

The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

ESTABLISHED 1925

**DECEMBER
1938**



Behold!

Blessed month of December when the coals burn red and send forth their cheer and greetings to a sorrowing and shell shocked Humanity who harbor the Angel of Peace in their hearts. "Peace I give unto you." Oh the Power and Pathos of those words! "Come unto me all ye who mourn, ye weary and sad of heart and I will give you comfort and strength." "Blessed are the Peace makers for they shall inherit the Earth" — So said the World's greatest Teacher — and Humanity heard him not. Oh, Humanity how much longer shall little children suffer for the SINS of their forbears?

For Your Enlightenment - -

—•—

A Prophecy of What Is To Be

Edited by J. Swinburne Clymer, M.D.

A Contribution to Occult Eugenics

Israel Regardie

Earthquakes Versus War

Wm. E. Campbell

Science at Odds

Felicitas K. Wilson

Foods; Their Place in the Cosmic Plan

Lillian Carque

When Dreams Come True

Mabel Travis

POEMS AND OTHER FEATURES

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It answers thousands of questions often asked. "Rosicrucian Questions and Answers with Complete History of the Order" is a book of over three hundred pages, beautifully printed on fine antique book paper and bound in green silk stamped with gold. It is easy to read, and makes a beautiful addition to any library. The price of the book, postage prepaid, is\$2.15

The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

Trade-Mark Registered

EFFA E. DANELSON, Editor and Publisher

WE STAND FOR TRUTH UNMASKED

Make the world safe for INTELLIGENCE

GREETINGS ALL

Our customary greeting for November was crowded out. Let us thank each one who "stood by" in this trying time for your strong words, pledging more help in the future, that our Child of Destiny, The Occult Digest may *Live* and become a power in the lives of those whom it can serve.

Greetings too for the New Year just approaching. May it bring all good to each one and fill your lives with the blessings that sustain both body and spirit.

Let the spirit of Truth light your way and bring you Peace and plenty through 1939.

Your Editor.



"JUST A WORD"

to the vast colony of folks who forget to enclose a self addressed, stamped envelope when writing for personal service from the busy editor of publications—

"Please remember."

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The Dial of the Earth

The Editor

Man as yet knows nothing of the sphere called the Earth on which he lives. Man does not know that the earth is an independent globe, its equilibrium, held to a dial composed of four magnetic needles for want of a better term in which the earth is cradled, expands and contracts as it rotates from east to west—as it moves up and down, bouncing as it were like a ball, north and south, the magnetic pull, giving it balance and drawing it forward in its travel, giving night and day.

The rays known as sun rays contracts and expands the globe known as the earth, accounting for many disturbances also explaining mysteries confronting science in their experiments. The earth pulls itself apart and relaxes which accounts for changing climates. The old earth is a moving mass of consciousness, throwing off energy, converting it into Life and form which constantly enthralls and fills vacuums with ecstasy that man knows nothing of. Man revels in the great beauties and has no conception of their cause or effect; his nearness to the earth blinds his eyes and dulls his senses. Man has decided that the ebb and flow of great waters is caused by the moon. The ebb and flow of the tide is cause by the earth rotating and ceaseless activities in its expansion and contraction. Man travels short distances and long distances and names it navigation. Man's latest toy flies across the expanse of the ocean and he thinks he flies around the earth. He flies due east and he flies due west—he flies to the north and to the south and he has gone around the earth—but has he?

The earth comprises more than a solid substance on which man treads and the waters on which **he sails**. **The earth is a mighty orbit** swinging in space that man cannot fathom or design. The generations of today are filled with egotism with their playthings. The great inventors and creators, men of vision are so handicapped that they dare not take one step beyond the prescribed threshold that has been measured and weighed for them. The world finds itself with useless laws to handicap future generations. The history of the world records these handicaps and in the Twentieth century, destruction throttling civilization is a glorious pastime of men (self styled), who hold the reins of authority; men who would slay and crush the little children, depriving them of their future which is their inherent right.

Monsters are they who use the product of the fertile brain and the discovery of scientific minds and the workmanship of deft fingers to create and establish implements of torture and destruction of Life and the progress of a million years set back by the robbing of each generation of their right to live in peace, happy and contented with no needs unsatisfied. The world is a shamble today when it should be a world of contentment and happiness with humanity, drawn together by the magnetism of each others love for the beautiful.

Soon the bells will be ringing and the children will be singing the Christmas carols and the wheels of industry will be whirling, the looms and the toy shops and the merchants busy assembling gifts—not of frankincense and myrrh, but gifts to fill their coffers with gold and *more* gold from the twentieth century's spontaneous giving under the whip of propaganda by the combined industries of the world.

Forgotten is the real story of the *new birth*—forgotten is the real story of the *guiding star*. Passionate giving, racing ahead while the spirit of the giver lies crushed and bleeding because of the onslaught and the mad craze which humanity of the *past* left as a *legacy* for the present incumbents of the earth and in some parts of the world the wheels are *grinding—grinding—grinding humanity, like the mills of the gods—slowly but surely—into dust*. Hate holds the hammer—hate and envy drive the wheel but the great forces of the earth of which man knows naught of are slowly bringing—surely and truly, the great law of Life will come forth out of the tomb—out of the depths. The dark night will pass and in the early morning men will arise in their consciousness to their new duty to their fellow traveler and wisdom will flow through the minds of men like a river, bringing new Life, new associations, new values and once more the earth will be a Garden of Eden and man will learn to know its value, its secrets, its great love and its great power.

THE VOICES OF THE

It Gives Us Great Pleasure to Give These Communications to the Inquiring World

A MESSAGE FROM THE DAUGHTER OF ONE OF OUR AUTHORS

The Psychic Speaking

I see a girl—light complexion, blue eyes, heavy glossy hair, full eyebrows, average height, perhaps a little above, well formed but has a slight droop of the right shoulder. In infancy she evidently had a severe illness which caused this slight affliction, hardly noticeable. In her youth she was very quick and active, kind and gracious to all, very determined and quick in her defense of anyone whom she thought was wronged. She says that after she left home the second time her method and manner of living was completely changed and this change altered the whole aspect of living which influenced—in fact dominated not only her movements but her thoughts as well.

"Tell my mother to think of me only as I was when her life and mine was lived on the banks of the river when Life moved steadily forward and we looked with eagerness toward the better days which were to bring us peace and happiness. Death released my physical body and the captive soul was set free. I did not wander in darkness because my own lamp was filled with oil which fed the flame, lighting my way. The things I knew were the staff on which I leaned. I came to you but you neither saw or heard; I went to others who like you knew so much philosophy but knew so little about actual facts. Gradually, as time went on the desire to make you hear gave way to the greater desire to gain understanding that I might be ready when the call came. I heard your call and have waited for this opportunity to answer you. Know in your soul that I am speaking and from my candle I will light yours. There is no Death or Life. Spirit that can never die animates the physical body until it responds no more. Life is an expression of vibration clothed in form, expressing as a personality, cloaked in a name. Each soul is bound only by the limitation of their power to express. Through the kindness of Mrs. Danelson I am allowed this expression of my continued living that you may know that I did not die. I only changed my vehicle of expression. I am free and in my freedom I express joy and happiness—joy because I am free and happiness because I have found a channel through which I can contact those I love. Be happy, my mother and find happiness in living just today. Tomorrow is always waiting just outside the door. I love you both—I love you all. I have no ill will for anyone. That I am happy should lift the cloud and make you happy. I can speak direct to you and the time will come when you will answer me and we will converse freely as of old. In the quiet of the early evening when the sun is nodding its farewell I will come and stand with you as the shades of evening fall, the time we both loved. For the present, farewell."

(She has a very soft, sweet voice.)

Dear Friend;—

Always glad to hear from you and very happy to know you succeeded in contacting my daughter, Ethel Gardner Savage. My husband was deeply touched by her message and we are both grateful to you for bringing it to us. Will be very glad to have you use it in any way you like.

My daughter went on crutches for months resulting from an attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism which affected her right arm and leg very badly. She regained the use of her arm but her leg never did quite straighten out which would account for the drop in the right shoulder. Ethel had eight different operations. I am glad to know that her little body is having a rest from physical pain.

Sincerely,
Florence Brunke.

UNIVERSE SPEAKING

EFFA E. DANIELSON, Editor

Why is Truth Persecuted?

TRUTH is persecuted in its every form dealing with any fact which it presents that conflicts with MAN in his mad race to win and in his greed, seeking to possess the majority of whatever field in which he gets a footing. Mastership, misinterpreted and woefully misunderstood takes the form of brutality. Even while man PRAYS for peace he is thinking to enrich himself and his Nation and preparing to establish that Peace by feats of great strength over his adversary. Cycles in which construction and destruction, with men its agents have rolled away establishing half truths or no truths at all and anyone daring to set forth a different opinion was tortured, condemned to prison and more times than not, abandoned without food or shelter and the truth they might have given the world was lost for centuries and centuries passed before another soul presented it again.

Leaders of men gain their leadership through stepping aside from the line of march, drawing men with them. That which could have served the world became the trophy for which man sought and fought in vain.

Speaking of Truth, the general accepted meaning of the word establishes it in the trend of things dealing with supernatural phases of living—supernatural beings dominating laws governing the human development. The religious worlds claim supersedance over Truth concerning creation, its abandonment, its reassembling and its disposition of man who accepts the tradition of thousands of years of human weaknesses and ruling monarchs and those who dare dispute the rights of those proclaiming bigots are crucified until Truth has become a by-word and a headline for the big advertising schemes of every nature and kind; under myriad names it is placed in the market under a "for sale" sign. Truth is no longer crushed to earth; it is flaunted under many names and like the tares sown in a wheat field it needs must grow until the winnowing time when the false display signs will be torn down and find their resting place in the rubbish heap.

You may well ask—what is Truth and there is only one answer to your question. Truth is a demonstrated law without embellishment. Truth knows no master though Truth in itself is a slave. It is obedient to those it serves. Truth never argues; it has no defense—it needs none. Truth projects itself, becoming multiple when found in the bed from which it sprang, whether it be Philosophy or Science in any field. It can be demonstrated by the age old addition table. It is a unit multiplied by itself, increased or decreased by division. The first unit carries all units under its banner through all centuries and cycles of time. Man has sought ever to get away from the first principle and always he has failed. Today, the world has awakened to its greater responsibility. Time has brought civilization to its feet and the money monarchs, drunk with the blood of the last carnage of War are fighting Truth. Every losing monarch in countries, in industry, in education, in science, in religion—are fighting Truth, seeking to destroy its Godhead, seeking to deprive thinking men and women of the right to know the true from the false and the LAW which governs it. Every traditional monarch is fighting Truth to hold the tradition long dead. The lovers of Truth with its sweeping banners,

(Continued on page 24)

Editorials In June

Without Fear or Favor

In Unity Ignorance Can Be Abolished

FACTS, not "fancy" facts, not conjecture, facts, not Philosophy must be correlated. A group of united heads, armed with facts of all the Isims, Cults and Philosophies, the Science of Astrology, Numerology, Palmistry, Handwriting and the greatest of all—Phrenology, could set aside the handicaps of the *old death dealing contraptions* handed down by the Heaven and Hell doctors of the past and wipe out the *stigma* of witchcraft and its long line of *lineage*, hampering the TRUTH of a sane and safe requisite of Life and its attributes, free from Fear. FEAR of a phantom, fear of theory which had no base to rise from when an *intelligence* test is applied.

Attributes of the Human Body

MAN knows so little about the great engine that runs his physical body and he knows much less about the tributaries that feed the mind. Take for instance the five senses of which man feels he has perfect understanding, perfect use of and he judges practically everything he contacts and setting up a vibration of his own law, judging in the last analysis through his *final analysis* and conclusion, all his relationships with the outer world—meaning anything outside of himself. He declares a certain color is blue and no argument could make him believe it was not blue because he has no comprehension of shades and tints combined in the color he observes. He hears and his hearing with its contingents must be the law for hearing; and so on with each development of the five senses to which man is heir. He possesses everything in his own right by the process of his own judgment. He denies himself every opportunity of enlarging his scope of vision and denies everyone around him their right to the same privilege. This *egotistical* octopus is found in every human being—in every group—in every nation. This *seperateness* raises barriers where no barriers exist outside of the entity itself. Yet man sets himself up to be the very elect of his Creator, not realizing the relation between himself and his neighbor or between himself and other forms of created Life all about him, each in their kingdom, each an individual and as great in their world as man is in his, each endowed with powers of protection and sustaining of Life. Yet man looks upon himself as superior and especially favored above all of these forms of Life and if

he happens to be endowed with a keener sight, a keener hearing, a greater perspective, he sets up a vibration of superiority and creates in himself a kingdom and for his kingdom he claims possession—possession of all he can reach and draw unto himself. The air he breathes, the light he sees, the sounds he hears, enables him to proclaim his kingship.

Through the centuries, or one might better say through the cycles man has developed great reservoirs from which to draw but he has neglected to protect his reservoir of reserves and when man has drained all his reservoirs, he has finished his cycle. Beyond that cycle he has no right to forage and when he wanders into forbidden paths he meets with resistance and the world awakens to a new realization. The present cycle of man has met with that resistance and because he insists on possessing that which does not belong to him, the powers of a new cycle will close down upon him and those who cannot adjust themselves to the vibrations of the new cycle will become extinct. In the last analysis, man is his own judge—there are no jurors. *Progress* is Nature's law. Each cycle is a field of endeavor to perpetuate a greater humanity, a greater sight of the things possessed and a greater insight in the things to possess. The vacuum is rapidly filling—extended sight is becoming a reality—hearing where there is nothing to hear is a fact well known to the scientist. The possession of solidity when man observes no form is well known to the scientist but they have no connecting link between that which is and that which is *only* seeming. Flesh which they can burn, they understand; of flesh they cannot burn they stand in awe with bated breath and staring eyes because they cannot understand. They cannot *become* that which they cannot analyze with their instruments; they cannot *overcome* that line because they cannot grasp the idea that all flesh is spirit and all spirit is flesh—not the polluted flesh that drops away when the mechanical man ceases to function but the flesh that is preserved by the greater law of amalgamation which carries the immortal man beyond the needs of physical sustenance and physical relationships, sustained by that great power that holds man together through the combined Life cord of sustenance, drawing energy for all its needs from that invisible storehouse known only to those who can tap the root of comprehension through possession of advanced knowledge of the cycles yet to be. The *humblest* of the earth are monarchs in their own right and there are none greater, no matter what their worldly possessions may be—how great or prolific their opportunity for mundane possessions. The monarchs in the world of today are those who have stood at the gateway of understanding waiting

With Our Times

BY EFFA DANELSON

-:- -:- -:-

for that *pearl* of great price, given to all who fulfill the cycle of their birth. Serving with understanding, hearing with assurance—filled with a spirit of fearlessness, they know no *fear* and fear no man; they sup at the table of abundance and are fed by the spirit of resistance, asking no quarter, giving none. The *blood* of Truth flows through their veins and through its sustaining power they feed the world with the overflow.

He that hath eyes to see, let him see. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear and through his perfect sight and hearing the wells will overflow and the world will awaken to the knowledge that *all* flesh is spirit and all spirit is flesh.

Destiny

WE hear a great deal about destiny. What exactly is destiny? Is destiny a product of the future—is it the present—is it the past? Destiny fills a very peculiar place in the lives of people and of Nations. Its relation to the world is the same as that other phrase which is uttered continuously about Life—Life everlasting and Eternity. Eternal Life and Destiny are one. They are the mark of time on the human equation. One serves the religious world as a club for good manners and good behavior and the other serves as a club for bad manners and bad behavior. War rules the one and War rules the other and the twain are one. They may be called a brotherhood by the unsuspecting and by the propagandist. Whether a nation be fighting for its destiny, its salvation—its Eternal Life, it is fighting for just one thing and that is the possession of a territory marked off by man creating a boundary and a portion of the earth—a few miles of ground that in reality belongs to no group in any cycle or century. It is the possession of all who may find themselves within that particularly bounded piece of ground.

