

# The Occult Digest

*A Magazine for Everybody*

ESTABLISHED 1925

**MAY  
1938**

## *Hope*

**TOMORROW** — What have you better to offer than *today* has given? Youth waits for your word of command. Little children eagerly ask — When will tomorrow be here with her promised gifts?

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# The Occult Digest

*A Magazine for Everybody*

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WE STAND FOR TRUTH UNMASKED

Make the world safe for INTELLIGENCE

VOLUME 14

NUMBER 5

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## AND BEHOLD THE WORLD MADE NEW

THE darkness fleeth before the light. The darkness reigns supreme until the Light of Knowledge trims the lamp of Wisdom—until it burns away the shadows cast by the bulwark of ignorance. If men of science and the representative of the Ecclesiastical brotherhood of churches would relegate their differences of belief to the archives of the past and rebuild their views of Life upon the absolute demonstrated facts visible and workable to every unbiased mind, the world would soon rid itself of the blind leaders of the blind in every walk of Life and the prophecy upon which hope is founded would indeed be fulfilled in one generation. The prophecy that all old things must pass away that all things may be made new is more than a prophecy—it is a word of command which has long been waiting the necessary action of the **master** groups who understand the meaning of its fulfillment.

Slowly but surely the new world is being created—slowly but steadily the old is passing from action to inaction. There must arise **leaders** among men who in their earnestness, their eagerness and their willingness shall shout the command to **march**—to march through the ranks of the destroyers of the peace, the happiness and prosperity of nations. The ruthless slayers of human life must themselves be slain. Men and women who **are** men and women, who wear the badge of human integrity must band together under the slogan of "Live and let live."

The greatest crime in the world today, anywhere and everywhere, is the destructive traffic carried on against the children in the theaters, show places and magazines and the press. Destruction of the finer vision in youth by the crime propaganda, spreading its poisonous fangs the length and breadth of the land.

Motherhood and fatherhood must be rescued from the lewd and lurid walks of Life and the true principles of Life and the relation of Life to its nobler purposes be restored. The lurid and flaming publicity given to **crime** and the **criminal**, not only multiplies crime but it prevents Justice from bringing the criminal from his hiding place. A court room packed with curious, sensuous and weak-minded spectators feeds the egotistical mind of the law breaker and creates more criminals to break the law.

To raise up a sturdy nation of **law** abiding citizens the government of every nation will be compelled to supply not only schools but workshops and homes for every child given into its keeping. Nations must take care of the children in the cradle—aye—they must take care of the expectant mothers and fathers when they are children.

If at the close of the World War the nations had taken care of the children and their parents there would be no threat of war coming from any nation in the world today. We have before us today the third generation coming out of the wilderness of that debauchery and the leaders of men now march forward with their eyes blindfolded and their senses numbed, leading the trustful, unsuspecting of each nation into the very jaws of another Hell with its maiming influence upon the lives now approaching fruition. With blanched faces and trembling hands the fathers and mothers expecting these little travelers are asking of their governments, can nothing stop this carnage of Hell? Take up the cry, fathers and mothers of Youth! Take up the cry, ye grandfathers and grandmothers—let your **voices** be heard and the power of your influence will be felt that these little newcomers may gladden your hearts. Destroy the seeds of discontent; silence the ponderous voices of the agitators—set a light

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# EDITORIALS IN JUNE

## *Without Fear or Favor*

### MAY

THE month dedicated to the sacrifice of noble lives that slavery may no longer blacken the pages of History.

Beautiful month of May — how the world has desecrated your loveliness and your sacrifice with its *deadly* wars, its murderous onslaught in the *name* of Humanity. Seventy-three summers have they maligned your sacred dead while in 1938 war clouds hover over all the world. Nation fighting and enslaving Nation, degrading the very name of Humanity. Mangled bodies of helpless children, babes in mothers' arms and babes unborn strewn over the land while brutal man marches on.

Sacrifice a mockery and your flowers a blasphemy to your beautiful SYMBOL of joy, the *resurrection* of Life. How can we hold up our proud heads and sing the glad song of Spring at this time? How can we put on our bright garments when little children cry for bread and their little bodies tremble with fear and sorrow, their path strewn with broken lives.

Noble souls of '63 and '65—do not your souls cry out in anguish to see this travesty on FREEDOM?

### DESTRUCTION

HISTORIANS whose records are compiled from the known facts recorded, dating back only to the records of the Bible give very little authentic facts about the earth and other planets and their relation to each other and the earth.

Taking the Biblical record from which to draw conclusions science gets very little satisfaction. Taking the records from the discoveries of the Archaeologists and the explorers into the unknown, man can build a philosophy drawn from the records of Nature itself. The rocks give a more authentic record than any other known thing. The records of the destruction of civilizations through earth cataclysms will never be made by mortal mind through any of man's discoveries. Buried in the seas are greater civilizations than the world has any record of. The inhabitants of the earth take it for granted that the present generation and their ancestors as recorded in the Bible comprises

all that ever was of civilization, building the world around an infinitesimal part of law and order.

The earth is very young. It is the baby planet of the group and the smallest sphere. Its inhabitants might be called a young generation, not yet have their eyes opened. The history of the world has always been what it is today. A few hundred years of growth and advancement and then a cataclysm of destruction. The world has stood longer without a complete destruction of its inhabited parts than it ever did before and longer than it ever will again. That portion of Life upon the earth calling itself humanity knows not the meaning of the word—never did and never will know. From the earliest grouping of these so-called immortal mortals, one-half of the groups lived by destroying the other half. The super population have moved from place to place, destroying as they went until today wherever the feet of civilized men rest destruction follows.

Greed has builded Monarchies and enslaved with a tyrannical hand those who would not submit to its command. Since first man viewed himself as being superior to other forms of Life he has been a discontented animal, roving and plundering as he roved. There has always been a strain of finer nature, linking together and creating a world of greater possibilities, but the weaker has always been subdued by the stronger, sometimes mental and sometimes physical strength. The conquerors have always builded greater kingdoms, each succeeding generation getting farther and farther away from the first principle which brought man into being.

At one time the earth was populated by a very superior race of people who became extinct through Equatorial disturbances. The earth at this time is turning and tumbling; it is continually shifting its position and its relation. Benign influences from other planets of greater advantages, greater enlightenment, are trying to influence the people of earth to cease their destruction, not only to life, but of all that stands for their accomplishments through the thousands of years of record. It has ever been the same. Man's progress toward enlightenment leads him into the path of destruction. The confusion of tongues is as nothing compared to the confusion of right and wrong now prevailing in the world. History repeats itself at



# WITH OUR TIMES

BY EFFA DANIELSON



the completion of every cycle of evolution. There is always the survival of the fittest. There is never quite a complete victory of the best. The carnal influence of man seems always to prevail. The warfare of today is the most *deadly* of all warfares—the most *inhuman* and the most treacherous and unprincipled warfare in the records of recorded time and the end is not yet. Man has lost sight of all *human* instincts where Life and liberty are concerned. Man's inhumanity to man has outspeeded itself in the last decade. Destruction begets destruction until no quarter of the globe will remain as it was unless there arises in ALL nations as one man, a representative of HUMAN law and order. The sacrifice of human life is for naught because man no longer can boast of loving his fellow man. *The great jaws of the monster WAR open and close and the human element lies bleeding at his feet.*

## SAVIORS OF THE HOUR

THE world today is becoming enlightened through scientific Chemistry to realize fully that the future will bring still greater revelations and a true understanding of the necessary and intellectual co-operation with Nature's laws to produce a more harmonious association between individuals to create harmony between nations. To understand the occult law in Chemistry is to understand the workings of the law governing the relationship between individuals, whether in family, groups or nations. Whether Science as represented by a few individuals accepts the manifestations of the messages from individual people who have passed through the death-birth is of no consequence whatever. This group of Scientists are only mechanical Scientists and their findings are helpful to the chemical engineers working for the benefit of the small percentage of the earth's inhabitants who are looking *only* for physical comfort and financial gain.

The true Scientist who seeks knowledge through the occult law of the *full* Life in whatever rate of vibration it may function is thinning the veil, dispelling the gloom and bringing the sight of understanding to the vast majority of the world who are waiting for the resurrection morn when their loved ones are to be released from the tomb they were consigned to by the false interpretation of Life—in other words, by the false conception of Birth and Death. The messenger who comes in the silence of the seance room, whether there be one or

many persons in that silence, carries the key that unlocks the door, irrespective of person or persons. Their financial, religious or scientific rating has not a pennyweight's value.

The only law that functions is *that* law which releases the vision, creating the revelation of the loved one who was only entombed by holding the mind in bondage. The day of bondage is fast receding; the *light* of understanding is rapidly spreading; each time a little child is born a Savior is laid in the cradle; a gift has indeed been given to the world.

Every man and woman incarcerated in an institution of punishment was born a Savior. Man's inhumanity to man deprived these Saviors of their kingship, deprived them of their heritage and made of them outcasts of society. Man's humanity to man, in the same measure can restore their heritage and once more they will walk forth from the tomb a *Savior*, fulfilling the mission of their Birth.

We appeal directly to the teachers, teaching the *false* doctrine, that ALL humanity has sinned, and the salvation of *all* depends on *one*. WE proclaim the salvation of each erring child depends upon *all* humanity. *No one* is exempt. We appeal to the Scientist to rend the veil—we appeal to the cultists to rend the veil of their unsupported mystery and we appeal to the Mothers and Fathers to cease teaching their children of miracles and teach them instead the *Truth* about Life. Teach them that Death is a natural Birth, releasing the physical body from its arduous duties and giving to Life even greater freedom, greater possibilities. Guide and guard the awakening minds of your children that they may fulfill their mission in service to their fellowmen—that they may maintain their freedom throughout the years of their physical expression. We appeal to the law-makers and those who have supervision over these penal institutions—cease portraying Life falsely and abandon the institution which *frees* the body and *robs* the Life of its opportunity of adjusting itself to its new environment. Birth through Death is a far more important office than the Birth into physical Life. Memory and all of its attendants are not wiped out by the institution and these instruments of Death. There is always the resurrection morn—saint and sinner walk forth from the tomb. You may meet them on the highway and you may sup with them at your table; YOUR not having eyes to see or ears to hear them does not change the law, does not pass the final judgment.



# FOREWARNED

By GERTRUDE McDANIEL

OCCULTISM is something which I cannot explain, except to my own satisfaction, for I am uneducated in that line. My own experiences, however, prove to me that there is surely some spiritual power of thought which warns us of coming events. Usually, my warnings have been in the manner of dreams, although at times it has been only an indescribable and unaccountable feeling.

Several years ago, shortly after my marriage and subsequent removal to a lonely farm adjoining a national highway, I awoke one morning and said to my new husband, "Where will you be today?"

He told me that he would be hauling hay and wood part of the time and asked why I wanted to know.

"I dreamed last night that a very large man (I mentioned another race) came, and I was alone here. It makes me feel nervous," I said.

My husband laughed. "You ate too much meat for supper," he suggested.

It was "springtime in the Rockies," and the unpaved highway in those days was very muddy. We lived in the valley of a creek on either side of which rose steep hills. The road wound up these hills and motorists often got stuck, no matter in which direction they were traveling.

About two o'clock in the afternoon I was disturbed by the sound of unintelligent "hollering." I didn't know where my husband was at the time; his hay was half a mile from the house and out of sight beyond a thicket of scrub oaks. I went to the door and saw slouching through the mud a very large man of the race I had mentioned to my husband when telling my dream. The man was flinging his arms and yelling but I could not understand anything he was saying.

I closed the door and went outside. There were cars on the road and although it was an eighth of a mile out our lane to it, at least I should be in possible sight. I walked toward the stranger keeping the barbed wire fence between us. When we were close enough together I asked him what he wanted. I kept wondering where my husband was and wishing that the dog would sometimes stay around the house instead of always following his master.

"Where's dat man wid de foh horse team?" he yelled, excitedly.

Just then my husband came into sight around the barn with the four horses he had been using on the hay wagon. As he started toward us I went back into the house, unharmed to be sure but frightened. After pulling the stranger's car up the hill (for a dollar) my husband came back and entering the room where I was tossed the dollar into my lap.

"I guess your dream came true," he said. "That guy was drunk, and ugly."

Several years later the highway was moved a quarter of a mile farther and oiled. The grade was built up several feet at the creek crossing and a big new bridge constructed.

Our neighbors, who lived a mile up the creek, and my family walked under the bridge when going to and from each other's home. Every time I went through there I saw, in imagination, the lifeless body of a man lying under the bridge.

"Why do you always expect to find a dead man here, Mother?" my daughter asked, laughing at me when I expressed my feeling one day.

"I don't know," and I laughed with her, "but I always think I'll see one. Maybe when I do he'll be asleep instead of dead. I suppose these hitchhikers that we so often see have to sleep sometime."

One evening in mid-winter my two older daughters had gone up to the neighbors and as the shades of night descended I began looking anxiously for them. They had often been gone later but I felt uneasy and once I thought I should have to go to meet them. As there was no one to stay with the younger children however I did not go. When the girls came in they were silent and wide-eyed.

"Mother," the older one said, "just before we got to the bridge I had the funniest feeling. Ellen and I were going right along there just as we always do and all at once we both turned and went back up the hill and crossed the road above the bridge. Neither of us suggested it to the other but we both turned. I'll just bet there is someone or something under the bridge."

I told them that perhaps it was my thinking so much about them that made them go around. There had been fresh snow falling but it had stopped and the earth was white and quiet. I looked from the window toward the bridge.

"It looks peaceful and harmless up there, but you never know. I'm glad you went around tonight," I said.

We did not go back again for many days. Then one day my thirteen year old son took the wagon up in the woods to get a load of fuel. He went down to the creek for a drink and noticing a large burlap sack among the pile of cans and trash which had been dumped there took his knife and made a slit in the sack wondering what kind of debris it contained. The opening revealed the hand of a man! Before notifying the sheriff and coroner we made sure that the frightened boy had not imagined things.

The sack had been rolled down the bridge abutment and its trail in fresh snow had turned to ice. It lay on the

north side of the bridge where the winter sun did not shine except for a short period in mid-day and the beheaded corpse was frozen. There had been no snow for three weeks; not since the night my daughters had gone back and crossed the road instead of going under it.

Although I feel it is unlikely that a murdered man would be disposed of along a well traveled highway at such an early hour in the evening, I wonder if there might have been someone investigating the place as a possible dumping ground.

One summer I was planning to accompany my parents on a motor trip to visit my sister one hundred miles away. Father and mother would drive from their home in the city and get me and we would leave my place by eight o'clock on Sunday morning. All week I worked to leave things at home in such a way that I could be gone over night. I was eager to go as I had not seen Marian for a long time and I was always glad of an opportunity to take a trip or even a short ride.

When I awoke Sunday morning however, I felt a distaste for the contemplated trip. I packed lunches for the children who, with several neighborhood youngsters, were going on a hike into a nearby canyon. My work was finished and my parents had not come but I was not disappointed. I took a magazine and went out under the locust trees to read. But I could not concentrate on the page before me so I closed the book at last and sat there, waiting.

For what? I didn't know but there was a feeling that I must be there, must be ready for something.

Presently my husband came and joined me.

"Do you suppose those kids will be careful?" he asked.

"I have felt all day that someone will come home with a few broken arms and legs," I answered trying not to be worried.

