

The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

ESTABLISHED 1925

**APRIL
1939**

BE THE CONQUEROR

Once more the trees are shaking their branches because the buds are crying to come forth. Let us give you this message; BE GLAD — BE JOYFUL — BE HAPPY — because it is Spring — Spring in your Souls—Spring in your Hearts—Spring in your Bodies and it is the time of year when all Nature bursts forth in the gladness and joy of Life.

Once more we are telling you to Be Brave—Be Strong —Be Fearless and *Be The Conqueror.*

Each day the process of rebuilding and recreation goes on and as we recreate the old is left behind; this is why we tell you to *forget* yesterday's worries and cares, its snares and snags and begin each day as though there had been no other day.

Catching the Invisible Eye

Bernice White

A Troubled Spirit

Laverne Brown Price

Startling Facts of Health and Disease

Lillian R. Carque

Twenty Years After

Warren P. Gammons

The Spiritual Aspects Of the Liver

Charlotte G. Fritsch Gunter

The Haunted Farm

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NUMBER 4

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PLUS CONTINUED FEATURES AND POEMS

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THE OCCULT DIGEST

1900 N. Clark Street

Chicago, Illinois

THE VOICES OF THE

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

Greetings from Lorado Taft

FELLOW ARTISTS—friends and my public—I speak to you today in the interest of Art. I am heart and soul in accord with Will Rogers.

Cease killing the artistic talent of the children, Watch them closely—they are the benefactors of the children yet to come. I appeal to the government of The United States and to the States of the Union to cease sending to the electric chair their fellow men. Governments—you, not the parents of these men and women are responsible for their erring. You have builded highways and byways; segregated them in corrals, you have deprived them of the country roads, of the country lanes and the birds. You have neglected their education through neglecting their parents and robbed them of a natal birthright which is their inalienable right under the Constitution of this Government; you have made money the guardian of character, you have made wealth the prison walls, you have segregated gold and spent untold millions guarding that gold and because of that idle gold you have neglected to feed, clothe, house and educate your immediate rising generation, the boy and girl, from early babyhood to the graduation age. You have failed to supply the needs of your young men and women, your future standard bearers.

You have set an age limit in your old age pension on a man and woman's life in its ripened stage and instead of reaping the harvest of their labors you have made *laws* to take away their self-respect and the respect of thoughtless men and women who have been fortunate enough to escape the penalty of being 60 years of time.

Fellow Artists, Philanthropists and Law makers! The children and youth of this fair Nation should be your first consideration and not *one*, if properly cared for would be in the penal institutions *today*. And I have one more word. *Politicians*—politicians by right of your birth—politicians by your right to sieze, disassemble and kill the monstrous serpent that has deprived you of your sense of fitness, clouded your brain to the sense of duty; slink back into the dark caverns of your polluted reign that a clean government may be established according to the foundation on which this Government was builded, *for* the people and *by* the people. Search out the talent of the child and educate that child for its *talent* and not for the aggrandizement of philanthropy. Make it your duty and not a bonded privilege. Make your laws conform to decency rather than to appease the clamor of an uneducated, unsympathetic society. Close up the loopholes whereby the underworld can buy its freedom. Teach the little children art, music and wholesome plays, Stop the manufacture of *bandits' outfits* as toys. Give them birds and pets. No child needs to be wayward. Gibes and jerks, cuffs and hard words in childhood create the wayward boy and girl who later fill your prisons. I appeal to you, heads of governments, waste not the time and the lives of the government's greatest asset—*its boys and girls*. Thank you.

—LORADO TAFT

Received Sunday morning, February 26, 1939

UNIVERSE SPEAKING

EFFA E. DANELSON, *Editor*

Man's Field of Vision

MAN'S COMPREHENSION is confined to his field of vision. Vision embraces activities of the mind in the scope of comprehension. Man comprehends that which he is aware of through his five senses; until recent years it was his scope of vision. Now that he has harnessed time, conquered the air, controlled light, turns solids into liquids and liquids into solids, segregating and classifying the human race to the destruction of civilization—put all life under his feet and holds and measures the sands of the seashore, he feels that he has reached the pinnacle of the *god-head*. He recognizes no worthy cause except that on which he has put his seal of dominion. With his weights and measures he thinks he has plumbed the Universe and in his mad delirium he cannot realize that he has not plumbed even the depths of his own existence and his dependence upon the existence of every minute part of every other living thing within the scope of his vision.

Everything in this world bears witness and gives evidence of its relation to every other living thing in the great universe, whether in the scope of man's vision or otherwise. With all of his great learning, when it comes to facts, man is the most helpless and the most ignorant of universal laws of all the creation to which in his vainness he sets himself up as superior. In the crevices of the rocks, beyond the heat rays of the sun, there are to be found the living rays of atomic life which at the appointed time will come forth, breathing in the souls of men, germinating in the consciousness of those who will rule the earth and appoint messengers to carry again the joyful tidings preparatory to the rising of the new dispensation of kingdoms among men. We use the word Kingdoms tolerantly for want of a more comprehensive word; therefore we must delineate its meaning to avoid confusion and misunderstanding.

The word in itself means *unity*, not only in the scope of man's vision through the order of his comprehension but drawing its forces within the realm of his kingdom of complete understanding of Life itself and its relation to its comprehending self and all other activities concerning the past, the present and what is to be during the term of the sojourn of his kingdom in the *time* of his day and influence upon the beings of the earth and the earth's associate satellites.

There are those living in the world today who have drawn their light from these atomic light waves, released from the crevices of the rocks. The *light* no man understandeth or comprehendeth is the ray that breathes man into action, holds his feet to gravitation and his finer senses rooted in the light of understanding; fellowship with all the races of kindred beings, raised through the earth element of, productive, recreative, living Life in all its forms—the predecessor of man, the judge and jury of his activities.

Man is a steward of the earth and all that comprises it and in whatever generation he lived he was the servant and not the lord and master as shown by man's record of man. Man is not a free agent; he is governed by the laws that set all things in motion and holds all things by the law of equilibrium. Man's religion teaches him that he came from God but his religion does not teach him of the elements that bind him to the first great cause. Man is as helpless as the leaves that fall from the trees, as the wind that listeth through their branches, yet he says "I will go here, I will go there—I will do this—

(Continued on page 26)

Editorials In June

Without Fear or Favor

Asleep at the Switch

WHEN will Science wake up to what the world is missing because of its stubbornness in refusing to intelligently build the thought forces of the unseen into the seen. Because they willfully—not ignorantly but *willfully*, destroy the very process necessary for their enlightenment.

Oh Fearful Man! whither are ye going? Thy stumbling feet are at the edge of the precipice of Time; regard thy sodden steps and turn aside to the counsel given daily by thy loved and loving who have passed safely over its yawning abyss. Remove the cover of prejudice from thine blinded eyes that thy steps may also be guided away from the doom of superstitious, cynical laughter and jibes.

Today is the triumphant day of salvation. Tomorrow, thy feet will miss the firm footing and ignorance of the law will lower ye into the jaws of the invisible juggernaut of *Fear*, pitiable fear.

Awaken to reason and save the boys and girls of this generation from the devastating evil of cynicism and ridicule of the most priceless jewels of the crown of Life. Harken today to the voices of your living dead.

Reviewing the World Catastrophies

MAKING a brief review of the disasters of the world, caused by the elements, the loss of life and property damage is appalling. But reviewing the catastrophies caused by the egoists in the garments of the various nations of the world, all records of the past sink into oblivion. The men of power in the nations who, in the last decade have carried on undeclared warfare upon other nations has destroyed more property than all other causes on record. Each flood or earthquake disaster has brought noble and humane assistance to the sufferers from people all over the world; in one accord, human assistance has been extended and sympathy for the sufferers has been overwhelming. A noble spirit of accord has been shown, yet they look upon the destruction of Life and property by these inhuman monsters, seeking more and more, as *apart* from human relations or human assistance. On the other hand and quite contrary to all ethics of righteous behavior, they reach out the hand and accept the profits through the exchange of products in the name of commerce and trade agreements.

In the early history of The United States of America, laws were enacted, Constitutions were created and laws established covering the relationship and activities in Nations—by Nations and between nations and as long as these nations followed the precepts of their higher ideals and governed them-

selves lawfully under the agreements, coordinating and in keeping with the laws established, wholesale carnage was unheard of. It was only when strong minded, self willed, *money* mad individuals usurped the rights of those whom they could influence, that Nations began encouraging the spirit of envy and gradually, subtly, the scheming to thwart the success of their imagined adversary began. From these tiny seeds of individual pilfering, governments were soon enmeshed in quarrels, involving more and more until the struggle for recognition became what is today known as guerilla warfare between nations. Strong nations have become whited sepulchres and weak nations, goaded on by their self eminence and desire for personal glorification have wiped out boundary lines of nations, of fellowship and all goodwill, that *strong* link that bound people together in service. It would almost seem that the world had turned upon itself and each individual had developed a cloven foot. Wherever you go, wherever you look, people are at each other's throats—each seeking to gain supersedance over the other. At this particular time, men who should work for the good of their government as one group and one mind, are divided into parties, regardless of the destruction of the Nation. With swords drawn to dismember each other, and the group themselves are at logger-heads, unmindful of the city or the nations in which they dwell and are entrusted with the welfare of its citizens and in a common language, the city can go to the dogs for all they care. They quarrel on while all precepts and good will is being destroyed, bringing again into view the epoch in history where "Rome burned while Nero fiddled." In other words while they quarrel over the spoils people are starving and without clothing or shelter while just around the corner crime is in full swing while people are praying for relief from the holocaust engendered and protected by the politicians seeking the downfall of their opponent.

Vested Power

MAN is endowed with the organs of perception and conception. They are twin glands, oval in shape, white in color, and of a spongy substance, located in the throat in close proximity to the tonsils. They serve the organs of sense, of sight, taste and smell; when these globular glands are active they have a pulse beat like the heart and if the beat is regular there is keen perception of sight and all of the sensory organs are quick and active. The removal of the tonsils distorts and disables the perfect function of these glands. Abnormality ensues, sometimes affecting one part of the body, sometimes another part. No person remains

With Our Times

BY EFFA DANIELSON

normal after the tonsils have been removed unless the operation is performed by an *expert surgeon* who is thoroughly familiar with the thousand and one attachments between these twin glands and the tonsils. The ruthless and wholesale slaughter of tonsils in children is a crime which bears abnormality, distortion and feebleness throughout the body. These fruits of the unlearned operators scatter disease through the body, diseases subtle in their nature that follow on and are transmitted to their children. Nature has given man devices for protection against diseases in little groups of islands throughout the body whose fertility supplies blood and tissues, membranes that build bridges in the bones. Nature has provided food for nourishment—she has supplied every mineral necessary for man's development.