Possession is the root of all evil thinking and the cause of all warfare whether between people or nations. Let us for example take the mooted question of the destiny of a single living entity called a human being. The destiny of that human being was traveling toward earth a million years that it might possess the right to nourishment in its earth domain. Its destiny was not completed when it partook of its mother's milk, breathed the air or absorbed the sunshine. It was still in transit. Its destiny rolls like time and is carried on the billowy waves of Eternity and knows no sign posts or short

stops. The changes that come to Life which mark boundary lines and set mileposts, whether it be in the life of a nation or the sojourn of an individual in the physical form makes no difference. Destiny is *ever* incomplete and like Eternity is still to be reached, decades and centuries rolling up before each generation from which to carve their lives. When the world thinks of Eternity they visualize *space*, *place* and *time* and Eternity has none of these. When individuals and nations speak of destiny they visualize lines and boundaries in activities and relationships one with the other and destiny in the minds of men takes the form either of good or bad just as Eternity creates in the minds of men two conditions and places—Heaven and Hell.

Now let us look at these two great influences, not as two separate channels—not as benefactors, destroyers or creators but equations in the lives of men and women from all ages past, through the present and all ages yet to be—not as *reward* givers but as the great *balance wheel* that holds in check the hand of the destroyer; let us not think that the responsibility rests upon any nation or any group of nations. The destiny of any nation, *Time* gives and *Time* takes; sometimes the toll is paid in human lives through human destruction, through turmoil, through warfare and plagues. There is no time of Peace in Destiny. Creation knows no Peace. Construction and destruction are the ends of a pole and the polarity must balance to hold the equilibrium.

Destiny is the objective of Time—Time is the carrier of Eternity. No man knows its beginning or its ending; no man can reckon Time. The individual finds himself on a strange road and by the power of his intuition does he mark out a path leading to a desired goal and in his short Life it is his destiny. Nations like men must ever come and go. They are the balancing pole that holds the equilibrium for man in his futile search for Destiny and the Eternal Life which beckons ever. Each succeeding generation enters that abyss beyond the range of mortal eye—beyond the ken of mortal conception—beyond and beyond—yet ever present do they come and go like the seasons—Destiny ever calling to Eternity—Eternity ever leading on. A moment of Life like a thousand years, great in its greatness—weak in its strength yet possessing all the yesterdays, today and the tomorrows—living the eternal life through the cycles that are gone, the cycles of the physical sojourn and all the cycles yet to come. What matters it whether man falleth like a leaf from the tree, in his prime or in his decay—Life the bountiful one cannot be destroyed by the marking of a Nation's boundary line.

A Contribution To Occult Eugenics

By Israel Regardie

Author of The Tree of Life, My Rosicrucian Adventure, The Golden Dawn.

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AN automobile manufacturer has already familiarized us with the slogan that "When better cars are built, Whoozis will build them."

With apologies to this manufacturer, may I suggest a variation? "When better babies are born, Occultism will produce them!"

Does this shock you? Does it seem flippant to you? I suppose it does, though I have not intended to be shocking or flippant. But why should this shock you? We are long accustomed to the idea that occultism is not only a philosophy of life and the universe, but what is more important a technique of living and of attainment. Occultism has familiarized us with psychological practices of different kinds, all tending towards the eventual open manifestation of the spiritual faculties of the inner man. Nor is this all. Occultism has also presented us with such concepts as Reincarnation, various grades or types of souls who incarnate on this globe of ours, and the idea of karma determining amongst innumerable other things in what family and in what environment the incoming soul shall live. So far so good. Very soon I shall have occasion to return to this idea again.

What is the purpose of eugenics? Since Mendel's experience with plants and animals the eugenists believe that by careful breeding we ought to be able to produce a better human stock. A most laudable proposition indeed. They hold that by careful selection of parental types, a higher grade of human intelligence and efficiency and physical health should be possible. Experiments have been conducted extensively with animals. Already it is commonplace that a given breed of cattle, for example, may be considerably improved so far as concerns those qualities which their breeders consider important. This being so, it is held that human beings are no exception to this fundamental law of development and growth.

What does occultism have to say on this score? First of all, we find that there is a good deal of objection to the basic scientific postulates. Most important amongst these objections is the widely held belief that human beings, in spite of a long anterior line of physical or animal evolution, are not animals. Not being animal but mental or spiritual entities, they are not wholly subject to the physical eugenic laws already observed. This may or may not be so. Who are we to decide? A very great deal more research on chromosomes and genes, especially the mysterious X and Y genes, is necessary before any final opinion can be concluded. Meanwhile, this writer does not believe that scientific explanations by themselves conduce to deep understanding. Always

in biology and histology, we are confronted by fundamental questions which are not answerable without at least a mild infiltration of basic occult philosophy. Why the embryo, for example, develops as it does is really a very deep mystery. Who can say why at certain set periods limb-buds and sense areas make their appearance? The observed cycle of cell multiplication from the union of sperm and ovum through the morula stage to that of the blastodermic vesicle, requires a very great deal of explaining. Why do cells divide anyway? How do they come to form a human being? What, to ask a more fundamental question, makes the centrosome split into two? More problems arise. These, however, are beyond my province.

But to return to an earlier philosophic point raised above, we well might argue thuswise. If human beings are spiritual beings, thereby not being exclusively subject to purely mechanical laws of heredity, is there a spiritual technique of eugenics as there is a physical technique observed by cattle breeders? To my knowledge, this question has not hitherto been raised. What do you think?

Well, there are many points of view. Most prominent is the theosophical one, which is that of most mystico-occult groups. Its argument would run that if two people, prospective parents, lead a pure and holy life according to the lofty ethical teachings and moral schemes laid down by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and before her by the great spiritual teachers of mankind, then very noble and highly developed souls should be attracted to their sphere when eventually they do decide to have children. Here the emphasis is laid on morals and ethics, on the type of life led, rather than on any series of exercises or meditations and practices to be performed. The facts in the case are not very helpful. Children of sincere Theosophists and other occult students, as a rule, are not particularly advanced so far as concerns the especial ideals of occultism. Very often they are far less mystically inclined than their parents, to make but little mention of having far less practical ability and capacity than the child issuing from non-mystical families. Of course the Theosophical explanation in such a case would be the introduction of the Law of Karma. The parents and the child have known each other in past incarnations, and that there are many ties—emotional, mental and physical—which have to be "worked out," to use the cliché so often employed. Old debts on both sides of the ledger have to be paid. And since, often, the parents have no direct conscious knowledge of the karmic stream behind them, and which motivates them,

they are therefore at the mercy of life itself or of karma (or the Unconscious) when finally they decide to have children.

This I believe to be the general occult view. It is held not only by Theosophists but by Anthroposophists and other similar groups. However, this philosophy is not especially helpful in enabling men and women deliberately to produce a higher kind of offspring. Nor does it help us in determining the sex of the unborn child—this factor of choice being a very important one. Prior to embarking upon my thesis, mention ought to be made of Astrology. In this system there is, at least incipiently, a eugenic scheme in spite of the fact that different astrologers interpret the facts differently. Astrologers will say that certain zodiacal or planetary types would mate well together, whilst other types in marriage would cause each other nothing but pain and unhappiness throughout. As I have said, however, the theory has never been too explicitly developed, certainly not in terms of the kind of children that might be born from such an astrological marriage.

In order to ascertain whether new light can be shed upon this factor, I propose to posit as significant a technique which, unfortunately, is only too often sneered at and rejected by the ordinary run of occult students. It is to hypnotism that I refer. I do so deliberately, in spite of the fact that I know that the practice of hypnotism will immediately evoke from certain shortsighted theosophical critics such denunciations as "black magic." These I propose to ignore, reminding them that most assuredly H.P.B. did not condemn hypnotism outright nor its antecedent mesmerism, but she did object to the abuse and malpractice of unscrupulous hypnotists in their misguided experimental work. Some of the experiments performed were, I agree, absolutely damnable and no justification for them is needed. But Blavatsky herself has written "Under what circumstances is hypnotism 'black magic'?" Sufficient to say that whenever the motive which actuates the operator is selfish or detrimental to any living being or beings, all such acts are "black magic." Her view was that any suggestion given to a subject having a wrong or evil moral bias is to be abhorred. Suggestions having as their object the determination of whether or not a hypnotized patient would commit crime are to be shunned, her argument being that counter-suggestions may not eradicate the former suggestion from the subject's mind. In which case a positive criminal suggestion has been given which may lie dormant for years, for lives even, but being within the mind as an unconscious

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Foods: Their Place in the Cosmic Plan

By Lillian R. Carque

Carque Natural Foods Research

All life originated in the water, which in the primordial age almost covered our planet. The lowest animal forms were nourished by the lowest plant forms; the ancient fishes, by the sea plants of that period; the monsters of the carboniferous period, by the coarse and luxuriant vegetation now stored up in the coal beds; while the higher order of plants, especially the fruit trees, belong to the era of man and his immediate progenitors. That the majority of our flowers-bearing plants and fruit trees are unknown in a fossil state clearly demonstrates their recent origin, which must have been simultaneous with that of man.

Nutritive expressions evolve in direct ratio to the existence of successive and progressive manifestations of vital force or ranges of accelerated vibratory activity. Hence the foods intended for the human cell are alive with still higher potencies of vital force than the swifter-growing but less evolved grasses or pasturage intended for the animal kingdom, or the slower-elaborating life element that gives impetus to the grosser, more stable dense masses resident in the mineral kingdom.

The living human kingdom, synthesized under the operation of spiritual law, represents the quintessence of ascending life elements on this planet; its sustenance must therefore be capable of liberating energies more powerful with more latent dynamics or potential force. That is why human cells radiant with the Light of Spirit and exalted by a pure mind and noble soul spontaneously crave and actually thrive best on such foods as contain their nutritive constituents in a purer, more sublimated or etherealized condition. When eating fruit, we thus enjoy the full and powerful latent potencies stored up by sunlight, air, water and the elements of the soil, unitedly providing the highest manifestation of electro-vital energy, harmonious to cell vibration of all foods.

Do we not all have moments of exaltation, yearning to attain heights of development that have not yet been fully scaled? Do we not rejoice over each conquered high peak in our spiritual climb? But has it ever occurred to us that our foods are our younger brothers, correspondingly seeking life more abundant in an endeavor to unfold to subtler and heightened degrees of sense perception, which is possible by our cooperation alone? By thorough mastication, every particle of the food cell-walls is fractured, valuable, nutrients are more thoroughly released and acted upon by the digestive juices; a higher consciousness begins to stir within the ingested sustenance; the absorbed and assimilated nutriment becomes better fused with the higher and more intelligent human cells and is

transmuted or sublimated to the accelerated vibratory activity resident in the human edifice. Thus our physiological needs are served and our foods are sped upward and onward in their evolutionary flight raised to a loftier pitch by their contact with the human cells which alone are ignited with the Light of Spirit.

The foods we eat are vehicles of power, charged with every elemental energy and potency of the solar system, but much depends upon the constitution of the eater, on his power to unlock the vital storage-batteries of the foods and to elicit their creative and sustaining essences. Man is the master magician who by the miracle of his will-power can open up the treasure-vault of all the calories, vitamins and radioactive vitality of a biologic universe. For the problem of health has its sole solution in our attitude to life—in our will to live, and in our will to be well. Without being energized by a morally enlightened will, the mind is powerless in bringing out the finer forces of food—forces that express in organized vitality the moral dynamic of a spiritual universe.

The criminal mind, vibrating in the key-note of criminality, the incensed mind gravitating to a lurid vortex or destructive passions, fearful, envious, lustful, corrupt and degenerate minds impress the nutriment consumed with their own specific destructiveness and rank vibratory energies, reducing to ruin and ashes precious nutriments—once pillars of vital strength. That is how many foods which are potentially or actively alkaline are rendered acid by a vibratory circuit of exchange. The ancient philosophers realized that an impure mind, with its demoralized will-power, is capable of effecting the same diseased conditions in the digestive secretions as would result from the ingestion of putrifying food itself.

The essence of all material manifestations and all relationships is vibratory. Chemically and physically elements may be the same, but their rates of vibration differ according to their scale of evolution. The calcium in a lime bed may be likened to a dull apathy, as compared with the heightened consciousness of calcium abounding in the bones of an ox. Nor is the calcium occurring in the bones of an ox, or in a coarse Bushman of the primitive world of the same quality or of the same degree of sensitivity as is calcium resident in the bones of a philosopher or genius. Chemical elements are constantly undergoing sublimating processes. Minerals, plants, animals and humans alike are called upon to serve as living refining laboratories for our Great Creative Source, in order to purge, transmute and arouse all matter—organic or inorganic—to fuller perception, thus liberating

their higher potencies or more latent energies.

Only our youngest food brother, the vegetable kingdom, perceives the mineral kingdom akin to its slower vibratory rate and can draw from it the elements it needs for its fuller growth. But the human and animal kingdoms cannot skip the vegetable kingdom and absorb their sustenance from the mineral kingdom, for the dull apathy of the mineral cannot properly fuse with the higher vibratory rates quickening the consciousness of more advanced grades in the school of evolution. This will explain why inorganic sodium chloride or common table salt, as well as other inorganic mineral compounds for remedial purposes are inharmonious to the human and animal organisms.

Even the embryonic plant must feed on the organic compounds of the seed until its roots and leaves are grown. The elevation and characteristic change of inorganic into organic matter which takes place principally in the green leaves of the plant by means of the chlorophyll, or green blood of the plant, is the starting point of all organic combinations. Only by the presence of chlorophyll is the plant enabled to utilize the inorganic carbon molecule and convert it with hydrogen and oxygen into organic combinations of starch and sugar, and ultimately—with nitrogen and other mineral elements from the soil—into higher organic combinations. The fact cannot be too frequently emphasized that there is a vital transformation occurring in all the elements as they pass from the mineral kingdom into the structure of the plant, and finally when they become integral parts of the living body. The higher the forms of life and the more intense the vital activity of the elements in the organism, the more subtle and refined their organic combinations have to be.

Can we therefore not see in the persistent propaganda in defense of the natural foods regime a subtle expression of kinship, mercy and love for our younger brothers—the vegetable kingdom—whose fusion with the human cell can best be culminated if its life principles, i.e., vitamins and organic salts remain as nearly as possible in an undisturbed and untarnished condition? For once foods are subjected to heat and artificial preparation, the accelerated vibratory activity at work at harvesting is at once in the descendency, with progressive deterioration of vitamin and mineral potency the longer foods are subjected to heat, change, refinement or isolation from their original constituents.

Why does the average housewife boil vegetables in too much water at high temperatures, killing the vitamins and

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A PROPHECY OF

(This Prophecy is by one who does not care to have his identity known. The editor, R. Swinburne Clymer, M. D., personally vouches for his integrity and dependability, a descendant from a long line of pure American stock of proven, unimpeachable patriotism, the family having served the country well since the signing of the Declaration of Independence.)

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PROPHECIES are as old as the world itself. During ancient times prophecies were held high in regard by the people. During the past few centuries false or self-styled prophets have made their appearance in such large numbers that today it is almost impossible to tell the true from the false, the authentic from the fakir, and the seeker of publicity from the man who is truly desirous of serving his country and fellow men.

To which of the two classes the present prophecy belongs the reader must judge for himself. Affairs of the nation are however moving at such a rapid pace that the truth of this prophecy should be quickly discernible.

