in those finer degrees and grades of Matter in other dimensions.

They check up too consistently with one another to admit of much fabrication.

This magazine has in its files thousands of letters received from psychic persons who claim to have made mental contact with those in other areas of time and space. They do not know one another. They have not compared notes. They have been ignorant of other minute reports coming from other "instruments" concerning the details of discarnate life. Yet they all follow the same technique, report the same things, describe the same items, and give evidence of so consistent a character as to offer what might be called a law of the process. What follows is merely an attempt to give a digest of the broadest aspects of what occurs to the individual person during the process called physical death. . . .

PUT IT for purposes of this explanation that you have an electrical-magnetic body that serves to give pattern and plan to the electric granules making up the substances of your physical body. That electrical magnetic body releases its hold on your physical atoms and draws out of the area in space which they occupy. You—that is, your seat of consciousness that is the real *You*, known to yourself as yourself—go with this electrical body for a short interval of a few seconds, out of your physical atoms.

In other words, the newspapers report that you have "died." . . .

Immediately, with the controlling magnetic force removed, the atoms of your physical body begin to fall apart. That is to say, the corpse instantly commences to "decay." The animal warmth—which that electrical body furnished or caused by operating within your mortal atoms—gradually cools off because this electrical force has gone elsewhere, and rigor mortis sets in. After an hour your corpse is quite cold and decaying fast. In a few hours, if embalming is not resorted to, this decay will be so pronounced that offensive odors announce it.

The real *You* is still located within that electrical-magnetic form that has gone elsewhere however, sensing, perceiving, thinking, exactly as though you were in flesh. But instantly that it detaches from your physical atoms, a strange lode-

IF ONE-TENTH the time, money, and brains that now perpetuate fanciful Theology were put behind bonafide psychical research, and the proper worldly publicity for the findings of psychical research, all fear of personal extinction at physical death could be abolished from the thinking of the race within twelve months. Moreover, it would bring a complete reorganization of society all over the planet, for the governments of this world have been organized for a hundred centuries on the universal fear of Death.

stone process sets in. We are told that this "naked" soul, consisting of little else than atomic pattern, at once attracts to it particles of that as-yet-unknown basic substance termed ether. Those particles adhere to the Light Pattern in which your seat of consciousness is now functioning and commence to build up an almost weightless shell-like body that you can move by the sheer propellation of Thought.

True, you had—and now have—other interpenetrating bodies beside your electrical body-pattern which in turn you slough off or graduate from as time goes along. But we do not need to consider the finer aspects of them here, as we are only concerned in setting forth literal experiences following "death."

THOUSANDS of people "die"—that is, go through the process of their Electrical-Magnetic Pattern leaving their accumulation of mortal atoms—without actually knowing what is taking, or has taken, place.

In other words, they refuse to believe that they are dead.

Where the death has been quick and violent, like tragic accident or sudden murder, they cannot grasp just what has occurred and have to be taken back to the scene of the tragedy and invited to look upon their own corpses in order to convince them.

Where the death has been slow and lingering as in lengthy illness, with general debility of the spirit, the change and its reactions at first appear to them like a queer dream from which they have difficulty in awaking. Gradually the proportions and environments of the "dream" become more and more real to them until they reach a true sense of reality quite as effective as it was to them in flesh.

There seem to be hundreds of thousands of people in the higher dimensions who make it their business to do little but "welcome" other souls coming out of mortal flesh and stay with them till they are fully conversant with the details of their altered state and able to care for themselves in their new environment.

One of the most staggering revelations that the soul meets, none the less, is the discovery of the true identities of some of the world's great leaders—men like Lincoln, for instance, Martin Luther, Oliver Cromwell, Michael Angelo—and who they also were in other mortal visitations before and since they were known as these celebrities.

By the same token we are astounded to know the true identities—in the light of previous achievements on earth—of some of those now in

earthly flesh who seem to be quite ordinary members of society as yet, people perhaps known intimately to us in earth life, but who in reality are the performing souls of some of the world's greatest benefactors not yet awakened to their new commissions.

THE POINT to be registered in all this, is the absolute painlessness and lack of any discomfort in the transition, and the utter absurdity of horror or hesitancy in the face of it because of direful conditions to be met beyond The Ivory Door. Dying is one of the most interesting and on the whole pleasant experiences that life contains. It is all in the nature of easing off a cumbersome burden and finding with it gone that we are on the threshold of still finer and greater wonders, to explore which eternally is the sum and substance of all human destiny.

It is because of this system of receiving souls into the higher dimensions, that further world wars will be gradually halted and eventually abolished. Such immense numbers of deceased soldiers make the transition in terrific shock during the slaughter of a vast battle, that they cannot be met individually and properly cared for. The reception machinery breaks down. The whole orderly arrangement of society on the higher planes is disrupted and quite as much confusion created as war makes in human affairs on the physical side.

Usually, however, people making the transition are met and consoled and counselled by their own loved ones who have gone on before them and who have delayed their own higher travel until families or groups can be completed.

TWO FEATURES of the new environment strike the new arrival with stunning force.

The first is the colossal immensity of everything as compared with "size" of things in three-dimensional mortality. Not that human souls feel themselves smaller in cubic measurement but because the mental senses in their freer scope have a wider range of activity. They can "see farther" and "see finer" than the clumsy visual organ of the physical eye. For instance, interstellar dis-



tances can be discerned by the mental eye with a better grasp than our physical eyes because, to put it crudely, the mental eye "carries farther." By the same token this same visual sense sees "deeper" into things by seeing microscopically and observing thousands of phenomena in operation which the sluggish, dimmed physical eye is now totally unaware of.

The second feature of the new environment that makes for awe is its peace and tranquility, for ordinary vibrations making for audible sounds, are missing. Thought can apparently function and carry from mind to mind without garrulous noise being projected from larynx to ear-drum. And likewise the clash and crash of mortal tumult—which we hear so much throughout earthly life that it becomes a subconscious hum in our senses undiscernible even in our moments of profoundest quiet—no longer exists.

Tumult is tumult because it is discord. When tumult is not discord, it is harmony—*music*. Discords in earth life are largely man-created, although he is unconscious of it. Nature in higher dimensions—(by reason of them being higher)—operates on a noise wave-length of more harmony, or at least less discord. So the newly arrived soul is thunderstruck at an atmosphere of what he immediately translates as inimitable tranquility.

THE TESTIMONY has it that shortly after arrival, the soul-person of necessity or by inclination, feels an overwhelming desire for deep slumber. This slumber, tabulated from hundreds of described instances, lasts all the way from a few hours to several months—depending upon the age and stamina of the soul, its adaptability to the new environment, or the strength or debility of the spirit caused by the conditions which sent it "across." . . .

Only after this slumber has enabled the electric-magnetic body to fully gather about itself its full quota of etheric particles and fully build up its new sheathing, does functioning on the new phase of existence begin.

But there is no divine traffic policeman to take anyone in charge, no herding of massed humanity in cosmic pens for classification upward or downward, no literal Judgment Day as the earth

theology ignorantly had it—largely arrived at from allegorical suggestion. There is instead a more or less voluntary classification of like seeking like in the human equation, exactly as like seeks like in earthly society.

A "good" person finds himself in the company of good people because that is his identity. He could not be anywhere else and preserve his individuality. By the same token, malicious, perverse, recalcitrant people naturally tend to run with their kind—although what happens to them eventually is not for present discussion. Neither is there room here for delineation of how the various classes of folk are more or less separate from each other in environment.

BUT there is no "hell" as theology depicts it, further than the hell of a malignant person having to suffer the association of those like himself without the social protection of the influences of decent, constructive folk, as maintains in physical life.

And there is always the ever-present opportunity for the recalcitrant soul to learn of the wisdom of the Great Ones and change its environment when it is equipped to do so.

If there is a hell in the hereafter, it is always and forever a hell with the lid off and a grand staircase available to all who care to mount up to the society of those who have found recalcitrancy childish, silly, and injuring no one but he who is guilty of it.

THE ACTUAL confronting of Christ in a higher dimension is also outside the scope of this treatise and will be explained in a future paper. But again and again fearstruck souls have been stunned and staggered when they learn Who and What Christ really is, how He functions, how far removed from childish earthly ideas His person and Mission is in truth.

Likewise the personality, composition, and cosmic functioning of Jehovah is all a bit beyond normal mass understanding. That only accrues, according to testimony, after long study, training, and personal spiritual ennoblement that has little or nothing to do with earth life or plane-to-plane transition.