Time and man have traveled in opposite directions away from the natural culture of the human body. Everything that man enjoys that does not contribute to his health is his enemy and is poison to the flesh, killing the impulses of the natural body, destroying the energy which feeds the heart, the lungs and the liver, rendering them impotent, listless, useless, making him decrepit to himself and the world.

Science owes a great debt for the deterrent of the human race, as *Nature intended* it to progress. The mad race for possession, to be head and shoulders above their neighbors drew humanity into the jungle of imagination and away from the true line of march of progression. What has it given the human race—what has it given to the world in the last analysis? The answer is—misery, clothed in a greater ignorance than misery was ever clothed in before. Responsibility added to responsibility—dependence added to dependence and blessings converted into evil and destructive implements to annihilate and cripple the helpless and defenceless groups.

Returning to our subject of glands. Man is the pattern from which civilization was made and just as the human body becomes distorted through interference by those who seek to be *head and shoulders* above their neighbors so Nations retard their progress through ruining vital and necessary functions in government and the blessings that could come to a *united world* through their discoveries which *should* bring relief—instead, distortion of principles, malpractices are destroying the very foundation of the once heralded civilization and human relationship.

Humanity

SOULS of men and women—cleanse your minds and your bodies of the stupidity forced upon you by the welder of chains that he might drive you into the dungeon of remorse,

into the stockyard of the bondman. **ARISE** from your lethargy and your fear of the stalking shadows of your predecessors who, through their false teachings of life, because of their lack of understanding of Life, have drawn the shades of night about you.

O Human Souls of men and women—let the quickening spirit rule that you may awaken from your slumber and overcome the inertia that seems to have deadened your brain and rendered you helpless to claim your birthright of *right living*, the gift given to all mankind—the olive branch placed in the hand of every life as it approached the gate of birth. Arise from your kneeling and supplication and meet the standard bearer of your own free will to sing the glad hosanna of Life. You are not dependent—as an individual you are a free man under the law governing your birth. Speak in the voice of a master and in the tone of a creator, Arise from your groveling! Know yourself as the giant that you are and not the slave that you have been taught you were. No child was *ever* born in sin; every child of earth came through the law of *freedom* with free will as his birthright. The sin and pollution of the body and the mind have been the garments man has clothed the *child* world in. Every child of tender years in the Reformatory schools—in Houses of Correction—in the jails—was born *pure, clean, lovely, sinless* and came into the world a *free* soul; and in *defiance* of all contrary teachings I fling this *Truth* to the world. Every child who came into the world of Time and Space passed through the eternal gateway into the fullness of a redeemed life and those into whose keeping these children were intrusted will pay the redemption price when they pass through that eternal gateway—called by some—Death. We use the word Birth. Every Birth is a death and every Death is a Birth. The law needs no interpretation by any dispenser of religion or any opinion of any scientist—it maketh itself felt and heard and man, in his judgment or in his error cannot change the law by any reason, precept or prayer.

The gateway of Life is Eternal—eternal before birth and eternal after death; there are no half-way measures—no waiting stations—no idle Heavens and no burning Hell. Every man's record is written true—all false records are blotted out. *Time* heals all wounds, clears all vision and seals all records.

Humanity, arise from your shackles of fear—clarify your thinking and sing the praises of Life in a tumultuous voice, resounding with courage, a clarion call of good will.

My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you. Bless the world that those whom you meet upon the path of Life may feel your good will and receive generously your blessing.

The Spiritual Aspects of the Liver

By Charlotte G. Frietsch Gunter

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AT A FIRST glance the title of this subject may impress the reader with a sense of incongruity. Our materialistic form of education will easily account for any such reaction. Since the spiritual foundation in our educational system is deplorably lacking, it is not surprising if the mass of people in general would ask, "What has the liver to do with our spiritual life?"

How much more fascinating would not the study of physiology and biology become if we were to interweave it with the true romance which really lies behind it? As it is, we rarely find anyone who understands the mystic meaning of this organ, the liver. What dramatic tendencies are hidden in the folds of the liver and its divine functions! But who knows much about its mysterious possibilities. Those who do know are not given an audience for their knowledge.

Reflect for a moment on the merely physical aspect of the word, *liver*. It means, "ONE WHO LIVES." Is not this in itself the essence of drama and mystery? This definition is also found when we turn to languages other than the English. Anyone familiar with a modern language among the several that we have, will find that liver, means, "ONE WHO LIVES." The significance is filled with endless romance. One who lives may be either man, woman, child or animal. Each one is bent on a given destiny of his own. Highly individualistic, indeed! Here we see then that each individual has within him a veritable laboratory, not only in the shape of the liver, but in the chemical functions of each organ in the body.

But even the layman knows that the liver, this mystic organ, has a purifying action on liquid foods. How many reflect on the strange and mystic fact that they own a center of purification which may be controlled and directed for the evolution of higher ideals!

In its spiritual sense the liver is regarded as the seat of passion, of love, of desire. This is supposedly particularly true of the amative propensities of the human being. Phrenologically, this is also an acknowledged fact. Since Phrenology holds to this theory, we see how the influence of the liver leads us to certain portions of the brain, and eventually to a definite power in relation to the mind.

Since mind and spirit are closely working hand in hand we are further impressed by the fact that this important organ, the liver, could be controlled entirely by the spiritual force in each one of us. Thus, it would seem, that through this physical organ the liver, we may be guided into idealistic channels with the help of our spiritual force. However, on the other hand, a yielding of the self to the lower impulses of love

would serve only to debase the spiritual aspects which lie dormant within the power of this organ, the liver.

In advancing a step further, we may view the liver from its occult or mystic meaning. Those among us who can catch the threads of inner meaning shall be able to weave a picture of romance and adventure. Is it not astonishing to realize what strange forces are at work in this great laboratory of ours, the body? The body is like some celestial planet in itself, where a whole government is at work daily. Little do most of us realize what a responsibility we have to this body which is the temple for the soul!

And in speaking of the liver alone, we are only connecting the thought with one mystic center of this, our strange body. But consider for instance the color of the liver! It is red. From the occult standpoint, we know that the life-force is red. The blood, as we know it in a mystic sense, is the life-force. Again in reverting to the question of the color, red, the key-note of physical man and his present evolution on this earth, is said to be red, as to color. Furthermore, the planet responding to the red ray, chemically and from the mystic viewpoint, is MARS. Mars is the ruler over the metal, iron. Iron, it may be recalled, is necessary to the proper functioning of the blood. Thus since the blood is red and is also life-force, we are forced to concede that the color, red, plays an all-important part in the scheme of the body's laboratory. The color, red, has not accidentally saturated our mystic and powerful organ the liver with its particular shade.

It is also a popular belief that the color, red, is related to matters of love. Yet it has also been popular to scoff at things which go by the name of MYSTICISM. Be that as it may, all red shades of color, from the faintest rose hue to mixed, muddy reds are linked with the love-idea. It indicates desire, passion and emotion in a general sense. The palest of pale rose tints denotes a high spiritual love or emotion. Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, two great mystics as they are known, have written in detail on this subject of color and its relation to emotion.

The ancient Egyptians understood well the spiritual significance of relating the physical organs to the forces governing cosmos. According to the teachings of the Egyptians of olden times, each part of the physical body was said to be directly influenced by a planetary force. We of a modern age, who live according to mystic principles well know the true significance of this ancient wisdom.

When we study the liver from its occult plane and in its relation to a planetary force, we shall learn that both Mars and Venus exert definite influence

on this organ. Also in reflecting on the gender we shall find that Venus answers to the feminine and Mars to the masculine. A LIVER, one who lives, may as we know quite well be either man or woman. Venus is also said to be the Goddess of spiritual love. In the occult studies, blue is associated with Venus. In its highest spiritual sense blue denotes devotion, piety and other attributes of a lofty nature.

As already said, love of any kind and all other emotions have their seat in the liver which again is directly linked with the body's executive forces of the brain, the mind and the spirit in connection with which the blood is the life-force. The blood, we know is produced by food; the food is purified by the liver. The blood then courses through the entire body. The blood is the mystic power which stirs the liver into action. The blood is the very essence of life itself. Without blood in his body an individual could not be kept alive.

Let us further consider the mystic meaning and symbolical aspects of the Venus sign. It is represented by a circle with a suspended cross. In the teachings of mysticism we find that the circle is symbolical of eternity. The LIVER, the one who lives, as well as his liver, the bodily organ, being linked and inter-linked inseparably with these phenomena would also then be eternal in spirit or essence.

In now turning to Mars, or the masculine complement we find that Mars governs all shades of red. Mars is said to control the fiery element; the producing agent in life; it influences the ventral regions; it is connected with the salic element and according to Gaulois, the SALII were priests of the planet MARS. We also learn further that Mars strongly affects the irascible principle of the human being. It is a known fact that bile has been and is, regarded as the cause of irascibility. Not infrequently we hear that the liver is blamed for a hot temper or ill-humor. It is also a matter of everyday common knowledge that the liver functions fundamentally for purifying purposes. We know the liver secretes bile. Bile is a yellowish, greenish, viscid fluid, usually alkaline in reaction. It is an aid in the digestive process through its production of emulsifying fats. The bile, moreover prevents putrefactive changes. In less enlightened days of science the normal bile was called choler. Still they were not shooting far from the mark of facts since the liver plays an important role in all emotional scenes. In these days of modern science we are not at all surprised if anyone tells us that we are an alkaline type, for instance. Such a statement is also truly an approach to the mystic teachings of ancient times. In these days

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The Experiments of Dr. Rutter

By Edward Ulback

SCIENCE has discovered many of the laws by which the material forces of the universe operate; but it has not discovered their relation to the Creator, or proved that he has bestowed on them an inherent and absolute power to perform their work without reference to his further will, and dependence on his continued energy. And therefore science is not competent to say that there can not, and never could be, miracles, that is, events suspending or contravening the laws of nature; still less that there can not be an overruling providence working with those forces, in harmony with these laws. Science has made some discoveries of the laws of spirit in connection with matter; but it knows nothing of its condition apart from it; and it is not in a position to say whether it exists without any material vehicle when it leaves the body, or whether it assumes a lighter and more manageable one usually invisible to the human eye; and if so, whether this vehicle is capable of being made denser at pleasure, and palpable to the human senses.

If we seek an answer to the question whether occasional interference from the spiritual world is a reality or a delusion, we perceive at once that is one on which we can not afford to give common fair play to evidence. Our native instincts teach us to trust the evidence of our own senses, but our education makes us distrustful of that of all others. Few have cared to give publicity to any strange experience they may have had, and still fewer would peril their reputation for common-sense by looking into it. Half afraid that the phenomena were preternatural, they have shrunk from instituting an examination, lest no natural explanation should be found and they should be shut up to conclusions that would involve them in ridicule.