In about thirty minutes one of the boys who had taken his horse on the hike came tearing into the yard, his pony foaming with sweat and himself very much excited. He brought word that my son had fallen down the face of the canyon wall! He was unconscious, but they did not know how badly he was hurt. When we got him to the hospital, an X-ray revealed several broken bones, brain concussion and numerous lacerations were visible all over his body. He was unconscious for a week, his life hanging in the balance and it was several days before he recovered.

Father's car had broken down the day before we were to have taken the

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# He Saw His Mother's Spirit Leave Her Dying Body and Enter the Summerland

By JOHN W. RING

MY MOTHER often arose in the night, while bearing me, and walked in the grass wet with dew, for relief from physical discomfort. On several such occasions my father discovered her with her hair loose about her shoulders, speaking a language which he thought to be Indian—they were acquainted with Indians in Pennsylvania, where we lived. The doctor, when told, declared this an indication of death for mother or child or both, or, perhaps insanity. Near the time of my arrival my mother's condition improved; she declared that her child should be a boy, to be named John. She was right. I was a strong, healthy boy, with every appearance of sanity.

When about five years of age I started to a primitive "blab" school, with pupils of all ages in one room with home-made desks. The teacher humored me by permitting me to study and recite in any and all classes I wished. Geography appealed to me and one picture especially attracted me—an idol, or god, with many eyes which enabled him or it to see "Everything." An attack of St. Vitus dance interrupted my school going.

The family decided to move to Kansas, then the far west. My mother stated that we should visit a medium who would see and tell us all about our trip. A medium! Ah! A carved image with many eyes, leaning against the wall.

My brother-in-law drove us sixteen miles to visit the medium. The lady who admitted us, when asked if my brother-in-law and I might go with my mother into the room where I expected to see the medium emphatically replied, "No!" But, when near the door she turned and aroused me from dire despondency by saying, "Bring your little boy!" Upon entering the room my eyes hastily scanned every nook in anticipation of seeing the medium—a carved image.

Soon the lady closed her eyes and related many details of our approaching trip. How did she know? I wondered. Then she gently said, "Your little boy will be a medium! Have him come to me." As if moved from within, I dropped upon my knees before the lady—the medium! She placed her hands upon my head and said, "He is called to spiritual work. Do not worry about the St. Vitus dance, it was for the purpose of preparing his physical body for his spiritual work. Before he is twenty-one years of age he will be a medium and speaking before the pub-

lic!" A tremor swept through the muscles and nerves of my body, akin to an electric shock. I understood little that she said except, "Your little boy will be a medium!" I rebelled mentally; never, if I knew myself, would I be a carved image leaning against the wall! My mother's careful explanation did little to clear my thinking processes and I lived, more or less in dread of the possibility of "becoming a medium." Our trip verified every detail of the medium's forecast.

My mother assured me that when fourteen years of age I should know the answer to the many questions of inquisitive youth, such as "Who made me?" "Where is God?" I turned to Sunday school for immediate answer, attended Methodist Sunday school at

9:30 A. M., Baptist at 2 P. M. and "Campbellite" at 4 P. M. The varied doctrines somewhat disturbed my thinking processes but I developed a strong faith in prayer. Since no member of our household indulged in oral prayer, I established my "shrine" in a clump of bushes in the yard.

To this "shrine" I hastened when my mother was attacked with severe choking caused by a goiter. With child-like faith I prayed that my mother be relieved; the response seemed very definite, "Your mother will be perfectly well!" Soon the paroxysms of choking ceased; and I hastened to my "shrine" to breathe a prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude.

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# THE WORKSHOP

Mother Earth,

By WALDEMAR BRUN

MAN is not the ultimate evolutionary form nature will produce to crown the Tree of Life of old Mother Earth.

Radio-active, dynamic and chemical Energy and Magnetism, the agents of Mother Earth in the creation of life forms—partly according to her own laws but limited by the influences of the Solar system and outer Universe—experiment with new forms constantly. Spirit, Force and Matter are One. If Matter is evolving continually as we know it does here on Earth, then Force and Spirit are also subject to the Law of Eternal Change, growing steadily toward new heights of perfection, changing at the same ratio as matter changes and becoming ever more highly specialized as attributes of Cosmic Life experiments on Earth.

The story of the changes of form, as it is written in rock strata of the Earth's crust, is like a weird fairy tale. It has a strange appeal to the one who idly turns the pages of the past; for man, standing ever at the top of the Tree of Life, no matter in which guise he has appeared, senses that he has lived those changes, has grown from a mere uni-cell thing to the wielding of almost Divine power. Man is becoming an assistant to Mother Earth in the development of her resources and feels a kinship for everything that has been or will be.

He who claims that Mother Earth is evil is himself of evil. Spirit, Force and Matter are One. As Universal Powers they are unchangeable and perfect; locally all three are changeable and imperfect. However, let no one forget that the Earth is of the Grand Brotherhood of Stars—the true Gods—although a dependent star. Stars know neither good nor evil, only impersonal creation and destruction. Old Mother Earth, old only in the estimate of man, is a producer—a white star! She is only at the beginning of the development of her creative sources. She is therefore good and should be well beloved, especially by those who claim to possess knowledge of occult powers. Evil, from a Universal point of view, exists only in an undeveloped mind. Mind, or Thought is the Ruler of the Divine Triad of Spirit, Force, and Matter. If a man knowingly perverts his mind and calls a Divine instrument evil, then he befouls the temple in which Divine power resides and his Spirit and Force deteriorate. And this deterioration is expressed in all his work, in all his record of past deeds, in the reaction of the mass mind toward him. This rule is Law for the indi-

vidual, group, or nation. When a cult or a whole religious group preaches of evil their own destiny awaits only the time to destroy them with all of their buildings, past deeds, work and records. The power of the Earth to destroy, that She may replace it with something finer, is White Magic; if this power is wielded by man for evil or selfish purposes it becomes Black Magic and destroys the wielder; it erases his name from the Book of Life.

"Sing not of Fear," chants the Mayan, "sing not of Evil. And you shall know only Courage and Good. You shall possess power to carry along the weak by the evolutionary wayside. You shall know love instead of Hate. You will stand on the Platform of Light on the top of the Eternal Pyramid of Progress instead of being nailed to the cross."

Blood and Torture, Hatred and Jealousy and Self-exaggeration, as long as these remain at the base of our civilization and are the Builders' Platform of religion, may the Divine Powers be merciful to the worshipers, because they will know only destruction, none of the beauties of creation.

It does not matter a great deal if Mother Earth is three, ten, or a hundred thousand million years old, the short flicker of one of our life spans cannot realize what these figures mean anyway, and if we simply fix the total past age of the Earth as a local eternity, it serves our purpose of visualizing something beyond our grasp in all the aspects of duration and power. If the Sun is more than ten million million years old, then the Earth, as a descendant thereof, is more than two-thirds that age, but only if the Sun is truly so old that he is dying. Since we have only some very vague theories of an approaching death of the Sun, and really do not know the least thing about it, we will stick to what we do know, the story of Life on Earth as told by atoms in minerals, by sedimentary rock strata, and by ocean salt.

Research of oil geologists tentatively places the beginning of primitive life on Earth at five hundred million years ago. We will never know the exact age of the solid-form life layers in the rock, because we have no means of verifying it by measuring the depth of rock below the Cambrian on account of the great inner heat. However, we do know that life moved freely on the Earth for at least three hundred million years and that even at this remote period the specialization of form was well on its way. It is not the great age

of things that interests the occult student, but the slow, painstaking, steady efforts of the Earth to make the Tree of Life grow higher and higher. Her experiments have sent out this branch and that on the Tree, however, she always keeps the main trunk reaching for the stars. During the past growth of the Tree, the branches, one by one, have reached new heights, while the lower branches grew toward the perfection of the experiment they represent. Life, as we know it now, still retains a specimen or two of each branch that ever was, telling us how evolution proceeded to fit new forms to new necessities of environ.

Thought ruled these experiments and assisted the attempt of the individual, freely moving creatures, or lesser atom colonies to get the best they could out of life. Always individual need of the moment and the battle for existence was and always will strive and push onward, aided by Universal Power acting through Mother Earth. Everything that has existed here, is now existing, or will exist, has been in existence elsewhere and shall be in existence again in a new solar family after the dissolution of the Earth. We come from star dust, the remains of destroyed worlds. Within the Earth rests the Power to recreate all life which existed in a former ancestor star colony, altered only by limitations of local change in Power, Space and Time by the Law of Eternal Change. We may say that Earth Life is a tiny branchlet of the Universal Tree of Life, one experiment of the Universal Life Stream among uncounted others to attain perfection in an eternal evolution that knows no peak.

And while Mother Earth patiently labored at the potter's wheel of form, always substituting something new for that which did no longer harmonize with the general evolution of the mass, She, Herself, was subject to the throes of a higher evolution. The outer Universe was steadily molding Her form, altering it here and there and helping Her to increasing Power, that she could hold Her own among the Brotherhood of Stars. And this universal influence in Energy, Magnetism and the Return thereof, affected in turn the Life She created by overshadowing the Local, or Earth Power in each individual with the Universal or Divine.

The change from an original mass of fiery, volatile molecule colonies to a hot ball of heavy core minerals, lighter sur-



# OF THE COSMOS

## Nature and Man

KE, M.A., F.R.N.S., M.M.

face rock and dense atmosphere, then to a cooler state of hot mud, and, lastly, to solid land and oceans is a story of the work of beings beyond our reason to visualize. Sons of the Fire Mists, the Divine Potters and the Mighty Titan Builders of the Continents are to us only fabled things of another world. We can, however, imagine how the first plant evolved from the resistant creative power of mineral and gas.

Rocks tell us the later story of the Cambrian Period, of stationary animals, the crinoids, sea-anemones, etc. How these half-plants during the Ordovician through necessity of survival and environ gradually led to the sponge, the star-fish, the sea-slug, and the trilobite, a tiny animal like the beach flea, is a glowing tale all by itself of Nature's tremendous struggle. And while evolution in the Silurian created new ancestor forms from the material on hand, Nature perfected the species She already had and carried this perfection on to help in the perfection of the next form experiment. She armored the trilobites and enlarged their forms. She accomplished the same with Her other primitive ancestor creatures, all of necessity marine life. She turned out the mollusks, the crustaceans, the squids, and the first reptile shape—the salamander. From these a hundred million years later sprang the first fish, the giant turtle and the octopus. Her atom colonies were becoming more complex.

During the following period one of the great pauses of evolution intervened as if Mother Earth did not know how to keep on creating new things. Universal Powers stepped in then. They brought in a new order of forms in a tremendous shake-up. As a result, dry, solid continents began to assume form. This made it possible for the plant kingdom to evolve on land, that the animal kingdom could branch out again and become land animals. Moss, grasses, beach algae adapted themselves to live in dry spots and flourished in the unbelievably fertile soil. Ferns evolved to huge palms, grasses to tall bamboos and tules, algae to spiny trees and primitive pines. All seem to have followed an urge to expand to huge size and transform into manifold designs. When the marine animals were confronted with the problem of how best to avail themselves of these new, better conditions, they developed legs instead of fins and, later, lungs instead of gills.

Evolution, however, was still slow, the more rapid progress coming much later than the Permian Age. Before a

quickening could take place, evolution had to create more new species in the mineral and plant kingdoms, ancestors for new branches of atom colonies. New rock veins and soils, flowers and wide-leaved trees appeared. Then the animals began to branch out again into higher specialized invertebrates and vertebrates, keeping step with the flora and partaking of the new wealth of nourishment and pleasant surroundings. The fishes and salamanders—vertebrates—evolved into two classes of reptiles, the predatory, and the plant eaters, both at first marine, then land reptiles.

By this time the struggle of the individual being to exist had long since become many-sided. Animals, plants and minerals sought to protect themselves against aggressors by forming protective colonies and growing armed parts on their bodies. Thorns and spines, horny armor, and the ability to hide were means of defense that became more and more perfected in the inoffensive beings. The aggressors, or predatory forms developed the means to overcome such protection; they produced fang and claw and great muscular strength. There is an affinity among the mesquite thorn and the cactus spine, the spiked head of primitive fish, the armor of the horned toad, the terrible horns of the triceratops and rhinoceros, the antlers of the deer, and the great tusks of the elephant.

Magnified growth of plants suggested a larger form for animals. The Monasaurs, Simple-Lizards, still half fish with webbed flippers and long snake necks, made room for the Terrible Lizards or Dinosaurs. Some of these could stand up on their column-sized hind legs and reach into the top-most branches eighty feet high to eat the leaves. The predatory giants like the Allosaurus, the most destructive creature that ever lived, could rear up to fifty feet in height and tear at the vitals of their gigantic prey.

Branches and more branches on the Tree of Life. Always there has been a *temporary* crown, but the trunk still kept on striving for the peak it could never gain. Universal Power interfered again in the Triassic when Mother Earth was at her wit's end what She should create to supersede the reptiles. For countless ages meteors had been attracted toward the two Poles of preponderant magnetic local attraction. Her own struggle to adjust Her form to withstand the pull of Universal Gravitation pressure on Her equator caused a great volcanic upheaval on Her surface. The overloaded axis tilted

thirty degrees to a new Pole and a new equator. Tidal action of the oceans obliterated parts of existing continents and created others. The resulting cloudiness created a cold which the inner heat of the Earth could no longer offset. The Earth knew Her first Ice Age.

The cataclysm occurred abruptly, but it took the ice cap several years to form and the glaciers even longer. Animals and plants that had survived—Mother Earth never at any time has wiped out Her entire Life Stream, nor even a single whole family of forms—experienced the necessity of adapting themselves to this new colder climate. Reptile had to evolve into warm-blooded, furry animals, and animals that could hibernate, while plants evolved falling leaves, frost-resisting seeds, and hardy evergreens. Only the new tropics carried on the old order of huge reptiles, keeping them in existence indeed almost up to the dim past of recorded ancient history of man, and in the primitive ice of the polar ice caps and Laurentian glaciers. Egypt knew and symbolized the Brontosaurus, the Allosaurus and Pterodactyl. The hieroglyphs of these great reptiles are to be found in the Book of Light.

Always in the hoary past Nature began a new species with tiny form colonies, permitted these to grow to tremendous size, then picked a golden mean for the finished product, going from one extreme to another, then striking a balance between the two. The new warm-blooded creatures began with the size of a rat and were partly scaly. They developed slowly into such huge beasts as the Imperial Mastodon alongside of which the elephant is a mere dwarf. Then they began to swing back to a normal which the mammals have not yet fully attained. All branches of mammals are still producing higher specialized forms.

Side by side with the mammal grew the bird families from the same reptile source. Nature had long experimented with winged creatures. From the huge pteranoden, a reptile bat with a thirty-foot wing spread, sprang the pigeon-sized first warm-blooded bird we know of. From that ancestor she duplicated what she was doing with mammal proportions, creating tremendous winged creatures that measured fifty feet in wing spread. A sixteen-foot condor, or albatross can give us

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# GARDENIA

By BEULAH HILL

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SAY," asked Paul Julian, as he closed an old guide book, "is there really anything to this old superstition that good luck never attends the rifling of a tomb?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Stephen Lane, elderly archaeologist and close friend of Paul, "tombs are sealed with most solemn, sacred ceremonies and for special reasons, and when they are opened diseases and sometimes strange, mystical influences emanate from them."

This conversation took place in the Egyptian Palace Hotel. The lobby, with its sumptuous decorations and luxurious modern fittings was almost deserted save for Dr. Lane's particular group of friends to whom he was talking of his recent excavations then in progress at the site of an ancient city of the Egyptian Delta.