The IMMORTALS to Alter the Form of



LET US not be fanatics, visionaries, or impractical theorists.

When we refer to changes that are coming in society, both moral and civic, we should never be misled by the idea that the nations of earth will awaken some morning to discover a local Mussolini in charge of each, infallible of judgment and

deportment, who will then get together and utter fiats that usher in the well-known millenium. Nothing of the sort is slated to happen.

In order that new human institutions may endure, humankind must bring them about in its own right, know why they are set up, and what purpose they serve that has not been served before.

Great Souls in flesh may act as bell-sheep, leaders, and executives. Great Souls in the higher dimensions may act as mentors, enlighteners, and supernal counsellors. But before those on either side can function, a general understanding of what is under way, *and why*, must be arrived at by the average person that he may cooperate with intelligence and support and sustain the new changes with insight.

AT the present time about all that the Immortals in the Unseen Dimensions can do is to spread news that those changes impend and something concerning their general nature. About all that the Immortals embodied in earthly bodies can do is to distribute themselves throughout society at strategic points and begin by cautious

*THE REAL RULERS
of the Nations will not be
Politicians or Demagogs
but Super-Businessmen
working For Something
Greater than Financial
Profits—world-wide Hu-
man Service under the
Generalship of the Prince
of Peace . .*

and ofttimes cryptic announcement to get society fallow and malleable by provoking it to serious thought on subjects that hitherto have been "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

The time for unity of effective action in actual event will arrive later—when human necessity has become distressing enough to make all classes probe into the causes that have produced such distress.

History is rich with episodes where this has been the program.

The human race will rise up in power and *do things* when enough people become saturated with a consciousness of the principles involved, and the stress of error and ignorance forces them to try other plans than those which have failed them.

The Immortals are appearing among us to alter the selfish forms of world governments. But

are Appearing among us World Governments!

*A SIMPLIFYING of
all Present Forms of Poli-
tical Government is Com-
ing, with less Laws to
Heckle and Circumscribe
the Individual and with
More Respect Paid to the
Integrity and Welfare of
the Private Citizen no
matter in what Country he
may be Residing . .*

not in clouds of fire, to overturn the old established order with torch and sword. They come as Great Teachers and Instructors using human instruments, bidding humankind give its own thought to the future and begging it to simplify the issues involved and get back to what we might label our "cosmic fundamentals." . . .

In the instance of our present modes of governments and their problems, just what *are* these vaunted "fundamentals"?

ENDLESS reams of paper have been wasted, barrels of ink and cases of typewriter ribbons have been exhausted, propounding *theories* for the redemption of the human race. Most of those theories have been wrong in this: *that* they have stupidly refused to take into account what the economist terms the Human Equation.

Mankind is not animal. Humanity cannot be

treated as a herd compelled to do this or that at the suggestion of scholars or fanatics who would theorize about his welfare. Mankind's conduct is influenced by circumstances, moods, racial characteristics and means of getting a livelihood, the various items entering into different cultures that make him what we find him.

The theorists and scholars ignore these items. Which is why some hard-headed, practical fanatic, arising from the ranks of the mass—like Lenin or Mussolini—can sweep the academicians aside like an army of straw men and have people follow behind them in millions. If they seem to be theorists, they are at least theorists who translate their theories into action by knowing how to handle the Human Equation.

That Human Equation is something to think about.

PUT A group of six men in a room together, introduce the subject of Government, and at once you will have six different ideas advanced as to what Government *should* be, based on six different men's reactions to life as they have found it. One man may like to be ruled by a king, another may be a tradesman and want to be ruled by mere laws of commerce, still another may be the henchman of politics and be perfectly satisfied with the ward boss as the highest authority in the city and nation. So on, till the six have disclosed what they *are*.

It stands to reason that if any new social order is to come in effectively, it must encompass one of two expedients.

Either it must spring from a combination of the ideals common to all men as covering their differences in the matter of what constitutes authority and rulership, or—

It must be made up of the contributions of all men's ideas of government turned into one avenue of dictatorship. That dictatorship may be a representative assembly or a soldier-individual. None the less it is dictatorship.

Each man must have his hearing, however, and when all is said and done there must be some sort of organization remaining *that permits each man to have his individuality expressed* or he will eventually become so dissatisfied that he will rebel.

MANKIND in various parts of the earth at the present time is ruled by every sort of government that has ever existed since time began. There are tyrannical monarchies and open assemblies, leagues of nations and leagues of patriots, running all the way down to the most petty local group and dictatorial selectman. None of these has ever filled the bill of ideal government. The question arises before we go any further—what is ideal government?

What but this? *Getting humanity's business transacted in the broadest possible way, in the quickest possible manner, at the cheapest possible price, and yet with maximum efficiency, as opposed to private enterprise where the individual is benefited instead of the group.*

LET us get this once and for all into our thinking—there is Business that concerns the mass, and Business that concerns the individual—the community's business and the single person's business.

Private enterprise can never be abolished in this nation or any other nation so long as there is a nation. By the same token the public business will always remain the public business wherever it concerns the community as a group.

If you will check off the list of businesses that enrich the fortunes of the private individual and those that transact the affairs of the group you will arrive at an exact and impartial survey of where the business of government begins and ends.

People are not clear-headed on this matter. Some believe that the government should run all kinds of business and thus discourage individual enterprise by eliminating competition. Others

think that all businesses should be run by individuals at the behest of the mass in order that efficiency of operation and administrative dexterity may be reached.

All this is pertinent to a very great departure that must come presently. *Public business and private business must be rigorously arrived at on the strict basis of determining who it benefits.*

If it benefits the group it is public business and therefore government.

If it enriches the individual it is strictly private business and government should let it alone.

Government, in other words, is the gesture of doing with, and for, the group what the individual cannot do either for the group or for himself.

When business reaches the point that the individual is not benefited directly, that is, to his private increment, then we must have government.

PEOPLE get wrong ideas of what composes government. They think of it as some over-presiding Moloch, drunken with power, that commands the individual to step aside in favor of the group, that is responsible to no one but itself, that makes the most of its opportunities to entrench itself more securely so long as it is permitted to exist at all.

They fail utterly to realize that government came into existence in the beginning because six men had six different ideas for getting business done that appertained to the six as a unit. The business had to be done. So in order to get agreement that meant action, they pooled their interests. Either they acknowledged the leadership of one man to carry out his ideas because he paid them something in return for their dependence that was well worth having—such as military protection;—or they said, "We will do what four of us believe to be correct because otherwise our individual power to block one another in our opposing aims is insufficient and we are thwarted."

Government has become so misrepresented, so perverted and ill-considered, however, that people have lost the original idea of what it truly means and why and how it should function. Now we come to the opening of a new cycle when to arrive at a great social goal such matters must be grasped by the humblest citizen.



FIRST of all we should make up our minds and see clearly that Government and Politics are two different things!

Politics is the *means* by which we arrive at a standardized government, or rather the instrument for putting a standardized government into effect.

Government thereafter has nothing to do with politics.

It is a clear-headed thing unto itself, and there can be no other way of looking at it.

To say that because politics sets up government, or arrives at the selection of governing bodies, it therefore *is* government, is to say that a house is a house merely because it can be entered through doors or open windows, or that the doors or windows are the structure itself because they permit it to be used for purposes of habitation.

We look at government wrongly when we consider it a permanent part of our lives such as a grocer's shop or garbage incinerator—that is to say, a going concern that is part and parcel of industry.

Government is not a separate firm competing with private individuals or private firms in order to get something done that private firms could do as well.

Government is the open play of mass activity embodied in a few executive heads, doing only the things which if left to private individuals would not get done at all.

Now then considered from this standpoint, where do we find ourselves at the present time?

WE FIND government partaking of politics—or the means that brought it about—so closely that the two are intermarried, and completely dissolved in each other. The average man makes no distinction between the two, knowing that he cannot take a government job without somehow or other entering it through the door of party politics.

Out of this have grown all the evils of our present system, not only in this nation but in nations all over the globe that lay claim to being civilized.

We have so mixed up politics and government that now we cannot separate them practically, however much we do so theoretically. We are in a morass of petty politics from New Year's to Christmas and out of that morass, a vast stench arises which honest men refuse to get on their clothes.

Government as government should be a mass action of citizens who acknowledge that there is public business to be transacted, that it *must* be transacted, and that everybody's business is nobody's business unless authorities are duly constituted to bring it to pass.