Neither miracles nor apparitions may be discredited as in themselves impossible; for we devoutly believe they have been. Whether they ever happen now is a question of fact, depending on testimony; and if any individual chooses to say that he has met with no case in which the evidence satisfied his mind, he is, for aught we see, at perfect liberty to hold his incredulity without incurring the imputation of being either atheist or Sadducee. But he is not at liberty to decide *a priori* that it can not be. Likewise it is sheer impertinence to insist on first settling such questions, as, "What good end would it serve? Is it worthy the divine wisdom to act in contravention of ordinary laws for purposes so slight?" If we enter on the inquiry at all, our business is first with the evidence of the alleged facts. If the thing is true, doubtless there is a reason for it worthy of the divine wisdom.

Without prematurely accepting the theory that electricity, or something akin to it, is the inseparable vehicle of spirit—that even during life the spirit can, with this vehicle, detach itself from the body under some peculiar circumstances, as deep sleep or trance; and that it finally departs with the spirit at death, and forms its residence till the resurrection—we may admit that such a supposition affords a very plausible solution of many undeniable psychological facts, of which at least no better explanation can be offered. That electricity is the means by which the spirit pervades and operates on the material frame, is now almost beyond question. No one has more satisfactorily proved its presence and power in the human body than Rutter, who has invented an instrument for ascertaining its comparative force in different individuals, and in the same individual under different conditions. It appears that the human body is a source of electricity, in the same sense as glass, wax, or hair; so that it can be elicited even if the body is insulated on a glass stool, whereas a machine requires to stand on the ground. The best-informed do not pretend to say whether human electricity is the same thing as chemical; for no one pretends to understand the essential nature of either; but those laws and modes of operation which are ascertained, are similar. In some persons electricity is much more freely elicited than in others. During the winter of 1683, the wife of Major Sewell, in New England, had but to shake her apparel in the evening and sparks flew out with a crackling noise like bay leaves in the fire. Some ladies, during frosty weather, can see sparks if they shake their woolen skirts while undressing in the dark; and it is very common to see them if a silk skirt is rapidly slipped down over a woolen one, after being worn all day.

Rutter's experiments go to prove that wounded or chapped hands produce a much more powerful current than whole ones.

The reader may, if he pleases prosecute an interesting set of experiments on human electricity with very simple apparatus. We are all familiar with it—the coin suspended in a glass bowl or large tumbler, by a piece of silk thread about eight inches long. If a man holds this thread between his finger and thumb, his left hand being open and loose, the coin will presently begin to perform a rotatory motion from left to right, that is, a direct one. If another man now places his thumb on the palm of the operator's left hand, the coin will perform a direct oscillating movement, like a pendulum; and the same, if a female places her forefinger on his left hand. Now, if a man places his fore-

finger, or a woman her thumb, the oscillation is transverse. Let a female hold the thread, her left hand being open and free, there will be direct oscillation; not rotation, as in the man's case. Let her clench the fist of the left hand, the oscillation becomes transverse. Let a man place his thumb in her open hand, there is a direct rotation; let a female do the same, there is reverse rotation. Let a man place his fore-finger on her hand, there is reverse rotation; let a woman do the same, there is direct rotation. Let the lady take some feathers and hold them loosely, the oscillation is transverse; let her clench them tightly, it is direct—just the contrary from what she experienced with the left hand. Let a stick of sealing wax be laid on the tips of her fingers, there is transverse oscillation in the coin; let it be balanced on her thumb, it becomes direct. Let her put her thumb (left hand of course) in water, there is transverse oscillation; her fore-finger, and it is direct. Here are deep secrets, of which the strangest seems to be that the electric current from the man produces rotatory, and that from the female oscillatory motion in the coin; but that he can communicate the rotatory through her, and she can produce the oscillatory through him, by a light touch of the thumb or finger. For some of these experiments we are indebted to Rutter, who has invented a fixed instrument called a magnetoscope, to preclude the possibility of muscular action, and prove the phenomena to be purely electroid. If any one mistrusts himself in this respect, let him commit the thread to some one who does not know what ought to be the result, with directions merely to hold it quite steadily. In some of these experiments a change of motion is produced rapidly and easily; but in some it is tedious, so that the less patient and less experienced had better drop the coin a second or two between each, and steady it again in the center.

If it can be established, as doubtless it can, that a current of electricity from the human body can be made to enter inert matter, and there show itself responsive to the volition and intelligence of the immortal mind within the body from which it flowed, it will go of course very far toward proving that this is the connecting link between mind and matter, the immaterial and the material. And it seems, in the nature of things, very fitting that it should be so; that this mysterious agent which baffles every attempt to investigate its nature, this which in its very essence seems to hold a middle place between the material and the immaterial, should indeed be the medium of their action and reaction on each other. This opens a wide field for

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Tertia Motus

By Ferdinand Kondring

*"Wake again, Teutonic Father ages,
Speak again beloved primeval creeds;
(Continued from March)*

IN the Revelations of St. John it is stated: "And there are seven Kings; five are fallen and one is, and the other is not yet come." Meaning: man has conquered five dimensions or Kingdoms which is up to the fact that he can mentally perceive the Christ Consciousness, thus "driving out" five selfish Kings or tendencies. Now the "one that is" is the sixth the perfect animal, the self-centered concrete mind, as in juxtaposition to the universal mind. And the one that "is not yet come" is the psychic crystal dividing higher mind aspiring toward the seventh dimension, the abode of the polarized soul. Yes, yes. The Selfless onlooker, the one that strives with Agni-Yoga i.e. Israel, the one who with the help of the Divine creative fire separates the unreal from the real and is consciously participating in the Glory of Non-being thus in the realm of the Infinitude of the Real, is not yet come.

Again when man realizes the "Shamir" i.e. psychic crystal division he is a Jacob, Kronos, Prometheus, Orpheus, etc., etc. But when the "night of bitter fighting" comes to a close and the dawn breaks he should emerge as Jehova, Ra, Zeus, Apollo, Christ, Odin, Ukko, etc., etc.

We see therefore on the path of attainment and when approaching the last mile stone we walk alone and in darkness with only the pillar of light i.e. crystal division as our guide.

It is the last night in which even the soul of man's eleven powers fall asleep and fail to support him in his last heroic fight. Yes, yes, it is the crystal that guides and His mercy that bestows the power to cross this precipice.

The ancient would call Him the "Cruel One," yet nevertheless they stuck to their story or Saga and obeyed. Our mental and spiritual rags have become a nuisance, lecture upon lecture is given but alas it is only a small mental ripple that is caused by this or that "spiritual-come-together." An hour later we are once more complacently resting in our self gratifying lethargy, our mental worries are fast at work to keep the home fires of our hell at full blast.

Man must adapt himself to the conscious division of the psychic crystal and thus strive with the creative fire of Agni Yoga. But how many have the selflessness and courage to submit themselves to such a spiritual test. One will think he might lose his crown of prestige and the "seeming" Miter of holiness.

What is meant by the "breaking of bread"—nothing whatsoever but the division of the psychic crystal. This is the secret and the life giving spark of all Sagas, Myths and Religious systems that kept them pure, simple and sound, and thus they survived all ages.

There are four trinities representing

four different Hierarchies and from point of analogy correspond to the elements air, fire, water and earth.

I. Trinity is the bi-sexual Space or air trinity. In its matrix slumbers the male and female element of higher aspects, hence it never produces carbon, i.e. a physical offspring of any kind whatsoever. In the Sagas of the Norsemen we find:—"and he was married to the wind" i.e. all lower tendencies whenever and wherever there is an opportunity of being aroused will be automatically and through the proximity of Agni-Yoga i.e. Fire Union transmitted into a "Gone with the wind." It is in a certain sense the foundation of the Angelic world. It is Vayur or Hydrogen.

II. Trinity is the fire sign, that of Wisdom. It is the trinity of the super-conscious mind commanding by actual manipulation the super physical strata, the cosmic network. Hence such a mind works in harmony with "Israel" or the divine creative fire. Such a mind is able to release the geometrizing Tertia Motus and apply this force within the phosphorous web, thus the resemblance of the fiery body can thus be metamorphosed into an eternal solar body. But ignite this phosphorous web with poisonous material such as narcotics or other strong stimulants and it will shoot its flame in many directions and forbidden systems. Which is also true about the fiery body that will flare up when ignited by irritation or shock. Only chitta i.e. undifferentiated mind stuff can successfully handle the creative forces. Undifferentiated mind stuff is a substance that is virgin in its state and has never before formed a thought. It is consciously created by the super mind, and held there and prevented from escaping into a thought until the inner creator of man has drawn the blueprint or prepared a piece of imagination into which it shall flow, crystallize, and appear as this or that psychical phenomenon. Only he can control and build with mind stuff who has at his command the geometrizing precessional force which emanates out of the divided psychic crystal. This is Tejas or Oxygen.

III. Trinity is that of the Matrix of Water. It is in this form where the Salt of the earth becomes manifest. Here is the physical starting point of God's mighty handiwork. Where there is no moisture no matrix can create. Out of the waters of gestation appears the first psychic crystal representing the fourth and last Trinity. The latter became, through the descending creative light of the first and the creative Fire of the second while combining in the womb of the third trinity. This is the heatless light, the fire that burns in the water to produce the salt of the earth or the first psychic crystal.

IV. Trinity represents the consciousness that is foremost conscious of the

earth earthy. It is the last "sane" layer for man for below that lies "insanity" and animalistic instinct, the universal realm of none conscious, yet legal perception.