"I am hoping," he remarked, "tomorrow to follow up a shaft of which I saw traces during my excavations last week; I hope it leads to a real find. Suppose you join me, Paul, and satisfy your curiosity as to the rifling of tombs and the ill luck that attends it."

Paul's gray eyes flashed with eager interest as he replied, "Nothing could give me greater pleasure. I shall be ready at dawn to join you." An interest in all things Egyptian had formed in Paul Julian the habit of closely studying every Egyptian object, great or small. All things occult held him spell-bound. There was that something in his personality that had dubbed him "the priest" among his schoolmates. He inherited a wealth of oil interest in the United States of America. This left him free to follow a "don't care" life of wandering in search of adventure. He was reticent, often brusque—there was a sort of baffling mystery about him; he had always felt an unaccountable urge to avoid women, and of love he thought not at all.

Next morning before daybreak the boat swung out into the Nile's swiftest current. Paul and the doctor stood at the guard rails drinking in the beauty of the dawn. The Heavens were clear and it was still cool. A suffusing radiance crept up from the east, the peaks of the Libyan Desert reddened and dawn merged into day. It was the time of the year when the Nile's waters were of a soft, emerald sheen. The bright green fields and the yellow rocks beneath a deep blue sky rendered a symphony of subtle colors.

As they drifted down stream gazing at flat shores, broken now and then by the mutilated temples of antiquity, they fell to discussing the beliefs of the ancient Egyptians.

"In spite of their many gods they recognized a future state of rewards and punishments 'according to the deeds done in the body'," remarked the doctor.

"Do you believe in the plurality of lives?" asked Paul.

"Well, in a measure. Am fascinated by the Oriental belief in reincarnation."

"Then you think death, scientifically speaking, is only a release to higher consciousness?"

"Surely," emphatically stated the doctor. "Our souls obey a law, they go and return until they 'graduate' from the school of life."

"Do you think we ever remember our past lives?"

"Yes, at transition the soul beholds the reflected scenes of each and every incarnation somewhat as a cinema reflects pictures for us. We are living in an age of universal inquiry, the prophecies of the poets as well as the dreams of the philosophers are being realized; the radio heralds the fact that no sound is lost, every thought is recorded, every word and every sigh."

"Too, did not Wagner say that he tried to catch the harmonies as they floated in the air?" Each human brain is a radio if only we knew how to tune in," added Paul.

As they neared their destination, the sun had sunk into a great purple hollow sending out streamers of quivering gold across the evening sky. In the distance could be seen the dark outline of a huge red granite temple surrounded on all sides by great Osirdean pillars. Paul caught his breath with astonishment at the size and splendor of it.

"Impressive, is it not, old man?" asked Dr. Lane.

"Strangely so to me," answered Paul.

"Both the magnificence of its architecture and the high interest of its sculptures make it one of Egypt's most interesting temples. Its simple grandeur is unsurpassed and the partial ruin of the stone roof renders it even more picturesque. Note the grand entrance from the river through its avenue of columns. On the southern approach is a ruined avenue of sphinx which leads to the remains of another temple. You, with your knowledge and interest in all things Egyptian can appreciate the sublimity of its heaped up ruins."

"Nothing holds greater interest for me than Egyptology," said Paul.

"This was the royal residence of the kings, too. Now you can see just to the north the entrance to the grottos. At the foot of the mountains are the mummy pits."

The unforgettable dusk of Egypt was falling as they left the boat and they

were conducted to the tents by natives in the doctor's employ. After the evening meal, they sat out in the open and watched the picturesque groups of natives to be seen at every turn. The clamor of weird music fell upon their ears; a native girl was dancing; she wore a wreath of gardenias and their fragrance scented the still air. Unconsciously Paul's lean, strong hand gripped his friend's knee. A sudden, inexplicable emotion took possession of him, an emotion he could give no name. This perfume of gardenias seemingly always awakened in him a dim memory. He struggled with himself but finally spoke. "The scent of gardenias always casts a spell over me. It saddens but thrills me, too."

"Has it always affected you thus?"

"Yes," and he told of a visit to India; he was the guest of a very wealthy Rajah and among the entertainments he was treated to was a nautch party. They sat out in an open marble courtyard that night; it was steeped in moonlight. The heavy and none too young girl wore gardenias. As he gazed a veil appeared to fall from his eyes and he saw shining through another face behind the actual form of the nautch girl—a petite, sylph-like, celestial dancer, gardenia crowned. Music of the most haunting character began to palpitate on the air. The beautiful dancer seemed to float lazily upon the air like a creature in a dream. He felt a curious contraction of the throat and aching in his heart, a sense of suffocation combined with an almost uncontrollable desire to seize her in his arms. Then the scene faded back to the actual appearance in the Rajah's courtyard. Altogether it was an uncanny, uncomfortable impression.

"You know I believe we have flashes of remembrance of former lives; such an experience I believe yours to have been," explained the doctor.

"I have always wondered why gardenias affected me in this manner, there must be something in those flashes of recognition. As I grow older I seem to experience many elusive impressions causing much speculation on my part."

"Also Plato said, 'We lose the knowledge which we possessed in prior existence at birth and recover it as we grow older.'"

"But Wordsworth in his 'Intimations on Immortality' reverses Plato's theory, saying, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy and as we grow older we lose it.' Which do you believe?" asked Paul.

"Both," assured the doctor, "there are prodigies who in early infancy show by their aptitudes recollection of talents in previous existence. Then there are those who grow into a more vivid recollection as they grow older; the latter I judge you to be."



# —A Story of Love

JINS MURRELLE

Paul smiled, glancing about him with an embarrassed air, his sensations, whatever they were, passed off and gradually recovering his equanimity he suggested they "turn in" for a much needed rest.

Dawn was breaking; the east was one wide stretch of shimmering, warm gold. Above sparkled the morning star. Paul was entranced by the beauty of it all.

"Come," cried the doctor, "let's be off, for as the morning wears on the heat becomes almost unbearable."

About two hundred yards from the entrance of the tomb they were met by a group of natives greatly excited over having come upon a tomb disclosed through a wall of littered rocks.

Paul and the doctor with lighted lanterns entered a great chamber with unexpected recesses coming in here and there. The frightful silence of expectancy was broken only by their own heavy breathing. The walls of this vast chamber were thickly frescoed and glistened with gold. Piled about a magnificent sarcophagus were vessels of gold, pottery, beads, game-boards of a dark wood with mosaic inlay of silver.

Paul gazed half enraptured, half frightened at the weird but sumptuous splendor encompassing him. Unconsciously he murmured, "A king's sepulchre."

"Yes," cried the doctor, "a magnificent find this, a king."

Hours passed, Dr. Lane was busy listing and examining the contents of the chamber and taking rubbings of the hieroglyphics. Paul grew tired. "Say, old fellow, I'll drift on back to camp and look around the temples, see you tonight."

"All right," said the doctor, his voice betraying a certain note of relief at being left undisturbed at his work.

Paul wandered on out when suddenly he noticed that he was not going out as he had come. He had stepped into a bay in which was a low entrance to an inner chamber. He stooped, peering doubtfully into the gloom. He discovered a short flight of rough stone steps. By sudden impulse of curiosity he made up his mind to descend. He went down slowly and cautiously, counting carefully each step as he firmly placed his foot upon it. Suddenly his flashlight faded out; startled and confused, he stretched out his hands instinctively feeling his way; an unexpected turn in the steps caused him to strike his head smartly and lose his balance. One faint cry escaped him, then he lay motionless. With returning consciousness the fantastic awfulness of his position smote him. He would not be missed until perhaps bedtime, now it was only eleven A. M.

The silence of ages brooded here, dark, smothering, appalling. Making an effort to overcome the giddiness he felt, he raised his body partially, but with a groan sank back. There followed a strange interval in which his present personality seemed to drop from him. A strange radiance gave luminance to a place more weird and wondrous than any scene in dreamland. Images flitted before his fancy which were at first indefinable, but which gradually took certain forms.

In the center of the chamber gleamed a jeweled sarcophagus. A spectral radiance glimmered, quivered and touched all things, now faintly, now brilliantly. Finally it focalized over the sarcophagus, which seemed to slowly open and fall away, revealing the exquisite form of an Egyptian princess, who slowly rose and advanced, holding out her soft slim hands to Paul. "Come," she cried, "let us visit our old haunts." Before Paul could utter a word of protest or ask the meaning of her strange procedure, all power of reasoning ebbed slowly from him and he became perfectly passive, yielding to her guidance. "Wait," said she, with a smile of tenderness, "I forgot my vanity box, your last gift to me." She went back for it, holding to view a tiny ivory box exquisitely carved with a wreath of gardenias.

Paul started, there was something peculiarly familiar about her, the jasmine odor that seemed to exhale from her garments and more familiar, much more so her voice, with its haunting tones. Something wildly sweet stirred his blood as he touched the small hand she so graciously extended. Slowly they made their way out of the tombs toward the great temple.

To Paul the whole proceeding was something mirage-like and phantasmal in the terrible splendors that everywhere surrounded. He felt as though he were one of the spectators seeing a thrilling and exotic movie, yet in some strange inexplicable way he was an actor playing parts that he had played before. He felt a sense of awe rather than fear as he slowly ascended the steps of the temple. The moon rained a radiance in which all objects could be discerned and outlined distinctly. Now he beheld all the ruins defined in perfect beauty with people going here and there and the tall palms rustled solemnly.

Paul started as the girl squeezed his hand and her soft, dark eyes looked into his. Suddenly he knew it was a face he had known long ago. His whole soul yearned toward her. He looked down; to his amazement he was wearing the garb of a priest. His head swam, the temple walls trembled. The sensation lasted only an instant, then

everything steadied and came right again, he *was* a priest, the girl was his beloved!

Although the memory of former existences remains veiled, a vague sentiment of spiritual attachment unites souls destined for each other. We can see naught beyond the stage to which our karma has brought us. If suddenly we should be enlightened it would mean death."

The priest followed the girl down an avenue of sphinx interspersed with palms. These lined a highway paved with polished granite flagging. Here the silence was broken only by the sighing of the palm frondage and the soft tread of the sandaled feet of the priest on the stone paving. At the termination of the avenue stood a smaller and more beautiful temple over which a peculiar sanctity hung. To the east a vast acreage of roses and gardenias which tended by the priests, yielded the perfume as a source of revenue to the temple.

The priest found the girl inside when he reached the wicket of bronze leading to the rose fields.

When the tall lithe figure of the priest cast a shadow upon her she looked up with a cry of delight. She watched him expectantly and all at once apparently rendered impatient by his impassive attitude, she moved closer to him and coaxingly laid one small, slender hand on his arm and slyly whispered, "Let not your jealousy trouble you concerning the Prince, he is naught to me, I love you!"

A deep sigh broke from him. He moved nearer to her, he held her slender form in his arms and looked down into her languorous, dusky eyes. He bent his head lower and lower 'til her dark hair touched his lips. "Love you," he murmured, "there is no name for this fever that consumes me when I look into your eyes, no name for this fierce agony which eats my heart when I think of another claiming what is rightfully mine." A shadow of pained recollection flashed in her eyes, "Ah, I forgot," and she sighed. "You know what my marriage with the prince is expected to accomplish at this hour of Egypt's need for unity with our house." At her words a shudder ran through him. Claspng her closer in his arms, he stooped until his lips almost touched hers and whispered, "You will be my queen, I your servitor." He would often be under the roof of his king who was forcibly taking his beloved.

The subtle fragrance of gardenias clung heavily in the air, reminding him of his gift for her, an ivory vanity box on which was exquisitely carved a wreath of gardenias. Lovelier than ever she looked in the soft light of the moonbeams admiring his gift.

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# A HIDEOUS ADVENTURE

By BORN Y HELMOS REDDY

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A NUMBER of years ago I read a story written by a man then confined in the county jail. He had been convicted of the murder of his wife and the story was his version of the unfortunate occurrence. It was written while he was awaiting transference to the penitentiary where he was to be executed. As I recall the tale, this man did not have, in the eyes of the law, very much of a defense. It was merely a simple story to the effect that the death of the wife had been caused, not by the unlucky husband, but by a retaliative spirit which came back from the land of shadow to exact revenge for some wrong, fancied or otherwise, perpetrated upon that person while he was living in the body here on earth.

Of course, a story of that kind, the general attitude toward spirit return being what it is today, would not be accepted as truth by prosecutor, judge

or jury; nor would it be given even a moment's consideration. After this length of time intervening since I read the tale, it seemed to me that this unfortunate man closed his simple story with a statement to the effect that in spite of the fact that the verdict was against him and that he had been branded a murderer, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not killed his wife and with the complete peace of mind "that passeth understanding," he looked forward with great pleasure and joy to the time, now close at hand, when he would again be joined with the one whom he loved above all others. At the time my wife and I read this narrative it seemed to possess a peculiar interest for us and we often discussed the different aspects of this queer tale. Far from our minds was the thought that later our home would be the scene of a horrible experience that missed, by an exceedingly narrow margin, its culmination in tragedy.

Time flowed evenly onward for several years, and the evening on which the hideous adventure which I am about to describe occurred, my wife and I were sitting alone in the large living room of our home. Our house was situated on a corner at the intersection of two streets. In this location we had the benefit of street lights which illuminated the house on front and side. Ample light entered through the windows to render the furniture and other objects in the living room plainly visible at night, even in the corners.

On this particular evening we were alone and as we did not anticipate callers, the three doors leading to the outside were securely locked. I was sitting in the living room near the front windows facing the corner while my wife was seated to the left and rear of my chair, about eight feet distant. Thus we were able to view the traffic on both streets through the windows

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## PICNIC

By DOROTHY P. ALBAUGH

THERE was no tragedy in Ward 5. It had never heard the word incurable. If a hospital is the only home a child has known for the less than seven years of his life, it is adequate.

There were three crib occupants in Ward 5, but Benny scarcely counted. He was quite deaf and never spoke. Sometimes he held on to the side of his crib and watched the others, but he never smiled.

Mable never smiled either. Her eyes looked flat, because there was no future in them, but sometimes she talked in a small, old voice and sometimes she rolled on her side and fingered five pennies in a little enameled purse.

Marty stood in his crib and leaned against the side. There was still light in his face and his eyes had long dark lashes. He held tightly to a small battered iron truck, with one side gone.

They were planning a picnic. No one knew where they had heard about picnics.

"It'll be in the park," said Mable, in her small flat voice. "There'll be flowers, pink flowers, and I'll pick them."

"We'll go in a big car," said Marty. "Maybe it'll be a red truck."

"I'll wear a pink dress," said Mable, "with a gold pin on it."

"And the truck will have great big rubber tires," went on Marty, spread-

ing his arms, "and two sides to it."

When Marty stood up in his crib and Mable rolled over on her side they could look out of the big windows and see the park with flowers in it and people coming and going in cars. Benny stood and watched them, too, for a while and then lay down on his head, which seemed to be too heavy for the rest of him.

One morning Marty asked the nurse, "Where's Mable?"

"They came and got her in the night and took her home," said the nurse cautiously. She was quite pleased with this ready answer. It was a surprising flight of imagination for her.

Marty seemed to accept it quite casually and it apparently made no difference to Benny. Their days went on as before. Marty held tightly to his truck and watched the cars go by. Benny stared quietly at nothing with his large, unsmiling eyes.

"I suppose Mable will be coming back for the picnic," said Marty.

One day Marty, too, left quite suddenly. He had seemed better and the nurse wasn't expecting it. When he went he called out gladly.