An Explanation of World Cycles

So that the reader will better be able to judge the facts as here outlined, it is desirable to explain briefly the basis upon which all true prophecy is based.

Students of world cycles and the history of past periods of great changes, and more especially the millions interested in Biblical lore are aware that great and almost unbelievable changes take place about once every 2,000 years. These changes always inaugurate a throwing into the discard much that has been held dear, and in many instances, to all intents and purposes, reverse life and action as formerly known. Moreover, in all instances heretofore the scene of action shifted entirely to the newer-settled countries.

Such a period or change of cycle took place at the beginning of what we know as the Christian Era. Another such cycle with its multitude of changes began about 1883 and has continued to gain momentum.

Again the scene of action is in a new country.

This is best evidenced by the fact that since 1883 there have been more new inventions, such as the automobile, the airplane, the radio, electric light, electric refrigerator, typesetting machines and literally thousands of other inventions and improvements which today permit the laborer to enjoy comforts and pleasures impossible to a king prior to 1883. All of these inventions originated in America, the new country.

Great as are these advancements—far reaching in their effect for good or ill—they are but the beginning, a small, insignificant trifle compared to what is still to come, providing—and there is always a provision—that America act in a manner that will make the Nation deserving of the thousands of labor-saving and world-advancement inventions ready to be bestowed upon humanity through minds attuned to the Hierarchies and Invisible Superior Beings

charged with bringing these new ideas and inventions into the world.

It is because of this change from the old to the new that the world, especially North America, has been and is now, passing through a period of intense travail. America has been forced to face a depression, on the one hand and a conflict with foreign destructive force, countenanced by many who call themselves Americans, on the other hand. This period of conflict, agitation and misunderstanding is rapidly drawing to a close, either for good or ill, the outcome depending entirely upon those who are truly Americans at heart. One phase of the cycle, an important one, ends in 1944.

This cycle offers a possibility of civil and race war, both of which can be avoided if only America will eradicate the destructive tendencies of foreign trouble makers and rid the country of revolutionary propaganda activated by aliens—and this must be accomplished within the next few years.

It is written that, *unless adequate legislation is enacted in the near future, civil war will actually be started by 1944.*

The next and last phase must be finished favorably by 1955 or America will be compelled to undergo all of the woes and miseries the old world, with its dying civilization is now passing through and which may end in the destruction of the greater portion of the old-world civilization.

America, as at present, called by the prophets of old the land overshadowed with wings, which prophecy was recognized by the founders of America when they took the eagle with outspread wings as their symbolic representation, may be well compared to the making of wine.

The fruit of the grape is a delicious, healthy drink, most satisfying for a time, but the natural, untreated juice is destined to turn into wine, and while the change from fruit to wine is taking place there is fermentation and agitation, and it is neither a good nor a healthy drink. Gradually, if the process be normal, the agitation and fermentation cease, clarification and separation begin and lo, the juice of the fruit has turned into a spirit to warm the hearts of men. However, during the period of change something may interfere with the natural process of evolution and the wine is ruined.

The fruit of the juice was America of the old cycle; the agitation and fermentation are our present state; separation and change, if normal, will bring the spirit of the New Age with all its desirable changes, but the dregs, the destructive forces, Nihilism, Atheism, Naziism, Fascism and Communism, must be eliminated, lest these destroy the rhythm of the fore-ordained change.

America is truly "overshadowed with wings"—the angels of destiny. Will her sons listen to the voice as from

Heaven and be in truth a selected people? Time alone will tell, but that time is limited.

The evils we are passing through and the greater ones which may yet confront us can be greatly modified and wholly avoided, but only if Americans will act and force the legislative bodies to act entirely in an orderly and lawful manner so that all aliens who refuse to become citizens will be deported. This will eliminate destructive influences from the laboring group and places where harm can be done by un-American interests, and thus will the war clouds now gathering over America be expelled and the eagle again soar on high, bearing liberty to all the land.

WAR—THE RED HORSEMAN

Its Cause — Its Possible Prevention

There is now grave danger that America will be forced to pass through a devastating civil war such as are now rampant in many places in the old world.

There are two active sources which may bring about such a degenerative conflict:

First—The active Nihilists, Nazis, Fascists and Communists now strongly entrenched in America's powerful labor unions.

Second—The foreign propaganda rampant in schools, colleges and among the mass of disgruntled people generally.

Until a comparatively short time ago, the intent, purpose and efforts of the labor unions of America had in mind the elevation and welfare of the workers. Gradually, as these unions became strong and powerful, jealousies arose among the leaders; the doors were opened to inimical influences and this gave birth to conflict between leaders, while the welfare of the workers was forgotten in the fight for supremacy. This conflict has increased so rapidly within a very few years that today strikes are no longer, except in rare cases, for the benefit of the workers, but between leaders of the various groups for the purpose of wresting leadership one from the other and no method is too base, nothing too sacred, if it serves the purpose. Men and property are sacrificed without a thought or a qualm of conscience.

At about the time these jealousies arose, there was an influx of foreign hordes imbued with foreignisms such as Anarchism, Nihilism, Atheism, Communism, Naziism and Fascism. All of these saw the advantage of associating themselves with the various unions, until now many of the most powerful of these unions are no less than agencies for the purpose of destroying Americanism and its glorious institutions and making true Americans vassals of European egotists known by the softer term as dictators.

WHAT IS TO BE

Edited by R. Swinburne Clymer, M.D.

These—Communism, Naziism, Fascism, and Nihilism (atheism), are THE FOUR HORSEMEN come to destroy the world and, specifically, the New World, the last altar of freemen. Unless America's sons quickly awaken to the danger and at once take legitimate means to expel these destructive forces from this land, there will be civil war within its borders with the destruction of lives, property and liberty before the end of the first phase of the Cycle, i.e., 1944.

This conflict can be avoided, or at least greatly modified, but the time is short and active steps must be taken at once by every son and daughter of the land and by everyone who has the love of America and her glorious institutions at heart. These steps will not interfere with the freedom of men who no more than refuse license and prevent anarchy by those whose hearts are filled with hate for all that America represents.

The Future of Unionism

Movements are born, become strong and then by the forces of evils born within themselves, due to lack of vigilance of those who form the membership, bring about their own destruction.

Labor unions in America have passed through two of these stages, having been organized, accomplished a mission and now, because of blindness and selfishness of many of the leaders, the unions are passing rapidly through the third and last stage and in this dying struggle bringing desolation to countless numbers.

Due to the evils so rampant within, caused in part by the acceptance of foreign subversive doctrines which teach the destruction of property and the interference with liberty and property rights, the very basis of America's greatness and advancement above all other nations and the insane jealousies of its leaders, the reasoning minds and master mechanics within the unions themselves are awakening to the grave danger confronting them and seeking a means of escape.

Added to this is the loss of faith of the American people in unionism as a remedial agent, this loss of faith having naturally followed as a result of destructive and unwarranted sit-down strikes, ignoring of property rights, destruction of property, interference with the rights of others, even the sacredness of the United States mail. Fully three-fourths of the responsible people of America, such as farmers, master mechanics, successful business and professional men and home owners of all classes, are now both anxious and ready to turn to and help any movement which will constructively take the place of present-day unionism.

Before the first phase of the present cycle ends, i.e., 1944, the great unions now in control must have well disintegrated or civil war will result. In either case the end of the powerful unions is

in sight. In their place there will be inaugurated "company unions:" that is, the workers of large manufacturing plants, such as steel, shipbuilding, meat packing, motorcar building, etc., will form unions within such plants, and workers will be classified according to their capabilities and paid accordingly. Such unions will be controlled by committees composed of workers, officials of the company and disinterested persons. Strikes will be prohibited until all other resources have failed. All disputed affairs will come before a committee for settlement and there adjusted without loss to workers, stockholders, or the company.

No man or woman not an American citizen and fully subscribing to its constitution may become either an official of a manufacturing plant or a union. None teaching subversive doctrines may lawfully become a member of either.

THE AWAKENING OF GROUP CONSCIOUSNESS

The Formation of Group Organizations

With the decadence of unionism as known today, due to its own internal injustices and the nearsightedness of its leaders who are now using their power to fight each other rather than for the rights of labor, group consciousness, long in travail, will suddenly awaken and spring into activity.

There will shortly be no less than five distinct and powerful groups. These will be:

The Farming Group, composed of all who own and operate individual farms.

The Master Mechanics, composed of the master mechanics of all laboring groups.

The Professional Group, composed of all those engaged in professional life.

Home Owners, composed of all classes, men who either own their own homes or who are sincerely desirous of doing so and making every effort and sacrifice to accomplish this.

Business Owners, composed of men who own and operate individual or small co-operative business enterprises, including owners of small manufacturing concerns.

Each of these groups will form its own individual organization and act independently and for the welfare of the entire group, yet these major groups will unite as a single unit, as one man, when the welfare of the country or the liberty of the people is at stake.

The members of these groups, being free and independent of ulterior influences, will be the electors of the people's representatives. Being independent and their resources sufficient for their main-

tenance, their votes cannot be bought with money, promises of patronage or forced by threat. Being in the majority of three to one over all other and irresponsible groups, they will choose men, not according to party, but for fitness.

The close association of these important, dominant groups will be the Republic's bulwark against all alien forces such as Nihilism, Communism, Fascism and Naziism, which seek the destruction of America's institutions and the peoples freedom as we know it to be up to the present time.

PEACE BETWEEN BUSINESS AND LABOR

The Well-Being of All Men

Out of the struggle between labor leaders, many of the alien tendencies such as a Harry Bridges, the loss of respect for unions because of ignoring property rights, sit-down strikes and loss of profit and wages and the destruction of property which frequently affects the poorest wage earner because of the investment of what little money he could save by self-sacrificing, there will shortly arise an ever-widening understanding between big business and its workers. It will be as it is written: "The lamb will lie down with the lion—and both will be at peace."

Large manufacturing plants and big business will operate under a commission; such commission will be self-selected by the parties concerned and confined to each individual plant. It will be composed after a manner such as: One part management of the plant or business, one part of the workers and one part by disinterested parties. All affairs which affect either the business, the profits or the workers will come before this commission for adjustment. Both business and workers will abide by the decision.

The workers will be paid a fair wage, such wage altogether dependent upon the net earnings of the company. Officers and owners or founders of the business or company will be paid wages according to their capabilities. After all wages and expenses have been paid, after paying certain amounts into a fund for the protection of both company and workers during dull or idle periods, the net profits will be divided between officials, workers and stock or bond holders.

This will insure good will, efficient workmanship, loyalty, protection of property, the elimination of drones and the disgruntled and assure the highest possible profits, since it will be to the benefit of all the workers to prevent losses of every form wherever possible.

BANKING

There will be established a true Federal Reserve Bank for the stabilizing

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DESTROY OUR CYCLES

By Dr. Jacob Goldwasser

Editor of Longevity Journal

CYCLES EXIST because of wrong things, wrong places and wrong accomplishments. The knowledge and experience which comes from it is wrong knowledge and wrong experience.

There is not a single lack in this world and there should never be a single lack in any human being. The things which man must apply to his body are things purely of a physiological nature. No other things enter in the proposition.

The accomplishments which man must accomplish are purely fundamental accomplishments and not a single thing more. The program and scheme of living for man is the program and scheme of living which nature has provided for him. Not a thing more.

The experience and intelligence for the program and scheme in living for man is invested in nature and never in man. Any program and scheme in living promulgated by man must be discarded as wrong. It can never succeed. The program and scheme in living shown by nature for man is the only program and scheme that must succeed. The experience and intelli-

gence which man acquires can never become the experience and intelligence found in nature.

Things have been provided for man by man which have been created artificially. Here at once commences a cycle when the program deviates from the fundamental plan. The cycle leads to errors and the shorter life. Avoiding errors in the cycle is impossible and we have been led to believe that those errors are necessary for our experience and that wrong things help us in the cycle of living. How wrong is that entire philosophy we cannot emphasize emphatically enough.

Our cycles in living have taught us to outsmart the other fellow and to scheme how to acquire more and more things. The man who does that best is acknowledged as the one who has gained the most experience and knowledge. That is stupid and false. In fact it is worse in that it may bring the shorter life to the man presumed to have more knowledge and experience.

Of what benefit is our knowledge and

experience unless it can reveal to us the greater and fuller life? If that knowledge and experience has shown us how to grab and acquire more and more useless things, has created cycles and experiences of a blunderous nature for the human mind, what kind of a physiology are we building and what kind of a mind are we developing?

Cycles always destroy themselves. A man who has a large golf course, many servants and an elaborate mansion may require \$100,000 every year to keep that cycle in full operation. When the time comes as it must, when the \$100,000 is lacking the cycle becomes destroyed. Those cycles, those experiences, these things, things, things, can never make man to succeed. The program entails the cycles for individuals, neighborhoods, towns, cities, nations, always pointing to failure, destruction and death. It has within the germ of failure and death. Wherefore the knowledge and experience? What kind of a knowledge and experience may it be?

That which man has destroyed with

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SCIENCE AT ODDS

By Felicitas K. Wilson

SCIENCE has the audacity to assume that it has the right to restore life. If science would accept the fact that there is a soul it might meet with more success. The alchemists of old have made many attempts along the same line, but with what result. The secret is still in the hands of the Divine Creator.

Recently experiments have been made upon dogs with only partial success. After one of the dogs was put to death, life was brought back by a series of manipulations and the injection of various drugs. Now the dog is entirely dependent upon the kindness of the doctors. He can swallow food placed in his mouth, move his eyes in response to light and his ears to sound; he can also wag his tail;—living and breathing yes, but helpless otherwise. As an important step in scientific research this may appear to be valuable, but how much did the dog suffer when he was put to death, also was the return to life painless? What has the world gained?

Doctors now seek the right to perform the same experiment upon human beings. They have asked permission to use criminals convicted of murder as their subjects. Attempts made upon voluntary subjects might involve murder charges—that the doctors fully realize. But what about the moral consequences? After death the deterio-

ration of the brain cells is so rapid that in no case could the restoration of complete reason be normal. Science itself has proved that. Since the experiments made upon animals have met with only partial success, what right has science to attempt the same experiments upon man? And, furthermore, why select murderers and criminals as fit subjects? The mere fact that man is condemned to death and his life snuffed out in the most violent manner creates a cause for deep-seated hatred. Carrying such thoughts with him he would naturally bring them back. If it were possible would it be right to restore a man to life, or even desirable, when his thoughts are filled with vengeance?

The cells of the body may live on indefinitely, perhaps function perfectly under artificial stimulus but what about the mind, brain,—that higher something said to be the seat of the soul! Once the soul has fled from the body no man can recall it to reinhabit the vehicle from which it has been driven. Psychic changes have taken place and a soulless body would be entirely irresponsible; the creator or restorer of that particular body would be responsible for all its future actions. Indeed a heavy debt to assume. Man today is in his infancy; he has so many faults that he can only partially control his own actions and passions. The corruptions

of the governments of the world; the number of criminals at large as well as in prison; wars, intrigue, rotten politics and its consequent evils with which the world is afflicted today are proof of man's unfitness.

Due to the limited knowledge of a future life available to the average man and the uncertainty of the outcome of the proposed experiments would it not be a rash act for any doctor to lightly assume such responsibilities without deep study? The principles involved are too serious and the consequences too uncertain.

Death in some cases is painless, even pleasant,—the result no doubt of right living and karmic consequences. In other cases, especially those of accidental death, it is violent, horrible, entailing untold suffering. The mere fact that death is not always instantaneous and the bodies so disfigured, as in the case of electrocution or hanging, may be the result of the forceful efforts the ego is making to remain within the vehicle, to which it has been assigned in the divine scheme of things.