It is upon this "sane" layer where the whole drama of human evolution had its inception and it is likewise here where it will have its good or bad finish. Yes, yes, even Indra and other Gods must return to earth in order to achieve Salvation or final absorption into the Eternal Abode. Any being belonging to earth's highest Hierarchy must satisfy this tribunal before there is ever a chance to cut forever the binding ties of this planet. Neither Heaven nor Hell can afford liberation for any soul, because both belong to the earth's magnetic field and since it takes a physical body to master this magnetic field it stands to reason that any and all souls must or have to come back, take up once more this physical vehicle and thus achieve total liberation. Only thus the last farthing is paid. As every individual soul possesses a key that fits into seven combinations and the multitude of seven combinations, and since this key is not transferable not even unto the Master it is fair to assume that the immemorial righteousness will let no soul advance into a higher realm until every "locked condition" caused by this or that soul, is again set free by this or that individual key. A man may be able to beat many a game but he cannot beat the cosmic game, for the Hierarchy sees all, hears all, and knows all. It's well and highly advisable to get to know where and what this Hierarchy is, as soon as possible. For only those who peep into its unerring ray of Wisdom will emerge out of this Armageddon victoriously. The Hierarchy is the Light of the World. It is the heart that contacts the teacher not the words. Lord, Lord. Affirmation of the Teacher means reaching beyond the earth's magnetic field. His answers are not always in the usual words. An understanding of the beneficence of this tense world would propel the heart to the Highest Worlds. It is the teaching of the heart that makes us inseparable from the Hierarchy. In the heart divides the crystal at its best and where there is purifying fire there is God, hence God, Fire, Life, are the self-same things. The Fire of Union or Agni Yoga chooses a short but severe path during the battle of Armageddon. Yet it is this fiery path that blazes through the highest points of mundane life without compelling a man to abandon it. It has been proven that man can virtually stop the heart, as well as do many other psycho-physiological acts, but such unprofitable stunts do not make the heart ascend. This ascending is born of the Agni-Yoga within the heart. Thus the upward striving of the heart to Hierarchy is beyond the physiological functions. If in this life one does

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Startling Facts on Health And Disease

By Lillian R. Carque

Carque Natural Foods Research

MAN is something immeasurably greater than the puny and impotent entities known to modern science as a compound of bones, muscles and nerves. The ethereal or inner man—the shadow or the counterpart of the material body—directs the growth and the formation as well as dissolution of the form in which it is contained. Hence physicians must learn about the attributes and the constitution of that power which organizes the physical body, and of which the latter is nothing more than the objective and visible representative.

So spake Paracelsus who is rapidly being recognized as the greatest occultist of the Middle Ages. Eminent chemist and physician of his time, he was first to reveal the true genesis of the diseases afflicting mankind, as well as to elaborate specifics and remedies for them. He was unswerving in his conviction that there is only one eternal and universal Cause of everything, and that emanated from God or the Great First Cause, the eternal fountain of all things from which all proceeds and returns. Our knowledge, he maintained, should therefore come from the source of all wisdom; and consequently the physician must inevitably seek his knowledge and power through the Divine Spirit within us and not from man-made authorities.

His philosophy confirms the basic, underlying Oneness of the Universe, which operates in unison with all expressions of life in Nature. He significantly elucidated that the world is the Macrocosm, and that man is the microcosm, namely that the chemical elements comprising the human body are identical with those occurring in all the stars, the sun and the earth. The spectroscopy of science has since made good his assertions concerning the magnetic attractions of the sun and the planets. Science now also maintains that living bodies are subject to the same laws of attraction and chemical affinities, whence it becomes clear that as man draws health from the elements surrounding him, so he absorbs disease from disturbance in the magnetic atmosphere about him.

"All the influences that come from the sun, the planets and the stars act therefore invisibly upon man, and if these influences are evil they will produce evil effects," asserted Paracelsus. He did not mean to convey that evil astral influences exert a pernicious influence on the whole of Nature, but harbor only in those places where causes of infection exist. If no germs of disease exist in our atmosphere or aura, the astral influences coming from the outside, finding no magnetic attraction, will cause no harm. By the same analogy, if inharmonious elements are present in the sphere of our soul, such astral influences will gravitate to them as may develop diseases. This magnetic invisible attraction may be compared to the

visible germs of degenerative diseases, which seek their natural habitat—diseased tissue—which is akin to their katabolic processes or descensive disintegrating vibratory forces.

Diseases may appear without any apparent cause. In acute cases patients have been known to grow suddenly worse, or there may be a distinct turn for the better. Paracelsus attributes such inexplicable phenomena to the ascending influence of an evil star which exercises a maleficent power over the patient, but after that discordant influx of force subsides or expends itself, the disease will correspondingly diminish in its intensity or disappear entirely. Every metal and plant embodies certain properties that attract, by a vibratory circuit of exchange corresponding planetary influences, and if a physician knows the controlling force impelling the star, the conjunctions of the planets, as well as the quality of our drugs, he will know what remedies to give to attract those influences that will react most beneficially upon the patient.

Some forms are in a close mutual sympathy, while between others an antipathy exists; some attract while others repulse each other. During the ascendancy of a planet, its essence will be especially attracted by plants and by animal organs that are in harmony with it, for what else in this radiating planetary essence but the elixir of life, the invisible vehicle of a quality peculiar to that power? That is why a medicine that may do good at one time will prove useless or even injurious at another, according to the prevailing influence. Paracelsus was resolute in his contention that a system of medicine without true knowledge of natural laws becomes a system of mere opinions and superstitions. That which is active in medicines is their astral elements playing upon the astral man, he believed, and they are produced by astral influences. It makes the greatest difference whether a medicine is activated by one influence or by another.

The medicine of Paracelsus embraced not merely the external body of man, which belongs to the world of effects, but he endeavored also to cope with the inner man and with the world of causes, always emphasizing the universal presence of the divine cause of all things. Man's natural body is produced by Nature, but the power in Nature is God, and God is superior to Nature. Man's divine spirit is therefore able to change his nature and to restore health to his physical form. "Nature—not man—is the physician. The ways of Nature are simple and she does not require any complicated prescriptions," he insisted. Anatomy, in embracing the visible material part of man's constitution, fails to take into account a vastly greater division of man, which is ethereal and

invisible. As the terrestrial body of man is intimately associated with his terrestrial surroundings, likewise his astral body or cosmic blue-print operates in unison with all the influences of the astral world.

Heat and light are intangible and incorporeal; nevertheless they act upon man as do other invisible influences. If the air becomes vitiated, it may poison man's body; just so will the astral influences do likewise if they are in a state of corruption. The elements therefore are invisible, visibility or density of matter belonging merely to external form. The real inner man is invisible; that which we see of him is not an essential part of his constitution, but merely his external corporeal form.

The science of curing internal diseases consists almost entirely in the removal of mechanical obstructions, such as those arising from overloading of the stomach with food, constipation of the bowels, etc. But it was Paracelsus' belief that the number of diseases that originate from unknown causes is far greater than those that result from mechanical obstructions. The two-fold power inherent in man is an invisibly acting or vital force, and a visibly acting mechanical energy. The remedy of all diseases or injuries that may effect the visible organism are embodied in the invisible form because the latter is the seat of the power that infuses life into the former; without it the physical body would be dead or decaying.

The forces composing the Microcosm of man are identical with those comprising the Macrocosm of the world. In the organisms of man or of the earth, these influences may act in an abnormal manner, causing spasms, dropsy, colic or fevers in man, along with earthquakes, rainstorms, storms and lightnings in the Macrocosm of the earth.

As sunshine penetrates through a glass window into a room, in like manner do the influences of the astral light invade the body of man. Just as the rain is absorbed by the soil, while stones and rocks are impervious to it, so too do certain elements in man's organization absorb abnormal influences, while other elements resist their action. The physical body extracts its sustenance from the earth, while the astral body is nourished by the astral light. As the former hungers and thirsts for the constituents of the earth, so does the latter long for the influences emanating from the astral plane. There are many thousands of "magnets" in man's constitution; good attracts good, evil gravitates to evil; good magnifies the influence of good, while evil aggravates evil and is rendered worse thereby. Innumerable are the egos in man, believed Paracelsus. In him are Angels and Devils, Heaven and Hell, the whole

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Spirit Return In

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THOSE who have accepted spirit return and spirit communication as matters of fact have been subjected to much ridicule and derision by those who claim that these subjects are not mentioned in the New Testament, and therefore have no existence in fact. Not long since a local minister asserted from his rostrum that there was no mention of spirit return in the New Testament. Several writers have asserted: "The New Testament is silent as regards the possibility of our communication with the dead." Inasmuch as we are unable to agree with this conclusion, we shall attempt to demonstrate the contrary by means of an analysis of a number of passages found in the New Testament.

In the passage (Matt.3:1-4) to which we desire to draw attention, we read: "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea . . . And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." In order to preserve the connection we will quote (2 Kin.1:1-8) a passage from the Old Testament as follows: ". . . Ahaziah fell down through a lattice . . . and was sick: and he sent messengers . . . And when the messengers turned back unto him, he said unto them, Why are ye now turned back? And they said unto him, there came a man up to meet us, and said unto us, Go, turn again unto the king that sent you . . . And he said unto them, What manner of man was he which came up to meet you, and told you these words? And they answered him, He was an hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins. And he said, It is Elijah the Tishbite." This clearly shows that John, under the control or influence of Elias (or Elijah which is the same), dressed and acted with the personal peculiarities of Elias when that prophet occupied a mortal body. The reader may remember the prophecy of the angel of the Lord to Zacharias (Luke 1:11-17), where it was foretold that, ". . . he shall go before him (Jesus) in the spirit and power of Elias . . .," or the future son of Zacharias would be under the control of Elias. The disciples, however, did not understand, for they ". . . asked him, saying, Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed . . . Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist"-Matt. 17:10-13. John had been previously beheaded by Herod (Matt.

14:1-10) This passage has no other sensible meaning than that Jesus clearly understood John to be under the influence or control of the returned spirit of Elias.

From the next passage (Matt. 8:16) we learn ". . . they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word . . ." Here one has the biblical proof that devils and spirits refer to the same—"demons" or the spirits of dead persons. If spirits can not come back to earth, How is it possible for even Jesus to "cast them out?" In the passage (Matt.10:19,20) to which we next direct attention, we read: ". . . For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." There are those who maintain that this refers to the earthly father, whose spirit returns to aid at crucial times and "speaketh in you."

We have read (Matt.17:1-3) where ". . . Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart . . . And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him." See also Mark 9:2-4. Luke 9:28-30. Ex. 34:29. As Elias had passed on to his reward about nine centuries before, while Moses had gone into spirit about fifteen centuries previously, we find here a most excellent example of spirit return. This passage shows very clearly that not only can spirits return to their earthly friends, but also that they can do so even after long periods of time. There may be some who will make the claim that Moses and Elias were old-time holy prophets, and therefore were granted special privileges. But we are told (Acts 10:34) by Peter that, ". . . God is no respecter of persons," hence Moses and Elias were enjoying no privileges not permitted other spirits. For further biblical support of this line of thought see the following: Deut. 10:17. 2 Chron. 19:7. Job 34:19. Rom 2:11.10:12. Eph. 6:9. Col. 3:25. 1 Pet. 1:17.

We are aware that there are several passages which seemingly conflict with the thought expressed above, and are frequently thus used. One of these (Col. 1:18) reads: ". . . he is the head of the body the church: who is the beginning, he first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." This is frequently mis-interpreted. It does not conflict with the other passages, for it does not state that Jesus was the first one born out of the dead, numerically, but the one, **FIRST** in importance, "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." This should dispose of the claim of a special dispensation as an excuse for the sudden and unheralded appearance of Moses and Elias.