The problem before the American people and before every people is to preserve government in its legitimate and lawful function after they have clearly discerned why it came into being.

IF YOU will go through our present statute books you will quickly come to hundreds of laws that have no connection with the public—as the public's business—in any way whatsoever.

They are infringements on the orderly process of true government by selfish individuals or self-seeking groups who have made it their business to put government to work for their private interests. That is to say, they tread on the pure function of government to deal with public affairs, and harness its power to give them special favors and privileges that are strictly their own concerns.

This has had the effect of not only weakening government in its powers and prestige but of confusing its true purposes and errands in the public mind, so that finally Mr. Average Man sees it only as a vehicle used by vested interests or affluent persons to pull their chestnuts out of the fire and let the public weal go hang.

NOW WE in this age are concerned with this gigantic problem—to say what is strictly the

public's business and see that attention is paid to it by those appointed and authorized to transact it, and to ferret out these private encroachers on the public domain and tell them to look after themselves in their petty practises or monstrous conduct.

The public business consists of this—all those matters which apply to the citizens of a community as a community.

Listing them over they include:

The right of every citizen to go about his honest affairs unhampered by the activities of any other citizen.

The right of every citizen to transact his private business without official hindrance so long as he keeps within the communal idea of what his liberties are.

The lawful chastisement of him who transgresses the ethical code applying to those activities.

The right of every man to pursue his vocation unhampered by any sort of duress that he does not elect and support by common consent of the majority of those employed in his vocation.

The right of every man to have a family and fireside that is the basis of all communal life on this planet, and to have the sanctity of that family and fireside defended against lawless encroachments by those who would attain to them by deceit or force.

The right of every man to see his public affairs administered honestly with due regard for the expenditure of communal money in public departments that appertain to health, or the beautification of the community of which he is a unit.

THERE are no other functions of government than these.

Government has no right to say what sort of a woman a man shall marry, how he shall dress, what his rules of private conduct shall be behind the closed doors of his home, what foods he shall eat, what drinks he shall drink.

There is no way to get enforcement that is thorough, adequate, honest, and self-sufficient when government steps down from the transaction of community business and elects to be presiding moralist over individual manners and customs,

private habits, or inherent desires that are neither perverted nor essentially lawless.

Government must be rescued from the funk of discredit it has fallen upon in this age, by the restoration of its dignity of public function in a broad public way.

And there is no excuse for government stepping down from that high position and dignity in any instance.

Time was when even religion and a man's faith in God was a matter of public regulation of morals. That day has gone. We look back upon it now as childish and silly to think that great public office could dictate to the individual his private ideas about Divinity, for instance. By the same token the day will come shortly when we will look back upon government's attempt to dictate a man's foods and drinks, his marital embroilments, and his ethical reactions to human life as equally absurd and preposterous.

WE COME to an extremely fine point here, however, as to what constitutes "community morals" as separate and distinct from the morals of the individual.

Community morals may be said to consist of those manners and activities on the part of the citizens as a whole, that injure or enhance, encroach upon or extend, the normal and healthy activities of the individual citizen.

The morals of the individual on the other hand must not encroach upon the public manners and the public defilement of those manners and customs that make up the habits of the community.

It is open to debate, for instance, whether free and unrestrained marriage and divorce or plurality of wives would have half the derogatory effects on public morals that the squeamish think. There have been whole cycles of civilization, such as in China in the past or Russia of the present, where unhampered divorce, easy remarriage, and even open polygamy have not resulted in half the chaos of morals that we encounter today in our contradictory divorce laws of the several states, or the alternative of prostitution that is a constant menace to public health in every great municipality.

On the other hand we know it is against public morality because it is against the public health for

a man to say that his ten-year-old child shall work twelve hours a day in a cotton mill to the dwarfing of the child both physically and mentally, rendering him unfit for the duties of citizenship in the coming generation of adults.

By the same token the public saloon is a community defilement from the standpoint of both temperance, health and public decency, while the absolute prohibition of *every* form and type of spirituous liquors to the individual in his own home—where the public has no business and is not called upon to suffer as a community—is an equal encroachment by government on private morals.

THESE matters are not so confusing as they seem at first sight—when the simple law of the Community vs. the Individual is always borne in mind and applied, without bias or personal spleen because one's own whim cannot be inflicted on his neighbor.

Governments in the new age which is ruthlessly upon us will make these sharp distinctions and keep to them. Men will be protected in their private property rights, in their private behavior, and in their private relationships. Likewise the community business *as* the business of *all* the people, which no one individual can dictate, will be kept inviolate from the encroachments upon it of little groups with little ends and aims to serve.

WE MUST get a new grasp of what government is, and get it quickly. We must make it so plain to the average citizen that government and politics are two separate things, that he will support the one to the gradual extinction of the other.

That means the utter and complete abolition of politics as an end in itself.

It is fine in theory to say that the citizens should do this or should not do that. But we have to bear in mind that for every community of a thousand people there are wellnigh a thousand different brands of mentality, and gradations and qualifications of human character. No one man sees a problem exactly as his neighbor.

Now we come to the crux of the whole matter.

Is it possible to get our citizens, rich and poor, employed and idle, thrifty and spendthrift, to

METAPHYSICS tells you how the universe came into being. It tells you what composes the universe and how life started to manifest in it. It takes you up through the various forms of consciousness until you arrive at the so-called "human" and into the history and significance of Culture. It finally convinces you, if you are a logical and unbiased person, that you were just as sentimentally "alive" before you came into your present mortal life as you will be after quitting it—that you have lived in some form or other since the Finite Universe was, including hundreds of previous lifespans right here on this earth.

agree upon a standard of what is community business and what is private business?

Listen carefully!

There is no way by which this can be done except by enforcing rules and regulations that are almost purely spiritual in their deployments on human thinking.

We are making a broad statement and perhaps an absurd one when we tackle the problem from the standpoint of applied spirituality. Yet it must

be tackled from there because there is no other way to tackle it, man being essentially spiritual in composition.

NOW by spiritual no one means sanctimonious, maudlin or impractical. Neither do we mean religious in the general sense of the term. God has nothing to do with it and yet God has everything to do with it—the contention being here that humankind is essentially God-stuff in its character. When we say spiritual we mean a concept of morality lifted above the purely materialistic and expedient, ingrained into the human race by the application of laws that come from the clearer thinking of those already lifted above the dictates of materialism—those who see life in its ultimate goal and outcome instead of from day to day contact down close to the grindstone of worldly necessity.

There are such persons and they are many. They constitute the immense army of those who have “gone on” and become freed from the handicaps of material expediencies—those who are now able to value human life and its purposes from the broader viewpoint of why life exists on the earth at all and what the individual person comes to earth to get.

Understand, no one advocates that humankind should be guided by so called “spirit voices” or the moral brainstorm of persons who have graduated from the handicaps of earthly bodies. We are speaking of a vast army of men and women who have come into a Higher Knowledge of the true life purposes and are able to communicate their advice and the results of wide observation to those still in earthly bodies who cannot appreciate life or value its lessons and practise correctly because they are too close to it from their positions in it.

WE MUST take a broad viewpoint here also and discriminate between those who are truly wise and able to prescribe for us from competent experience, and those who merely want to work out theories, try experiments, and gain converts for themselves, although they may have shed their mortal vehicles.

How to do this is a problem for most of us. The answer to it lies solely and utterly in the quality of the information passed back to us in prescription. If it is in its essence novel, sensible, rational, and otherwise accreditable because it supplies us with knowledge not now put into common use, we should give it the consideration it merits.

On the other hand we should be duly careful that we are not encroaching upon our neighbor's right to challenge even the prescriptions of these wiser friends.

The root of the matter lies here: The human race is in a social and economic morass at the present time that seems day by day to be growing worse instead of better. Night by night however there are prescriptions for conduct and morals coming out of higher dimensions for our edification and moral and spiritual help that are worthy of every respectful consideration.

WE MUST go to the human race with these prescriptions, specifications, and counselings, and say to it—

“This is what is recommended. Do you look to it and ask honestly if it is not better than that which is in practise among men at the present time?”

The only way to get a renaissance of morals and manners in this nation or any nation is to go back to our cosmic fundamentals, learn of them from such servants as are wise in them, consider them, and in a measure practise them as we have opportunity.

And on the whole it is not as difficult as it seems when first viewing the matter. Which is why we say that the new dispensation must be precluded by a thorough understanding of what the cosmic fundamentals are and how they apply in a practical way to the times and age in which we dwell.