If the doctors are so advanced that they are willing to assume so great a responsibility, why do they not quietly attempt the restoration of life to the victims of accidental death, such as asphyxiation resulting in the line of

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TERTIA MOTUS

Alchemy and the Heart

Ferdinand Kondring

(Continued from last month)

THOU shalt separate the earth from the fire, the subtile from the gross, gently and with much industry.

"It ascends from earth to Heaven (This is the precessional force approaching the psychic crystal) and again descends to earth (this is the newly liberated precessional force dividing in turn in lower regions) and receives the force of things above and below (i.e., by applying the forces to anything that is above or below our realm we receive a response or we liberate again the bottled-up precessional force of a thing above or below, thus knowing its secret.)"

"Thou shalt by this means possess the glory of the whole world therefore all obscurity shall flee away from thee."

"This is the potent force (i.e., the precessional crystal dividing force), force of all forces (since it liberates its own or same) for it will overcome everything subtile and penetrates everything solid (because every atom has a heart which in turn can be penetrated by Tertia Motus.)"

"So the world was created."

We see therefore the three fundamental forces within the atom or a Universe recreate forever their corresponding outer phenomena through constant division of the psychic or Prima Materia.

Stillness or inner Silence, Music or Rhythm plus geometrical accuracy or numeral exactitude marks the harmonious interplay of man's three fundamental forces and yet all a mind has to do is to identify itself with that of the Divine Geometrician for it is all "figured" out already. All man has to do is to act from within and it will "click." Man is the only agent that is excluded from the philogentic relation that exists throughout the Universe. Why? Because of his wrong polarization. Let him change this polarity from the cerebro-spinal via the sympathetic into the para-sympathetic nervous element, that is, from the head through divine submission or emotions into the heart. Once he knows this secret of his own heart he automatically knows the secret of all hearts. Such is the reward for the annihilation of the selfish little self. Emotion and its outdashing force the centrifugal, hurled man out of Eden and it is the controlling of this force by the precessional that will put man back where he came from.

Within the nerve fluid of the heart lies the key and the knowledge of the Universal Solvent-Alkahest the "Azothe" or "Quintessence" of the alchemist, the "Living Fire" or Zoroaster, the "Teloma" of Hermes, the "Generative Fire" of Herodotus, the "Ignis subtilissimus" of Hypocrates the "Astral Light" of the Kabala, the "Pucuma" of Galien, the "Spirit of Life" of St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Subtle Matter" of Descartes, the "Spiritus subtilissimus" of Newton, the "Od" of du Prel and Reichenbach, etc., etc. Man, who has attained once more unto this knowledge will have recourse in order to account scientifically for many a phenomena which are up to now utterly unexplainable. For all phenomena such as electricity, magnetism, light or heat is merely elementary manifestation of a divided psychic crystal.

Do you know that you divide the

psychic crystal when you successfully soap and cleanse your body, when you see the point in a joke and you burst out laughing, when you change your environment and with that your mind, when you eat a meal and you call it delicious, when you like a song, when you satisfactorily express your emotions, when you are mentally pleased with something and in the seventh region, when your little spirit gets all broken up or divided like the crystal and you lose yourself in the Great Spirit of the All. As above, here right in your seventh heaven so it is below in your fist heaven as for instance in your swimming pool all throughout these heavens things must be done so that it "clicks" or divide the psychic crystal. For you know a thing that does not "click" simply does not go over. Hence as above so below.

Throughout all classical mythology, Sagas, Epics, etc., etc., we recognize seven planes on which the creative spark must be produced by the struggling soul, i.e., crystal division.

You remember the duck of the Kalevala (Finish Epics) that laid six golden eggs in the lap of the Water-Mother and the seventh was of iron, six is the perfect animal including man reigning with golden materia over all Materia in the surrounding six kingdoms. But when the soul becomes, it divides the salt and gold and light or wisdom appears. Yet it takes a strong vessel, an iron one, (egg) in which the blood can withstand the spiritual pressure, when for the first time the psychic crystal is divided by conscious effort. For it must be understood that the division of a crystal in any of the seven planes or kingdoms in the human body accelerates the blood to tremendous proportions. You remember the first stimulant you took which got you a trembling all over? Well, unless you replace this stimulant by

conscious crystal division you remain a sluggard and a slave, i.e., a thief.

When our Master washed the feet of His disciples, (feet do signify human understanding) he imbued their minds with the knowledge of how to divide the psychic crystal and thus enter through conscious effort His realm. This is also called the fifth dimension where originates the precessional force that will forever perpetuate this division.

Magdalene who washed the feet of the Master has the following meaning: Magdalene through the knowledge of how to divide the crystal "broke away" from the dictates of the lower emotion and approached the Feet—Understanding of Christ spirit—of the Master. Joy mingled with tears, (blood and lymph) thus did she moisten the feet (understanding) of the Master. With her hair, signifying her glory or Intuition she dried them. In other words from now on her highest mental faculties were given forever into service of Christ-consciousness.

Feet also symbolize the "barren sea" and it is this crystal division that frees the sea of its barrenness. Thus the alchemical fact is performed to extract Light and Gold out of the luminiferous ether or sea.

The whole procedure is terribly simple. Anybody can gain unto this little "twist of the key" but unfortunately most men take themselves too serious and as long as they remain that way they are not willing to annihilate themselves. But the time will and must come when man like Magdalene or the Sphynx must wash away or kill out the lower emotions and all its accompanying tendencies.

*Slumber's a song in all things
which are dreaming on and on;
Till creation's roused to singing
When divining the Magic Word*

Translated by
Clara Von Luxheim

Earthquakes vs. War

By Wm. E. Campbell

WHILE war threatens it is not the best policy to be consoled into accepting the idea so oft expressed that "There has always been wars and there will always be wars." Neither is it the best plan to be humored into believing assertions that "There has always been earthquakes and there will always be earthquakes." Only passive minds cease to question and explode theoretical fallacies of the past. Altho it may be true the written pages of history bear evidence of a sequence of wars and a parallel in earthquakes, the day approaches when there will be no more wars and fewer earthquakes.

The earth is young. Its surface changes because the thin crust is stretched over a movable interior. The shifting of surface weight thru agents of erosion that act in conjunction with gravitational influences of the sun, moon, and planets force it to bulge, crack and erupt. At some future date the earth may become solidified to the extent that erosion and gravitational attractions are not factors disturbing enough to make it crack and shake.

In comparison with the aging of the stars the cradling of the human race on earth has just begun. Material influences in cooperation with spirit world realtionships have induced civilizations to covet, murder and rob. As wars become more ghastly, a hope for the future of humanity is entertained in the fact that earthquakes may throttle the mad rush towards world war.

Spiritual forces are intensely active in an effort to forestall a conflagration of nations until the coming gigantic physical changes provides a means of eliminating war. When physical bodies of men are claimed by natural forces the souls enter a new life without carrying over a desire to kill each other as the conditions of war implant in the mind. The task of spiritual helpers in adapting the victims of natural disasters to their places in other worlds is simple in comparison to the work required to adjust and instruct victims of war who are percipitated into the spirit world with the earthly objective to kill, still a contamination of the mind. Whether the powers of spirit are strong

enough to sufficiently retard the quests for material gain until the erupting and sinkings of large portions of continents has taken place remains to be seen.

A review of revelations from Occult sources make plain certain topographical readjustments in both Eastern and Western Hemispheres. With the raising of mountains near the head waters of the Mississippi River on the North American Continent, the Hudson Bay will spread over a large portion of Northern Canada and west almost as far as the Rocky Mountains. Simultaneously the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean may be expected to swallow up the lowlands from the seaboard on the east to the Lake Superior district on the north and the Ozark Mountains in the south. A drop of twenty-five to thirty-five feet may be expected to be effected on the west coast in the northwestern part of the United States. It is evident that a major upheaval will spring up in the vicinity of the Nile Delta and Holy

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"I am The Master of my Mind"

By Sarah Mizelle Morgan

NOT long ago I was passing a few idle moments on the balcony of a down town department store. I had been observing for some few minutes a lady who sat near me and whom, for lack of a better name, I shall call Mrs. X. She was not a happy person. It was written all over her face in lines of worry around her mouth, the dullness of her eyes and that resigned to fate, "I-can-do-nothing-about-it" expression. No hint of a smile, or that she had smiled recently was evidenced on her features.

Just then the elevator stopped and another lady stepped off. In contrast to Mrs. X, she was a happy person. No lines of worry marred the smoothness of her face and there was a gleam in her clear brown eyes. She had that kind of a calm, pleasant expression which breaks into a smile at the slightest suggestion.

Mrs. X glanced up and recognized in the new comer an old friend whom, evidently, she had not seen for some time. Instantly a smile brightened her face and her dull blue eyes lighted up as she quickly arose to greet her friend.

"Why Helen!" she exclaimed, embracing her, "how glad I am to see you. Its been such a long time since we were together last."

That calm, pleasant expression on

Helen's face did change right into a warm smile as she returned the greeting.

"How marvelous you look!" Mrs. X continued, "come on over and sit down and tell me all about yourself."

In the conversation which followed, (and which up to a certain point I had not intended to eavesdrop on) it developed that they had shared equal and like tragedies and adverses, including the passing on of a loved one.

"But tell me," Mrs. X said after a while, "how do you hold up under everything? What's your secret? You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Everyone tells me I have aged ten years. I've been thinking of taking some special facials."

Helen smiled sweetly as she replied:

"All the facials in the world can't remove from one's face the blemishes put there by one's own mind." Without waiting for Mrs. X to voice the astonishment her own face registered, Helen continued:

"I have no secret that can't be yours too. You see my dear, 'I Am The Master Of My Mind'." (It was at this point that I became a deliberate eavesdropper.)

I listened with heartfelt interest as Helen unfolded and recommended to her friend her philosophy, for I, too, knew Helen's secret, having discovered it

some years ago; only it isn't a secret.

"Seek and ye shall find," and: "The Truth shall make you free," we are told. Infallible truths both of them.

For one brief moment as she greeted Helen, Mrs. X was entirely unconscious of herself and her seeming troubles. In her mind was one specific thought: joy at seeing Helen. In that moment brief as it was, her facial expression underwent a complete change. The ruling thought in her mind was joy, and it was reflected on her face.

Without the slightest doubt our inner thoughts manifest themselves outwardly, upon our features, upon our physical being, for truly: "As a man thinketh so is he." He who knew, taught and practiced the simple Truth which he left as a Divine heritage for us, said:

"There is nothing from without a man entering into him can defile him. But the things that come out of him, those are they which defile the man. For from within—out of the heart of men—proceed evil thoughts."

Therefore, whatever imperfection exists in man is definitely the result of his own thinking. The power of right thinking as a healing factor is no longer just a theory. Desire is most emphat-

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THE PATH

By Minnie M. Wilson

Visualize and go deeply with me into the realization of this marvelous occult demonstration..

Feel the reality of it all. The lesson it teaches, as each scene presents itself, in this story.

It is an acknowledgement and recognition of the Oneness with the Universal law of our Creator, God.

June 14th, 1936, 11 P. M. to 1:30 A. M.

WHILE sitting comfortably in a large arm chair in my living room, re-reading a letter received that day from a dear friend who was then traveling in Egypt, I was impelled to raise my eyes, and prompted to look at a door. I must describe the room and exits, the better to convey my meaning.

My living room has four doors. I was facing the end of the room, about eight or ten feet from where I was seated. One door leads to a hall and the other to my sanctum, so called, and are very close together.

When my eyes focused on the doors,

to my amazement I saw a mist forming in the corner which, in a few seconds, covered the doors from ceiling to floor and then spread out over the end of the room.

The electric lights in the room are very bright.

As soon as the doors and corner were enveloped in the mist it immediately changed into lavender, light green, azure, purple and then very slowly lifted to the top again hanging as a cloud or billowy fleece.

To my astonishment there appeared, (faintly at first in outline) but gradually becoming perfectly clear and distinct, the form of the tallest man I have ever beheld. As he took just one step forward, I saw he was garbed in Priestly robes of pure white, transparent, shimmering, as if the breeze was gently blowing them about.

Upon his head at first, I thought was a turban but closely observing, I found it to be in the shape of a Cowl.

He gazed intently into my eyes. I was drawn to look at his hands, which were outspread. A book lay open flat

upon them. I could see the lines and words forming on them.

But he turned slightly and this drew my attention, as if to say, "Look! What will be seen upon the doors, or what you will now see upon the doors."

No word was spoken but these sounded clearly through my inner senses.

He faded out instantly.

As in a moving picture scenes now passed in review.

I leaned forward in surprise as a lake, apparently of stagnant water, seemed to cover the entire end of the room, and was slowly passing along.

I remember thinking, "How like some minds—not a ripple upon the waters!" As the thought flashed through me a dim light swept across the lake as if in answer. Awakening to the reality and meaning of the review, I sat back and surveyed it as I felt I was to be impressed deeply.

The lake was, so I noted, surrounded by a barren forest of trees.

I sensed despair, desolation, fire, ruin.

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Old Man Stewart Prepares To Travel

By Ina Draper DeFoe

OLD man Stewart walked slowly around the house to the garden seat that stood beneath the walnut tree. He was an erect old man and walked as if there were springs in the soles of his feet. Years had made very little impression on him except to turn his thatch of hair to silver and place a net-work of lines in his face. Today he was dressed in his best. Old man Stewart was preparing for a journey. While his daughter packed his suitcase he would rest a minute.

He sat down on the bench. Spring was in the air. The ants, infesting the walnut tree were beginning to travel their runways. A bed of tulips bloomed at his feet. Thoughts crowded the old man's mind. He had planned this journey for a long while but always managed to postpone it because he disliked traveling. Now he was really going and found that he was very tired. He hated being on the train too, yet he wanted to see Susan. She was his twin and she had pestered him to come and live with her for years. Just Sue and me left, he thought. It's only right that we should be together. Besides we were always mighty good friends.

He began to think of the past. He was with Susan again. They were lying side by side in the haymow having one of their endless arguments about

what they wanted from life. Heads pillowed on their arms, they were talking. He remembered Susan's exact words as if she had spoken them only yesterday. "Poof," she had said indignantly, "You're like that spider in the rafters. All you want to do is spin a web and sit in it. But not me! I'm different! I intend to see the world before I die and I think you're mean not to come with me." Tears had sparkled on her lashes and she had lifted one grubby fist to wipe them away.

I wasn't very sympathetic, he thought ruefully. All I did was tease her for her high-falutin' notions. He chuckled suddenly. Spunky! That's what she was. Just plain spunky! She slapped my face that time, and the Good Lord knows she has done a heap of travelin' through the years. And how she has enjoyed it. I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't marry because it meant not only getting a rich husband but it meant a railroad ticket out west. We all thought she was spunky to come west, but I'll bet she had a dandy time.

He stirred in his chair and brushed off several ants that had gathered in the creases of his neck. Durned varmints! he muttered and closed his eyes against the sun. When he opened them again he saw a woman walking toward him along the path. there was some-

thing very familiar about her. She was tall and thin and her head was crowned with braids of gray hair.

Old man Stewart gasped: "Well, Susan, fer gosh-o-mighty sakes! Where did you come from?"

She did not reply except with the brilliance of her smile.

He continued: "I was just a thinkin' about that time you and me talked about what we was goin' to do with our lives and how mad you was at me for not agreen' with you. Here, sit down and let's talk. I'm sure glad you've come. Now I won't need to take that long train ride. How'd you happen to come?"