"It's Mable," he cried, "and the picnic! She has on a pink dress with a gold pin and there's a red truck with big wheels. I'm—coming—Mable!"

The nurse was shaken. "Do you suppose that kid really saw something?" she asked.

Mable had so many things to show Marty. She kept wanting him to run up and down all the paths at once and pick pink flowers, but she had to wait until he had examined the truck first. The driver let them sit on the seat with him. He was as pleased over it as they were, because the truck was quite new. He had only come the week before and had been a street cleaner, but he had always wanted to own a truck.

Marty had on overalls. His face wasn't very clean and he was barefooted. He and the truck driver felt a little superior beside Mable's pink finery.

They drove smoothly over the white road until they came to a meadow with a brook laughing through it. They stopped then and unpacked their basket. Just as they were starting to eat Mable uttered a little cry.

"Benny," she cried, "we've forgotten Benny!"

The next morning the nurse stood beside the doctor in an empty Ward 5.

"I think," she said in an awed tone, "they came and got him, Benny, I mean. He—he smiled!"



# Spiritualism and Resurrection

By WILLIAM E. CAMPBELL

*Continued from April*

WHEN we consider the background from which the writings of King Solomon and St. Paul (Saul), the remarks of Job and even the Psalms of David have been given to us, it is imperative that we pause in our confusion long enough to have a consultation with God. It is well to believe Christ when He said, "Go into the closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret," even if it is in a dark room instead of on the rostrum of a stage under the glitter of the electric lights. In the accounts of David whose Psalms are referred to by those who claim "the dead know nothing," we find reports of his adultery with another man's wife and that later he had the man murdered. It is unthinkable to believe anyone would accuse God of directing David in the matter. Who can say with conviction that the Psalms about "the dead know nothing" were not written at a time when David was plunged deepest into evilness? When David was out of rapport with God and still writing Psalms, committing adultery, and having a man murdered to get that man's wife, David must have been under Satan's influence for you must remember Christ said in St. John 8:44, that "The Devil was a murderer from the beginning." The Bible informs us God spoke to David concerning the murder by using Nathan as a medium. In the Hydesville slaying God most certainly endorsed the occult rappings as the only available means of making known the crime.

The "dead know 'nothings'" cite the speech of the serpent in The Garden of Eden who beguiled Eve, as a paramount thrust for accepting the truths from those who speak to us from the spirit side of life. The Serpent is recorded as saying, "Ye shall not surely die." Death means to be cut off from God, otherwise Jesus would not have said in Mathew 8:22, "Follow me, and let the dead bury the dead." A careful analysis of reasonable reports upon occult findings indicate Adam and Eve lived originally in the Astral Plane which surrounds the earth. It was then The Garden of Eden. Through manipulations of Satan and the Devil, Adam and Eve lowered their vibrations so that the Lord had to clothe them with skins—endodermis and epidermis—of physical matter and they became physical beings in the material world.

A close study of Genesis reveals that Adam and Eve died the very day that they ate "of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," for the same evening "they heard the voice of God walking in the Garden in the cool of the day" and hid themselves from his presence.

It was then He told what would follow and banished them from the astral into the physical plane. God declared in Genesis 2:17 concerning the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, "Thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Adam lived for centuries after being severed from the direct hearing of God's voice before he passed through what we know as physical death. After he left the Garden of Eden there is no record in Genesis to show Adam ever heard or talked with God from the Physical plane. A fair interpretation of God's meaning of "die" in instructing Adam must have meant that Adam would be thrust down into the physical plane where wrong living shuts off direct communication with God. Study of this record of the Scriptures makes it easier to understand Jesus when he said, "Let the dead bury their dead."

If we attach any other meaning to the word "die" in God's instruction to Adam, other than severance of communication by direct voice with Adam, we try to make out God the liar instead of the serpent. The Scriptures imply that God warned Adam that on the day he ate "of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt surely die," and on the day he actually did partake of the forbidden fruit he was banished from The Garden of Eden, receiving a spiritual death by being placed out of rapport with God, but continuing a physical life for some nine hundred and thirty years. From this array of Scriptural finding we must conclude God's meaning of "die" at that time was severance of communication with God and not a physical death.

The Transfiguration of Christ is a striking example that "the dead" do know something. In this event three mortals were with Jesus when Moses and Elias appeared and talked with Him. The evidence established that they appeared and talked with Jesus in the sight of mortals is undeniable proof that Moses and Elias had already been resurrected and that they did know enough to speak with Him. In the minds of unprejudiced persons this occasion is sufficient to explode the doctrines of anti-Spiritualists who purport the idea that "the dead know nothing."

In as much as Christ was killed, raised and later appeared in a body that the disciples could both see and feel, proof was thereby furnished that those who pass through "death" are raised to a new plane of existence. One of the outstanding reasons for Christ's coming was to destroy the fallacies of the Ecclesiastical doctrine conveyed by writers of the old Scriptures who thought "the dead know nothing." In

His conversation with Martha in St. John 11:24-27 there is a distinct explanation of the issue. In the conversation about Lazarus "Martha said unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection of the last day. Jesus said to her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet he shall live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" Countless persons for centuries have died physical deaths firmly believing in Christ. He promised them they would never die. To "die" in the realms of spirituality must attach some meaning other than a physical death. This promise from Christ that those who believed in Him would never "die" requires gigantic twisting of the Scriptures to meet the demand from the uninformed that "the dead know nothing."

Even though we concede unscrupulous persons posing as genuine mediums do invade and pollute, in some instances, the sanctity of the seance room, much good has come from banding together in search for truth even if it does require investigations to be made in darkness. The Holy of Holies which was the most holy place in the Tabernacle of Moses was completely dark. In this darkened room the priests are credited with holding direct communication with God. The Holy of Holies in King Solomon's Temple was constructed in a similar manner and for the same purpose.

The darkness of the seance room should hold no fears for those who trust God and actually believe Christ, for he said, "Refuse the Devil and he will flee from you." Out of darkness worlds are born. The darkness of the seance room may bring to light an understanding that will justify the faith we have in the unseen. The electron theory is considered a new key to the explanation of matter, but it is really an old idea expressed in new words. In Hebrews, Chapter 11:13 we find this statement, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." The author of Hebrews knew matter was made of invisible substances. It only took the accumulated learning of centuries to name and speculate on the size, shape and motion of the substances invisible.

In the book of James, written by a brother of the Lord, we find the declaration in 2:17: "Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." Materializations of our spirit relatives and friends, some of whom we are able to actually touch, is a modern parallel to the materialization of Moses and

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# Psychic Contact with O. O. McIntyre

By CORA ARNOLD

A FEW weeks before O. O. McIntyre's death I had an urge—a hunch that the man was about ready to depart this incarnation. He was nervous and tired of his work. I even went so far as to write to the daily paper of our city asking them for a chance to have his column, for I felt he was through.

Then his death or transition—and my contact with him from the Soul World. His message to me was as follows: "It has been rather an interesting experience at times to write a column, to study New York City, but a trying

life—a very stringent one, a nervous one. Had I to live my life again I do not believe I would bother hunting for New York's life as I did. What I would want to concentrate on would be the education of our youthful generation and the enlightenment of the older people also; for you must live *while you live*. This I did not really do. I dreamed of my dream house of future days and I could see ourselves comfortably located in my old home town, a very dear place to all. I know. I expected to go to church for after all church

life brings so many together in Holy bonds of Communion. I visioned the church of the future as a redeemed one, wholly conscious of its spiritually Cosmic value to the race of men. But too late to me in this incarnation. I regret my procrastination greatly."

Then again he came to me in Cosmic contact saying, "Be careful of your propagation as a writer, for in your work you must always have as your objective the *uplift* of humanity, for this will be the one and only religion of the world some day."

## A PREMONITION

By WALTER H. SEIDEL

"There exists in nature a psychic element the essential nature of which is still hidden from us."—*Flammarion*.

MANY individuals have received advance warning of impending danger, but only a few give heed to these presentiments or "hunches." In most cases nothing could be done to avert the calamity, so perhaps it is as well to overcome the foreboding, if possible. However, if such premonition were to actuate greater alertness and unusual precautionary measures, it would serve a good purpose.

Tom Rich merely admitted the feeling of apprehension, acknowledged its weight of gloom and harbored it in his consciousness until its fulfillment. He even hesitated to tell his mother that he felt as though "something dreadful was going to happen." But he had to explain why he did not attack with his usual gusto the delicious meal she had prepared to fortify him against the day's activities.

Tom was employed as train dispatcher on one of the trunk line railroads and was stationed in one of the larger cities of a north central state. He was very young for so important a post—only twenty-three years of age—but he had a keen mind and a jovial disposition, he was a good mixer, and his talent for making friends had done much to hasten his advancement. Tom was intensely practical and an optimist in every sense of the word.

The railroad had been doing a remarkable amount of business for some time, and Tom had worked exceptionally hard the previous day; his hours of duty were from four P. M. until midnight. He had retired at one A. M. and slept well until late the next morning. There was no accounting for the weight of gloom that enveloped his mind and spirits when he awoke. His mother, after assuring herself that he

was not ill, tried to laugh him out of his downcast mood, but he could not shake off the depressing conviction that some disaster was impending.

At three thirty P. M. Tom reported for duty at his office. He was looking downhearted and pale, and Bill Fisher, the Chief Dispatcher, asked him whether he was sick "or just in love." Young Rich denied that he was suffering from either complaint. "I've just got a feeling that something awful is going to happen. Somehow I don't want to go to work today." Fisher told him to "get busy and forget it," and Tom did the first but couldn't accomplish the second admonition. It was a most disturbing "hunch," he felt—although he had never believed in "hunches."

There were many trains on the division that day he noted as he sat down at his desk to start the day's work. Most of them required immediate attention to avoid delays and he began at once to issue train orders to the trains that required them. He also kept an exceptionally close watch or check on each order he issued, and also checked the telegraph operators very closely as they repeated back to him the train orders he had given them. He also noted very carefully the time that each train passed the various stations.

By eight P. M. Tom had succeeded in getting most of the trains off of the division and into their home terminals without any trouble and felt slightly relieved, but the feeling of presentiment still remained with him. There were only four or five more trains on the division, one of them being a high-class preference freight, which was moving eastbound handling livestock. There was also one westbound freight—a solid train of coal on the division. This train was inferior to the eastbound freight.

The eastbound freight was late on its schedule and in order to advance the

westbound freight train, Tom issued orders to both trains specifying the time that the eastbound freight would wait at the various stations for the westbound coal train, so as not to delay unnecessarily the already belated eastbound freight.

There was an up-grade of about forty miles from the Mississippi River to a station called High Point, situated at the top of the hill at which point there was a water tank where all trains stopped for the engines to take on water and where train orders were usually issued.

Tom had specified in the train order that the eastbound freight would wait at High Point until ten fifty P. M., and at the next station east, Hope, until eleven five P. M. for the westbound train of coal.

There was a down grade from the station at High Point to about three-fourths of a mile east where there was a sharp curve, and then an upgrade for five miles. It was customary for all eastbound trains to start out at high speed from High Point in order to enable them to make the upgrade east of there as easily as possible.

The conductor on the eastbound livestock train signed his orders at ten forty-two P. M. and at ten fifty P. M. the telegraph operator at High Point reported to Tom that the eastbound freight was leaving. Tom informed the telegraph operator that this was okay, as it was then ten fifty P. M., the time designated in the train order for it to leave.

At ten fifty-three P. M. came an agitated report over the wire that the two trains had collided three-fourths of a mile east of High Point on the sharp curve. The telegraph operator stated he clearly heard a terrible crash and

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# MIRACLES

By ETHEL ADAMS RATLIFF

A MIRACLE is the demonstration of a natural law of which mankind in general is ignorant.

There are laws of nature which change a small seed of unpromising appearance into a stately tree.

There are laws of nature which transform a tiny seed into clusters of magnificent flowers.

There are laws of nature which produce from a seed delicious fruits or vegetables.

With all these laws mankind is so familiar that the demonstration of them causes no comment, although none can explain how or why they operate exactly as they do. Their operation and results are simply considered "natural."

It would be most foolish to assume that all existing natural laws are

known by all people, or even to a few for that matter. Those which we have mentioned are known to practically every person on earth, but there are others just as real, just as immutable, which are known only to a small percentage of the world's people—whether so-called living or so-called dead.

Laws of Cause and Effect in the realm of thought come under this category. It is not commonly known, though proven by many, that every thought constitutes a definite cause and produces a definite effect.

Just as a certain kind of seed produces unfailingly its own kind, so a specific thought brings forth fruit of its kind. Thoughts of fear and failure and despair bring forth disaster and turbulence in the personal experience.

Intelligent and enlightened thinking

—confidence, assurance and awareness of power and dominion—will be externalized in a constructive, harmonious and abundant experience.

These are not fanciful theories but fixed, immutable laws—natural laws. But because they are not generally understood they are not generally utilized to advantage. And when, in specific instances, they are apprehended and applied, the results are said to be either the effects of chance or, if exceptionally spectacular, as in some cases of physical healing they are called miracles.

Both explanations are based on ignorance of natural laws.

"Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap"—whether a sowing of seeds in the soil of earth or a sowing of thoughts in the soil of consciousness.

Truly, this is a MIRACLE.

## "Spirit-World" Communications

By G. J. ST. WALD

IS IT true that the spirits of the dead can communicate with the living? And if so, is it safe to depend upon their advice?

Whenever I have referred to my own earlier spiritualistic experiences, people generally seem to have shown a sudden and surprising interest, not concerning myself personally as I am, but as to what I might be able to give them as proof of the existence of the so-called spirit-world and the "spirits." Frequently too I have thus been able to sense their thought vibrations sufficiently to feel their desire to question also the soundness of my mind.

During my very early life I received a part of my education and training at a training school for Spiritualists conducted by some of the most important among them. I do not class myself as a Spiritualist nor any particular religion, creed, ism or philosophy. I belong to none yet know them all. In making such claims, I realize also that others must judge for themselves.

Like many other thoughts I expressed I do not depend on the authority of any other person, personality or their quotations, but write as I am moved by the Spirit, and when not, write only from actual experience. To some there may be nothing new in this brief answer concerning the spirit-world. To others it may be new, and though it is but a fraction of a fraction of a grain of the Truth of *eternal life* it will stand for ages to come. Such is the foundation upon which all should stand, as the greater delight and glory

of living is in the realizing and knowing for one's self, as well as for all.

The Truth and Wisdom of all life admits the possibility of spirit communication, but not as always being normal in the every-day course of life and action. It may also be regarded rather more as a means of special intervention for the purpose of re-adjustment and fulfillment of some Divine destiny wherever and whenever the end might justify such a means, or it may be because of man's extreme selfishness and interference with the law, life and action of others while still in this undeveloped state.

The spirits on the plane of existence transcending our own—call it "astral plane" or spirit-world—are very much the same in nature as they were while on earth. They too are still subject to the law of continued growth and progress. All are free as they were while on earth. There often remain, however, certain mental and soul attractions between them and those still living here which may under certain conditions permit them to temporarily intervene man's world for the purpose of adjusting or fulfilling certain destined ends as before mentioned.

All beings here including ourselves and "spirits" may also under certain conditions and at certain times or periods, enter into communication with the higher intelligences of the Cosmic world and receive the light, help and guidance which they may need during certain emergencies beyond mortal control. I must admit these things are

possible because in Truth there is no such thing as death. "End and beginning are but dreams." Life is indestructible and the disintegration (death) of the body is but a metamorphic process—a continued succession of more wonderful and more beautiful experiences. Those who have passed beyond are awaiting your appearance there, just the same as you may be hoping and expecting to meet them again.