Let us look upon it—this Higher Wisdom—in the nature of a new dispensation of manners and morals peculiar to the enlightened cycle of life we have entered and render due accounting to our own souls and hearts before we try to make the other fellow see his errors in civic and civil practises.

WHY *Little Children* *Die in Childhood*



SCARCELY a week passes that a letter is not addressed to the editor of this publication, asking light on the solution of one of life's cruellest enigmas.

How can we account for the premature deaths of small and beloved children?

Distraught parents, bereaved relatives, indignantly sorrowing friends, often reach a point where the snatching of a child by accident or illness disrupts or ruins their faith in God and the validity of Infinite Wisdom. They have challenged or discarded all belief in anything but gross materialism because they know nothing of the processes at work.

THIS demand for light commands respect and attention, quite as much as it does *not* call for pious platitudes or expressions of orthodox optimism that "God is love" and in the fullness of time they shall see that "all was for the best."—

You can't tell that to a sorrow-crazed mother hearing the rain beat against the window on the first night after a little funeral, when she lies numbed with quandary as to whether the rain is seeping down toward a little white coffin.

Nevertheless, in all sympathy and compassion, there are some fundamentals of life that that mother must recognize and learn, else she is at the play of blind forces that may tear her mentally into rags and tatters. Despite her grief, she must know what forces are operating or why they have operated.

MANY a Grief-Crazed Mother would quickly recover from her Sorrow if she Knew the true Reason for her Lost Child coming into her Life at all, or that the Body of her next Child may contain the Soul of the first Child restored to her Arms in another Mortal Organism . .

Conventional theology can give no practical help so long as it categorically refuses to recognize the one great tenet for all mortal life: that human souls do not originate on this planet in the bodies of new babies, to die physically and then go on to different grades and aspects of existence. They come back into the mortal form again and again. Because they do this we have the phenomena of little children seemingly ceasing to exist before their lives have fairly begun.

THE FIRST thing the mother must realize is the fact that the beloved child to whom she gave birth was by no means a newly created human being.

What she actually did by experiencing conception, pregnancy and travail, was to furnish a bodily

vehicle on this physical plane for a human soul already created and already immortal.

She did the same thing herself when she was an infant and came into life through the agency of *her* mother.

Mothers in a country of advanced civilization like America might be staggered if they could accurately determine the true identity—that is, the spiritual identity—of some of the children they constantly bring into mortal life.

Take the mother of Abraham Lincoln for instance. Suppose she had known that in birthing the infant who afterward became the great Civil War president, she had also been used as an instrument for one of eternity's greatest souls coming into mortal functioning—a soul who had been one of Christ's most active and beloved disciples, a soul who has appeared and reappeared in life-cycle after life-cycle, reaching back over tens of thousand of years, always ennobling and liberating the race whenever he reappeared in it.

The same thing is going on day by day in every city and hamlet all over the world. Great souls are coming into life *who often are cosmically older than the very mothers who bear them.*

IT IS an astounding and somewhat incredible thing for a mother to hear for the first time that the baby body whose wobbly head rests in the pillow of her shoulder, may house a spirit that has already been not only a proven benefactor to the human race in previous life-spans, but in lesser instances may have been *her* mother or father or husband or brother, in lives previously lived and that by birthing it and tending it to maturity she is merely paying a debt of compensation in the Great Books of the Eternally Balanced Equation.

Nevertheless, those of us whose business it is to explore fearlessly Behind Life, know that this sort of thing seems to be the truest part of truth.

NOW souls come into life for one of three purposes. Sometimes these are interchangeable and interlocked, but that is not of consequence.

Souls reenter life either to perform a mission to the race as some sort of leader-instructor, or,

They enter life to perform some act or render



some service to those in whose intimate circle they either find themselves or may later attain to, or,

They have come to work out some problem in their own affairs, such as learning some lesson in the blindness and circumscription of another mortal body that could not be acquired by any other method. Why this last is so, is not for present discussion. It is treated month by month in its various phases in other articles and homilies in this publication.

The fact remains that each new mortal body that appears on earth, commonly called an infant, houses a more or less aged and experienced spirit. That it is unaware of its previous identities, that its new physical brain is a blank, that its body is wobbly, that it cannot as yet coordinate muscles and nerves and appears like a new and untried product of the cosmos, has nothing to do with the process that is at work—excepting that if it *did* know all these things and was physically efficient from the instant of birth it would bid for no compassion from the parents and associates that thus give it its chance to perform its mission.

If human women birthed fully developed and efficient individuals, mother-love — in itself an ennobling spiritual experience to every feminine soul—would cease to exist because it would have neither point nor necessity.

That too is an irrelevancy. What we are discussing here is why some children die and others live to be aged adults.

IN THE first place, we are told by Higher Mentors that this already elderly and experienced human spirit does not necessarily enter the new infant body being prepared for it by the functions of parenthood, *at the instant of conception.*

That soul may enter at any time during the period of pregnancy, or it may not enter till the instant of birth. This for the reason that mortal development is along two separate and distinct lines, the Physical or Biological, and the Spiritual or Psychical. Meaning that the conception and fashioning of the infant's body *as a body* is a purely biological and materialistic process entirely independent of the spirit inside it—just as we find to our horror on the other hand when we plunge deeper and deeper into the mazes of the sentient universe that it is possible for human spirits to vacate their earthly bodies and turn them over to other entities without death resulting or that the soul may permanently quit the body, lose its identity and to all intents and purposes die, with the human body continuing to live and function without any divine spirit in it at all. Which accounts for the “fiends” that occasionally exhibit among us, great criminals, utterly “soulless” individuals who commit great perversions among society, the idiotic insane, and what-not.

WHEN we have a case of still-birth, we have an obvious illustration of no spirit having elected to come into that particular infant's body—a condition being present, or impending, that makes it inadvisable that a human spirit shall function in that set of circumstances.

On the other hand, this too may happen: a soul may elect to come into the new body of an infant which the mother has grown for its use, discover itself subconsciously in mortal life again, and be so resentful that such an excursion is necessary that the soul's courage fails it and it defaults. In other words, it deliberately turns about and avoids life of its own accord, electing to wait till it has grown more stamina before tackling the problems and adversities of another lesson in flesh.

Thus we have the phenomena of babies “dying” within a few minutes or hours of birth for no organic reason that surgeons can discern.

You say, of course, that this seems a “tough break” for the mother who goes through the pain of travail. But if that mother only had the veil swept aside from her cosmic memory, she might also recall some life of her own when she played the same cowardly trick on *her* mother and in a universe of absolute compensation, she must repay that debt by going through that identical suffering herself.

WHEN we come to children who merely live a few years, however, long enough to enshrine themselves in parental affections, and then are torn away by tragic accident or illness that seems at the time to have been avoidable, we have a different process at work.

In the first place, remember this: *nothing ever happens by chance—nothing is “avoidable.”*

Grief-torn parents say, “If I only hadn't left the lighted lamp on the table, baby never would have been burned to death.” “If only I hadn't turned back into the house for my purse, Tommy never would have wandered out in front of that motor-car!”

It sounds and seems heart-rending, to consider such things as happening by our “carelessness.”

But nothing so happens!

In every case the incident is written in advance and works out on unerring schedule. Moreover, a definite errand is being executed, either by parent or child, and when the memory-veil is lifted, or when both are back upon the planes of the higher dimensions in a spiritual state, the mosaic of the pact made between such spirits will be found to have come together without a flaw.

The very basis of this universe is absolute law and order. It could not be otherwise and hang together for a moment. Worse things would happen than occur at the intersection of two busy streets when the traffic lights go out of commission.

THIS of course, raises the credulous demand if everything is therefore foreordained. Where does will-power and choice of conduct enter in?

No, *everything* in life is not foreordained and there is plenty of room for the exercise of free-will

—far more than mortals elect to exercise. But in matters of life terminations, practically every soul seems to be aware before it enters life about how long it expects to remain, and how and when it will exit.

The loss of children, therefore, *is not a loss at all!*

We lose the physical manifestation of the spirit among us for a time but we never lose the spirit itself. We cannot. We are too intimately tied up in its "karma" or it never would have appeared in our particular group, or out of our particular loins as an infant, at all!

THE MOTHER who tortures herself with the remembrance, "no little flannel nightie to put on tonight" has every claim on our deepest compassion, for her loss at the moment is beyond words to convey. But all she has buried is a biological organism which while greatly developed and functioning of itself, is nevertheless merely an emanation of her own blood and bone.