The woman sat down on the bench by his side. She folded her slim, well groomed hands in her lap. "Well, John," she said in a soft, throaty voice: "I've always known that what I said about you that time was true. You did weave yourself a nice, comfortable web. I don't think you have been off this ranch in twenty years. So, knowing you didn't care for traveling, and knowing that I did, here I am."

They were silent for a moment, enjoying the feeling of contentment and completeness which being together brought to them. Then he said: "It's funny how plain a feller remembers about when he was young. Some things

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The Poe

The Gift-Bearer

(or The Messenger)

By Eleanor Hughes

I bring you gifts, as one who comes afar
From other outpost kingdoms, even
occult worlds.
My treasurers are not of this earth, but
pearls
Of wisdom. Magi following their star,
I dared the desert-journey cross all
space,
The terror-void of night, the maze of
time,
To bring you word of higher truths,
sublime,
With no reward except an inward grace.

From Kingdoms of the Future to this
earth

I come as messenger of the immortal,
With key of prophecy unlock the portal
To Palace of All Knowledge. By rebirth
You shall ascend to the empyrean skies;
In Love's eternal rapture you shall rise!

The Aquarian Age

By Lila L. Schultz

Glorious Nineteen-Thirty-Eight
With your Sorrow and Misery and Want
Your Beauty and Courage and Truth
I would not exchange you for anything
The god's have to offer.

You are the Gateway to Something
Glorious
That will be ushered in, in the next
decade
Wondrous Progress and Health and
Plenty
Spirituality, Freedom and Grace;
The Dawn of the Golden Age.

"A thousand shall fall at my side
And ten thousand at my right hand,"
But still the adjustment goes on
The playground of the god's must be
cleansed,
And the god's aroused from their
dreams.

What care I if you choose to tarry
Another decade or two,
I'll ride on the Crest of the Wave
Or swim against the stream
Not rest on the Cusp of the Age.

"Good-bye" to the Piscean Age,
"Hello" to the Aquarian Dawn
My heart does not "fail me for fear"
I know you for what you are:
I am thrilled with the part I play.
"Awake! Awake!" is your message,
"Arise, and watch for the Dawn."

Swift-Winged Travelers

By Rachel Albright

When morning comes
My thoughts return to me
From some unmapped
Infinity
Of time and place;
They seem to travel
As rays of light
Unravel
The amber ribbon
Of their own length,
And they are fused with
No earthly strength!

Wherever You May Be

By Eugenia T. Finn

Wherever you may be,—
Look back sometime to see
The smiles they wear today because of
you,
And learn the countless little things
they do
Because, once long ago,
You did them, too.

Look back again,—
To watch them as they walk
Their daily paths;
And if you catch a fragment of their
talk,
Your soul will understand
The comfort that each chosen duty
brings
Because of you.

At evening see them touch
The flowers and the leaves
That grow within the garden that you
planned,
Caressing tiny little things
That knew your guiding hand.

Look back awhile and then,—
Go onward in that other land.

Your work on earth is done,
For they whom you have left
Still hear your voice and see your tender
smile.

They cannot feel bereft,—
Not while one gesture is recalled,—
Not while a word is treasured in one
heart;
Your laughter cheered them
And your courage stays.

Nor need you feel apart.
You walk again with them
A thousand ways!

Look back, Beloved, from your distant
star
To see how valiant they are,—
How brave,—how true,—
To every sacred memory
Of you.

Day and Night

By Blanche Howe Sisley

Upon an amber couch I lie,
In heedlessness, in heedlessness;
And round about and in and out
I feel the flow of consciousness,
Of consciousness.
It is as if I did not know
The waves are touching as they flow,—
I let them in, I let them go
In heedlessness, in heedlessness.

But nighttime when I take the air
I breathe it consciously with care,
I bite the cool, delicious food
And thank God that my taste is good.
I partly know what sleep's about:
I've seen the needless straighten out.
I say the Word I take the jerk
And go for my unconscious work.

Maturity

By Lula James Miller

Youth vainly thinks of me as aged,
That my brightest day is done,
And chides me with bold inference,
That my prize race has been run;
But fickle youth does not discern,
That virtue's form cannot emerge,
Until one gains a firm command,
Of passion's seething, restless surge!

For the stripling's life is not unlike,
The shallows of a rapid stream,
With its rippling, fretting surface,
Changeful as some fleeting dream;
With quickened pace about it rushes,
Here and there in heedless going,
Like the sparkling, dancing waters,
To some high falls swiftly flowing!

But I am likened to the pool,
Which lies within the winding bend,
From whence the ever-flowing stream,
Its widened, onward course does wend;
Deep and slow the current there,
Upholding surface smooth and still,
And mirrored on its placid face,
The distant sky and wooded hill.

Unto this calm and silent place,
The brooding fishes come to spawn;
Unto these cooling liquid depths,
The weary, thirsty beasts are drawn;
Resting tranquil in the shadow
Of the shady sycamore,
The stilling pool in clear contentment,
Waits to serve forevermore!
Oh! fickle youth may think me old,
The while he boldly laughs and
chides,
But I have all his worthy traits,
And greater ones besides;
For I have wisdom gleaned from life,
By years of quiet contemplation,
Of the blunders and mistakes,
Made through youth's evaluation!
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ts' Page



To Kwang Yun

Alice Craig Redhead

Oh, Kwang Yun, goddess of mercy and peace,
Of infinite love and compassionate mein,
What age old wisdom holds you there serene,
Your soft hands clasped, eyes filled with mysteries.
Through countless eons you have listened well
To prayers for help and end of desolation
That pain and war and famined isolation
Bring in their train. What stories you could tell!

No matter what the conflict or the score,
How long beseiged, what pressure brought to bear,
Your faith has been unshaken evermore,
And you have always answered fervent prayer.
Now high above a wreck of temple stones
You rest unshattered, perfect. You alone!

(Note—On April 10th the newspapers reported that although a Chinese temple was almost completely demolished by Japanese shells, the statue of Kwang Yun, Goddess of Mercy was untouched.)

Parcae

By Mary Athey

I have learned to die;
I have been here before;
I have walked this way,
I have seen this same sky,
Touched the lintel of this door,
Fingered these broken shards of clay.

I have seen night skies reddened by a conqueror's fires;
Heard the chariot's thundering wheel,
Felt the alien spear-point at my breast;
Seen other dawns against far spires;
Known sifted dust against the tomb's worn seal;
Always at the end there has been quietude and rest.

I have come back again
To teach, and yet to learn
Old lessons, forgotten now.
Unprescient of wisdom, born of pain,
As does the wave to water, and water to the wave return,
I come, another blossom, in another Spring, upon the tree's grey bough.

Little Son

By Helen A. Hale

Did I hear you call, little Son?
No—you are gone, little Son.
All your funny little laughter,
Storms and sunshine coming after
And the dimple in your cheek, little One.

Did I hear you cry, little Son?
Is the way too steep and high, little Son?
Do you feel alone and frightened
And Heaven's gate seem too heightened
For a little lad to climb, baby Son?

But the door will open wide, little Son
And the Angels there on high, little Son,
They will take you in their arms
Heavenly Hosts will sound alarms:
Joy and gladness in their song as they come.

Up a broad and shining way, little Son,
They will take you, so they say, little Son,
To the loving, tender Father,
There with them you'll live forever—
In that Land of the Eternal, little One.

My . . . little . . . Son . . .

An Old Shepherd Watches

By Carlton Kendal

Softly the night wind lingered on the hill
Like fairy thistle down as, from the still
Arched corridors of space, the stars, those silent
Lords of Night, looked on a shepherd lad bent
In the light before an embered fire whose gleam
Quickened the life-pulse of his ivoried dream.

Tense was his flesh-smooth frame and tenser still
His mind. His heart-core throbbed to a strange thrill;
Space-wind brought vernal zephers from a star
To touch his soul with Christ's Excalibar.
Storm-fierce, like St. Teresa's ravishment,
It shook his frame. A phantom love-spark sent

From the deep vastnesses where God-head dwells—
It came and passed like notes from temple bells.

But in that instant, brief as liming light
Flashed by the trail of falling meteorite,
The shepherd lad enjoyed an ecstasy
That filled his thoughts unceasingly
Thereafter, as the circling spheres
Whirled through their equinoctial years.

Tending his herds alone on grassy heights
Or sitting by his fire long ebon nights,
He thought of the crass rind which hides the seeds of life,

Watched the bright dawn-star pale and wondered if the strife
Of living here on earth screened man from the full birth
Of Love, lest its rare light destroy his mortal sight
And leave him blinded to the shades that people earthly glades.

Ten years elapsed before again he saw beyond the shore
Of shadow-land into the womb where lightless light rays pierce the yloom
Of star-swept vastnesses. Again the whirl of angel's wings
When those pure rays first start on the return that brings
Them through the amber gate in space to that most holy place
Where atoms spring from thought and universes come to naught.

Once more he saw the White Light go into the sunset's gorgeous glow
And knew that it was much too strong to linger in man's heart for long.
But, with this second vision, came a knowledge of the mortal flame
And of the essence of a maiden's kiss and of a saint's ecstatic bliss.
Long years have passed—but through the night one often sees a beacon light
High near the mountain's moonlit crest where the fat sheep lie down to rest
An old shepherd watches for the star from which descends Excalibar.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

By a reader of the Occult Digest

I WAS staying over night in San Francisco. My room was on a main street where the cars ran nearly all night and my upper room seemed to echo all the sounds. I had been awake for some time and was just dozing when I felt the cloth which I always put over my pillow when sleeping in a strange bed, was being slowly pulled from under my head. I tried to move but was spell-bound, could not move a limb. Then the

lounge on which I was resting began rolling from head to foot and I was nearly thrown out on the floor. Then about a dozen young girls came dacing in, hand in hand. Leading the line was a cousin of mine who had passed away years before at the age of fourteen years. They seemed to be very merry and skipped around me singing "ring around a rosy." Then my cousin stepped forward and put her forefinger on my lips.

I was horrified and made a stupendous effort to rise and cried out "Go away" and they disappeared as quietly as they came.

I was wide awake, could hear the clock ticking, the cars passing and the people passing on the sidewalk. The cloth that had been on my pillow was at least six feet from the bed on the floor—could not have fallen there.

MY FATHER COMES BACK

By Mrs. Alice H. Reeves

MY father believed spiritualism the most beautiful religion on earth. He passed to the Great Beyond November 30th, 1925.

In 1935, I, one day, while reading the Occult Digest exclaimed: "Oh! How my dear old father would have enjoyed reading these magazines! I wish he could read them with me. Oh! I do wish he could know about them. He would be so pleased." I read on for a short time, then put the Digest and my reading glasses aside and went to attend to household matters. The sun had just

set and having finished my tasks I returned to my seat to go on reading and was surprised to find glasses and magazine gone; and without thinking said: "I know I put my glasses and book right here; I wonder what could have become of them? It is strange how things get misplaced in this house and I the only soul in it." And there was father, my glasses on and the magazine in his hands, reading, both of which he hastily passed back to me and vanished instantly. I was so grieved at my stupidity in not noticing him in time to keep quiet

and allow him to read on. It made me happy, though, to be assured that father had heard and knew I was thinking lovingly of him.

Father, mother and son have appeared to me many times, sometimes singly, often all three together.

It comforts me to know they are together and helping each other and me and that I can be a comfort and help to them.

My son crossed to the other side, Jan. 1919.

Suppressed Desire Granted

By Mrs. Ethel Parker

EVER since I can remember, my mother had impressed on my mind that the desires of those that have passed away materialize if they wish it, and always said, she, herself, would manifest it some day in anything she wanted to do. She passed away thirty-three years ago.

I will have to go back to 1904 when, during a serious illness she sent for me to take care of her, as no practical nurse would do it. Her disease was a very maglignant one. She would continually talk about going home with me when she recovered, saying she was very anxious to see my home and surroundings not believing them to be as good as the home I had left. She lingered about one year with the constant thought in mind about my home. Time passed and she gradually grew weaker and would call me to her bedside and say,

"I will see you and your home someday. Would you like me to do it?"

I have always felt rather creepy in the presence of the dead or anything of a supernatural nature. I begged her not to do it, as I should become dreadfully frightened. She only smiled and said,

"You would never be afraid of me, but we shall not discuss it now."

Months passed without her alluding to it again. She passed away and was cremated as was her wish.

I returned home and never thought of the incident further. One evening, a friend of mine called me to come and stay with her for the greater part of the evening. Three times I refused, telling her of the busy day I had had and of being quite tired. She would not take my subtle refusal, so I reluctantly went. I stayed with her until eleven-thirty.

When her husband returned and begged me to allow him to escort me home, I refused as I was not afraid of going home. I expected my neighbor to meet me on the way home as we had prearranged, had my stay extended beyond eleven-thirty.

The night was a clear cold one with the frost freezing the air and the full moon making everything a beautiful picture. I had the distance of three blocks to walk up hill. When reaching the street level, I looked up the street and saw whom I thought was my neighbor, waving her handkerchief, as she had

done a number of times before. As it was very cold, I hastened. I wanted to tell her about my pleasant evening and how happy I was to think I had taken her suggestion about doing a good deed (as the friend I had visited was ill.)

When I was about two feet from my supposed friend, I exclaimed,

"Why hel . . ."

Meaning to say, "Why hello", when the apparition was there in the guise of my mother with a look of satisfaction of one who had won his point. She vanished from the cold icy road and left me praying that I could make my way home alone.

Upon entering the house, my neighbor true to her promise was preparing to go forth to meet me, when I fell in a faint on the floor. Not being able to talk for a few moments after being revived, she concluded that my friend had died. She said that my pallor was like the dead.

For two days after, I seemed to have the rigors as I had never known such a fright.

At last I know, even death is no barrier to the will of one in earnest.

THE MIS-PLACED SPIRIT

By BORNLY HELMOS REDDY

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UNDOUBTEDLY, the tale herein-after recorded is, to many, quite beyond all metes and bounds of even the usual appearance of truth. However, it gives me great pleasure to be able to state—with an absolutely clear conscience—that what follows is a truthful account of a series of incidents which actually took place as described; a kind of tale one might imagine would be of exceptional interest to theological investigators of spirit manifestations, but those most intimately acquainted with that particular genius could far more easily visualize them as stroking backwards the "fur" of a porcupine.

However, we proceed with the tale: Some time during the year 1859 A.D. a baby girl made its appearance in Denver society, and within a short time was labeled "Evelyn Jones." As time flowed onward Evelyn grew up into a sweet-dispositioned young lady who prosaically went to school, obeyed her parents and later, in accordance with her early training and the all-too-prevalent custom, obediently married a young man who definitely bore the stamp of her parents approval. Up to the time of her marriage Evelyn's life had been uneventful and rather humdrum. Then things began to happen and in almost no time at all she made the sad discovery that her parent-selected husband was not even a fraction of what she had imagined he would be. Her family life then began to be a series of one black eye after another. When, in her well-ripened judgement, enough of these had been received, Evelyn remonstrated and with her trusty rolling pin knocked her husband down as well as out. As an immediate consequence the husband departed for parts unknown in company of his auburn-haired flame, but only after presenting Evelyn with another and final black eye and sundry other discolored bruised spots.

Feeling that her married life in Denver had included entirely too much disillusionment and hardships, and besides being completely surfeited with life in the home of her parents, Evelyn took her three small children to a mining camp in the mountains where she secured work as a cook in a restaurant. In just a little while she was the center of attraction of several miners, but to avoid unwelcome attention she took her little flock to a lumber camp in Oregon where she again became cook. Her ability as a cook attracted too much attention from several lumber jacks. Having saved her money and being quite fed up on husbands in general, this courageous little woman bought tickets for Southern California and in the proper time arrived there with her little brood and promptly obtained employment as chef

in a sea-side restaurant. By careful management the three children were fed, clothed and put through school, and in time they grew up and in turn made a home for their mother. One by one the children married and while the mother lived with each in turn she very much preferred the home of her daughter, and it was in this home that the final and startling chapter of her life took place.