Life is the tie that binds—the assurance that none have lived in vain. For this reason then forgive and also bless all your loved ones who have passed beyond. It is the simple secret of receiving the silent assurance that they are still smiling through this mortal veil.

While I am aware of all this and even more, I would not advise anyone to depend entirely upon advice, help or guidance of these departed ones, because *you have, above all else, your own inner spiritual nature and its own powers and faculties by and through which you may express your own wonderful spiritual self, perfection and beauty in harmony with and for the good of all others right here where there may be others seeking you in the same way.*

Have you not known instances where the needed aid, help and guidance had finally come through even some perfect stranger after dependence on every

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# THE POE

## *Inscription*

by MARGUERITE JANVRIN ADAMS

All yesterdays resolve to this small hour,  
The hour of meeting. So it once was planned,  
And neither time nor tide, nor heaven's power  
Can quite erase this writing in the sand.  
From out some kingdom of the past I trace  
Again the benediction of your face.

## *"Life's Great Teaching"*

by MARGARET B. JOHNSTON

Little we know of life's great teaching  
If perchance we have been reaching  
For only that which money may buy  
And we may see with the naked eye.

Should we be stripped of these,  
Less we'd have than the naked trees  
Poorer we, than the passing beggar  
Turned out to wind and weather.

'Tis for us to seek and find  
Lest in rank we fall behind  
For even he, who is ragged and torn  
May be of soul richer born.

Though our trials seem hard and bitter  
Choose pure gold and not the glitter  
That you may gain full measure  
From the storehouse of God's treasure.

## *Our Land*

by JOHN W. RING

Now Nature makes Our Land  
Her "Melting-Pot," to mold  
A Super-Race, whose hand  
Shall noble hopes unfold;  
In every mind and heart  
A slumbering, latent Fire  
Shall purify, and start  
Fulfilling Hope's Desire.

Truth wed to Love will bear  
Us Freedom undefiled,  
To live with us, and share  
Our growth, now kind and mild;  
The only rivalry  
To help the more each man  
His High Ideal to be—  
A Faithful Artisan.

The Cosmic-Thought, to rise  
And make Today and Here  
An actual Paradise,  
Will draw all Substance near  
By which Inherent Life—  
Through Nature's Faultless Laws  
With active Goodness rife—  
Will build Our Human Cause.

## *Springtime*

by EDITH C. LANE

A wealth of fragrance in the air  
A swirl of blossoms everywhere,  
Each lovely tree doing its share  
Toward making the earth more fair.

## *Perennials*

by ELEANOR HUGHES

Only the strong rise up again  
From each felling blow.  
Only the brave can dare all men  
To defy new woe.

Only the hardy flowers, new shoots  
From the old stalk fling.  
Only the staunch tree from its roots  
Bears new leaf in Spring.

Only the phoenix, like a wraith,  
Rises from the past.  
Only sure souls by fuller faith  
Transcend all at last.

## *I Stalked Among the Stars*

by ELVIN WAGNER

Tired of this earthly solitude,  
I broke my wretched prison bars,  
And on a lonely midnight  
I stalked with God among the stars.

I saw young worlds aflame with life,  
White-hot were they and all aglow,  
Like fiery youths I oft had seen  
On a darksome sphere below.

And ancient suns that spared their light  
For the glorious Dawn of Time,  
Which useless seemed as aged men . . .  
Both are parts of a work sublime.

Huge mist-clouds sped along their way,  
Like mighty dreams of things to be;  
But I for long have known that dreams  
Always precede reality.

We stalked among the stars, I say,  
And mused upon the mighty plan  
Of how the Universe moves on,  
And the ultimate fate of man.  
Sorrow and pain I viewed afar,  
And there it was I understood  
That all the loathsome things of life  
Are necessary as the good.

So on a lonely midnight I  
Had thoughts on the meaning of things;  
But no desire had I to change  
My lofty views with those of kings.  
Copyright, 1936, by Elvin Wagner

## *Tapestry*

by MULNA

Upon the fabric life provides  
I'll weave my threads with utmost care;  
I'll choose those strands from blue to gold,

And then I'll sew them here and there.  
First a splash of the gold from smiles  
That pass along when skies are gray,  
Then I'll inject some silver laughs  
And the blue of a soothing way.

I'll add the rose of a modest blush  
That appeared on an honest face,  
And then I'll weave some brotherhood  
Of purple handclasp into place.

Now the crimson of glowing hearts  
Will make complete my tapestry;  
Oh, God, I'll hang that piece on high,  
Way up where all the world can see.  
Copyright 1938, by Winifred Heiskell

## *Folks Called Him Queer*

by HAZEL MOSHER BUXTON

He was old and deaf—folks called him queer. . . .

He adamantly claimed to hear  
A sob in his heart before a sorrow  
Like the call of yesteryear to the morrow.

Phantom wings above his head  
And the gentle voice of one long dead  
Bespoke to him to ease his fearing;  
At times he said he could be hearing:

The chant of midnight stars at sea  
Recounting the waves' necrology  
And the elusive, cadent, musical motion  
Of fluffy clouds above the ocean.

The continual drip of the sands of time  
Recording events from the world's pantomime  
And the rumbling drums of marching ages  
Upon their eternal pilgrimages.

These things he claimed to plainly hear  
So they called him old and deaf and queer;  
At times he seemed to have his being  
Far beyond the bounds of seeing.



# T S ' P A G E

## *Soldier Letters*

by HARRIET PACKARD

I looked into your moldy knapsack,  
Which I pulled from an attic shelf;  
And from it tumbled yellowed letters,  
Addressed in pencil to myself.

Some were post-marked from gay Paris,  
And some from St. Nazaire;  
Some were glad and some were sad,  
And some were like you, debonair.

I read, with smoldering regret—  
Lest I forget—Lest I forget.

## *Love Has No Barriers*

by GRACE CARNES IRVINE

She has been dead for years and yet  
Her presence lingers with me still,  
In many ways I can't forget,  
For death hath not the power to kill  
The lovely soul her body bore,  
Although they say she is no more.

When I am sad I feel her near,  
She steals into my dreams at night,  
It may be that she lingers here  
Perhaps to guide my footsteps right,  
Perhaps to make me more content,  
For I am sure God never meant  
To sever love with death's dark rent.

## *Divided Yet a Whole*

by MARY PAULINE RICHARDSON

I am the Resurrection and the Life,  
I am the Universe that holds  
The all of Light and Love;  
I am the Essence of all things  
above.

I am Existence, and its Soul  
That lies within the atom;  
I drive the winds and fill the vi-  
brant air  
With evidence of God's unceasing  
care.

Magnetically returned unto its Source,  
The ash of consumed fires is mine  
To energize again  
With Love, for Life to bear to  
earth and men.

I am the Love poured out in Light  
To permeate all being;  
The Infinite divided, yet a whole,  
That is the Destiny within each  
soul.

## *The Walk*

by BETTSY DAVIS

We walk in rhythm of celestial grace  
And feel no boundary of time nor space.  
Our souls are wreathed and intertwined  
as white  
Frail jasmine climb their trellis in the  
night.

A purity of vision falls upon us now . . .  
We know a perfect love that needs no  
vow.

## *Manifestation*

by CHARLOTTE G. FRIETSCH GUNTER

I am a manifestation  
Of divine reality.  
Not of the things around me  
Am I!  
But the things around me  
Are of my "I AM."  
For "I AM" Divine reality;  
Perfected manifestation,  
A Divine representation,  
Such is my true SELF living  
On high;  
And to others giving  
Inner illumination  
Of the I,  
My Divine reality,  
I shed on all living  
Near me,  
And with me  
Partaking with me  
Of that which is "I AM."

## *A Master*

A master am I;  
A master I have been;  
And a master I shall be for aye!  
Not befogged am I  
By any slavish sham;  
Or by the falseness I have seen!  
Nor can treacherous friend my soul  
betray,  
Or sear sacred founts within;  
Nor subtle Devil damn;  
Nor wily mind desecry  
My locked centers found within,  
Where my SELF may dwell unseen,  
Unheard, unknown, maybe  
Yet linked with true Divinity.

## *Unseen Sage*

In my heart lies buried  
A Holy Sage—  
Whose calm soul unhurried  
Is a heritage;  
Who at source unflurried,  
Of age, no age.  
In my heart unharried,  
Lives my Holy Sage  
All my burdens he has carried  
From the ageless age to age.  
*All rights reserved*

## *Walls*

by ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

When we are young,  
Walls are something to scale,  
To hurdle over, to dig under.  
They constitute obstacles.  
They provoke curiosities.

When we are old,  
Walls are something we seek,  
To slant against in the sun,  
To be sheltered in winter.  
They constitute protections.  
They evoke memories.

## *Her Gift I May Keep Always*

by MARION B. SHOEN

The time had come when she must go,  
The friend whose love I treasured so!  
The time had come when we must part,  
We two, who lived close, heart to heart.  
And yet, I could not wish that she  
Would stay and walk life's miles with  
me;  
I knew to wish it would be wrong  
For she was weak and I was strong.

So strong was I to walk life's way,  
So eager for each changing day;  
So filled with curiosity  
For what might happen next to me!  
But she was tired. . . . And so she went  
Away. . . . Not knowing she had lent  
My life its courage to be true!  
I loved her best *Because I Knew.*

## *Alchemy*

by LILLIAN M. MCALLEN

O wind of Spring blow gently on this  
tree  
That flowers in an opaque wilderness!  
And cherish each white bloom in holi-  
ness  
That from its chrysalis, the Self may  
see  
The ripened fruit emerge, the melody  
Of summer's joyful song, and humbly  
bless  
The unseen hand, whose tender, fond  
caress  
Has wrought this miracle repeatedly  
Down through the centuries of other  
years.  
Preserve this fruit through drouth of  
summer heat,  
And waste not in consuming lusts and  
fears—  
The vintage will contain the wine and  
meat  
Extracted as the gold-sheaved harvest  
nears,  
Then lay your gifts upon the altar seat.



## Love Turned on the Light

by A. HERMIA BAUER

### The Lift

A glimpse of understanding love,  
A flash of duty's high, white glow,  
A word of praise from sincere lips,  
And darkness falls, we rise above  
This muddled strife below.

LOVE came and turned on the light  
while I walked in darkness.

Love came, strewing flowers on my  
path, making of life a sweet and beautiful dream.

Or is it reality when fairy fingers  
enliven every stone along the road and  
all things and creatures sing to me,  
saying that the glorious hunger in my  
heart is the heritage of God and the  
promise of fulfillment?

Love came, though the shadows of  
death are drawing nigh and close about  
me. But what has death on the love-  
liness of life that shines to me from  
countless eyes, seen and unseen, since  
I have contacted God?

## Heritage for Posterity

by PAUL JANS

"No misery, no sickness, no crime, no  
poverty in the world—"a prophecy first  
printed Nov. 8, 1908, in the Daily Bul-  
letin, Bloomington, Ill., and also print-  
ed 25 years later in the Occult Digest.

Ye who are joyless old,  
In this world's-ways, wise and bold,  
Go hoard your heartless gold . . .  
But the Truth cannot be sold!

If you could!—would you not buy  
Freedom without bond?

Satisfaction without striving?

Love without longing?

Have you tried to . . . hand such a  
heritage

On to posterity?

No! You have left them your  
law-courts

And the world's debt!

## Psychic Experience

by HELEN L. BROWN, F.M.B.

ONE night as I awoke. In my dream  
(I was teaching psychically) as I en-  
tered the hall and then the room where  
I taught, I took my place at a table  
surrounded by men and women. I real-  
ized that I was conscious of these  
things, so I commenced by saying, "Do  
you know that while we are here sit-  
ting at this table our physical bodies  
are asleep, in beds resting. I'm happy  
to be conscious of this truth, aren't  
you?" One woman seemed to know  
what I was talking about but she said  
nothing. A man near me remarked,  
"Do you mean if we suggest something  
it will come to pass?" I was surprised  
at his question but I answered, "Of  
course." I realized they did not know  
of their status. They did not realize  
the Truth. It makes me very happy  
to be conscious of the other planes.

# About Dream Interpretation

By JOHN PANA-FERMOS

ONE of the most serious handicaps  
in the correct interpretation of  
dreams is the fact that, generally, at-  
tention is paid only to the main subject  
and the details are either carelessly  
or erroneously remembered or entirely  
dismissed as unimportant.

However, they really are as impor-  
tant as the main subject itself and it  
cannot be emphasized enough that, to  
understand the actual meaning of a  
dream it is essential to remember ALL  
the details as clearly as possible and  
to study them very carefully.

The following interpretations of two  
dreams which are seen often and by  
everybody clearly illustrate how the  
meaning is affected and altered by the  
details.

**TO FALL.** When you dream that,  
walking on a bad road, you fall into  
a hole or over a precipice, if you are  
single you will soon fall in love. If  
you are married you will sustain losses  
in business. But if, after falling, you  
succeed in climbing out, your misfor-  
tune will be only temporary and you  
will soon recuperate your losses. If,  
while walking or standing still, you  
fall on level ground and you cannot  
get back on your feet, be careful, be-  
cause you are threatened with a seri-  
ous misfortune. If you are a woman,  
the dream presages that you will be  
shunned by your friends. But if, after  
falling, you succeed in raising yourself  
you will go through a period of diffi-

culties and of depression which will  
last in proportion to the difficulty you  
have in so doing. The woman seeing  
this dream will have some trouble but  
she will not lose the public respect. To  
fall into the sea and not be able to  
climb out of it is a sign that you are  
exposed to illness and that you will  
have hard luck. But, if you climb out  
of it, you will really escape a grave  
danger. If you fall and are drowned  
in it, the dream means that your way  
of living is slippery and dangerous and  
your end may be painful. To fall in  
water, especially if it is dirty, fore-  
bodes dire financial straits from which  
you may extricate yourself through  
hard work and great sacrifices. To fall  
over a precipice, when not walking and  
not be able to climb out of it forebodes  
heartless persecution at the hands of  
your enemies. The woman who sees  
this dream will be persecuted, not only  
by her rival and enemies but also by  
her own relatives. However, if you  
succeed in climbing out of it you will  
escape said persecution. The girl who  
dreams that she falls over a precipice  
and cannot climb out of it will lose  
her lover to a rival. A miscalculation  
regarding your financial ability may  
ruin you when you fall into a grave.  
But if, after falling, you climb out of  
it, an enterprise in which you did not  
put any hope will be successful and  
bring you substantial profits.

**STAIRS.** To merely see a flight of  
stairs means that a very good oppor-

tunity is within your grasp and that  
it depends entirely and solely upon you  
to make the best of it with consequent  
beneficial results. Brilliant business  
success, with large profits and social  
advancement as a consequence will  
come to you when you climb stairs and  
reach your destination or see the next  
landing. A happy marriage, with a  
fine and well to do young man is prom-  
ised the girl who sees this dream. It  
means substantial improvement in his  
health to the sick one. In all three  
above interpretations the more beauti-  
ful the stairs and the staircase are,  
the greater will be the announced bene-  
fits. But, if you go up stairs of which  
there is no end, vain efforts with no  
results are predicted. To become tired  
after climbing some stairs and not be  
able to advance any more prophesies  
the blasting of hopes which seemed well  
founded. A failure is foreboded when  
you climb down stairs. If, while com-  
ing down you are helped by somebody,  
especially by a woman or girl, the  
dream means that an unexpected pro-  
tection or help will save you when  
you will practically be at the end of  
your rope. Irreparable misfortune is  
foreboded if you fall from the stairs or  
if they crumble while you are on them.  
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*Note:* The above interpretations are  
those commonly adopted in Egypt and  
the Orient, adapted by myself to the  
conditions of modern life.