In order that any uncertainty existing

in the mind of the reader may be removed and at the same time establish the connection between various terms, we desire to draw attention to (Luke 9:37-42) a passage wherein we read: ". . . it came to pass . . . a man of the company cried out, saying, Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son: . . . a spirit taketh him, and he suddenly crieth out; and it teareth him that he foameth again, and bruising him hardly departeth from him . . . And Jesus answering said . . . Bring thy son hither. And as he was yet acoming, the devil threw him down, and tare him. And Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit, and healed the child . . ." In this passage it is clear that several dissimilar terms are applied to the same thing. In the 39th verse we read that the father of the child said: ". . . a spirit taketh him," while in the 42nd verse we are told, ". . . the devil threw him down," and then ". . . Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit," and healed the child. Thus we plainly see that "spirit," "devil," and "unclean spirit" refer to one and the same thing. The term "devil" is used about 111 times in the New Testament. In 35 instances this term is used in the sense of an accuser or calumniator, and in 76 instances it is used where the real meaning is "demon" or "shade," and these terms merely mean, "the spirit of a dead person." Therefore we have here strong Biblical authority for spirit return.

There is no question in the minds of students of history but that Josephus thoroughly understood the theology both of the Jews and of the Romans. From his writings one can clearly understand that "demons" were spirits of the dead; some good and some bad. In Josephus' "Wars of the Jews," book 7, chapter 6, paragraph 3, we quote: "Yet after all this pains of getting (a certain root), it is only valuable on account of one virtue it hath, that if it be only brought to the sick person, it quickly drives away those called demons, which are no other than the spirits of the wicked that enter into men that are alive and kill them, unless they can obtain some help against them." Then again in book 6, chapter 1, paragraph 5, we read: "For what man of virtue is there who does not know that those souls which are severed from their fleshly bodies in battles by the sword are received by the ether, that purest of elements, and joined to that company which are placed among the stars; that they become good demons and propitious heroes, and show themselves as such to their posterity afterwards." In confirmation that Josephus was thoroughly familiar with the theology of Jews and Romans we quote a rather illuminating footnote found at the bottom of the page carrying the quo-

The New Testament

By BORNHY HELMOS REDDY

tation from book 7, chapter 6, paragraph 3, in "Wars of the Jews," which is as follows: "... we also hence learn the true notions Josephus had of demons and demoniacs, exactly like that of Jews and Christians in the New Testament, and of the first four centuries." Why this right-about-face of the Church and its denial of spirit return? But there is more to follow!

In the next quotation (Luke 10:1-20) we find the unequivocal statement: "After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face . . . And the seventy returned again with joy, saying Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name . . . And he said unto them. . . Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you . . ."

Here Jesus rebukes the seventy for being elated over their control of vagrant spirits through the use of His name. However, if the spirits could not return and thus contact the disciples, or their modern prototype known as "mediums," how could they be subject to the prophets, the disciples, or even to Jesus? In this passage we see that "devils" and "spirits" are synonymous. These terms are indiscriminately applied throughout the Scriptures to the same thing.

Another passage (Luke 8:27-36) reads: "... there met him out of the city a certain man, which had devils a long time and ware no clothes, neither abode in any house, but in the tombs. When he saw Jesus, he cried out and fell down before him, . . . (For he had commanded the unclean spirit to come out of the man. For oftentimes it had caught him . . . and was driven of the devil into the wilderness) . . . Then went the devils out of the man . . ." Here again the controlling influence or spirit is called "unclean spirit" and "devil": a plain case of obsession.

In Luke 8:2 we find an evil control called "evil spirits" and "devils." Another passage (Matt. 10:1-8) tells us: "... when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out . . . saying. . . Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: . . ." If the reader will consider souls, devils, spirits, demons, angels and unclean spirits as merely differing in name, but in reality meaning one and the same, the spirits of dead persons, the situation immediately becomes crystal clear.

The next passage (Matt. 11:18) tells us about John: "... they say, He hath a devil:" really a "demon" or the spirit of a dead person as his guiding spirit or control.

An unbiased mind would undoubtedly find in Luke 9:7-9,18,19 strong support

of the claim that in the time of Jesus at least, there was a widespread belief that spirits of the dead could and did return to earth conditions, for we read: "Now Herod the tetrarch heard of all that was done by him (Jesus): and he was perplexed, because it was said of some that John was risen from the dead; And of some, that Elias had appeared; and of others, that one of the old prophets was risen again. And Herod said, John have I beheaded: but who is this of whom I hear such things." And as Jesus "... was alone praying, his disciples were with him: and he asked them, saying, Whom say the people that I am? They answering said, John the Baptist; but some say, Elias; and others say, that one of the old prophets is risen again." This is indisputable proof from the Sacred Scriptures that it was quite a common belief that spirits of the so-called dead returned from the spirit world to communicate with those yet in the body.

Again (Luke 6:17,18) we read: "... a great multitude . . . came to hear him, and to be healed of their diseases; And they that were vexed (or troubled) with unclean spirits: and they were healed." If it were impossible for spirits to control or influence persons in their physical bodies, or to communicate with them, or even merely to return to them, is it likely that it would have been recorded in the Holy Scriptures, "... they that were vexed (or troubled) with unclean spirits" came to Jesus to be healed or freed from their evil influence? The eleven gathered together, and them that were with them. . . .

We read (Luke 24:33-37) that, "... Jesus himself stood in the midst of them . . . they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit" Jesus saw his disciples "toiling in rowing . . . and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit (apparition-Greek), and cried out"—Mark 6:45-49. If those gathered there had not been familiar with spirit return, or if they had not known anything about it, how would it have been possible for them to "... have supposed that they had seen a spirit?" Would a primitive savage, who had never seen or heard of an airplane, seeing something strange floating through the air, rush to the chief of his tribe and excitedly report that he 'supposed he had seen an airplane?' Hardly! The fact that they "supposed it had been a spirit" or apparition, is proof that they were familiar with spirit return. See also Matt. 14:22-27. John 6:15-20.

When "... Philip went down to the city of Samaria . . . the people with one accord gave heed unto those things

. . . For unclean spirits, crying with a loud voice, came out of many that were possessed (or obsessed) with them" Acts 8:5-7. If spirits were unable to return and control psychics, how could they be cast out? If wicked, unclean, or impure spirits are able to control psychics, why can not clean, or good spirits do likewise? Has a just and loving Creator forsaken his helpless children? Was it not the superior power of the good spirits guiding Philip which enabled him to force the "unclean spirits, crying with a loud voice, came out of many?"

We read (Acts 16:7) where Paul and Silas, "... were come to Mysia, they essayed to go into Bythynia: but the Spirit suffered them not." But in the highly imperfect King James version two very important words were omitted. These words—of Jesus—are to be found in the Revised and other versions. Thus the complete passage reads: "... and when they were come over against Mysia, they essayed to go into Bythynia; and the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not. . ." This clearly states that the spirit of Jesus came back to guide Paul and Silas. Here also, one can catch a glimpse of the true reason for the omission of these two words, "of Jesus."

There is a very interesting passage (Luke 11:24-26) which reads as follows: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first." See Matt. 12:43-45. Mark 7:25-30. This passage is frequently mis-understood; it is the spirit, not the man that is "seeking rest." When the "unclean spirit" is driven out, "he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house (the psychic whom the unclean spirit before controlled), whence I came (was driven) out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished (purified and unoccupied)." Not having a medium (psychic) to control, this spirit wanders about, but not finding one whom he can control, he secures the aid of seven other spirits as evil as himself, to form a band and with them returns to regain control of that psychic. One can easily see that unless the unfortunate psychic can obtain help to drive out that band of unclean spirits, "the last state of that man is worse than the first." This is in accordance with what has long been known to those familiar with spirit communication.

(Continued next month)

What Is Time?

By Robert M. Humphreys

A psychic experience

SOME years ago I had some rather unusual psychic experiences, that included the appearing of pictures of many kinds on walls, ceilings or other plain surfaces including the wire screen on screen doors and windows. Among the many pictures that thus appeared was one of the bluffs bordering the ocean at the west end of town, called the Pacific Palisades. This particular picture appeared many times but it always had some defect. Sometimes the bluffs would be distorted and at other times it would appear as though a part of some other scene were substituted for a part of them. Gradually, however, these pictures lost their irregularities and became true pictures of the Palisades.

During this period many other pictures appeared also and one of them, which appeared on a door screen, was of peculiar interest because it appeared to be a picture of ancient Egypt. This

picture had figures and characters that moved in much the same manner as the figures in a movie show. Moreover the characters would change from time to time until it finally became a picture of modern life in what appeared to be one of the larger cities of our own United States. It was while looking at this picture one evening that a most astonishing change took place.

On this particular evening as I was looking at this picture it seemed that some external force disrupted it suddenly. A portion seemed to be thrust aside violently and rolled up in much the same manner that one would roll up a curtain. In the space thus left vacant appeared the familiar picture of the Pacific Palisades, but this time perfect in every detail so far as I was able to judge, even to the steam shovel at work widening the Roosevelt highway at the foot of the bluff, and the highway crew at work on the road. Trucks were being loaded with earth that they were hauling

away, and the men were working at the various jobs incident to widening the road. There was even the traffic that is to be seen on a main highway near a city.

As I continued to look at this strange picture, a portion of the bluff immediately over the steam shovel gave way and came tumbling down, burying the shovel and the engineer who was operating it. Immediately a scene of the greatest confusion presented itself. Trucks and cars began scurrying about without an apparent objective and men began running about confusedly. Unfortunately I did not make a note of the date of this occurrence, but on the next day I, in company with the lady with whom I have boarded for several years, did go down to the Palisades park to see if the picture I had seen was anything near correct in its details. As nearly as I was able to tell the picture that had appeared on the door screen was an

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Catching The Invisible Eye

By Bernice White

DO you know what it is to be afraid; to have your legs want desperately to run in mad, headlong flight, yet by the force of your will make them take slow, deliberate steps, measuring each stride carefully, taking care that not the least bit of cowardice appear in your outward demeanor? Well, I do.

One of my earliest memories is that of a cold chill running up my spine and extending like an icy spray over my body, shivering my entire frame and leaving goose pimples on my flesh. Even today this shiver can be induced by someone whispering, in just a certain suggesting way, "Sh, Listen!" although the fear which formerly accompanied it is no longer there.

As a child I was not afraid of the things most children feared, such as animals, worms, strangers, or even people wearing masquerades. So long as the thing seemed real and tangible it did not affect me. It might hurt me, yes, but I was not afraid of pain so long as it was physical. Of course I yelled as loudly as any other youngster when I got hurt, but I was never timid; never shrank from unpleasant or dangerous tasks, therefore I acquired the reputation of being brave. Perhaps it was this knowledge of the real cowardice within myself that made me guard this reputation. Perhaps this was the reason I timed my would-be flights so carefully before witnesses, and for my own self respect when no witnesses were present. This reputation has outlasted a score of

years, and often friends have occasion to say of me:

"Oh, she is not afraid. I don't believe she would be afraid of the Devil himself if she met him alone on a dark night!"