The preceding description of the early life of this plucky little woman is given to show the heavy odds against which she struggled and yet, notwithstanding all the anxiety, distress, disappointments and discouraging circumstances with which she was forced to contend, she was never known to indulge in coarse, obscene, or profane language. Through all her trials and bitter disappointments Evelyn maintained her sunny and optimistic attitude towards life and those about her. As the years passed by the effect of continued hard work and her frustrated married life began to exact its toll, and by the time she reached the age of seventy-one the physical envelope began to fail. In the month of March Evelyn was confined to her bed with what at first seemed a severe cold but which later developed into an ailment which the physician did not seem able to diagnose correctly. At any rate, she gradually sank until at the end of about two weeks the physicians stated that it was only a question of a few hours until the end.

Late one day in the afternoon the daughter tip-toed softly into the sick-room to find the mother lying open-eyed—glaring at her malevolently, and in a rough unnatural voice the mother demanded food. "I'm hungry and I want something to eat" was the demand. "Yes, I know," replied the daughter. "It has been quite a while since you have eaten anything and you must be a bit careful." With flashing eyes the mother said: "So you say! I know what I want, and I'm going to have it." Striving not to irritate her mother the daughter asked what she desired and was told: "I want some ham and eggs, so hurry up, I'm hungry," accompanied by a burst of profanity. As this was not at all like the mother in tone of voice or language the daughter, shocked beyond measure, hurried to the telephone and contacted the doctor. Briefly she explained the circumstances and was told by the doctor, "It is not at all likely that your mother realizes what she is saying, and again, it is only a question of a few hours, so you might as well give her what she wants." The horrified daughter hurriedly prepared a poached egg on toast and some weak tea and brought them to her mother, who gave one disgusted look and fairly screamed. "I asked for something to eat, not stuff that's fit only for a baby." Almost

stunned by the mother's changed attitude and bar-room profanity the daughter endeavored to explain: "I know its not very much, but you must remember that you have not eaten anything for a long time and you know you must be careful. Eat this and after a while I will get you something else." With a look of disgust on her face the mother replied: "Well, I'll eat this and then take a nap, and when I wake I want some ham and eggs, and no fooling." With that she quickly disposed of the food before her, turned over with her face to the wall and in a few moments was fast asleep.

After a sleep of about two hours the mother again awoke and in no uncertain terms demanded ham and eggs and strong black coffee. Astounded at the unaccustomed display of bad temper and profane language the daughter called the doctor and requested that he come immediately. Upon his arrival the daughter told him what had occurred and wanted to know what she should do. Plainly nonplussed, the doctor advised giving the patient anything she wanted as he felt certain that the passing was only a matter of a few hours more, and then went in to view the sick woman. He was totally unprepared for the flow of billingsgate and profanity from his patient whom he had known for a number of years as modest in manner and language, and was left speechless. In a few minutes the daughter brought in the ham and eggs together with a large cup of steaming, strong black coffee. After ravenously gulping down the entire amount of food, the mother abruptly turned her back to those present and calmly went to sleep.

The dawning of the next morning brought other and peremptory demands for substantial meals, and from then on there was rapid improvement. In just a very few days the patient was walking around the room and sitting outside on the sun-porch. A few days more and the mother was walking around the yard and talking to the neighbors, but with the sudden change for the better there was also a remarkable change of the personality. No longer was she of a quiet modest disposition, but on the contrary she became quarrelsome, used vile language and much profanity, chewed and smoked tobacco and drank intoxicating liquors. Her voice changed so that it became lower in pitch and heavier in volume. While before her illness the mother had always lived in peace and harmony with her family and neighbors, never gossiping or quarreling, after the miraculous recovery she seemed to be at peace with no one, and became known as a gossip and considerable of a liar; her general appearance and conduct gave every indication that her body

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JEALOUSY

By Roy Simpson Marsh

From the earliest dawn of man I have caused more wars, hatred, and misery than all else.

I am more powerful than any cataclism that has ever befallen the world, for I cause greater suffering than flood, fire, wind, or quake. Even disease is second to the misery in my wake.

I know every language and I smear my putrid ink through all history.

I am the infamous inspiration of lies and sedition.

Murder, rancor and slander are numbered among my legions of cohorts.

I prey upon the innocent, the guilty, the poor and the rich alike.

I respect no rights.

I know no law of fairness or decency, for my method of attack is to strike when the back is turned.

My daggers are unseen; because of this they are the chosen weapons of the cowardly, the weak and the lazy.

I am the womb of greed, inconsideration and economic uncertainty.

I am the arch-wrecker of marriages, the killing blight of fellowship, the dry rot of governments.

Both the house of God and the brothel of hell are open to my spectral presence.

I claim to be the master of man, for do I not cause him more of misery than he finds of good?

I am a dictator more powerful than any in human form; even the animal kingdom obeys my dictates.

In my trail are heartache, brooding, sickness and insanity.

I cause mankind to destroy itself.

I am mysterious, for none can see me.

Neither walls nor battlements can stay my ingress.

My password is, "ingratitude."

I am more stealthy than the nocturnal attack of the panther.

I am cancerous in nature, for I replace the normal by the abnormal and I destroy as I progress.

I am the dread exudation of depraved minds.

I numb man's finer senses and deprive him of appreciation and kindness.

Kindness to me is anathema.

I give no honor to whom honor is due.

I cause man to belittle achievement by others and to curse others' possessions.

I influence man to misinterpret good for evil.

I cause mankind to rob itself of its most precious right: happiness.

Only the strong of purpose can challenge my power and escape me.

My name? You know me well, for I have been with you from the cradle.

I am JEALOUSLY.

When Dreams Come True

By Mabel Travis

MY HUSBAND and a son by a former marriage went to a large city to purchase a cheap truck to be used in his business. The day after, I was alone, doing a piece of fancy work and expecting them to drive in any minute. All of a sudden a terrible trembling came over me. I seemed so weak I could scarcely arise from my chair; my heart thumped my side like a live bird. I looked at the clock; it was 3:30. I arose from the chair, took a drink of cold water and lay down on a couch, still shaky. The spell soon passed but left me weak and worried.

My husband and son drove in that evening and I could see by their faces that something had gone wrong. Then calmly he remarked "we would have been home sooner but the brakes on the truck were defective; we ran down a hill, struck the corner of a bridge and got a good scare but only a few scratches and the truck was damaged some." I looked up at my husband and asked what time it happened and he answered 3:30 by my time. Could this have been a day dream?

A few years later my mother had a hard stroke. I was thirteen hundred miles from home and it worried me. The following night I dreamed that six men, carrying a casket came upon my front veranda and one of the men said where shall we place this casket; your mother died at 9:30 this morning.

The dream awoke me. I sat up in bed crying nearly all night. My husband made the remark that all dreams went by contraries and that I would find my mother much better. The following day I received a telegram announcing the death of my mother the following morning after my dream.

About three years after mother passed away one of my sisters was very ill with pneumonia. I dreamed we were out in a dark woods; part of this forest was black and seemed very gloomy while the other side seemed very bright. A big, black cloud settled down hiding my sister from my sight; then her arm reached through the cloud and her voice said "say goodbye sister dear for I am going to stay on the sunny side." The evening after this queer dream I had a second vision. I was preparing for a journey and in my dream I could not find my black dress but was standing before my mirror, trying on a long black veil. I received a telegram saying my sister had passed away on the date of my first dream.

One night while visiting a friend I dreamed of standing at the entrance of a church; a large crowd had gathered. A woman remarked—"Let us go in before the service begins and look at the corpse." She drew away a sheet and said "He died May thirtieth." It was the face of my son-in-law. He was at that time employed in a large garage near

a beach road, several miles away. On May 30th he took his wrecker out to a rescue on the beach road; a second truck, going in the same direction crashed the rear end of the wrecker. He lived only three days, dying in a hospital only two days after I had viewed his body in my dream.

My husband had been well and happy, working on his chicken ranch of 600 hens and busy in the garden. One night I dreamed I was writing his obituary but could not remember the name of a brother who had gone to another State to live. This dream caused me a great deal of worry. I could not seem to forget it. A few days later he was reading our daily paper when it dropped to the floor. I rushed to him and called a doctor; the neighbors rushed in—but he was dead of a heart attack. In sending my telegrams I could not send one to the brother of my dream as I could not remember the address of his residence or the town he settled in. Many times have I pondered over these dreams. Many people and friends have laughed at and teased me because I always wondered about my dreams and day visions but never-the-less I have always wanted to tell them to someone who could interpret them correctly and explain to me how they could come to turn out truthfully in a short time, and somewhere I have read that "coming events cast their shadows before."



Elbert Benjamine

THE next decanate to the one which relates to the employment of horse sense is also pictured by the fore parts of a horse. The head, which implies intellect, is pictured; and in addition the front legs. Unlike those horses of earth which keep their feet upon the ground, this one also is equipped with wings. The intelligence which it represents consequently must be such as soars to other than physical realms.

The travel-decanate of Aquarius, where the Sun may be found from January 30 to February 10 each year, is represented in the heavens by famed Pegasus, the Flying Horse.

When, according to the Greek story, Pegasus had slain the Gorgon Medusa and cut off its head, he mounted on wings furnished him by Mercury and sped homeward carrying the awful monster's head. It was blood which dripped from this symbol of the imagination falling into the ocean, that is, imagination vitalized by emotion, from which Pegasus sprang; a powerful steed whose other name is Inspiration.

All poets, it is said, before they can attract the Muse, first must drink at the fountain created by a blow from the hoofs of Pegasus. It seems that Pegasus in flying over Mount Helicon struck the ground sharply with his hoofs and water instantly gushed forth; the sparkling clear spring of Hippocrene. Inspiration, which is the Key-word of the Gemini-decanate of Aquarius, pictured by the Flying Horse, does not flow without a definite contact with the earth. That which the unconscious mind perceives before it can come into objective consciousness must be touched, or associated with, something already in the objective mind. Only through such physical association can it be externalized on the physical plane.

Neptune is the planet which rules all forms of dramatic ability. It is related that Neptune tamed Pegasus and gave him to Bellerophon, son of the King of Ephyre, to aid him in conquering the Chimaera. This was a sea-monster composed of incongruous parts, the origin of the word chimera, which signifies foolish or wildly fantastic creations of the imagination.

On the Wings of Pegasus

By Elbert Benjamine

President of the Church of Light

If Neptune were to succeed in the production of high art, these incongruities of the imagination must first be slain. Pegasus, representing Inspiration, aided in overcoming such vain and discordant fancies as he is said always to aid those whose work—poetry, paintings, fiction, scenario or music—presents true dramatic worth.

Such drama does not appeal directly to the intellect but to the emotions. And the source of the ability to produce it lies not so much with the intellect as with a more primitive method of thinking which employs feeling rather than ideas. It is the method of thinking which, because it has been so long in existence, is employed largely by the unconscious mind.

The use of well-defined concepts, such as commonly are expressed in words, is the last biological development of earth. It is confined to members of the human race. Such intellectual processes are not intimately associated with body states, but deal with relations through the use of special symbols that enable

things to be examined and compared in the mind. These symbols permit of that type of mental activity called reasoning.

Life, however, existed on the earth hundreds of millions of years before this type of intellectual endeavor developed. And all that time it was face to face with the necessity of successfully adapting itself to its environment. New circumstances continually arose, calling for correct appraisal of conditions and for appropriate actions, if it were to survive.

The protoplasmic cell coming into contact with something without itself which provided food or other advantage, experienced a feeling which in a more developed state we call pleasure. Coming into contact with an outside condition which tended to destroy it, there was experienced that which in a more developed state we call pain.

The pleasure or pain experienced under any special condition resulted in action, more or less appropriate, which

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PEGASUS

—II—

Inspiration

World Outlook December, 1938

THE New Moon on the 22nd of last month is the significator for this month. It occurred in the 6th degree of Sagittarius, a fiery, masculine, common, bi-corporeal, zodiacal sign governed by Jupiter.

Saturn's strong influence through this lunation is also very strong and brings retribution to those who have done things in the past. Whether the harvest will be good or adverse depends upon the seeds sown of late. Most everyone feels this strong influence at this time in one way or another.

America enjoys a good business period and the outlook is for rather rising stock prices at times. Holiday business will be good in most places—but a few localities will report a slowing up in business.

There will be severe storms in the east and middle west and some deaths through exposure. A terrible tragedy of the air, rails or shipping attracts attention because many prominent people lose their lives.

Europe seeths. Many small outbreaks of hostilities and while danger of a general war is not yet apparent, there are numerous skirmishes which whet up the fears of the populace.

South America, Brazil in particular, Australia and India have trade confusions and a minor economic depression.

Catastrophies in Japan and China turn thoughts away from the war for a time; yet the war continues.

The month is one of many unexpected events and changes in the source of excitement.

DECEMBER, 1938 FOR THE ZODIACAL SIGNS

ARIES

March 21-April 19

This month should see a considerable activity and some progress in the directions of realizing long felt ambitions and desires. You should be able to reach out and promote various things that pertain to business, personal affairs, and investments. Finances look encouraging and health appears to be safe with ordinary daily hygiene.

TAURUS

April 20-May 20

Hopes are revived here. Now you begin to see several ways of escape from the high pressure of recent months. Encouragement in financial outlook, possible actual gain in money, new propositions of a far-reaching nature that insure your future security. This month you will cease running in circles and start a new program of advancement.

GEMINI

May 21-June 21

It will seem that you come to a stop sign as the month begins; every path seems to be blocked to you; however

Bringing Your Stars to You Astrologically With Your Personal Daily Guide

By HAASAN OSIRIS

Author of "Astrological Birth-Control, the Nation's Greatest Asset," "Astrology and Surgery"

if you will be calm and collected you will find a way open to proceed. Only confusion and worry can interfere with you now—thus, you should strive to conquer them. Avoid extravagance, guard health and prevent accidents in traffic or travel.

CANCER

June 22-July 22

This is not such a prolific month since it brings some minor extra expenses and delays in your money plans. May have to postpone some things until February. Do not let discouragement get a hold on you here or you are in for several weeks of uneasiness. Nothing will be as bad as it seems to you right now. Keep cheerful, guard your health and prevent accidents and hurts.

LEO

July 23-August 22

December seems to bring you in touch with the outer world more than usual. Friends will insist that you meet new people and will take your social affairs in hand. Favors from practical strangers and promises that raise your hopes and elevate your ambitions to succeed. A busy month and a very delightful one in many ways. Possible news of bereavement reaches you.

VIRGO

August 23-September 22

This month brings more activity than you are expecting. You will have to be careful not to have too many irons in the fire. Some travel is shown or opportunities to take trips. Money seems to be a little more plentiful with you than of late. The holidays are filled with various surprises, news and promises that make life worth while. Prevent colds through carelessness.

LIBRA

September 23-October 22

The month opens with several happy

conclusions to your past efforts. You get the reward of your labors now. The atmosphere around you is filled with romance, sentiment, excitement and adventure. Everything seems to come your way now that you need to make your life more complete. Health appears to be good with reasonable care of self. Fortunate financially.

SCORPIO

October 23-November 21

In December you are emerging from a condition of subjection that has held you in its grip for the past few weeks, in fact—for the past few months. Your horizon clears up considerably and things you worried about are to fade away and be replaced by hope, courage, optimism and improvement. There is some financial improvement to cheer you now, along with other nice things.