Elbert Benjamin

# News from the Summerland

By ELBERT BENJAMINE

President of The Church of Light

IF JESUS was born at Christmas, as popular tradition holds, the Sun in His birth-chart was in the first-decane of Capricorn, pictured by the migrating Swan. It had then just passed the colure where the days are shortest, and having had the three days at its lowest declination, had started back north again, bringing, as does the Swan, the promise of a new cycle of light and warmth.

At the opposite end of the colure is the point where the Sun six months previously had entered the watery sign, Cancer, turning back from its northward journey as it entered the water. This going down, or decrease of declination, into the water at the summer solstice is typical of the ministration of John the Baptist. According to Luke I, John the Baptist was six months older than Jesus, and therefore must have been born in the Cancer sign.

Furthermore, from the birth-sign Cancer on, the length of daylight decreases, while the birth-sign Capricorn, where Jesus was born, the length of daylight increases; a condition recognized and made use of by John in the symbolism of his prophecy as recorded in John 3:30, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

As the Nazarene brought the glad tidings, "Peace on earth, good will to men," so the graceful Swan is first of the migratory birds to return in spring, when its appearance indicates, to those who know the way of nature, that ere long the tender shoots of grass will thrust through the soil, that verdant leaves will adorn the trees and scarcity which marked the winter cold will give place to a more abundant season.

Swans are reared from downy youngsters in the icy regions of the north. But grown to adult size, at the approach of winter they take their departure from that region which so well, with its bleak hardness and cruel perils, symbolizes the environment which we call the earth.

Like some friends we have known, loved ones who already have passed, they leave the scenes of their early hardships and wing their way to sunnier skies. As the stone was rolled

away from the sepulchre, or lowest point of the Sun's descent, giving the promise of a future life, so also at their appointed time do the Swans again return. Snow-white in purity, the most graceful of all that fly, with wide expanse of wing, nothing so readily suggests angels. Message bearers, coming from a brighter realm than this, bringing news of loved ones and telling something of the surroundings there where we too will live before many cycles of the Sun.

After all, in basic essentials, the conditions of the after life which are promised by Cygnus, the flying Swan, are similar to those of this. There we shall live and work and love, not just as we do here, but with added abilities and with vastly greater facilities of expression. To the properties of existence with which we have become familiar, there is added another dimension. And this immensely increases the range of movement, thought and feeling. Everything is speeded up, given an intensity not known on earth, and instead of the slow process of physical adjustment by which things here are

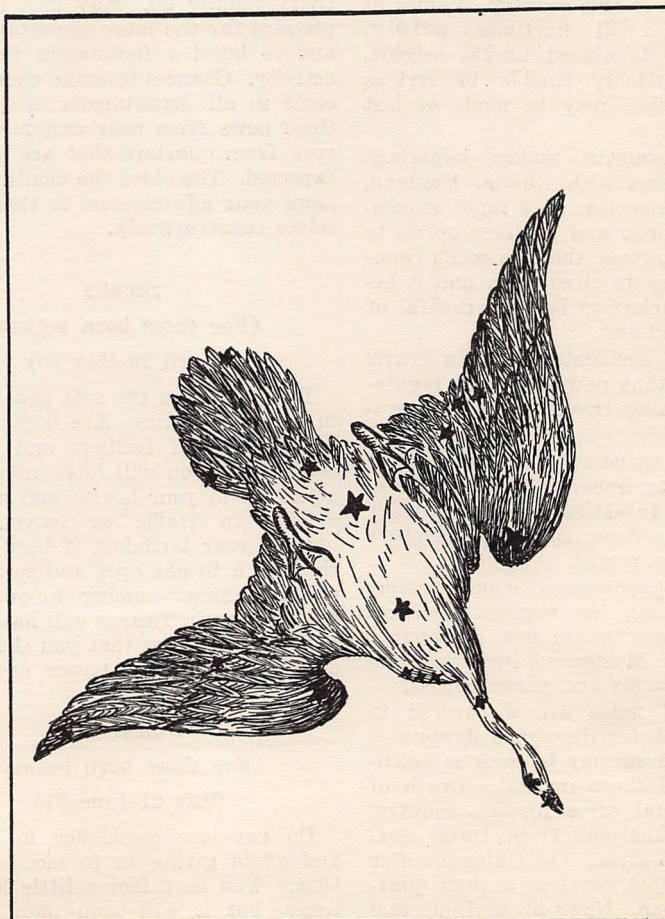
brought to pass, in that realm the dynamic force is thought.

To build anything on the physical plane we require the application of energy to slowly moving physical substance. It takes considerable time, usually, to collect the various materials and properly to assemble them in the desired form. But, due to the peculiarities of a four-dimensional plane, the substance of the astral world can instantly be molded into any desired shape through the application of the energy of thought. A house thus built on the astral plane through visualizing and imparting thought-energy to it, is there quite as solid, perhaps more durable and as useful for a home or office as a similar building of concrete or brick on the three-dimensional plane.

The immediate responsiveness of the environment to the power of thought is probably the most striking feature of life in the realm where the soul finds itself immediately after it passes through the tomb.

By this same process can be built a private Heaven or Hell. Not that the

(Continued on page 27)



CYGNUS

W-W

Organization





Haasan Osiris

## WORLD OUTLOOK

May, 1938

**T**HE New Moon, occurring on the 30th of last month in the 14th degree of Taurus is the significator for this month. The strong influence of Mars is present through this lunation also.

May produces some serious problems for business in this country. Values of commodities will fluctuate wildly. Stocks soar to almost unreal heights, only to suddenly tumble to serious lows. Fortunes may be made or lost over night.

The government makes important trade relations with Russia, England, and South America. New lanes of commerce will open and business seems to prosper. However there is much counterfeit money in circulation and it behooves financiers to be very careful of cash transactions.

Alarming accidents occur in travel—so many that new laws and regulations governing travel will be inaugurated.

A huge swindle of a nation-wide scope will be uncovered. Scandals in high places. Investigations are in order everywhere. New spy-ring members are to be discovered.

England experiences some peculiar sickness among the masses. Political upheaval there brings new personages to the front. Mysterious inventions aid the British arms and preparedness.

New gold fields are discovered in Australia. A terrific storm devastates Japan, or there may be serious political upheaval there instead. Death of a high official of a foreign country. Strange ultimatums from Italy, Germany and Austria. The Chinese suffer losses and some victories in their quarrel with Japan. News about India and Africa reach the front pages of the newspapers.

# Bringing Your Stars to You Astrologically With Your Personal Daily Guide

By HAASAN OSIRIS

Have you checked your Astrologer on "World Outlook"?

The month seems to be one of many surprises in the current history of the world. Many sudden changes, new procedures and drastic policies will be adopted by individuals, business firms and governments over all the earth in May.

MAY, 1938

For the Zodiacal Signs

## ARIES

(For those born between  
Mar. 21-April 19)

Begin to make plans now because you in the Aries family have much activity coming up. May is a month to prepare for the more important things and to build a foundation for future activity. Chances to make changes will come in all departments of your life. Good news from near and far and favors from quarters that are quite unexpected. The older the month gets the more your affairs seem to shape themselves constructively.

## TAURUS

(For those born between  
April 20-May 20)

Bear down on the soft pedal a little in personal affairs. Are inclined to go to extremes of feelings and do some things that you will later regret. Pay attention to your health and avoid accidents in traffic or travel. Right around your birthday, if born in May there is a bright spot and some pleasure and honor coming to you. Most of you born in Taurus will have a feeling of restlessness that you should conquer with your will power now.

## GEMINI

(For those born between  
May 21-June 21)

Do not lose confidence in yourself and avoid giving in to moods at this time. You may feel a little lonely at times, but it will soon pass. Things are transpiring around you that are yet hidden but which will benefit you

later—comfort yourself in that knowledge. This is an unfortunate time for travel which would be attended with delays and expenses if undertaken. Rumors or reports that reach your ears are apt to be much exaggerated, so you are not to place too much credence in them.

## CANCER

(For those born between  
June 22-July 22)

You will be hitting the high spots here. Probably most of you in the sign of Cancer will see new places or have new experiences that are both thrilling and beneficial. The stars are bound to bring new things of some kind into your life now, but it is impossible in a general survey of this kind to tell just what form they will take. May inclines to give you greater courage and presents opportunities for you to undertake bigger and better things.

## LEO

(For those born between  
July 23-Aug. 22)

Things you have been waiting for a long time are apt to mature at an unexpected moment. May is filled with surprising turns in your affairs for the better. Hardly a dull moment is around you through this month. Favors from friends, chances to improve your income and it is possible that money will be paid to you, if you've loaned some that you are not expecting to get now. May favors travel for business or personal purposes. Happiness in home life some way.

## VIRGO

(For those born between  
Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

May opens the gates to greater financial independence if you will follow your hunches and avail yourself of new opportunities for personal advancement that are generously showered upon you now. You will have plenty of work, or if working some new work that

(Continued on page 30)



# Personal Astrological Daily Guide

## Gallery of Letters With Their Meaning

MAY, 1938

**G:** Capital G means a very good day. Ask favors, seek work, sign papers, promote your affairs, take trips, advertise, make friends, investigate, attend to everything of importance. Go places and do things.

**g:** Small g means a slightly good day. On these days attend to usual routine, make offers, entertain company, visit, write letters, send telegrams, take short trips, improve your personal affairs. Buy things, sell and invest.

**A:** Capital A means an adverse day. On these days use care and caution in all dealings, avoid accidents, losses, thefts, and guard your health. Also be careful of misunderstandings and engage in no arguments. Take no risks or chances.

**a:** Small a means a slightly adverse day. On these days attend only to necessary duties, strive to keep cheerful, avoid hurts and wounds, make haste slowly and seek dependable advice before acting. Avoid domestic inharmony.

**D:** Capital D means a doubtful day. Quite likely on these days several alternate good and adverse influences prevail and you should be discreet in all activities. Do not take too much for granted — don't be too sure. Postpone things.

**N:** Capital N means a Neutral day. On this day the influences are equally balanced, therefore it is not a very important day. Go about your usual affairs with usual prudence and it will be a successful but uneventful day.

**C:** Capital C means a Critical day. On these days you should be unusually careful and cautious in everything. Be sure to avoid accidents, sudden losses, explosions, falls, hurts, cuts and bruises. Undertake NOTHING important.

**F:** Forenoon of this day is good, but the afternoon is adverse; therefore the A.M. should be considered as G and the P.M. as A.

**P:** Afternoon is good but the forenoon is adverse. Therefore the day should be considered as A in A.M. and G in P.M.

**E:** This letter will be used in combination with other letters and pertains to the Evening of any day when the Evening influences differ from the influences of the rest of the day. A letter E added to any day means the evening is good for romance, pleasure seeking, amusements, visiting, short trips and general recreations.

**V:** This letter will also be used in combination with other letters

For those whose birthdays occur between:	Mar. 21—Apr. 19	Apr. 20—May 20	May 21—June 21	June 22—July 22	July 23—Aug. 22	Aug. 23—Sept. 22	Sept. 23—Oct. 22	Oct. 23—Nov. 21	Nov. 22—Dec. 21	Dec. 22—Jan. 19	Jan. 20—Feb. 19	Feb. 20—Mar. 20
Date	Ari.	Tau.	Gem.	Can.	Leo.	Vir.	Lib.	Scor.	Sag.	Cap.	Aqu.	Pis.
1	NE	NV	NE	NV	NE	NV	NE	NV	NE	NV	NE	NV
2	g	a	D	a	g	a	g	a	g	a	g	a
3	gV	aE	DV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE
4	A	g	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g
5	AE	gV	aE	DV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	gV
6	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a
7	gV	aE	GV	aE	DV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE
8	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G
9	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G
10	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	g	a	g	a
11	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	g	a	g	a
12	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	DV	aE	gV	aE	gV	aE
13	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	D	a	G	a	g
14	AE	GV	aE	gV	AE	GV	aE	DV	aE	GV	aE	GV
15	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	D	a	G	a
16	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	D	a	G	a
17	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	g	a	D	a	G
18	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	g	a	D	a	g
19	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	g	a	D	a	g
20	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a
21	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a
22	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a	G	a	D
23	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a	G	a	D
24	AE	GV	aE	gV	AE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	DV
25	D	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	g	A	G	a
26	D	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	g	A	G	a
27	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G
28	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G
29	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a
30	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a
31	A	G	a	D	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	g

**DIRECTIONS:** First find the column which includes your birthday, then look down that column of letters until you come to the date of the month you wish (given at the left). After securing the key-letter for that date refer to the Gallery of Letters to find out the indications for that day. When more than one letter is given for any day look up both letters for that day and govern yourself accordingly.

This is a Daily Guide for each Zodiacal Sign for the present month.

when the evening hours differ from the rest of the day. The letter V added to any day means the evening is adverse for risks or ventures and it is best to remain at home and engage only in quiet recreations with friends or family.

Remember that when a day is marked G it is good for most all progressive things, even though they might not be mentioned in the paragraph. Remember that a day marked A is adverse for most all progressive things, even though they are not mentioned in the paragraph.



## Gardenias — (Continued from page 11)

Full comprehension of what giving her to another meant, sent a maddening rush of despair and frantic jealousy through him. He raised his eyes to the star-lit sky, his lips moved spasmodically as he prayed for strength and courage. Gently he put her from him. His eyes caught the flash of something white near where she was standing, he reached for it—it was a half-open gardenia bud. Loosening her hair he twined the flower in it, noticing the contrast between the snowy blossom and her shining black curls. Taking her face between his hands he looked deep into her eyes. "Good-bye," he softly whispered. "No! No!" she cried, clinging to him. "Take me with you. I love you, love you—"

"Traitors," exclaimed the king, as he stepped through the wicket. "I'm betrayed by the two of whom I have every right to expect loyalty."

As the priest started to make a statement, the king commanded, "Silence! You shall be expelled from the priesthood. Leave Egypt within the hour—forever."

Turning to the girl he harshly said, "As for you, you shall be my queen."

"Never," cried the girl.

Ignoring the king the priest stepped forward exclaiming, "Beloved, be not afraid. Our souls were ordained to meet and love. Rightfully you are mine. Be content, dearness, there are other lives to come!"

"Death, so called, is but old matter dressed

In some new form; and in a varied vest

From tenement to tenement though tossed,

The soul is still the same, the figure only lost

And as the softened wax the new seal receives,

This face assumes, and that impression leaves,

Now called by one, now by another name;

The form is only changed; the wax is still the same.

Then to be born is to begin to be  
Some other thing we were not formerly.

That forms are changed, I grant;  
that nothing can

Continue in the figure it began."

A full moon hung in India's sky, lighting the sea, the mountains, and the valleys. It silvered the roof tops of a great white marble palace, a colossal mass of marvelously delicate architecture so fine as to seem like lacework through which the moonbeams shone on the shallow marble steps which led down to the sea's edge, the only shadow that of the musical lapping of the ripples of the surrounding waters against the marble steps. Cool coconut groves, fanned by the spice laden breezes from the sea, gardens luxuriant with cinnamon and orange trees, purple rhododendrons surrounded the palace.