The spirit of the child which she loved will go on developing in the next dimension in the Light Pattern she gave it—for explanation of which see the article in this issue on "Why We Can't See the Dead"—till it becomes an adult "on the other side," providing that it doesn't go down into mortal life again meanwhile as an infant spirit to some other mother—or *perhaps as the soul of the next child she bears.*

The editor of this magazine has learned of scores of cases where mothers are practically certain of this. We meet with mothers who quickly seem to get over their grief at the loss of one baby, with the birth of the next. Friends say, "it takes the place of the first in her affections." Mayhap they speak far more truthfully than they realize. That mother, holding her second infant's body in her arms, may be cuddling the actual soul-spirit of the first child that for some cosmic reason couldn't make a go of things in the first visitation. The mother senses subconsciously that it is the same spirit and therefore she feels no more grief; she has "gotten her baby back again." . . .

What truly is happening in such a case is, she is subconsciously satisfied because she knows she has some type of maternal debt to pay to that

spirit and now she is enabled to go on paying it.

IF SOCIETY could grasp for one conscious instant the number of debts contracted in other lives, which each individual is paying by the strange relationships and upsets in his present life, the face of mortal existence would be completely altered before six o'clock tonight.

On the other hand, if it were universally known in every instance—that is, consciously instead of subconsciously — thousands would default, other thousands would not want to meet those obligations and compensations squarely in this life but would procrastinate exactly as they too often procrastinate with landlord and butcher. The fact that there is a veil over the cosmic memory, enables us to go through the compensatory process and win through to spiritual freedom from obligation.

The saddest cases of all, of course, are those wherein the spiritual mentors of a given woman send a child-soul to her for a little while—half-a-dozen to a dozen years, and then call it back in order that she may be deepened morally and spiritually by what seems to be an irremediable "loss."

Ultimately she will discern, of course, that there really was no loss, that all of it was gain. She will even be indebted to the spirit who took the time and trouble to come to her as an infant, away from its own spiritual concerns, merely to teach her the unfathomable lesson. Down other life spans she may discharge *that* debt by performing similar offices for or toward some other woman.

All of us know cases where selfish, impatient, thoughtless, or unnatural mothers have been completely altered by having a child that is taken away from them before that youngster has attained to maturity. Their "loss" makes them deep, compassionate, unselfish spirits almost before our eyes. Whenever this occurs, rest assured you are witnessing a form of the process.

BUT take consolation from this: If you are a parent and seem to have lost a child by what you deem "accident," do not blame yourself. On the other hand, do not blame God. A process that is eminently compensatory in some form or other has effected an adjustment between human souls.



HIS MAGAZINE is making a clean-cut, businesslike fight to become permanently established and stand upon its own feet, editorially and financially. It is asking no quarter because it is a journal given over to the practical application of spiritual matters in day to day living; it is unashamed to say to its supporters that it must be a financial success, or at least economically sound, before it can command the respect of any sort of people on any strata of society.

Unashamedly too, its editor states flatly that as a successful periodical it is his only means for being economically independent of the dictates of secular publications. These refuse him a livelihood unless he subscribes to the purblind doctrines of orthodoxy, nobly entrenched but nevertheless responsible by their wrong teachings for the present turmoil in society.

The success of THE NEW LIBERATOR means that he is in a position to give his unrestricted time and attention to his ever-increasing audience, which has now begun to include some of the outstanding figures in American thought and finance. So long as he had to give the major portion of his time to "popular" literature which had no bearing on this work of enlightenment, the latter had to remain a hobby of a sort—an expensive hobby with bad repercussions on his former vocation.

In putting THE NEW LIBERATOR on its feet and making it an unfettered instrument for his instructive activities, he is able to concentrate on the problems of his readers and give them the best that is in him to give.

He does hope to make this magazine compensate him for his time and effort in order to be a free, efficient instrument untorn by petty worries. But money has never been the prime motivating factor in projecting this publishing enterprise. If money is made, it will accrue from the application of sound business principles to the kind of publishing that in the past has been the print-fuss of fanatical, freakish, or impractical persons.

THE NEW LIBERATOR is a spiritual enterprise in a materialistic world. It must win through on materialistic principles and command the respect of all classes of society by being able to help itself before it attempts to solve the problems of others.

I BEGIN a *Troublesome* MISCHIEF in my



P TO this time I was unaware that there were such entities in existence as makers of mischief in the affairs of psychic persons, and that the levels just above mortal life held "unclean spirits who delight to confuse" . . .

I assumed, as most people assume when they are convinced of the continuity of life, that anything

given from the Unseen Dimensions must necessarily be truthful because of the sources and methods from which it is derived.

I had been brought up in the good old Methodist notion that when people died they immediately became heaven-like, or if they were "wicked" they were consigned to a Pit where there was wailing and gnashing of teeth—certainly not possessed of much chance for hoaxing and baffling mortal folk going about their honest affairs.

It took me several weeks to come into a recognition of my own people—the truth-tellers and bonafide instructors whose word could be more or less relied upon—by the technique of recognizing their "rates of vibration."

I had opened up nerve centers in my body by my "Seven Minutes" experience which enabled me to sense this vibration caused by the presences of people near me, either in flesh or out of it. But I had not learned that each person has a different vibratory rate depending upon their identity, cosmic age, and immortal "group" to which they belong.

THE FOURTH PAPER

by

THE EDITOR

on

*"Why I Believe the
Dead
are Alive!"*

I had not become aware of the differences in these rates of vibration that would identify helpful, constructive, sympathetic persons from those whose only desire was to get expression by influencing whoever they were allowed to influence when psychical conditions on both sides are complied with.

I BELIEVED then, and I still believe, that the major portion of my early communications was simon pure and came from the individuals it affected to come from. I am convinced of this not only from the nature of the material transmitted to me but through the vibratory discrimination I soon developed at the cost of great spiritual tumult and torment.

Every person who essays to investigate the machinery behind life, must pass through this period and learn the bitter lesson of experience.

It is typified in Christ's career by His Forty Days in the Wilderness when He was "tempted of Satan," taken to an exceedingly high mountain

Period with Makers of Private Affairs ..



and shown the kingdoms of the world, taken to the height of the temple and told to dash Himself down.

In the mystic studies of the East, the period is known as the time of *Pledge Fever*. Immediately the novice has pledged himself to study and expound these great constructive doctrines that will free the human race from its bondage of error and ignorance, he at once invites all manner of confusion and bafflement in his affairs. Decadent, malignant entities, who can operate out of the unseen areas of time and space precisely like the inspirational constructive people, appear to do everything possible in their powers of darkness to weaken the resolve and turn the pupil back into the fogs of doubt, distress, and piteous timidity.

Wise teachers of the mysteries know that this period will come to every bonafide worker with great potentialities for constructive good. But I had no teachers. I was learning by the good old method of trial and error.

And I learned.

PEOPLE constantly ask me why this sort of frustration to goodly works is "permitted."

They seem to think that such activities should be prohibited or controlled by divine fiat. They forget in their indignation that mortal beings in bodies or out of them, are absolutely free spirits who can do whatever they please, or *be* whatever they please.

If this election were not possible, the Almighty could make the universe "good" between now and midnight by speaking the Word. He does no such thing because the spirit of every man and woman is a literal cell of God developing in its own way as it chooses to develop. If it chooses to develop in Light and constructive Love, it goes on by the nature of its own activities into higher and higher forms of spiritual evolution. If it chooses to retrograde into darkness and confusions, it simply commits a sort of identity-suicide and extinguishes its own self, returning ultimately to the great ocean of universal spirit with its identity lost forever.

There are millions of souls who evolve to a certain point, then lose their inspiration to go onward because of some great temptation, shock, or mental experience in one of their lives. They become recalcitrant and vicious, and instead of taking finer forms, life after life, they reappear as grosser and grosser persons, more and more ugly, more and more stupid, till in their moribund spleen and vengeance they become massed antagonists of those who have not defaulted but are still developing and mounting steadily upward.

THESE are the "demons" — and the only demons—of scripture and legend. But their power for mischief is incalculable when they find a newly awakened person who is not yet wise in their purposes and antics. They lose no opportunity to discredit the advancing soul by throwing

monkey-wrenches into his affairs and frightening him away from further constructive effort.

This is why so much stamina is required to push on in spite of the adversity and bafflement which they introduce, and win through to correct methods for overcoming their functioning and massed activities.