SAGITTARIUS

Nov. 22-Dec. 21

December seems to present to you some problems that can only be solved by you, yourself. Nothing serious—merely a series of minor perplexities that pertain to you personally. You have the desire to travel and make changes. Meetings with those you have not seen in a long time are shown. Finances are good if you do not become too extravagant or spend-thrifty.

CAPRICORN

Dec. 22-Jan. 19

Be careful about making promises this month and be careful about depending too much upon promises made to you. The least little things seem to upset you entirely too much; do not be over-sensitive at this time. Conquer a tendency to despondency that you sink into occasionally now. With careful attention to details and self-discipline over emotions the month will be good.

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General Daily Guide December 1938

- 1—Unfortunate influences prevail. Start nothing new. Avoid traffic accidents.
- 2—Prevent loss by theft through carelessness. Postpone travel. Avoid fires.
- 3—Good for all progressive matters. Take trips. Sign papers or agreements.
- 4—Attend to all usual Sunday interests. Go to church preferably.
- 5—A splendid day for progressive business matters. Expand. Push urgent things.
- 6—Good for everything except speculation and investment. Go places.
- 7—Irritable influences prevail. Avoid misunderstandings and misjudgment.
- 8—Both good and adverse influences rule the day. Be on guard but proceed.
- 9—Liable to make serious mistakes: be careful. Avoid accidents and hurts.
- 10—Avoid fights, displays of temper and sudden accidents. Prevent fires.
- 11—Sunday. The day is best for visiting, reading or studying.
- 12—Very good for all business channels. Open accounts. Buy, sell, advertise.
- 13—Same as yesterday.
- 14—Deceptive influences prevail. Do not believe all you hear today.
- 15—Same as yesterday.
- 16—Arise early and keep busy. It is a very progressive day. Promote things.
- 17—Very good for work, business and travel, but prevent loss by carelessness.
- 18—Sunday. Inclines to quarrels and misunderstandings or broken romances.
- 19—Same as yesterday. Be careful about all dealings and associations.
- 20—Make sales, buy things, deal in earthly goods.
- 21—Rather unusual and exaggerated influences rule the day. Take things easy.
- 22—Rather neutral and unimportant. Attend usual routine only.
- 23—Good for promoting self, business or finances. Seek new opportunities.
- 24—Favors shopping, changes, surprises, etc. Push urgent affairs.
- 25—Merry Christmas to all. Attend usual Sunday interests, but avoid jealousy.
- 26—Favorable for changes, travel, exchanges, moving, and visiting.
- 27—Same as yesterday. Deal with those older than yourself preferably.
- 28—Avoid enviousness and jealousy; otherwise good for business and progress.
- 29—Neutral and unimportant. Take no risks or chances.
- 30—Inclines to despondency for no apparent reason. Keep cheerful. Keep busy.
- 31—Good for money transactions, New Year Eve celebrations, etc. Take trips.

Poets' Page—(Continued from page 17)

Flowers

By Jay E. Abbott

Jewels bedeck the Queenly head,
Sparkling—dazzling the eyes of men.
Flowers dazzle the humble soul,
Leaving a token of love for the Living Dead.

In the Factory at Night

By Ermina Carpenter Holland

Here furtive ghosts of shadow crawl
Where sinister monsters crash and turn,
Cacophony, and over all
Unblinking night-lamps dimly burn.

Where aisles converge beyond, the roar
Is quickly faint and far, I hear
Above the dark, unyielding floor,
My foot-steps echo, strangely near.

Until from depth of ambush grows
The whirr of cooling wings that beat
Their soft tattoo where ovens close
To seal and cage infernal heat.

A vista beckons, lures me past
To hum of voices, perhaps of men,
A beam of glowing light at last
May lead to humankind again.

Shadows alone that skip and glide,
Long, spidery legs and feet that tap.
From racing pulleys, slithering, wide,
With tongues that click and hands that clap.

I must retrace that devious track,
And yet my thought,—a lever pressed
Would halt each writhing maniac,
And pandemonium would rest.

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Lives Are Like Seeds

By Paul Jans

Despite the atheist who shuns the text:
This life as seed portends the one born next—
Until the sense-illusions run their course
Extremes won't balance—only hide its Source.

Creative Writing

By A. Hermia Bauer

With a desire to write a poem,
Or to dig some deep mental well,
There is only one teacher to go to
And he has no knowledge to sell:

Let man search for the needed wisdom
In the innermost room of his heart,
Where love for his fellow beings
Should rise above love for his art.

Let him cleave to the ideal regardless
Of all personal happiness:
The soul must travail in deep sorrow
Ere man takes up his pen to bless.

Though his own flame be nearly extinguished,
Let him lead others up to the light,
For thus shall the God in his triumph
And clothe the spirit in white.

Thus shall he come upon beauty,
And the secrets of life shall lie bare,
The heart's wisdom in God's whole creation
Will greet him from everywhere.

Inquains Thoughts

By E. R. Barclay

We radio message to you
Know you, what thought-power can do?
It may carry beautiful things
To speed joy and comfort so true.

Ultimate

By Lucille Evans

I saw the wings of a white gull cleaving
the opaline reaches of sky;
and why it flew—or whence—was beyond my conceiving,
for how could I
elucidate the flight of a bird, or be weaving
intricate concepts to explain why.

For the ways of a bird, and the ways
of each creature,
and the way of the wind
in the trees and the grasses—
all these are mysteries unsolved by human mind.
not even the brain of a genius may fathom
the beautiful, terrible deeps of Nature.

This being ultimate
let me but find
Love, and more Love in the Cosmos,
compelling
my heart to its hope, my soul to its peace;
let me be telling
faith for the best
that shall follow,
as the white gull, flying, knows that its nest
will be waiting for wings that are weary
and that night brings rest.

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• Don't Miss the Next Issue

A Prophecy of What is to Be—(Continued from page 11)

of currency and the protection of depositors and wholly out of the hands of private banking interests, free from the dictation and influences of Wall Street or the International bankers. This Federal banking institution will be under the control of a commission selected jointly from the dominant groups: The manufacturing interests, the labor (workers) interests, small home owners of all classes, professional men's group and middle-class men (owners of successful small businesses) and farmers.

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MASTER MECHANICS

An Apprentice System

The American people will again demand a return to the early "apprentice"

system of teaching trades, but in a modified form. Under the new set-up of labor the competent worker will again come into his own. In all fields of labor, as, for instance, the trades of carpenters, masons, plumbers, painters, printers and, in fact all professional trades, there will be two classes, the master mechanic and the helpers or servers. All those desiring to become master mechanics and receive master's wages must apprentice themselves to masters under a rising scale of wages, such wages never to be less than that of the helpers or servers, until such time as their apprenticeship is ended, when they in turn will be master mechanics with master wages. The master mechanics of all classes will form a group (or association) of their own, subject only to state and national laws and their own rules and regulations, entirely separate from every other class of laborers or wage earners.

(Concluded next month)

Why is Truth Persecuted—(Continued from page 5)

surviving all enemies are crying out to the lawmakers for the freedom that is their right—the freedom and the liberty to find Truth wherever it may be found. Churches, Colleges and the various forms of learning, place false conceptions on Life—they have made laws because they have moulded public opinion and their legislators have fixed the punishment of one daring to break from the ranks over which they have gained control.

Today, people are awakening and they realize with a shudder in contemplation of what may befall them if they dare to whisper the facts which they have gleaned. Every progressive person in the world today realizes that a greater battle must be fought, that a greater cause must be the trophy—greater than possessions and boundary lines marked off on the surface of the earth. We must become a free people—free to seek knowledge and understanding through whatever channel our awakening minds decide upon. There must be no boundary lines—no Capitols where orders are issued. If one has stumbled upon the law that rends the veil called Death or if it has become their heritage they must be free to seek further and to

lead if they are leaders, those who seek their leadership. If one discerns the law and the meanings of the influence of the stars or whatever cloak of prophecy has fallen upon them, they must be free to teach the truth. Truth cannot be hid—it cannot be masked. It perpetuates itself through the law, the demonstration of facts which cannot be set aside. The fruit from the tree of Truth cannot be imitated—cannot be duplicated. Each living soul is a law unto himself and each soul, becoming conscious of his power, demonstrates the truth of his being and though it conflicts with all laws set down by these monarchs, that individual can well stand defiant to them all. Individual triumph in its possessions is far greater than collective bargaining with a charlatan who advertises his wares under fictitious names. The men and women of vision who outstrip the march of Time are the builders of the future. They cannot be vanquished. They are the peace makers coming into a world of trouble to SAVE humanity from the errors of the past. Come out of your hiding—men and women of vision. Proclaim yourselves and declare the Truth that is in you that the world may call you blessed!

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The Mis-placed Spirit

(Continued from page 19)

had been forsaken by her own spirit and then re-occupied by the spirit of a dissolute man. Much to the mortification and sorrow of her children the conditions herein described continued over a period of more than four years until the final passing which was very much of a relief to her immediate family and friends.

It is quite possible that some of those who read the foregoing description will have the standardized orthodox trend of thought and therefore will not accept as truth anything that does not have a Biblical basis. For those we first refer to (I Sam. 16:14) where we read that " . . . the Spirit from the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit troubled him." Once again we quote (1 Sam. 19:9-24) from the passage where we read: " . . . the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand . . . And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with his javelin; but he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled . . . and escaped, and came to . . . Ramah . . . And when it was told Saul . . . he went thither to Naioth in Ramah and the Spirit of God was upon him also, and he went on, and prophesied, until he came to Naioth in Ramah: And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night." Here we learn that an evil or undeveloped spirit caused Saul to attempt murder and to go naked. Our next (Isa. 20:1-3) reference tells us that, " . . . spake the Lord by Isaiah the son of Amoz, saying, Go and loose the sackcloth from off thy loins, and put off thy shoe from thy foot. And he did so, walking naked and barefoot. And the Lord said, Like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign and wonder . . ." Is it possible that all who read this account will agree that the spirit of the man who controlled this unfortunate woman in her last days, was an evil or impure spirit. For this we have the Scriptural authority (Matt. 7:20) that " . . . by their fruits ye shall know them." Applying this same authority to the cases of Isaiah and Saul, one is forced to the conclusion that the spirit control of these prominent Biblical prophets were of a low order. If a psychic or medium of this day and age were to do likewise, they would immediately find themselves occupying reserved seats in a psychopathic ward for observation, if not worse, while the incident would be heralded far and wide as indisputable evidence that mediumship was of the Devil. At the same time, those who cling to the orthodox standardized line of thought, will read these two Biblical accounts and take it for granted that Saul and Isaiah were most wonderful prophets of the Lord.

Earthquakes vs. War—(Continued from page 14)

Land. This rising of land may cause a resultant sinking of the lowlands of Europe. While volcanic action and inundations are charted for the north-eastern part of China the extent is difficult to estimate. Even if revelations of these impending physical changes in the earth's crust is hard to believe, yet it is well to keep vigilant watch for natural indications such as earthquakes, sinkings, and volcanic overflows that become more pronounced as they usher in the major adjustments between continents and oceans. When geological changes of these proportions become evident it will be too late in high places on the material plane to rectify their mistakes, about the necessity of wars on the basis that history proves "there has always been wars." Leaders of nations, by a system of international brotherhood and planning, could relieve much of the approaching misfortunes for humans by transfers of

population to safer localities if they possessed the knowledge of the impending adjustment of natural forces. But to suggest the scope and magnitude of the cataclysm may create a situation among modern men in this day of enlightenment that may rival Noah's prediction of the flood to the people of his day. However, men who covet thrones of earthly power are too busy spilling blood to bother to a great degree about saving it. The disruption of continents will give Father Neptune many millions who will have escaped the agonies of bayonets, gas and cannon.

While contestants in the struggle for supremacy keep war clouds rumbling "There has always been wars and there will always be wars," a sense of hope and security is made manifest by earthquake grumblings. Grumblings that warn us of the approach of geological changes that will forever still the threat of War.

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Occult Eugenics—(Continued from page 8)

entity, it may at some future time or other seek expression.

Since motive, when all is said and done, is assumed to be the determining factor in this matter no real objection can be found to peopling our earth with a finer and more highly developed individual. In fact, William Quan Judge in his *Ocean of Theosophy* points out in connection with the idea of Reincarnation that there are in Devachan some remarkably highly evolved individuals—individuals who, unfortunately, have just fallen short of Mahatmaship. The devachanic period between incarnations of these Gnanis, as he calls them, is exceedingly lengthy. It is our duty, he states, to provide the right kind of parents and a suitable environment whereby magnetic links can be created which will have the effect of drawing the Gnanis away from their fantastic life in Devachan into a new physical body here on earth. If our motives, then, are to attract if possible such spiritual beings in order to better the earth with the presence of high knowledge, noble wisdom and holy people, surely any blind retort as "black magic" is undeserving of serious attention.

Before proceeding into the heart of my theorem, let me briefly state how it may be possible, for example, to determine in advance the sex of a child. We know from hypnotic experiments that suggestions during hypnotic sleep will produce a very powerful effect both on the mind and body of the patient. Suggestions can be made which will stimulate enormously the imagination of the mother. And imagination is the king faculty of our minds, a magical creative power which is "a potent help

in every event of our lives," to quote H.P.B. Assuming, hence, that a young couple had decided that they wished to bless the beauty of their home with a baby, why should it not be an advantage previously to have hypnotized the mother-to-be? Suggestions could be given to her that, when she does conceive, the development of the cells within her womb from the simple cell, through all stages of embryonic life, will produce a male or female child, as their wish may be. Fantastic? Possibly. Yet, is it any more fantastic than the host of other hypnotic feats that few know definitely to be true and veridical, and about the existence of which we have become complacent? If some argue that the sex of a child is a mechanical affair, determined by the mere accident of which spermatozoon fertilizes a certain ovum, even this argument does not invalidate the hypnotic thesis. Because we know that mind and the suggestions that mind makes to another mind can produce a powerful effect on the body, and upon specific parts areas and organs of the body. It is possible to make a suggestion which would affect the sex glands and play an important role in both spermatogenesis and oogenesis. It should be possible therefore, by suggestion, to cause only a spermatozoon bearing the X or Y gene, to rise against the ciliary current of the female generative tract to impregnate the appropriate ovum, thus producing an embryo of the particular sex desired. Let me delineate a few of the hypnotic feats already well verified, to show that such an enterprise as I have delineated may not be wholly without the bounds of possibility.

(Concluded next month)

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, March 3, 1933.

Of The Occult Digest, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois for September, 1938.

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Effa E. Danelson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor and Publisher of The Occult Digest and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) Effa E. Danelson

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of October, 1938.

(Seal) Roger W. Walters, Notary Public

(My commission expires Jan. 16, 1941.)

Wings of Pegasus—(Continued from page 21)

gave an advantage or led away from danger. The feeling also conditioned the organism, so that under the same conditions again it would move in the same way with even greater alacrity. Pleasure and pain not only stimulate to initial action, but establish a habit of moving in the same manner when the feeling is again present.

The soul or character which now occupies and functions through the body of a human being has in its past organized and lived in association with countless lower forms of life. Progressively it has learned to handle such forms, advancing from a simple organism to one more complex as it gained in experience and therefore in ability. All of this knowledge, all of this ability, all of this mentality, which it has acquired through its entire progressive existence is stored in the astral body, or unconscious mind.

Since entering human life this unconscious mind has been in contact with the special symbols used in modern language. It has been trained for only a few short years in the employment of concepts and in the process of reasoning. Such use of the intellect is a very late thing, something which has had opportunity to impress it for a matter of a few years only. The language of feeling, however, especially that expressed through the sympathetic nervous system is as old as its first appearance in any life-form on earth.