And there they touch my weak spot. You see, I have never met the Devil, at least not in the flesh. I'm not sure he would have any flesh. That's the trouble! I don't know what he would look like! And the only fear I have ever had has been a fear of the unknown; of the so-called supernatural! This fear has been one of the most real things in my life and one of my biggest problems. But at last I learned the secret of overcoming it.

My fight with it began when I was born, I believe. One particular battle took place long before I started to school; before I was tall enough to dip a tincup in a pail of water on the kitchen table without climbing up on a chair. I often obtained a drink in this way during the day, and when night came and the family had gathered in the living room around the kerosene lamp it was hard to convince my parents that I could not still do so after dark, especially when the light from the lamp shown directly on the table where the water was kept. Once I said to my mother:

"I know it's light in there, and I can reach it, but I have to pass the window."

"My dear, the window is closed and locked and nothing can possibly get in at it," my mother patiently explained.

I wasn't afraid of anything that could

get in at it. It was its awful blackness, and its reflections suggesting the gateway to the great unknown that terrified me. That black pit contained myriads of intangible, living things, and they could see me. Their eyes followed me. I could feel them boring through my back. My journey to the water pail was not so bad until I had passed that window. The eyes faded away into the darkness as long as I was going toward them. But as soon as I passed they began their probing, creeping up on me, waiting, leering, until I had to stifle the screams which arose in my throat, and force my panic-stricken feet to walk sedately, as the little lady my mother told me I was, should do. But I couldn't explain all this to her. It was not real and she would not understand.

Sometimes I went all evening without a drink of water, then after I had been put to bed I would request mother to get it for me. This scheme did not always work. In fact, it hardly ever worked. Then I would lie in bed with parched throat and dry mouth, suffering the tortures of the damned until sleep made me forget my thirst. My mother must have divined my suffering, for she began to remind me of the drink before she sent me to bed. At any rate it was excellent discipline. I faced those eyes nightly until finally my conscious will forced my subconscious mind to accept the fact that those eyes did not dwell in the depths of that window. But they

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Can Time Flow Backward

By S. A. Dixon

CAN time flow backward and can we become independent of time and space? I would like to hear from the readers of OCCULT after they have read the experience I passed through on the twelfth of December 1938. I was sitting in an easy chair in my sister's home. I was thinking of the events that had left me homeless and a restless wanderer over the face of the earth. Suddenly the room grew dark, I seemed to be floating in the air, then so lightly was I dropped, I felt a pillow was under my head. The darkness gave way to light. I was lying in a bed and in a room I had slept in for more than 20 years, 17 hundred miles from my sister's home where I had been sitting only a few moments before. How familiar every nook and corner looked to me. It had been more than 5 years since I had last been in that room. The years were gone from my memory; for me, at that time, they had never been. It was evening, the electric light had not been turned on. It was quite light in the room but daylight was growing less. The atmosphere

had the look and the feeling as if it might snow. My wife, whose material body I had seen returned to mother earth October 20, 1933, was sitting by my bed. When she saw I was awake she smiled and said, "I can see you are feeling better." I knew I had had a bilious attack. The telephone bell rang. She left the room to answer, I could hear her voice faintly, then I heard her hang up. I heard the water running as she turned the faucet. She came back with a glass of water; as I drank the water I asked her who phoned. She replied, "Mr. Darwin, he wanted to know how you were and if you would be back to the office tomorrow. I said I would talk with you and let him know later." (Mr. Darwin was the business manager for the daily paper on which I was employed for several years.) I heard the cook-coo clock call the hour of five. My wife after lowering the shades turned on the lights and said to me, "I must get supper, George will be home soon, do you think you will be able to come to the table and eat with us?" "Yes, and I

am hungry enough to eat everything in sight," I told her. As she left the room I heard the door close softly, then the outside door opened with a bang and I heard the voice of our son, George say, "Hello, Mom, how's Pop?" (My son who was twenty-two passed through that vale called death in the fall of 1933.) The room was so quiet and I felt so peaceful and comfortable and glad I would be back on the job tomorrow. I could hear the noises from the street, the passing of an auto, the shouts of children at play, a bark of a dog, then all at once it was dark as if all the lights of the city were put out. I was floating, being carried by some unseen force over a great distance then lowered so lightly that I scarcely felt it. It suddenly grew light and I was again in the rocking chair in my sister's home and the time was December 1938.

The experience I had just passed through was the same experience that happened to me in the fall of 1924. The last event being as vivid and real as the first one.

Recent Experiences in the Seance Room

By H. B. Millar

I HAVE had considerable experience in what must be a unique branch of psychical research—making direct gramophone records of physical seances. Readers will no doubt remember the occasional reports which have appeared in *The Two Worlds*, giving details of recordings made on the "Phono-Disc" portable recording apparatus; records which have been obtained carry unquestionable evidence of survival. It is possible to hear the "dead" speak again. The following account of a seance I attended last week is an answer to the longing of the bereaved for "the sound of a voice that is still."

Mrs. Helen Duncan was the medium, and the phenomena were first-rate. My wife was present at the seance. One of her relations materialised, and commented rather severely on an incident that occurred the week before. It was only a small point, but none the less evidential.

A nun, complete with black cowl, materialised and sang to the sitters. A young man manifested and pushed back the teleplasm covering his head to show his black hair brushed straight back. "Peggy," the medium's child control, sang as usual. When she arrived, she popped her head round the side of the cabinet, and asked "where are the doings?"—"the doings" being the microphone.

"Albert," in charge of the seance, had his hands full. One of the sitters was rather deaf and "Albert" was obliged to shout. When he paused for breath, I

heard him sigh wearily "Oh dear, oh dear." Someone emerged from the cabinet for the deaf sitter, patted and stroked her face, then retreated, weeping, "She can't hear me, she can't hear me."

A young girl who "died" six months ago, fairly rushed out of the cabinet and tried to break through the front row of sitters in an attempt to reach her parents. I recorded the whole seance, and an analysis of my records reveals the dramatic qualities of the voices, the different personalities expressed in them, the laughter and the weeping accompanying the reunion. Listen to this for a moment, as the girl rushes out of the cabinet to her parents.

Girl (trying to rush past sitters): "Let me pass . . . go out of my way. Oh! I can't do it."

Albert (drawing her into the cabinet): "You can't get out, dear. It's no use. Remain calm."

She comes out again.

Albert: "Just look at her, everybody, how really beautiful she is."

Girl (excitedly): "Don't stop me talking to father and mother. Oh dad . . . mummy."

Here, intimate greetings were exchanged.

Father: "Have you got the roses for us?"

Girl: "I'll get them."

She turns to the cabinet, the father evidently thinks she is going away. He says "Good-bye."

Girl (poignantly): "I'm not going away . . . don't leave me!"

She goes to the cabinet and reappears with roses.

"I've got some flowers." She takes a rose and makes as if to throw it to her parents.

"Catch it . . . catch it."

But the rose dematerialises as it leaves her hand!

Try to imagine that scene; tense, dramatic, as a child joins her parents again. She whimpered as the rose fell "I've dropped it on the floor." Her father said "All our love." And she turned to "Albert," who had evidently indicated that her time had come to an end. "Oh, no." "Albert" was firm. "You come in now." Then the girl said "I know . . . (pause) . . . I knew I would come."

It concludes with these words from "Albert," speaking from behind while the girl was still visible. "They all knew you would come." She disappeared behind the curtains. "She's very happy but . . . over-excited at seeing you."

The evidence in those voices was enough to convince anyone.

The last record I made at this sitting contains the type of evidence I am trying to collect. To demonstrate the foolishness of a theory of regurgitation which has been advanced by certain "researchers," "Albert" pushed the end of the "voice box" through the opening in the cabinet curtains.

He told us that as soon as he stopped
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The Poe

Good Returned for Evil

By Kathryn Cross

The more I shake the tulip tree,
The more its petals shower on me—
Love it gives for every hurt,
Drops its white petals in the dirt.

The Years Between

By Julia Seton, M.D.

If I would weep because the years have
gone
And left me with the graying tint of
age,
Would I not blur the beauty of a dawn
That brings the rapture of life's final
page?

Is it not wiser in my closing miles
To watch the sun-set with a heart of
smiles?

Truth

By Ellen Mae Nichols

I was one time weak and ailing,
Spirit broken—business failing;
Life itself was tragic!
Then one day a happy feeling
Came to me, and with it healing—
Lo, a touch of magic.

Aches and pains like shadows vanished,
Every bit of woe was banished.
I became a merry,
Joyous creature, heart a-singing,
Life to me her gifts a-flinging—
All that I could carry.

Do you ask me how I chanced to
Find this lilting thing I danced to,
While life's piper played?
I will tell you, while you wonder
How I came to break asunder
The mistakes I'd made.

It was knowledge limned in glory,
Ringing forth a new life story,
Breathing joy and youth;
And it's here I am confessing,
There can be no greater blessing
Than the light of truth.

It has cured me. Health a-bounding
Fills my veins; and there is sounding
In my ears a song:
Take up life which God intended
Should contain the Vision Splendid—
Go where you belong.

So I'm going, and I'm hoping,
This may reach some one who's groping
In despair and doubt—
Let the truth begin its shining,
And you'll find the silver lining
Which the clouds blocked out.

To You

By Gertrude L. Walker

I felt again the touch of your hand
And felt your presence near;
Like a butterfly's wing from out the sky
You caressed my cheek in passing by
And told me you were here.

Romance in the Rain

By Olive Scott Stainsby

Soft-falling rain beat on my window
pane
As though caressing fingers lingered
there,
The gentle sigh of wind brings back
again
Old memories of rain-drenched summer
air,
When in the years long gone and far
away
You came one night and sat before my
fire.
We watched the dancing flames in glad
array,
Like fairies in the dance of Heart's
Desire.

You whispered words of love and hap-
piness,
And planned a home, a garden, and a
car;
You held me in your arms and turned
to press
A kiss upon my lips, but now afar
You wander in that outer spirit-land:
I thought I felt your kiss upon my hand.

And This I Know

By Alice Craig Redhead

Somewhere I read that dreams are
shadows of
Realities that do exist and now
I know that swift illusion does allow
A fundamental truth. The skies above.
The winds, the storms, the clouds, the
whispering trees—
Attuned to finer vibratory sound,
All know a cadenced harmony around
And interpenetrating worlds like these.

Sometimes in dreams or trance-like
mental state
All earth is stilled and misty forms
emerge
Precipitated perfect; as we wait
In sure and prescient knowledge, visions
surge.
And this I know, beneath and through
all dreams
Is truth in essence, subtle, radiant
gleams.