While this is a departure for the moment from the nature of this paper, it does explain in advance many of the reasons for the confusions and bafflements in my own work which now ensued.

WITH my trained-nurse friend on the evening I have described in my last installment, I drove up to my bungalow and prepared materials for automatic writing after the methods I had followed with my other adept friend in Manhattan. I had no idea of what might come over. It was honest experimenting in the hope that we might receive some word about the status of my companion's mother who had made the great transition that night at six o'clock.

We sat at my desk in my living-room, our only companion my big police-dog. This dog stretched out before the hearthfire. The evening hilltop was strangely silent.

Suddenly the dog gave a bound as we waited with the tip of the pencil poised on the pad. She came up on her haunches with an uneasy growl; the hair arose on the scruff of her neck, and ears like steel shells seemed to be watching someone or "something" that had come into the room, invisible to my companion and myself.

Almost at once, the pencil began to move of its own volition!

WHAT IT was writing, at first I could not decipher. The penmanship had a queer right-handed slant that at times leaned over so far as to appear nearly horizontal. All the words were joined together to the end of the line.

Meanwhile the dog drew back toward a corner with a surprised, uneasy look and cocked her head curiously in the vicinity of the desk as though unable to figure out exactly what was happening.

Suddenly my friend gave a startled gasp and relaxed the hold on my wrist.

"It's writing in German!" she cried. "And I

recognize that penmanship! *It's my Grandfather S-----'s, who died twenty years ago!*"

Personally I knew scarcely a word of German. Certainly if my subconscious mind had anything to do with the phenomenon produced, it could not be accused of writing German sentences in a penmanship recognizable as that of a man dead for two decades.

"What does it say?" I asked my friend to translate.

SHE replied, "It says, '*Your mother is now with us and will be quite all right. Do not grieve for her. She is much happier now that she is delivered of her load of physical pain.*'"

The hand continued to write and my companion continued to translate—

"*'Do not expect any word from her directly for several weeks and perhaps months. She has a long period of slumber ahead of her in which she must recover her strength.'*" There was more, much more, but the material was private to my friend and appertained to her family affairs.

"Are you sure this is your grandfather's writing?" I asked in an interval for rest.

"It would be impossible to forget his writing, as you see," she replied.

To test out the truth of the grandfather's identity I began to ask him questions, where he was born, the names of his children, other details of his life which my friend could corroborate or contradict.

In practically every case the pencil replied in German the true facts, even to spelling out the name of a town in Germany of which I had never heard.

Of course *cryptethesis*, or subconscious mind-reading might have accounted for it, but from later developments in New York I had cause to be convinced that we really had made contact with the grandfather. I will chronicle them later.

My friend was overcome. Here seemed to be evidence enough to convince any reasonable person that we were in contact. But more startling revelations, I say, were in store for both of us.

SUDDENLY, almost between sentences, the handwriting took a veer and altered in character. From leaning to the right, it now tipped

abruptly backward and leaned toward the left—a wholly different penmanship. Here were the words produced—

"Hello, Dud, you old son of a gun! . . . I've been a long time trying to get through to you and now that I've got to you, I'm not going to give you up!"

My companion asked, "Who could be addressing you in any such manner?"

It was my turn to feel surprize. Outside of my immediate family, all members of whom were still alive, the only person who had ever called me by a contraction of my middle name was the brother-in-law, Ernest, mentioned in the opening chapter of this series.

Ernest had died in the opening days of the war when the influenza epidemic reached Camp Devens in Ayre, Mass.

But more than the salutation gripped me. Ernest and I had been in business together the last few months of his life, enough so that from day to day contact I recognized his penmanship. He was left-handed and had a most peculiar manner of forming his capital letters.

Before me on the pad were letter-perfect samples of Ernest's peculiar handwriting, unmistakable of formation.

Accepting that he was present therefore, I went on to ask him questions about himself. Not only did I get sensible answers that seemed accurate on the face of them, but he told me things about certain members of the family—all of whom were residing on the other side of the continent—that I afterward found to be accurate when I came east and made inquiries.

MEANWHILE my police-dog was acting most peculiarly.

She was not exactly fearful nor angered, so much as excited. She paced about the room hitting taborets and chairs and knocking books and magazines off upon the rug. Finally she began a series of short, excited barkings—taking up her position in the hallway door and peering around the fireplace corner with more choppy barkings. Again and again I called her to be quiet.

Suddenly the pencil wrote, *"Do not scold your dog. She merely senses or sees our presences."*

It was not Ernest's handwriting. It was the same penmanship in which my other friend and I had received our communications in that New York apartment, two weeks before.

Before we ended the experiment that first evening one other remarkable incident occurred. The pencil, continuing to write in the latter penmanship, *started voluntarily giving me information about my past incarnations.*

OF THESE, I cannot write. They are personal and private to myself alone. But they constitute some of the most remarkable phases and aspects of this whole enlightenment.

"On a certain day in the year 1913 you were in B-----" wrote the pencil. "You were standing in front of a certain monument in B-----. You were reading an inscription on that monument. You were reading your own inscription!"

Lest the accusation of a superiority complex arise here, let me state that the persons designated as my own former impersonations during the past 2000 years have not been people that would ever have emanated from my own subconscious at my own election. They have been people who kicked up more of a rumpus on the human stage than humanity especially liked at the time, and always in some proselytizing capacity that wrought alterations in the mode of humanity's living.

I have been no famous soldiers, poets, statesmen or potentates. The persons that I now am convinced that I have been are in the main unknown—or at least unfamiliar to the public in their historical lives—and not until I hunted out their little-known biographies did I realize with a strange sensation up and down my spine that the incidents set forth in those biographies coincided to the letter with weird presentiments and recurrent dreams which I had experienced all through childhood and adolescence.

IN MY "Seven Minutes" episode I had plenty of evidence to justify belief in the reincarnational hypothesis. But it had never occurred to me to wonder what other lives I had lived or how I had arrived at my present status of consciousness. I simply accepted the fact that I had lived other lives as I now accept the fact that I am living this life.

But over the entire year that now ensued, the most dramatic confirmation of these identities began to crop up in my affairs until I finally threw aside my skepticism and adopted an attitude of "Well, what of it?"

Let me add, however, that I am not one of those believers in reincarnation who hold that in every life I have been a famous person. Many of the lives with which I am reasonably familiar now, were quite "unwept, unhonored and unsung"—thank God for that!

THIS FIRST evening with my nurse friend was the first of a series which we spent together taking down communications that could have no reasonable source within our subconscious selves. For the pencil soon began to branch out into illuminatory discussions of metaphysics and treat of matters of which I had never heard. Months later in the east I was to discover that the papers I had begun to take thus in distant California constituted the fundamental premise of the whole metaphysical doctrine already known to adepts.

We had been writing thus for a matter of three weeks, however, when in the middle of a profound discourse, the pencil began to cut strange capers. It started to write irrelevant material. It made curly-cues and pictures. It would "go dead," to start up again with queer jerks and dashes.

Finally one evening along toward eleven o'clock, it wrote, "*Hurry down to your office tonight. You have received an important check in the mail today that at present lies on your office rug where it became separated from the morning's mail. Unless you rescue it, the night-janitor may sweep it up in the rubbish.*"

I had an office at the time in a Pasadena business block and the message bore all the earmarks of friendly solicitation. As it was nearing time to deliver my companion at her home five miles away, we got into my car and went down to search for the missing check.

We aroused the night janitor, went up to the third floor of the building and unlocked the office.

No check was on the rug.

WE SEARCHED diligently. The janitor declared he had not swept the suite and no one had entered it since the employees had left.

Going into the inner room, we sat down before my business desk and resumed our positions with pencil and paper, asking explanation for the strange occurrence. The pencil responded jerkily but finally wrote—

"Sorry, old man. We made an error. It was not on your office floor that we saw the letter with check lying but on the floor of the post-office. Better get over there at once and make inquiries."

With this explanation we went across town to the post-office and gained attention from the night-clerk. Without informing him of the source of our information, we asked him to make a search and ascertain if such a letter had come to me that day from the east—for the sender of the letter and the size of the check had been indicated.

The report was negative.

I was puzzled and not a little troubled. What on earth was the matter?

Back to the office we went and made demand for another explanation, although the time was now nearing midnight.