The vegetative functions of the body, the regulation of the ductless glands, and, in fact, all but a few of our actions are directed by the unconscious mind not through the intellect, not through the brain, but through the process of feeling. This language of feeling is that to which the unconscious mind has been accustomed for ages, and it employs other symbols than those modern ones which we term words.

If, therefore, we are to tap the reservoir of the unconscious mind, instead of directing our attention to cerebral processes, we must learn to recognize and interpret the language of feeling. And the artist who, through any medium of expression, arouses appropriate response from others must be able to express himself in a manner not so much to intrigue the intellect as to appeal to the feelings, and this he must do by employing language which is recognized by the unconscious mind.

To analyze, in terms of the intellect, a beautiful sunset or a musical melody; to pick it to pieces to discern its ingredients; is to destroy it. Such things appeal to the unconscious mind and use a language which by its symbolism arouses feeling. We are moved by feeling because for millions of years it was the only language which organisms were able to recognize.

Therefore, if we are to make available what the unconscious mind recognizes, or what it may gain through its exploration of the unseen realms, we must not limit it to the language of intellect to which as yet it is so

unaccustomed, but must learn to recognize the language which it preferably uses. By all means, the critical function of the intellect should not be abandoned; for it is a necessary tool in clearcut discernment of reality. But in addition, we should cultivate the ability to recognize the feeling language of the unconscious mind and to interpret it.

To do this, attention must be paid to impressions, to feelings and to symbols. When the unconscious mind is given to understand that dependence is being placed upon it to gather information or to perform work, it will make an effort to do as required. It was accustomed for ages to being the exclusive agent for reporting to the organism conditions which were important to its welfare. But since it has organized a human form this function has been taken over almost exclusively by the intellect. It has formed the habit, therefore, of making no special efforts to give reports or to gather information. But if this duty is turned over to it again in large degree, it will again become active and can acquire knowledge to which intellect alone could never aspire.

Through practice, the nervous system can be made sensitive to vibrations and to the impressions through which the unconscious communicates with the conscious mind. If such states of feeling are closely watched and their reports later checked against actual events and conditions, as often as possible, the feeling method of thinking will again come into use to supplement the intellectual method of thinking. The unconscious mind will then find an avenue through which it can impart whatever information it possesses, or can acquire, to the objective consciousness.

Just how much Inspiration owes to what already is within the unconscious mind, how much to what it gains through astral travel and how much to disembodied human beings on the inner plane, who communicate their thoughts, varies with the individual and with circumstances. Yet all three methods are open to the mind which habitually uses both intellect and feeling in its efforts.

Those who lecture or give messages from a public platform, often rely largely upon the Inspiration they receive from the audience. The unconscious minds of all those present constitute a reservoir of information which is widely varied and of considerable range. If the platform worker is sufficiently receptive, the thought-waves coming from the various members of his audience enable him to tune in rather fully on their unconscious minds. He thus has available for his use not only the information which they are aware of possessing, but vast funds of knowledge stored in the unconscious mind of each of which the individual possessing it has no objective knowledge.

Thus it often transpires that one
(Continued on page 29)

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The Path—(Continued from page 15)

Bark on some of the trees was crisp and brown and black, other trees showed white spots where the bark had dropped from them. Never was—no living vegetation, only rock and narrow dark and foreboding path between the leafless trees.

I felt impressed that a great conflagration had taken place here.

As the lake still passed on in review, it began to move around a group of skyward, towering rocky mountains. I could not at that time visualize the summits.

But as the water came abreast of two high mountains, it disappeared and the scene shifted. The mountains stood still, the lake faded out and then as if those towering ones stepped aside, they divided in the center, and a blinding light, white as snow, came down between them, as a searchlight. Again the dark path appeared and the light came on down to meet the Path. Instantly the light began to recede and the Path followed to the mountain's base.

Then I was shown the path at the beginning—and then the light moved up to the mountains, on, on, up it directed the Path until it seemed unending. It reached the summit, where came into view a plateau.

Here the monk appeared, holding the book half closed in one hand as he pointed to the other side of the mountain. Instantly he was standing outside the door of a monastery. Again he swept his hand across space and into view came many seats, all in the open, about three feet long and covered with some kind of dark cloth which folded under the ends.

Again the scene shifted back for just a second to the beginning of the Path. I was directed to look at the Path.

I seemed to understand that the seats were (although empty) for the 'Initiates.'

The mountains then began to turn to the left and joined in the center.

Great torrents of rain poured down their sides on into the new-made path, taking away all debris. I felt an icy chill overwhelm me.

Rocks were tumbling down swiftly, and the Path was left white and glistening, as the light scene brought into view a garden.

The storm ceased, a radiant light spread out over the scene before me.

In my wildest imagination I could not have pictured such marvelous beauty. Just at my feet lay the garden. Such beauty and grandeur.

The perfume wafted to me was almost overpowering. I felt a cloak folded around me, a peace, a wonderful peace, a spiritual peace, swept over and around me. In front of me appeared a monastery, white and glistening in the sun.

I heard, low and soft, a chanting and then into view came Teachers, Masters or Monks filing slowly along, in review.

I stretched forth my hands in entreaty, as it were, so close did they appear.

Again I implored them (silently) with all my soul—all my strength of being, that I be permitted to pass into the Inner Shrine.

Then came floating to me a soft low, soothing voice as if the Zephyr were whispering, "Dear Sister," it said, "Your constant visualization, your persistent effort to put into practice the Truths taught you by following the Master's teachings, have brought a full realization of the desire of your soul.

Your Oneness with Him, as you come to the clearing and widening of the Path, you have a full understanding of your soul's desire."

Once more the scene shifted and I saw the mist appearing in the corner, over the end of a desk near the door obscuring a print of Hosea standing there.

I said aloud, "Oh! Yes, I see now."

The voice of the monk in the corner whispering or rather chanting, "You will know no more the desolation of soul craving but reap the harvest of understanding of the Inner Power. The Power of Prayer is the fulfilling of God's law."

He faded out and the Phenomenon ended.

Science at Odds

(Continued from page 12)

duty, where there is no mutilation or destruction of parts of the body? The fact that doctors want permission to experiment upon criminals is because it would involve no moral responsibilities. The criminal is a menace to society and legally under sentence of death, without a legal or moral status. What about his status after revival? Who would be responsible for the creature capable of motion and action—mentally what? This living, breathing thing would be the whim of every invisible entity, good and bad, the existence of which even science concedes.

The secret of life has been the quest of many a man and the world is not yet ready for such momentous disclosure. What a weapon to place in the hands of a world peopled by so many unscrupulous characters!

"I Am The Master"

(Continued from page 14)

ically a state of mind as are wish and will. If we desire a thing and along with that desire entertain a fear that attainment is not possible then the desire becomes merely a wish, which has no power to accomplish. But if with the desire we have faith even as a grain of mustard seed, then that desire becomes a will, and whatsoever we will, that shall we do.

We, and we alone, are the custodians of our thoughts and they will do for us just what we will them to do.

"I Am The Master Of My Mind." Therein lay the difference between the unhappiness of Mrs. X and the happiness of Helen. And therein lies the solution to universal problems.

"Seek and ye shall find" and: "The Truth shall make you free."

On the Wings of Pegasus

(Continued from page 27)

lecturing, or giving messages from a public platform, is able to give back to the individual knowledge of importance and accuracy which they would have gained in no other way, merely by tapping their unconscious minds. And as in an audience of many persons the unconscious minds have so wide a scope of information, quite an amazing lecture can be given by tapping this source alone.

That such methods sometimes are employed does not preclude the entrance of intelligences from planes interior to the earth into such processes. Because the affinity may be greater and thus getting into the same vibratory rate as some discarnate entity easier, the entity or entities from whom the Inspiration is drawn may no longer be of the earth. The etheric radiations of those yet in the body give their thoughts a power of impact on the nervous system of another. But such coarser vibrations may, or may not, aid the individual to voluntarily or involuntarily tune in on them.

Then again, those who become intensely absorbed in some subject, in their sleep, or voluntarily without sleep when they know how, frequently travel to regions on the inner plane where others are interested in and are engaged in investigating, very much the same thing. In this astral travel they have the opportunity to exchange views with others more advanced, and the information thus gained is brought back either consciously, or stored in the unconscious mind to be drawn upon as their feelings and thoughts while their attention is directed to this subject.

The text is: Under Special Conditions, While Still Maintaining Physical Life, it is Possible for Man to Free Himself from the Physical Body, to Visit the Homes of the Dead, to Enter the Halls of Learning, and to Bring Back in Full Consciousness the Knowledge Gained in Higher Spheres.

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Don't Miss the Next Issue

Bringing Your Stars to You-(Continued from page 22)

AQUARIUS

January 20-February 19

December is alternately good and adverse. Things you expected to mature do not do so, and things you were not planning on do take place. Therefore it is a month of surprises: try to adjust yourself to these peculiar influences and all will be well for you this month. Good news from one source and slightly bad news from another. Some company from a distance and trips are shown.

PISCES

February 20-March 20

Those of you in Pisces will experience peculiar emotions this month. Some hopes may be temporarily crushed and others will mature easily. Possible news of illness or bereavement. If you take care of your health there will be nothing serious to worry about. Finances are good and the holiday season will be filled with pleasant meetings, favors, many gifts and renewed hopes.

Foods: Their Place in the Cosmic Plan

—(Continued from page 9)

dissolving the organic salts in the water which regretfully is drained off and discarded? Because of lack of sympathetic kinship—a sluggishness or indifference for the kingdoms below man. The utmost of sacrifice is demanded of our foods in their evolutionary fruition. All they expect in return is heightened consciousness, which is possible only by a sublimated contact with our ensouled cell-world. But how does intense heat produce diminished vital force? Just let our imagination reflect on how weak and faint we would become were we suddenly placed in a very hot room. If the range of temperature was higher than we could comfortably stand, it would injure us seriously and perhaps cause the expulsion of the Life Principle animating our physical organism.

In like manner, high degrees of heat, as employed in cooking, baking and frying also produce certain biological changes in foods, disorganizing many subtle organic food combinations and separating the mineral elements from their organic combinations. Thus many organic elements are reduced to their more stable inorganic state and *retrogression to the mineral plane has taken place*. A temperature sufficient to decompose protein matter, if sufficiently prolonged, destroys the life principle by demolishing the highly intricate molecular structure upon which life depends. Investigations show that the immediate cause of the arrest of vitality and of its ultimate disappearance is the coagulation of certain substances in the protoplasm, and that the latter contains various coagulable matters which solidify at different temperatures, ranging from 140 to 200 degrees Fahrenheit.

The foregoing collaborates with scientific evidence that the compounds of the mineral kingdom are crystalloid

in structure, while substance of vegetable origin are colloidal or amorphous (without form) in structure. Degeneration to the mineral kingdom also occurs when foods such as sugar and flour are highly devitalized and demineralized, the resultant white super-refined products being crystalloid in form—a “purified” fuel devoid of life substance in an *etheralized* state. The vibrations of the mineral plane and its substances are the slowest and coarsest in our planetary universe, inhibiting complete coalescence with the human cell. Only the highly complex molecules of the vegetable kingdom can fuse harmoniously with and sustain the human cell. No doubt the elements in their inorganic form may be absorbed by the human lacteals and enter into circulation but they cannot perform any vital function. They lack that imponderable vital electricity and magnetism which is imparted to them in the organic combinations of the vegetable kingdom.

As long as the Spirit or character in a form is preserved, the form retains its cohesion; but once the Spirit departs from that form, the Life Principle will be attracted to other centers of consciousness, whence the form loses its character and disintegrates. The Life Principle never dies; it simply manifests itself in other forms. Modern science regards forms as Sources of Life, whereas they are products and containers of Life. The Life Principle is not a material substance in the usual acceptance of that term, but a spiritual essence that is all-pervading; for Spirit is everywhere, in everything—the cause and sustainer of all. Spirit behind form is the seat of power which embodies the essence of Life and the character of everything; if we separate vital force from physical or corporeal form, the organism dies and putrefies.

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Destroy Our Cycles — (Continued from page 12)

his very hands he must restore with his very hands. Today we find man creating vast empires with his very hands. In the gardens and groves where the early man dwelt when he first came, the first blunder occurred where the misdirected intelligence of man caused the misuse of his hands.

Originally the hands of man were made solely to grasp, pluck and eat the fruit. Other conditions could not occur until some evil thrust was brought about through the misuse of the hands of man. That evil thrust from the hand of man could and probably did seek to destroy the thing which gave him eternal life, the fruits.

With hands made to pluck, grasp and eat the fruit in a correct and orderly manner, the very same hands could and did contrive and invent an implement to break and destroy the tall limbs which brought forth the fruits.

We have said "what man has destroyed he must restore." The lost "Paradises" the lost "Gardens of Edens" cannot come back by themselves. Nature has been very wise in her way. Millions of seeds have remained. When man may at some time conceive again the fundamental and real plan for his existence, the seeds are there to be gathered again to restore the lost "Paradises" and the "Gardens of Edens."

We are always trying to arrive. It is said "we are ever becoming." The truth is that we have arrived. In "always becoming" we can never retrogress. In having arrived we commence to retrogress.

The man of 100 years old knows no more than the man of twenty-one. Ask the old man "what is Life?" Ask the Young man "what is Life?" The old man would desire to go back to the life of the young man. The young man would never desire to become the old man. Should the young man remain

where he is, he has discovered the riddle of existence. Should he travel the road of the old man with the cycles and the experiences he will end up like the old man.

Our man of to-day does not require the cycles, the knowledge and the experiences set forth for him by men. All the knowledge and experience is invested in nature as we have stated. She is the only one that can supply. She does it with unerring accuracy.

Nature has supplied all the needs for our existence. Every man to his gardens and groves. Every man at the source of supply for his fundamental existence and fundamental accomplishments. No more, no less. Set out the many variety of fruit trees in the tropical regions and at the end of ten years your problems are solved.

Run away from your gardens and groves and the source of supply becomes controlled. Nature supplies. Man then commences to divide. From then on you have your cycles, your economics, your experiences, your civilizations.

Cycles destroy themselves, we have said. In planting the gardens and groves in the tropics you evade the cycles, the experiences which are wrong. It is better to evade and eliminate the many things which are wrong than to experience the wrong things to gain the knowledge which is wrong knowledge. To do the right thing which will eliminate all those cycles and experiences, to avoid all those cycles and experiences, is something I wish to impress in the grey matter of your minds. It is the correct thing. It is the true physiology.

Seek out the plan which will make possible your evasion of all those impossible trends in our human society. You can only do that when you seek out nature to sustain you in the true home of man in the tropics.

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Old Man Stewart — (Continued from page 15)

might a happened jest last week, like us bein' kids in the haymow."

"I guess that's a sign we're getting old, John. I'm past eighty, you know."

"How did you git your folks to let you come?"

She smiled, and there was an expression of gentleness and compassion in her eyes: "They didn't have much to say about it. I just up and came."

"Won't they be worried?"

She shook her head: "No, they won't worry. I've always been pretty independent."

He chuckled again: "You sure was. Spunky, is what I always called it!"

They fell silent again, watching the ants on their journey up and down the tree. Presently she stood up and smiled

down at him. He watched her turn and walk toward the house and thought how surprised Ada, his daughter, would be to see Susan. At the corner of the house she turned and smiled back at him.

Old man Stewart sat on. The sun beat against him and warmed his old bones. He was very happy.

"Father, oh Father, where are you?" The voice came from the back porch and belonged to his daughter Ada.

"Here I am," he answered and stood up, rubbing his eyes.

She came toward him, in her hand a slip of paper. She held it out: "It's a telegram, father," she said, and there was deep sympathy in her voice. "It's about your sister, Susan. Father she died this morning."

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