April

By Jessamine S. Fishback

The robins are nesting. The whip-poor-
wills calling.
Warm, silvery showers intermittently
falling.
The brown and the sear of the dead
yester-year
Are waking to beauty—for April is
here.

Hearts that were heavy and burdened
with care,
Eyes dulled with weeping, wherever
you are—
Brighten up with the flowers. With the
birds rise and sing.
Life's dreariest winter is followed by
Spring.

There's never a drought but is followed
by showers—
Resurrection and life to the somnolent
flowers.
April lightens our sorrow and scatters
our fear—
The high tide of life. The high tide of
the year.

Spirit Voices

Contributed by Mary E. Askins

Alone in my room, save for the clock,
no sound,
Often, my lamp gone out, after the
day's long round,
I muse by my window, in the moon's
pale light.
Whence come to me then, so many
visions of delight?
A radiant ladder seems with the white
curtains blending;
I see angelic forms gliding towards me
and descending,
Their lacy robes are woven of the bright
moonbeams.
Whence do they come to me, these
gentle lovely dreams?
The silence is celestial, other-worldly,
divine.
My room is filled with mystery—no
longer is it mine
To feel the care and sorrow, the sense
of earth's distress.
Whence does it come to me, this won-
drous blessedness?
And dawn breaks, the hour comes when
far-away seems near.
Friends we have loved and lost are
whispering "We are here."
For the deep peace increasing is so still,
so profound,
I hear heavenly voices beyond any
sound.

(Translated from the French
of Andre Dumas.)

ts' Page



Aqua-Nostalgia

By Lura Thomas McNair

I should like to live by the river's brink
With the soft green willows to help me
think
As they lean low with a lovely swish
To listen to the river's whispered wish.

I like to live by the deep creek bank
Where frogs make music and the soil is
dank,
Where dahlias are dazzling the whole
day long,
And blackberries sweeten the blue bird's
song.

But it's back to the ocean
I shall go now
For the sea is my home
There I made my bow.

I shall swim far out
Where the tide is low.
Please do not stay me;
I know when to go!

Ashes of War

By Lois Rose Taaffe

Lucky is he who on the FIELD OF
HONOR lies
For he at least is unified with purpose.
Ties
That bind him to creation call him back
into
The cycle where his dust keeps primal
rendezvous.
Lucky is he, for there are some who
walk the steep
With arid listlessness, their lodestar
buried deep
Where comrades fell. They know that
on and on the armed
Procession climbs into the rising sun
with charmed
Persistence, snaring generations with its
sheer
Pied-Piper song. Some nurse their pain
for a souvenir,
Some cough their lungs upon the deserts
torrid floor,
All living ashes of a futile, causeless
war . . .

From the Darkness

By Hallie Whitaker

They count you gone who stood with
me that day
(A day at Resurrection time of year)
Beside the sepulchre that held your
clay;
They marveled that I shed no single
tear.
They do not know you have but come
so near
You softly walk the paths of thought
with me;
No need of spoken word of inclined ear;
No need of touch or lifted eyes to see.
They do not know the way that once
seemed long
To one of wavering faith is now grown
bright,
And that I mark the milestones with a
song,
Unwearied as I journey toward the Light
That lies before me on the way untrod,
The road that leads me home to you
and God.

The Builders

By Rev. Millicent Bradley

I was lolling under a tree one warm
June day
Wondering what to do to while the time
away
When I spied my friend Rob flying down
to me,
And such a worried old fellow he
seemed to be.

"What's wrong good old pal, that makes
you so blue?
Tell me and then we'll see what I can
do.
Has your wife and kids gone and made
themselves ill
Gulping down grasshoppers beyond their
fill?"

"Keep still, boy. Give us a chance to
talk.
You've got to help me and don't dare
balk.
My wife has decided that we're going
to move
She's getting stuck up and unhappy in
our groove."

"Must have a larger bungalow and that
up to date.
Honestly. I never thought this of dear
old Kate.
But you know when she speaks she
means every word
So it's got to be had or I'll be a dead
bird."

"Wait a minute, Rob, till I hurry up
stairs,
You sit right here and forget your
cares."
So I ran in the house and grabbed the
rag-bag
Which had everything in it from sox to
a tag.

And I dragged it outside and emptied it
there.
It made me feel good to see Old Robin
stare.
Then he laughed and laughed till he
fairly cried:
"You've saved the day, boy, as well as
my hide."

So we both got busy and pulled out
strings
From gay neckties and some other
things.
Dad's old sox surely hurt your eye-
sight.
And some of his shirts would start a
bull fight.

We worked and yanked till we had
nearly a ton
And I thought it time the house was
begun.
So I shinned up the tree and out to the
branch
Where the nest must be hung, if twas
any chance.

How old friend Rob worked with might
and main
Hoping to finish the thing before 'twould
rain.
Such a time as we had taking orders
from Kate
And getting it done for 'twas growing
quite late.

But when the supper whistles began to
blow
We had put the last thread in the
bungalow.
And we stood and gazed at the pretty
affair.
'Twas the color of a rainbow and all
aglare.

Then the family moved in and Oh "Such
joy"
The kids hopped about and yelled;
"O BOY."
While proud mother Kate strutted
about like a queen,
And a happier bunch I have never
seen.

But poor old Rob was so dreadfully
tired
From the work he had done and really
admired
That when Kate had the meal all ready
with care
He was fast asleep in his old rocking
chair.

Twenty Years After

By Warren P. Gammons

IT was Armistice Day, and the veterans and their auxiliaries were marching to to the tune of the local drum and bugle corps. People lined the streets, and doffed their hats as Old Glory fluttered by, carried by stalwart men still in the prime of their life.

After the parade, us veterans gathered at our "Dug Out" commonly called Memorial Hall. Here a sumptuous dinner was served by the ladies, and enjoyed by all. After the repast, we gathered in little groups, some playing cards but the most of us were reminiscing of old times. One of our

buddies, Bob Allen, by name, had a brand new gold pin attached to his blouse, and it aroused my curiosity. "Say Bob"; I remarked, "how come the new decoration?"

Bob reached for his cigarettes, and after passing them around, he lit one for himself, and smilingly said; "Well boys, Joe Perry got this for me!"

"What," we exclaimed in unison; "you know Joe died and was buried over in Flanders Field over twenty years ago Bob."

"Believe it or not, boys, Joe saved my life and saved the railroad a few thou-

sands of dollars too!" and he continued, "want to hear about it?"

We all expressed our desire to hear the story so he commenced.

"You boys all know that I am an engineer on the C. L. & W. and have been for years. Now I never believed in the mysteries of the occult world until this experience happened, but believe me, after all, there must be something in it after all."

"It was raining hard that night in March, when Jess my burly fireman and I pulled out of the Fairhaven yards, with

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A Troubled Spirit

By Laverne Brown Price

A few years ago I was sitting in a seance circle with a number of friends when suddenly there came the sobbing voice of a man—heavy, heart-breaking sobs—and calls for Beecher (one of our number). Then a child's voice said, "Why it's Uncle Ike!"

Beecher answered, "Well Uncle Ike, is it really you?"

Then the voice sobbed out a pitiful story of long and unsuccessful efforts to contact "you children" (Beecher and his sisters) and begged humbly for their forgiveness.

Beecher replied, "Why of course we forgive you, Uncle Ike, we never held it against you and we love you just the same as we always did."

The voice was eager.

"You mean that, you really do forgive me?"

"Sure we do," answered Beecher, and his sister Dell added, "It's all forgiven long ago, Uncle Ike, now don't you worry any more about it."

Never in all my life have I heard such joy and relief surge through a voice as the next words came, "Thank God, oh thank God! Now I can go on!"

The next day, presuming on a warm friendship of long standing, I asked Dell about Uncle Ike and she gave me this story.

It happened when we lived in Star City, Indiana and Uncle Ike lived out on a farm in Ohio nearly two hundred miles from us. I was in my 'teens and sister Pearl was nearly old enough to go to school. All of us children loved Uncle Ike and he loved us, he'd bring us toys and play games with us; he

seemed to care a bit more for us than for the rest of the cousins. One day Daddy got a telegram from him—"Am in great trouble, come at once." Daddy took the first train out and was gone for nearly a week, we didn't hear from him or know what the trouble was until he came home. A few days after he left I waked up suddenly in the night and saw Uncle Ike coming slowly toward my bed. He came close and looked down at me, then turned went around the foot of the bed and up on the other side, then bent down to look at Pearl, who was sleeping with me. As I watched him he suddenly disappeared; I lay very quiet, I didn't want Pearl to wake up, I was afraid she'd be frightened.

Next morning at breakfast Pearl said, "Mother, I saw Uncle Ike last night, but

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I Can't Explain It, But...

By Enna Rennob

IN 1919, my husband's business kept him on the road often, four weeks at a stretch. As Washington, D.C., was his headquarters, we had rented an apartment in that city.

We are home-lovers and his few days at home between these long trips meant a lot to both of us. How he did enjoy the home-cooked meals! Sitting in our small living room with his pipe and his favorite books about him he would remark: "These few days at home make up for all the long uncomfortable weeks on the road."

He had returned to Washington one hot sultry day in August. In the evening I prepared some sandwiches and we motored to Rock Creek Park for a picnic. After we had finished our supper we drove for a long time, trying to find relief from the humidity. It was past eleven o'clock when we returned to our apartment.

In spite of the electric fan we had turned on earlier in the evening and the wet towels we had placed in the windows of our apartment the heat inside was almost unbearable.

We took the elevator to the Roof Garden of the apartment building; there we sat and watched the lights of the city and hoped a breeze would spring up. It was long past midnight when we returned to our apartment and went to bed.

Our sleeping room was a northern exposure and was surrounded by courts of the apartment building. Not a breath of air was stirring; at length, from sheer exhaustion, I dropped off to sleep.

In a short time I awakened with a start! A figure, clothed in white transparent gauze, floated through my northern bed room window from the adjoining apartment, just across the court. It

floated over my bed and out of the window on the other side of the room. It was a most startling sensation. I looked at the clock on the stand beside my bed. It was exactly 2:30 A.M. I never closed my eyes the remainder of the night.

I never mentioned this experience to my husband for fear of being ridiculed as he is a rather matter-of-fact person.

We had breakfast early as a piano tuner was due at our apartment at nine-thirty. He arrived on time and just as he started on his work my door-bell rang. It was the Manager of the apartment house. He came to ask me to send the piano tuner away. He said, "The noise from a piano in the process of being tuned would be most inconsiderate at this time as the woman who occupied the apartment across the court from you, died this morning at half-past two o'clock."

A Timely Warning

By Florence A. Brunke

MY husband had a month's vacation. Instead of remaining in the city we decided to pack our camp outfit and visit places of interest along the coast where we could camp and enjoy the outdoor life. We started out at day-break.