"In the morning," wrote the pencil, *"go to the post-office immediately the postmaster himself, Mr. Black, is at his desk and make him show you the contents of Lock Box 1736. He will turn out the missing letter to you from it—where it has been picked up and put by mistake."*

"I LET the matter go for the night, took my companion home and returned to my own. Next morning I went to see the postmaster.

Here was a strange angle of the case, by the way. In the message, the pencil had designated the postmaster as *Mr. Black*. Personally at that time I did not know the postmaster's name. Making inquiries for him next morning, however, I found his name to be *Mr. Knight*. The idea was there, but had not been correctly interpreted.

No matter. I asked him to look in Lock Box 1736, which the pencil had declared was rented to a *Mr. Slocum*.

"That couldn't be possible," Mr. Knight said to me at once. "We have only two hundred lock boxes in this post-office."

Postmaster Knight at Pasadena will doubtless recall the incident although he never knew exactly what sort of a puzzle I was working out.

"Is there a Mr. Slocum who rents a box in this office?" I asked him.

"There is," Mr. Knight replied, giving me more courtesy than I have ever had at any post-office before or since.

"Will you look in his box then, and tell me if there is a letter for me tossed in there by mistake?"

He would and he did.

There were no letters at all in Mr. Slocum's box!

I WAS now fully convinced that some sort of hoax was being played on me, but was also determined to learn how far it would go. As soon as I could contact my friend to write more with her, we got another alibi.

"Of course you didn't get the letter," said the pencil, "because Mr. Slocum came in while you were on the way to the post-office and emptied his box. He has carried your letter with check away with him. But he is an honest man and he will return it to you with apologies when he sees his error. You will find that it will turn up in your other post-office box in Altadena."

I waited a day and made inquiries at Altadena. No letter appeared.

I went to the Western Union office and sent a wire east, asking the person from whom the check was said to be coming if he had ever mailed me any such check.

The answer came back, CANNOT UNDERSTAND YOUR QUERY STOP HAVE MAILED YOU NO CHECK SINCE WEEK AGO THURSDAY.

The thing was a hoax from beginning to end.

I went back to the pencil and asked for explanation.

The pencil stayed "dead"

AGAIN and again we got messages—or what purported to be messages—about my intimate affairs which continued to be inaccurate. I was sorrowfully angry that such behavior should be allowed. I had gone on a blind faith that somehow, somewhere, I had unseen friends who would not let that sort of thing happen. Finally this came—

"You are urgently needed in New York. A very dear friend of yours intends to commit suicide and you must halt it. Go east at once as soon as you can settle your affairs. Talk with this person. You will find that what we say is true."

"I'll go nowhere," said I flatly, "until you give me concrete proof that you are what you say you are and that you are telling me the truth. I refuse to be hoaxed into a cross-country trip. I can't afford it."

"You may have this proof," the pencil answered. "Next Tuesday at half-past three in the afternoon, a man will walk into your office and without any solicitation from you, volunteer to loan you a certain sum of money. If he does so, it should be prima facie evidence to you that we are not hoaxing you."

"All right," I answered aloud, "if anyone puts real money into my hand for a New York journey, I will accept the message as bonafide and act upon it."

TUESDAY came. During the lunch hour four men came in to consult with me about a real estate deal. We lunched together and returned to my office. I left orders with my secretary that she was to call me out at once if anyone entered at 3:30 who especially wanted to see me. Then I continued my business.

At half-past three we were still discussing the deal. No stranger had appeared and did not appear. I was sour about "unseen friends" and automatic writing in general. At four o'clock our conference broke up and one by one my friends withdrew. Finally one man was left. As he too arose to go, he straightened in his chair and asked with puzzled frown, "Bill, do you especially want money for something like a trip east?"

"Maybe," I said, startled, "but why do you ask?"

"I ask because for three hours I've been sitting here feeling funny about things. I've felt that I ought to offer you the loan of a sum of money. It's a real distress in me. How much do you want to borrow for the trip?"

(To Be Continued)

IF We have Lived other not Consciously

Q *THE HUMAN MIND is Divided into Two Parts, with the Conscious Retaining Most of the Memories of the Present Life-Experience and the Subconscious Composed of the Sum-Total of All the Lives We Have Ever Experienced Blended to Make Us the Spiritual Persons that We Are . .*



W HEN the average person first hears of Reincarnation—and the flat statement is made that he or she has lived scores of lives in this mortal world before the present life—the challenge is quickly returned, “If you are telling me the truth about myself, why don’t I recall events in past lives? Why do I only remember

events back into my early childhood and no further? Why is there a veil between my activities

in past lives and my conscious knowledge of myself in this life?”

These questions are logical and entitled to all respect. Upon satisfactory answers to them lies an understanding of the whole stupendous plan of life from age to age. Once convince a person by any fragment of conscious memory that he or she has “been someone else” in a previous stage of the world’s history, and his whole viewpoint on the problems of his present life undergoes a change that means a new heaven and a new earth opened for him to dwell in.

On the other hand, to convince such a person by a mere discourse of words means the setting down of almost the entire doctrine of metaphysics

Earthly Lives why do we Remember Them?



on a couple of sheets of paper. Let us see if it can be done.

LET US say that you lay down this publication within the next ten minutes and step out upon the street. Let us say that before you reach the corner you meet three people.

The first is the trash collector—a coarse, stupid fellow who works for three dollars a day, lives like a brute with an equally sluttish wife, scarcely ever reads a book, soaks himself in bootleg liquor and gets in poolroom brawls, and when asked about the government of his country, thinks maybe Calvin Coolidge still is president.

Let us say the second man you encounter is the postman. He is a fine upstanding fellow, a sober citizen, a steady plodder, raising a lusty family but not given to much reading beyond the letters he peddles and the sporting page of the evening paper.

The third man you meet is a professor of divinity down at the college. He is poised, well-dressed, clear-eyed, polished in his address, with a brain that can delve into the languages and cultures of a dozen past civilizations. He knows human history, something of psychology, has read the most profound of scientific books, can talk with startling intelligence on any subject in any company. Moreover, let us assume that in his personal character he is a thoroughbred gentleman and a kindly, considerate, beautiful spirit.

HERE THEN are three men, born in the same country, speaking the same language, governed by the same government, with the same number of arms, hands, legs and feet, all equipped physically with exactly the same mechanism.

Yet inwardly—that is, spiritually—all three are as different as though they had come from different planets.

What makes that difference?

The biologist says “heredity”—the influence of forebears, ancestry and “good blood.” He has to explain the difference on a material basis and so he turns to the physical factors entering into the three mortal natures. Yet he passes lightly over the fact that of the three the trash-collector may have the most splendid physical equipment, the toughest stomach and the more cordy muscles. He passes lightly over the fact that by transfusion every drop of blood can be drawn from the arteries of the divinity professor and replaced with the blood of the trash-collector, so that the literal blood is an even swap, *and still the professor will remain the sterling character that he is, till the day he dies.*

Blood as blood seems to have nothing to do with the difference. The professor may even become a healthier, stronger man after the transfusion by having the trashman’s gore in his arteries.

THE METAPHYSICIAN says that the difference is accounted for by the difference in the age of the spirit that resides inside of each of the three bodies.

The postman has been back on this earth and been educated by experience *more times* than the dustman; the professor of divinity is scores of lives older than the postman.

Having made such assumption, the metaphysician seeks logical proofs in the behaviorism of the three men to support his argument.

WE HAVE only to glance about us at the lives of our fellows, to see that the man who has "been through a lot," as we put it, is a more poised, genteel, keen-minded individual than the country bumpkin who has scarcely ventured beyond the confines of his family farm.

Casting about in human life for other reasons or ways by which this poise, gentility, mental development, and spiritual nobility is attained by the human spirit, *we do not find one other method or means* excepting that of actual personal experience with life and its adventures.

Some may say that this is not true, that reading and education may bring it. But no one was ever recreated temperamentally and spiritually by reading a book or going to school. If that were true, we could ship carloads of books, newspapers, and college professors to the negroes of darkest Africa or the warlike Afghanistans and make them all saints and human benefactors within a twelve-month.

Your dustman might be made to read fifty different versions of the Life of Christ till he knew them all by heart and could repeat them parrot-like. That would not keep him from patronizing a bootlegger and blacking his wife's eye twice a week if he thought she gave him the provocation.

The Bible said a long time ago that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Only when a human spirit is kneaded by long and bitter experiences in all sorts of cultures, all sorts of bodies, all sorts of adventures and experiences in which it plays the leading role and suffers reward or punishment by actual participation, does it begin to take on refinement, poise, sagacity, and perception of life's values that make it a leading light in society.