Just above on the side of a mountain near by stood a Buddhist monastery. Here great scholars, deeply learned in abstruse philosophy, dwelt in secret and utter austerity. Here the slim, young Indian prince of the palace longed with all his soul to spend the rest of his life. Of this, the Maharajah, his father, did not approve. "Just musing, reading, studying," thought he, though most sympathetic to their cause. He strongly desired, demanded, in fact, that his heir reign after him. Too, he had arranged for a suitable marriage thinking, "The thoughts that ye cannot stay with brazen chains, a girl's hair lightly binds."

Vesper bells were softly ringing. On the marble steps nearest the sea sat the young prince. His attention was centered on the frail graceful form of a very young nautch girl of the palace, walking toward him. A few steps more and she was at his side. "Well," she tremulously asked, "what is your decision?"

"I shall become a priest, Jasmina," gravely answered the prince.

A faint sigh escaped her—the Bhiku must not be touched by a woman. Yet anything was preferable to seeing another his wife. Her frail form drooped as though exhausted by an enervating fatigue. The flowers she held fell from her grasp and lay in a tumbled, fragrant heap between them. As one in a trance the prince stooped and selected a gardenia bud; its fragrance seemed to steal into his veins and seemed to rob him of all his strength. Tremblingly he fastened it in her hair, her beautiful eyes lifted to his in anxious entreaty. In that instant he realized that the vital youth and passion that throbbed in his veins for this slim, dark child would ever call him from the priesthood. Forgetful of all else he caught her close in his arms pleading, "Let's flee together, dearness."

"Beloved," she sobbed, "the highest merit is strict fulfillment of duty. Our duty is to part. In some former life we have sinned or else circumstances would not force a separation of two who so deeply love. 'The seed we sow contains the flower'."

"Forget it all and flee with me!" he pleaded.

"No," she softly cried. "Heed the call of your soul and become a priest. After the working out of what we have done in our past lives and in this, even if we do suffer, we shall be strengthened. We shall only be lost to each other for a while, for in the chain of rebirth we shall find each other again."

A pealing of a bell came stealing through the air, summoning the nautch girls to dance for the king. The Maharajah sat in a moonlight steeped courtyard. The dance began; the music was weird, wildly haunting. The slender, beautiful Jasmina, with a gardenia bud in her hair seemed to float before them while the prince gazed

with the others. Tonight she danced with utter abandon, sort of swan dance, with a wild, beautiful movement like that of a hunted doe. Spontaneous applause broke from the people; they crowded forward, staring almost breathlessly. The prince was foremost of the starers; he advanced, impelled by his deep desire to stop this dancing of his beloved. Suddenly, with a quick movement, before the stupefied spectators could interfere Jasmina danced straight into the outstretched arms of the prince. Tightly he clasped her, partly lifted her from the ground, brought her loved face close to his own, so near that the sweet mouth touched his own. "Farewell," she gasped. Against his heart hers broke and she Slept—the Sleep of Death.

Peace the law is made perfect, an atonement is made!

"Build thee more stately mansions,

O, my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

The darkness was impenetrable. With pain and difficulty Paul raised himself to a sitting position where he had fallen; he shivered as with a chill. As his senses cleared the tangled chain of his disordered thoughts became even and connected again, intense pain from the fall must have ensued in a long trance of unconsciousness. He felt in his pocket, found another battery for his flashlight and by its feeble light found his way out of the tomb.

He walked into camp just as the doctor was starting in search of him, thinking he had eaten earlier in order to explore the ruins by moonlight. He was greatly excited over Paul's account of finding the hidden tomb.

"Doc," Paul's voice seemed strange and unfamiliar in his own ears. He hesitated, then as if he could endure it no longer gave a full account of his trance and wildly passing his hand across his forehead confusedly forced a laugh. "I have been dreaming, I know." Then with passionate fervor added, "God! If the dream were true."

His eyes darkened into a soft musing expression of tenderness; he remained silent for a few minutes; presently glancing at the doctor who stood patiently waiting till he could overcome whatever emotions that were at work in his mind and reflected in his face.

"You must think me crazy," he remarked. "I believe I am, to think that the physical workings of the brain, in a state of trance, could arouse in me such a passion of love for an imaginary being."

(Continued on page 28)



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## Spirit World Communication

(Continued from page 15)

friend had failed? But who could prove or disprove that such might have or might not have been due to some spirit or spiritual influence? Thus do the ways of Special Providence seem very strange at times—always beyond human comprehension.

That which you cannot see is the Principle which animates all individual life from the invisible germ to the greatest planet; and since every living creature has a soul, even the souls of animals may interpenetrate man's soul world and may at times direct, guide and protect him, for the law works through all to carry out and express the Perfect Plan.

If you would aspire for the highest guidance, first free yourself from all wrong objective sense limitations of the past; then by patience and confidence you shall receive the proper and necessary understanding and wisdom for the present. There is this wonderful spirit-world called "The Land of Beginning Again," but while you wait for this, just drop all your fears and grief for there may be someone that still needs you here.

I have answered the foregoing question from the more positive viewpoint, yet in harmony with the messages received by many from those who have attained mastery in this school of life and who now live in the spirit realm beyond our physical sight (it is an invisible world more real and more permanent than this). They have also declared that: We, ourselves as individuals on this earth are likewise spirits, but we do not realize it at present because we are now unconsciously attached to, and have identified ourselves with our physical bodies only so that we cannot understand. And since we are now here, we must be here for some definite purpose and greater wisdom that we do not yet comprehend.

Perhaps this may help sum up the wisdom of the ages, why the great souls of this world have likewise taught that we should try to prove ourselves first worthy of the love of others in this world, even though we have not yet met or seen them; for our own shall surely come to us at sometime and somewhere, here or beyond by virtue of our own faith and wisdom.

### And Behold!

(Continued from page 3)

at the entrance to the Temple of Wisdom that those little ones journeying into the world, depending upon you, may not fall by the wayside, victims of destitution, victims of ill gotten gain, victims of miscarried justice, victims of falsehood.

BUILD A HIGHWAY THAT THEIR LITTLE FEET MAY TRAVEL TO THE GATE OF WISDOM AND TO THE TEMPLE OF CONSTRUCTIVE LIVING.

## Workshop of the Cosmos — (Continued from page 9)

only a faint idea of what these winged monsters were like.

Mammals and birds have been on Earth over a hundred and twenty-five million years. Eighty million years ago the gigantic forests and prairies knew giant rodents of all kinds, many-horned rhinoceroses, and tusked ancestor giants of elephant and hog. The monster ancestors of dog, cat, bear and weasel stalked mammal and reptile prey as the Tyrannosaurus had once stalked the reptiles. Some animals like the pica, porcupine and mountain beaver never changed from their original form. Among the ruminants—hoofed folks—the growth was slow but steadily increasing up to our own era. The horse, for example, was at first only the size of a jack-rabbit, fifty million years later the size of a burro, and this gradual growth has kept on up to the present time. The deer are now on the down grade.

When man first appeared in his present form is not known by science. There is, however, no reason to suppose that he is more recent than any other of the great mammal families. Although without a doubt some of the creatures of the past attained a high state of intelligence, none of these could reason constructively beyond their own physical needs nor employ outside power to aid in their own progress. Through all creative expression on Earth, productive Thought power in the individual has grown in proportion to its sensory experience, not the size of form. Thus, today, if we were to measure intelligence by size, man would make a poor showing beside the uncanny intelligence of a bee, or ant; and the elephant, greatest and wisest of land animals, would seem dumb indeed when one compares him with the beaver, from whom man learned to build dams. Man stands out as the foremost creature of all previous times because he has learned to think beyond environment and the present, taking the first step to be an independent instrument through which Universal Power and Thought could express itself. Remember, however, that there has always been intelligence on Earth to fit the need of the moment.

Man formed into races and sub-races. Physically, the difference between these races has steadily grown apart, and with this the reaction of Thought on the racial mind. As the millions of years drift by with their steady demand for change, man's form will find

itself confronted with the necessity of adapting itself to new conditions, and the cleft between the races will widen to distinctly different species. In time, the result will be a new crown on the Tree of Life, while the man of today becomes only the head of the branch of mammals.

A whole new form family will carry on the urge toward perfection, a family of creatures that radiate Divine Power and know how to wield it. Old Mother Earth has seen many changes on her surface and has tried out a multitude of molds for her creatures during the ages. She may reach her prime ten thousand million years from now. And still She will be working to perfect her own form and that of the Life She supports. And Man will still be in her mind as the crown of the Tree of Life, but what a vastly different form that God-man will be from the primitive thinker of today. How that Divine being would smile at our present claim to be the greatest expression of form and force the Earth will ever know.

Evolution like all Universal Powers is a current that never ceases on its spiralic, wavy road. Forms come and forms go, subject to death and rebirth, until the Earth Herself becomes self-radiant and all her creatures things of Light, deathless for the span of the Earth's own life span. How soon will we, claiming to be cast in the image of a God, cease to be blood-thirsty beasts, finding pleasure in the murder and torture we inflict on our fellow-men? War, strife and hatred, why do thinkers keep on giving these a place of honor in Man's history?

"And God made the world in seven days" . . . It so happens that according to rock strata seven eras of life occurred on Earth before the arrival of the mammal. There are thirty race remnants of mankind which we cannot account for because they left not a single mark on the pages of the Book of Life. We find them now as primitive savages in the jungles. Laurentia, Lemuria, Atlantis had their day, reached heights of civilization that were great for their problems of life, then made room for new beginners to climb a rung higher. From Lemurian giants we have a record of giant statues in Mongolia, Easter Island and the South Sea Islands; the story of the Atlantians, almost yesterday in the age of mankind, is translated to us in the buildings of their descendants—the Sphinx,

(Continued on page 32)

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## Spiritualism and Resurrection

(Continued from page 13)

Elias in the presence of mortals at the Transfiguration.

Those who avoid the truths presented by Spiritualism should recall that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Out of the darkness of the seance room there may be found a host of truths to affect the general resurrection. To obtain the best results from Occult investigations the participants of the investigation are required to drink much cold fresh water. In St. John 3:5 "Jesus answered, Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." It is evident that the truths established in the darkness of the seance room will eventually bring to light the process of resurrection whose thread-like structure has been presented to all the peoples of the world at varying times, by means of visions, voices and dreams of spiritual conception.

## A Premonition

(Continued from page 14)

that there no doubt is an awful wreck. Immediately the feeling of presentiment that had burdened Tom's mind throughout the day was gone, only to be replaced by a keener sense of horror at its tragic fulfillment.

Investigation developed that the westbound freight had collided with the eastbound train as had been reported, on the sharp curve three-fourths of a mile east of High Point. Both locomotives were running at a speed of forty miles an hour when they came together. Evidently the engineer on the westbound freight had fallen asleep and instead of taking the first siding east of High Point to meet the eastbound freight they proceeded toward High Point.

The two engines were locked in a Titanic embrace, rearing into the air for twenty-five feet. Many of the cars were wrecked beyond repair and their contents, coal, cattle and other merchandise scattered along the entire right-of-way. One fireman was killed and several members of the crews badly injured.

Never again, Tom mentally resolved, would he ignore a premonition; never would he discredit a "hunch."

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## A Hideous Adventure — (Continued from page 12)

at the front and side of the room. While thus sitting there, idly watching the traffic pass, we carried on a desultory sort of conversation—one punctuated by periods of silence. We had been sitting thus for some little time without either of us speaking. There was complete silence. I made some sort of remark to which there was no reply. A bit later I made another remark. Again there was no reply. Suddenly there seemed to be an eerie silence pervading the room. A moment later and I distinctly felt the presence of an evil influence followed by a sense of impending danger. Instinctively I turned my head—there stood a woman just back of and to the side of my wife, grasping her by the throat. *And I recognized the woman.* In an instant I understood why I had received no reply to my remarks—my wife was being strangled to death and was unable to utter a sound.

In less than a second of time I was by her side and speedily caused the murderous assailant to flee. In just a few more moments it would have been too late. By roughly shaking and pounding on her back, she began to rouse from the semi-conscious condition caused by the severe choking, and with weakened and spasmodic efforts air was again drawn into her tortured lungs and soon my wife began again to breathe—she was saved.

When able to talk, my wife told me that she had sensed the presence of an evil influence an instant before the attack, but that there had not been time enough to look around or even call, before her throat was seized in a grasp of such strength that she was powerless to free herself or even make a sound. The next morning the evidences of that strange and terrifying experience were plainly visible; her face swollen, one eye bloodshot, the discolored marks on her throat. On one side was the bruised imprint of a thumb; on the other were those caused by the pressure of three fingers. These reddish-blue discolorations were plainly to be seen, and they, together with the pain in her throat remained for several days as unpleasant reminders of the uncanny attack that so very nearly proved fatal.

While on our way downtown that morning we met a physician with whom we were well acquainted. As soon as we met he laughingly said:

"Well, I see that you and your husband have had a good old-time argument and he seems to have done a pretty good job of it!" After we had described our horrifying experience, this doctor said: "Knowing you folks as well as I do, there is no doubt in my mind but that this event took place exactly as you have described. There are far more of such occurrences taking place every day than the public realizes or believes!"

As stated before, I had recognized this murderous assailant. She was a woman with an envious, vindictive and domineering disposition who, in her own opinion, was always right. When I was a small boy this woman tried to compel me to go in the way she decided that I should go. As I had ideas of my very own, the net result was her complete frustration. The mere fact that her advice had not been followed and had been summarily rejected, was to her sufficient cause for great vexation and much wounded pride, from which, seemingly, she never recovered.

The one great ambition of her life was to live in Southern California, but when financial restrictions prevented the consummation of that intense desire, while at the same time I lived in that Utopian Garden Spot, her rage and disappointment knew no bounds. One can, perhaps, easily understand that the death of my wife was decided upon as a means of striking the heaviest blow conceivable; a blow calculated to cause me more grief and sorrow than any other calamity that could be perpetrated against me. In this she was very nearly successful.

\* \* \*

We have often discussed the details of this most horrible experience. Had this woman been successful in her murderous attempt, how could I have explained it all to the judge and the jury. My wife—the one I loved above all others—and I, sitting alone in our house with all outside doors locked, yet she was strangled to death by a mysterious assailant who instantly vanished! What chance would I have had of making the judge, the prosecutor or the jury believe this eerie tale? What would you, dear reader, have done? Oh, yes! I almost forgot to state that the woman who made this vicious onslaught upon my wife had died several years previous to the time of the attack just described.

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## News from the Summerland — (Continued from page 21)

wicked person can get away from the thought-cells which he has built into himself and which attract him to an environment corresponding to their nature. But if certain images are so energetically impressed on the individual in his life that they dominate his consciousness, these images will surround him after death until he awakens to a realization of their true nature and origin.

The reports of those who have been in the after life only a short time are seldom very enlightening. One must live on the physical plane many years to know much about it. Even in the course of a lifetime the ordinary individual is acquainted intimately with only a small section of the globe, with only a little scientific knowledge and with only a few of the happenings here. And while on the astral plane the reports of the astral senses may be consulted, which have a wide range, yet the regions of that four-dimensional world are so immense and varied that any comprehensive, even though general, knowledge of them can be gained only at the expense of considerable time and energy.

Yet those who have been on the inner plane for many years, who are investigative by temperament and who apply themselves diligently to obtaining precise information about conditions as they there exist, do occasionally, like the migrating swans, come back as messengers to enlighten us.