ADMITTING for the moment that this is so, we come to the true reasons why the veil of forgetfulness drops between one life and another.

To arrive at increasing refinement, sagacity, and mental or spiritual acumen, it is necessary for the soul to have a life in each of the various earthly races at various times in the world's history in order to give it the widest possible range of educating experience.

We are told by those in other dimensions that

this necessity is the one true and *only* reason for the existence of the different races that we find on earth today. Each contributes a different lesson to the education of the human spirit by its degree of culture and kind of culture. We evolve from race to race, we jump around in different lives from one race to another, we spend long periods in one race so that we seem to bring the spiritual characteristics that distinguish it, over from one race to the other. But all the while we are undergoing refining experiences and getting a broader and keener knowledge of life as life.

NOW then, again assuming for the sake of our exposition that this is true, is it not quite plain that if the soul consciously recalled every role it had played in all of its lives and carried this knowledge consciously from one life to the other, cultures and races would be so hopelessly intermingled and fused that the great life plan of different experiencings would lose all its meaning and purpose.

A man who had been spending seventy years as a Chinaman would have Chinese customs, habits, psychology, and ethics so firmly ingrained into his thinking and mode of living, that if he reincarnated as an Englishman to learn the lessons that might come to him from being an Englishman, he would practically be bringing Canton to London in his reactions to life. He would dilute pure English life and culture with the memories and reactions to life which he has been practicing for the previous seventy years as a resident of Cathay. Gradually, if thousands upon thousands of his fellow souls did the same thing, humanity would sink to one common level and standard of culture that would be a hodge-podge of every culture.

Literally a man couldn't determine what he was, or what he should be. His cultural life would be a continual confusion. The racial competitions, tolerations, expedients and practices that supply human life with its profoundest problems for solution, and in those solutions provide maximum education in self-awareness and sagacity to the spirit, would finally cease to exist.

THE ALMIGHTY has provided against this by the clever process of drawing a conscious

veil between the various lives and letting a person remember consciously only the events of one life at a time.

And this provision is enforced by the agency of the human *brain*—a physical, mortal, perishable thing of nerve-cells—as something separate and distinct from the vast spiritual coffer for memories in the accumulate which we call the *Mind*.

Get that forever fixed in your thinking if you want to understand the colossal riddle of human life on this planet at all: *the Brain and the Mind are two separate and distinct organs or organisms, each with an office peculiar to itself and functioning independently.*

The Brain is the physical accumulation of nerve cells that relieves and stores impressions received by the spirit through the contact of the senses with a physical world.

The Mind is the "brain of the spirit," so to speak, and the vast storehouse of the accumulate memories of *all* the lives that have ever been lived.

We remember consciously the events of this life because that is an active, independent, and peculiar function of the mortal brain alone.

We remember subconsciously the events of all past lives in a great accumulate mass of experience that the biologist wrongly terms Instinct when we draw upon it in any single life, because that is an active, independent and peculiar function of the immortal mind alone.

THE BODY receives a sense impression from a certain life experience. The physical nerves transport that impression to a cell in the brain. It charges that cell and stays there for active service in the form of a conscious memory.

But the Mind works toward a wholly different goal. The Mind sorts out those cell-impressions, decides which are of value for use in future lives and which not, and after a long time decides which shall be retained even in the physical brain and which shall be "forgotten." Gradually it evolves the strange thing which we thoughtlessly call "wisdom."

The physical brain, life on life, stores Knowledge. The spiritual mind, life on life, sorts out that Knowledge, discriminates and rejects the use-

less and irrelevant, and boils down that knowledge into wisdom, instinct, or intuition—whatever name it pleases you to give it.

We take this Wisdom along with us, life on life, and as it accumulates and piles up after whole cycles of lives, it begins to disclose itself in a higher and finer quality of consciousness till we have the man who we met on the sidewalk in the guise of the divinity professor.

TO SUPPORT this theory—if you choose to call it a theory—you have only to cast your glance about you and watch the process working out in your life and times of the present.

Is it not true even in this present mortal life that as you grow older in years you begin to "lose memory" of the events of your adolescence and childhood? The details grow fainter and fainter. Finally all you have left in your head, representing the infinitesimal detail of whole episodes and sequences of your adolescence and childhood, *are emotional values*, or memories that cover whole sequences of your life in the form of accumulate wisdom that only accrues to you know in the form of emotions.

As you go further and further into maturity you begin to fuse the actual events of your younger years into periods. You remember that from 1890 to 1896 your parents lived in a certain village and you went to school among certain surroundings. You got a blanket experience from that period upon which you look back now with emotional feelings of like or dislike. From 1896 to 1905 you lived in another town, in another sequence of years, met wholly different people and underwent a wholly different cycle of contacts and activities, so that to all intents and purposes you might have been another person from the one who lived in the village of 1890-1896. And so on up to the present.

But as active memories of the details of each sequence grow dimmer in your conscious mind, you nevertheless preserve a blanket reaction to those various sequences. You can look back now and see that each one of them "gave you something" which contributed toward making you the person that life finds you in 1931.

Thus it comes about that you encounter old, old men, bent with years, with all details of their early life sequences well-nigh forgotten. Yet they

are rich in wisdom, sagacity and mental ennoblement.

If you will let these adolescent sequences represent distinct life spans, and imagine that you had to go through a mortal-death experience to get from the town of 1896 to the city of 1905, you have an excellent exposition of exactly what happens in the various life experiences or cycles in different vehicles of mortal flesh.

DOES anyone dare say that because the old, old man rich in wisdom cannot recall exactly the details of his life as a boy on his father's farm back in 1832, that he never could have lived as a boy on that farm so long ago?

Would the old man be entirely sane if he suddenly rose up and cried, "I've lost my memory of that boyhood farm, therefore I never was a boy"?

Yet that is exactly what people are doing when they declare, "I refuse to accept the earthly revisitation theory until I can remember exactly what occurred in all my previous visits, who I was, and how I employed myself."

And yet this thing is doubly significant: by the same token that the white-haired sage occasionally does have flashes of memory of his boyhood and consciously penetrates through the mists of time back to actual occurrences which he witnessed in 1832, *there are hundreds of thousands of people on earth who actually do recall the events of past lives.*

THE MATTER sums up to this—

You cannot remember the actual details of past lives because your physical brain stands in the way. The sensations and occurrences of your present mortal life and particularly those quite recent, overshadow the dimmer, fainter, more elusive memories of life cycles that have gone. The minutiae of those lives, like the minutiae of those town sequences of your early childhood have become blurred and fused into whole life sequences that are now represented in your spirit only as *emotion.*

By emotion I do not mean passionate upset, sorrow or pleasure, vehement remorse. I mean what might be termed "block feelings" of affinity or antagonism for certain periods of world history

and the persons who were with us or against us in those sequences. For that is all that remains now of those infinitesimal lives, and to recall them all consciously might be interesting as a psychological experiment, but they would really do us no more spiritual good than the patriarch would derive anything but a feeling of remorseful sorrow for the lost scenes and events of his dead and gone childhood.

SO THE dustman, the postman and the divinity professor are different. Time was when the divinity professor had no higher "quality or degree" of consciousness than the postman or dustman. That might have been in Rome 2000 years ago; it might have been in Nilia 65,000 years ago.

And by the same token, 2000 or 65,000 years hence the dustman who now abuses his wife and never reads anything but a letter from his union demanding his dues, may be walking down a street to a college to teach the rising generation all that he has gained by actual trial and error experience over fifty hundred lives.

Whether one wants to believe this sort of thing or not, the facts remain that as we probe deeper and deeper into psychical research and establish what we have every reason to believe is contact with souls who have gone on into a higher invisible dimension between their earth-lives, we get direct and positive testimony that this *is* the process of life. We learn that people who have sloughed off their clumsy mortal brains so that their clear unhandicapped minds can operate, do subscribe to the truth of the theory, and from all over the earth "sensitives" report this same testimony to the smallest detail.

In the face of this vast volume of confirming testimony our personal little resentments and disagreements fall horribly flat and are childish and silly.

Life is unceasing, never-ending, going on from sequence to sequence, body to body, age to age. And when we begin to take seriously the truth of this profound basis for life, then the Door of Eternity opens to us on an amazing vista.

The corroborative testimony that bobs up month after month in our affairs will leave us appalled and contrite.

I know because I have met it.

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