Their reports and the investigations of those still attached to the flesh who have journeyed to that realm, advise us that money is of no value there. Neither is false pretense nor sham. Everyone is known and esteemed for his real character and abilities, not for their semblance. And the only currency of any value there is that of service to the common good. Those who by their efforts contribute to the welfare of others, by that token possess a wealth reserve which they can draw upon. This they display in their characters, and perceiving which, others are pleased to render them willing assistance.

Having pointed out the two conditions that seem most strange from an earthly standpoint—that thought does things directly, rather than merely acting as a guiding force, as here; and that money has no value—it should, perhaps, be indicated in what way the after life is most strikingly like the one with which we are most familiar.

On the earth plane action is always in the direction of the strongest desire. That is, what we do is determined by those desires which are stronger than the combined influence of other desires which tend to prevent it, or tend to move us in other directions. Furthermore, even while on earth, the thought-cells of the astral body which have been built by experiences and thoughts, attract to us environmental conditions and events which have a corresponding

nature and corresponding harmony or discord.

It is this power of desire and the influence of the thought composition of the body which seems to be the most striking similarity between life on earth and life in the four-dimensional world. In that world, of course, all action being speeded up the result of desire is more quickly apparent.

On the physical, one desires strongly to go some place and after considerable time spent with some physical form of transportation—walking or riding—one arrives at the designated spot. But on the astral one desires strongly to be in the place and one is instantly there, provided its vibratory rate is not without the range of that which one is able to develop within himself. That is, one can thus immediately move to any location or environment on the plane where he is able to function.

Furthermore, by raising or lowering the vibratory rate, one can move across the planes, vertically, as it were, to new levels of existence. Yet, when any temporary energy of this nature has spent itself, the individual immediately gravitates to the plane, world, or level, which is basically that of his character.

Real spiritual progress, either in physical life or after passing to the inner realms, implies a raising of the basic vibratory level of the character. One always lives on the plane corresponding to the character traits. But on the physical, while the consciousness may thus function on a high level, the material surroundings may be either pleasant or sordid. On the astral plane, however, if the basic character of the individual is high he always moves to a plane or level of life of similar high quality; and only goes to more sordid levels through exerting himself deliberately to lower his vibrations temporarily so that he can descend to such regions, there to minister and to give cheer to those who have need of his services.

Whether on the outer plane or the inner plane, character is the all-important determining factor of existence. Desires are merely expressions of character which slowly on the physical, and swiftly on the astral, draw the individual to corresponding environmental conditions. Not that desires always are realized; but whether or not they accomplish their object, they build energies into the form which inevitably attract conditions of corresponding quality. The thoughts of injuring another, for instance, may never injure the individual thought about, but it surely builds a particularly virulent discord into the one holding the thought which, sooner or later, will attract to him misfortune.

In the after life when an individual's desires are too low to find expression on the plane or level where commonly he functions, if they are maintained, the individual drops to a lower world where such thoughts can find expres-

(Continued on page 31)

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By JOHN F. THOMAS, Ph.D.

FOREWORD BY PROF. WM. McDUGALL

Here is a scientific study of mental mediumship with affirmative results, more extensively analyzed than in any previous publication. With central emphasis upon the question "Are there instances of super-normal information," the twenty-four records here considered are an excerpt from a collection taken over a period of ten years and are unmatched for extent, variety of conditions, and accuracy of contents. The book offers an interesting and important challenge to current theories of the nature and destiny of human personality.

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## He Saw His Mother's Spirit — (Continued from page 7)

The day passed pleasantly; but near midnight my mother rushed to the open door, gasping for breath. The severe strain broke a blood vessel and she was tenderly placed on the bed to prepare for the Journey Up and On. She looked directly at me; I felt certain that she was thinking of my unanswered questions, for I was only a few months past thirteen. Soon she closed her eyes.

My heart seemed to stand still; my staff was broken; my play-fellow had run ahead faster than I could follow. The blow apparently opened my spiritual vision; there beside my dear mother stood the mother who bore her, also the mother who reared her (she had been adopted when a babe). With gentle passes above her body, they drew forth the ethereal substance which formed her Ethereal-body. Gradually this vapory substance became as a veil over the physical-body, soon to be deserted. Many other friends and relatives assembled for the glad "Good morning!" which was to sound above the moan of our "Good night!" The light of their presence and the music of their movements modified the despair of the scene; I noticed that any outburst of grief disturbed the process of liberation, convincing me that the room wherein a soul is borne from the physical body should be even more cheerful than when a soul is born into the physical body.

Soon came the "click," the thread snapped. The body of ethereal substance quickly stood upright, my mother's smiling face turned toward members of the family, then she was borne away in the arms of her two mothers. The light was gone, the music ceased, the pale flicker of the kerosene lamp disclosed the deserted house which lay broken indeed.

Long I wondered how Grandma N—who, having no children of her own, found time to be a strict Methodist and punish my mother every Monday morning for some expression of childish glee on Sunday, interpreted to be a sin and Grandma D—who found time for no other religion than bearing thirteen children (and rearing a majority of them)—had gotten together, to receive my mother into the Summerland. The sectarian doctrines provided by an over abundance of Sunday school going, insisted that church membership is the most positive evidence of Christianity; and that because my mother had forsaken such membership—having been a student of the Harmonial Philosophy about the time that Andrew Jackson Davis received his enlightening inspiration—she could not enter a state of bliss,

and that Grandma N——, in my vision, was an impersonation of the Evil-one.

With this gloomy picture before me I went wearily to school and my usual duties. Ministers to whom I related my vision declared that I was overwrought and that it had no actual significance—if any at all it was a trick of the Tempter.

Comparatively every night a familiar caress on my little brow led me to believe that my dear mother was endeavoring to assure me the complete fulfillment of the response to my prayer—"Your mother will be perfectly well!" Yet the fog of doctrine and dogma hung about, insisting that the gentle caress was another trick of the Tempter.

My father insisted that I attend his Church. My curiosity overwhelmed my prejudice and I went to the home of the N—— family who were looked upon with aversion in the community because they believed in spirits. They proved to be most agreeable people. The medium, Mr. E. H. A——, was much like other folk, although I rather expected him to be—well, queer!

As twilight deepened, as if of one accord we assembled and after varied phenomena an influence possessed the medium and told of my experiences. Better than I could have told my suspense and suffering this stranger's lips related the vision of my dear mother's spiritual birth—which I had mentioned to no one except the ministers who advised that I forget it as a bad dream—a trick of the Tempter—the nightly caress, my struggle with doctrines and many other details.

"How did you know this?" I inquired.

"Your spirit mother stands beside you and tells this; also tells that the influences which attended her before your birth and again when as a lad you went with her to the medium, are with you. Before you are twenty-one years of age you will be an ordained medium to voice the inspiration of spirit guides," I was told.

Now were all things made new! Another world, of which I had known so little, opened invitingly before me.

By day and night, awake, asleep,  
Lo, God's Good Angels guard,  
And loving watch they ever keep  
Else Life were lone and hard.

The Power of Good is everywhere,  
To light and cheer The-Way;  
Within the darkest night, lo, there  
Awaits the new born Day.—J.W.R.

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## Bringing Your Stars to You — (Continued from page 20)

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are various annoyances and vexations around you from day to day. If you use a bit of philosophy you will come through the month happily.

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(For those born between  
Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

Now all of the confusions, delays and false accusations you have had in the past few weeks will take flight and leave you bathing in the sunlight of vindication and happiness. All of those little personal things you have been itching to do can be accomplished now. The month favors you in travel, new work, new friendships and changes that you have been thinking over recently. Romance, adventure and increases follow closely in your footsteps all through this eventful month.

### SCORPIO

(For those born between  
Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

Make only those changes which are absolutely necessary, because most all things will have a habit of not turning out as you expected them to at this time. Do not let contradictory influences confuse or discourage you now. The problems that come up for you here are really blessings in disguise which you will realize later. Avoid hurts around the home or at work and prevent accidents in traffic. I would suggest that you postpone the starting of things which require a long time to work out; attend only to daily urgent things that come up.

### SAGITTARIUS

(For those born between  
Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

I realize that most of you Sagittarians are restless people and you like to be going ahead all of the time—but this is a rest period for you and you need to take things easy. Avoid wasting your energy and strength. Refuse to worry if you cannot have your way in everything now. Strive to be sweet tempered and patient even though there

### CAPRICORN

(For those born between  
Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Those things that were carried over from the past eight weeks—finish them up now. This is a splendid month for terminating many things which will benefit you. Travel is shown and while it may not be gainful it will be decidedly pleasant. Surprises from relatives or close friends are shown all through May. Pleasant experiences with strangers. You may see or hear from someone you have almost forgotten about. The health, finances, home life and personal affairs look very good.

### AQUARIUS

(For those born between  
Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

Most of you in Aquarius will have the Spring fever with all of its symptoms; that is you will be decidedly ambitious mentally, but will not seem to have the physical stamina to go ahead. Snap out of that condition because this is a splendid month to make some important headway. You can chalk up many successes in your affairs if you get out and get busy. Finances are good, friendships are very pleasant and opportunities for pleasant trips present themselves.

### PISCES

(For those born between  
Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

What are you waiting for? Let's go! Get things accomplished! May offers you chances to show what kind of stuff you are made of. You can go as far as you like this month. Destiny will lead you through many strange and thrilling experiences. A happy frame of mind will aid you in solving problems and reaping benefits and gains from them. Travel is scheduled here and if taken will result in some unusual gain and unexpected opportunities for future advancement.

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## News from the Summerland — (Continued from page 27)

sion. If they are vicious and evil enough, he may find himself in the so-called astral hells. But if they are higher than the plane on which normally he functions, if they are maintained, they ultimately will raise him to a higher world, a Heaven, as it were, where their full expression is possible.

Whether from the standpoint of the physical world or from that of the after-life worlds, the most important things of life are man's thoughts, desires and ambitions; for here and hereafter they are the factors determining his destiny.

To many people the after life seems a vague and nebulous region. Not because it really is so; for it is more vivid and intense and real than earthly existence; but because that which we personally have had little contact with tends to seem less concrete than those things with which we are familiar.

Had you endeavored to describe to the people of 100 years ago the world as it appears today, you would have been met both by incredulity and by a total inability to comprehend what you were talking about. Moving and talking pictures would have seemed as amazing to them as the thought-created environment of the astral world

seems to those who have had no experience with it. Automobile and airplane travel would have startled them as greatly as the across the planes travel of those in the four-dimensional realm. The radio and television would have seemed as improbable as the thought-transference method which is common to the astral plane.

Far places and unusual conditions, even those of Mongolia or the South Sea Islands, always seem hazy and unreal to those who have never visited them. So also, to most, does the scenery of the astral region seem bizarre and unbelievable. Yet it is not a weird region. It is a place where, with certain marked improvements, life is lived very much as it is lived on earth.

The Swans, returning from the south, like messengers bringing information from this after life, do not fly in loose flocks, but in well defined V-formation. The Key-word for the decanate represented by the Swan, where the Sun may be found from December 22 to January 1, therefore, is Organization. And the text is: Under Certain Conditions the Stone Is Rolled from the Entrance to the Tomb and Man Consciously Exchanges Ideas With Those Who Have Entered the Chamber of Death.

## Forewarned — (Continued from page 6)

trip. He tried to hire a neighbor to drive, and after promising to do so this other man found that he had to work. We were glad later that we had not gone.

A few weeks ago I dreamed of some kind of accident beside a very large river, much bigger than any in the country where I live. There were huge trees on both banks of the river, near a bridge, and I could see splinters of wood all around. The wood resembled a piece of the interior of a railroad car which my father had saved from a wreck he had experienced and which I had seen often in his trunk when I was a child.

There were many people around and everyone seemed to think it had been a terrible accident. I kept trying to get nearer to see better. I thought my brother was there, had been in the accident, but I was unable to find him. Finally, from my place behind the crowd I saw him. He was smiling and unhurt as he walked away. I could not talk to him but I felt relieved.

The day following my dream I tried to find my brother's address so I could write to him. I could not find it. We are both busy or lazy and do not write to each other directly but send our let-

ters to our parents who pass the news along to other members of the family. But even though I could not write I could not keep from thinking of my brother and half expected to get some word from him in my mail. When I did not hear from him within a few days, I no longer worried about him although the dream kept recurring in my memory.

Last evening my father came to our ranch. He told me of receiving a letter from my brother in Washington. His train had gone in a river the twenty-sixth of last month. The body of the fireman had not been found. The engineer had been pulled out by some of the crew but had died. Some of the postal clerks had been injured.

My brother, a postal clerk, had been on the run the twenty-fifth and twenty-seventh. One of the clerks whose run was the twenty-sixth had asked my brother to trade runs with him and although he had never before refused to make a trade when he could accommodate someone, my brother did refuse this time.

I wonder if the day I was thinking so much of him thirteen hundred miles away was the day he did not agree to make the trade.

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## Gardenias

(Continued from page 28)

the young daughter of the planter.

"The delirium of insanity had been likened to a bad dream. For some there is no awakening; others wake permanently; others wake only to dream again."

Slowly she advanced, hesitated a moment, then moved straight toward Paul. He peered intently in speechless awe. She moved nearer, nearer; her dark eyes burned softly into his, then she rested her small, slender hand on his arm. His nerves throbbed violently. There was a curious strangling tightness in his throat that oppressed his breathing, his lips parted, he stretched out his arms. "Oh! God!" he muttered. At the selfsame instant Jasmina awakened, permanently. A few steps more and she was in his arms. "Jasmina," he cried, his voice, even in his own ears held a grave as well as passionate thrill. "Have we not met before?"

"Beloved Dearness," she whispered and snuggled closer in his embrace. With her in his arms Paul felt trouble and perplexity pass forever from him. A great and solemn peace environed him.

"And often in this life, though clad in bodies wholly strange, We meet old friends, and in the meeting dimly know, That we have once been such, and loved and laughed so long ago."

## Workshop of the Cosmos — (Continued from page 24)

the Great Pyramid of Africa, the Mayan record-stones and buildings and the Inca ruins of the Andes. The Brown man, the Yellow, the Red prepared for the coming of the White. The Golden Race will follow next and will carry civilization to new heights from a primitive beginning.

Always mankind has struggled desperately for Truth and understanding. Always there have been predatory elements among them who sought to keep the mass from progressing that they themselves might wield power over them. And always the mass has turned after a while and obliterated their oppressors. Black Ages of reaction and White Ages of swift progress have followed each other for nearly a hundred million years. How terribly slow we are to learn our lesson of working together instead of hindering our fellows. What a pity that we who claim to stand so high above the animal, do not know any better than to create war as a means of overcoming economic difficulties. And heading such propaganda for destruction are men who claim to be descendants of the Gods, or their beloved instruments. Cause and effect! Destruction on Earth has always oblit-

erated the destroyer. If we do not mend our *killing* ways, Destiny may step in and blot us out to make room for a more reasonable form family.

No one who interprets Life's Progress for his fellows should preach of fear. Cults and religions who rant about the approaching end of the world cannot realize how silly modern science regards such prophecies to be. When man in his present form has had his day, and a dozen more highly specialized beings have succeeded each other in a thousand million years, the Earth will still be far from mature. She will still have growing fits in trying to adjust Herself to new conditions. And She will still be trying to create the perfect form that can govern the things she produces.

We believe ourselves to be the Earth's governors now and what a job we are making of it. . . . God-like we call ourselves, and are the most predatory creatures that ever existed. It seems to be about time we showed some common sense in governing our own selves and control our passion to destroy our own fellows in the name of glory, in the name of God, then we have at least some sort of foundation for our claim to godliness.

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