At the foot of the long winding San Luis Obispo grade we came to a shady grove. My husband slowed down. "Let's rest here awhile," he suggested. "I've driven two hundred and seventy-five miles since we left home this morning and I am pretty tired."

"I wouldn't mind," I replied. "It certainly looks inviting."

He pulled in under a live oak and stopped. We got out.

There were two other cars there. A man and his wife and two children were near the first one we came to. They looked up from their work and greeted us cordially.

The husband had brought a bundle of long, slender willow sticks from the nearby creek-bed. With the help of his small son he was deftly transforming them into dainty, long-handled willow baskets.

Seated on the running board of their dilapidated roadster, his wife and

daughter were busy dressing tiny dolls in fancy crepe paper costumes with full skirts, and poke bonnets.

We admired their work; they were experts in their way.

While the husband went in search of some empty tin cans—which he planned to paint, fill with artificial flowers, and set in the baskets to make them more attractive—his wife explained that he was a World War veteran and in the last stages of tuberculosis. Doctors had prescribed the outdoor life as a possible cure. They were broke at the time and were forced to adopt this method of making a living.

When they had dressed three dolls, and finished a similar number of baskets, they took their departure. They would exchange their wares for food at the stores and markets if they failed to appeal to the hearts of housewives along the way.

We proceeded to make the acquaintance of the second couple. As their open touring car contained nothing, so far as we could see, except a roll of bedding, we took it for granted that they were merely enjoying a day's outing.

Imagine our surprise when the hus-

band informed us that he was thirty-four, his wife only thirty-two. And they had eight children!

"Been on the road long?" my husband inquired.

"Ever since our oldest boy was a month old," he replied. "He's twelve now." We're from Oklahoma."

"How do you manage to make a living for such a large family?" I ventured.

"Oh, we get along fairly well," he assured me. "Of course the children don't get much chance for an education because they have to help out. Right now we're heading for Hollister. We hope to find work handling the apricots."

I went over to where the frail little mother, seated in a low rocker, was trying to nurse twin babies. She greeted me with a smile but appeared too weary to attempt to carry on a conversation. I turned away. It was plainly evident that she would soon come to the end of the trail.

The other children were running about, playing some sort of a game. I watched them for a few moments. Their nomadic existence seemed to agree with them. They were not only the very pic-

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The Haunted Farm

By W. G. Burchard

AN old man with a long, gray, flowing beard haunted my farm home until I was compelled by his continuous nerve-wrecking visits to build a new home. I saw his peculiar figure many times—always plainly in the broad daylight, never did he appear at night.

In the telling of this unusual experience, I must take you back a quarter of a century—away back to the foothills of the Ozarks in South Missouri. The experiences extended through a period of several months—more than two years.

When I married I bought this farm that consisted of over four hundred acres of land, lying mostly in the broad, level and fertile bottoms of the Gasconade River, not more than thirty miles from its junction with the Missouri. The farm buildings stood almost in the centre of one hundred and fifty acres of cleared, level land. No timber, brush, or other obstructions that might afford a hiding place for anyone who might have been disposed to play the part of a ghost, were within half a mile of the premises. The house consisted of two rooms, each fourteen by twenty feet. They were built of large hewn logs, the rooms joining only at two corners. One of these was our kitchen, dining room, and bed room combined; the other was used as a spare room when company came to stay over night.

Wife and I had lived here for almost twenty years with nothing out of the

ordinary happening to disturb the oftentimes monotonous routine of our lives. Then this strange visitor came to disturb our tranquility.

One day without a moment of warning, the old man appeared upon the scene. It was noon one day in June. I had come in from my farm work as usual. I picked up the water pail as was my custom to bring water from the spring that was about seventy-five feet from the house. Over the spring had been built a small log house eight by ten feet. It had a floor of smooth stones over which the cool water flowed to a depth of about two inches keeping the milk, butter and other farm produce nice and cool. This was called "the spring house."

As I hurried down the path I naturally glanced ahead of me. I saw an old, gray bearded man suddenly thrust his head and shoulders from behind the little building. His long, white hair blew in the gentle breeze. I continued on my way. I had gone about fifty feet of the seventy-five when the old fellow withdrew himself as suddenly as he presented himself a few seconds before.

I was more than puzzled at this sudden appearance. I had never seen anyone who looked like this unexpected visitor. None such as he lived anywhere in the neighborhood. My prime motive now was to reach the spring house and find out who he could be and

why he was there. To my surprise, no one was there. Neither were there any footprints in the soft, moist soil behind the building. Queer sensations ran up and down my spine as I looked vainly about. There was no place behind which he could have concealed himself. The barn, the nearest hiding place, was about one hundred twenty-five feet away. He could not have reached that as I was on that side of the spring house, and besides there was a perfectly clear space between the two buildings.

The truth of the matter was—he had vanished! Many times I had heard ghost stories but never had I stood upon the same spot where one of these visitors from another world had stood. That strange, spooky feeling gripped me still stronger until I stood bound by its power in my tracks.

Not many days passed until I again had the privilege—or the misfortune—of seeing my strange visitor. He was in the same place, in the same attitude. Another fruitless search was made. One day, soon after this, my wife saw him. He continued to come. Sometimes he appeared two or three times a day, then he would not be seen for perhaps, two or three days. He was ever in the same place—always peeping, watching from behind the little spring house. Why we were spared the annoyance of night visits I do not know.

(Continued next month)

Spirit Speaks

WHEN a person of intelligence is confronted with the question—What is wrong with the world—they reply by saying—"It is not the world—it is the people who are wrong." This indeed is a very logical reply. How are the people wrong? Experience and observation will teach every individual the following facts.

The world was created for a dwelling place for man, where he could progress materially and spiritually. The manner of progression was planned by the Supreme Being—not by man. This truth has been disastrously unrecognized due to greed, criticism, selfishness and jealousy. Numerous other factors could be mentioned. Every factor is developed

where an individual does not understand the *Law of Nature*.

Ever since the creation of the world, greed has crept into the soul of man, resulting in the crushing of not only one individual—but also crushing multitudes—downfall of Nations—Christianity is not recognized.

Criticism has two classes, just and unjust. The just criticism helps the people of the world—unjust criticism weighs the individual with a mode of depression, many times developing in him an inferior complex — gradually preventing this person's progression. He may have had a valuable product to give to the world.

Selfishness and jealousy can be classed together as factors preventing

progression in Truth. Man today is beastly selfish in many instances, the individual causing unrest to multitudes of a Nation is a leader who is leading for their own individual interests.

Jealousy is an outstanding factor—yet I mention it last for it is many times the cause of those already mentioned. Jealousy causes murder, destruction of homes—destroying of nations; because jealousy is nearly always the root of all unprogressive factors in the world today.

Now that you have read these lines—what will you do about the unrest of the world? What you do as an individual for the betterment of your own community will mean much to adjust the unrest of the people of the world.

Was Man Born To Live Hundreds of Years

By T. de la Torre, N.D., O.D.

SHINING EXAMPLES OF LONGEVITY IN MODERN TIMES

IN quoting from the Bible to confirm my beliefs, I do so in the knowledge that those books contain the accumulation of philosophical and scientific knowledge which the Ancient Sages wrote in hieroglyphics and parables, in metaphors and proverb, so that only those who were initiated into their mysteries could understand. Now, after having given you Scriptural proofs to convince you that man was born to live hundreds of years, let us pass on to modern times and, thru a study of the statistics, find out to what age certain persons of the human race lived.

In the limited space of this article I can give you a few of the most salient cases of longevity of modern man to prove to you that even today, it is possible to live over one hundred years thru an understanding of and compliance with the Laws of Life.

As shown by the records of the church of Saint Leonhart of London, Thomas Carn lived 207 years. Kentigern, the founder of the cathedral of Glasgow, died at the age of 185. A Russian soldier, in 1825 died at the age of 202. Dan Juan Saveira, of Lima, Peru, died in 1730 at the age of 198. The Arabs, who live in tents and subsist on milk and dates, are noted for their longevity. A few years ago many were found who lived over 150 and even over 200 years. Drakenberg, of Norway, died at the age of 146 years. He was a sailor for 91 years and did not marry until he was 90 years young. When his wife died he was 130 years old. At that age he proposed to a girl of 18 but she refused to marry him. Peter Magffins, in his history of India, says that Nurmida Cogua died at the age of 370. His teeth, beard

and hair were renewed four times. That this marvelous phenomena takes place it will be very hard for most of you to believe. That is right: do not believe anything that your reason tells you that it looks impossible. However, before you deny the possibility of these things, please investigate for yourself, or else, suspend your judgment until this science has proved to you, that what seems today to be impossible was common occurrence back in the hoary past. But thousands of years of unnatural living has caused the abnormal to become the rule and the normal to become the exception. That the hair and teeth are renewed at certain periods after the second cycle of life can be explained by a study and understanding of the Law of Periodicity.

In my collection of records of specimens of longevity I have three pictures of old-timers with their respective records, which pictures corroborate the above mentioned statements.

The first picture is that of Mrs. Harriet Breedlove, of Knoxville, Tenn. She was 102 years old in 1935 and still living. At that age she was cutting a new set of teeth.

The second picture is that of Mr. Thomas Gordon, of Grand Rapids, Mich. He was still living in 1935. At the age of 104 his hair turned black. Yet, the new set of teeth as well as the natural color of the renewed hair does not last long in those persons. Why? Because they have applied only partially the Law of Regeneration to their body. They owed their longevity to their strong constitution which they inherited from their parents, rather than to an understanding and compliance with the Law of their Being.

The third picture is that of Senora

Martina Gomes, of Havana, Cuba. She died at the age of 153, being able to read without glasses up to the end of her life.

THE STORY OF THOMAS PARR

Thomas Parr, of England, worked hard until he was 130 years of age. Then King Charles I heard of Parr and ordered him to come to his palace in order to learn the secret of his longevity. But, alas! King Charles could not discover the secret of Parr's long life, for, not even old man Parr himself knew the secret. Nevertheless, King Charles gave a banquet in Parr's honor. Old Parr, not accustomed to overeating of rich foods, was soon attacked with a serious case of acute indigestion and died. Parr was honored by being buried in Westminster Abbey, the burial place of kings and noblemen. But if Old Man Parr had known that the banquets of the King would send him to a premature grave, he would rather have remained in his country home living his simple life. Then he would have lived much longer, because the physician of the King, the famous William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, dissected Parr's body and was unable to find a trace of organic disease. Harvey found all the cartilages and ribs in Parr's body free from calcification, which is the sign of old age. Parr's body was in similar condition to the body of a child, and had Parr lived his simple country life, he would probably have lived 50 or 100 years longer.

CHINESE AND TURKISH CASES

Now we come to the Chinese modern Methuselah, Li Ching Wan, who died in 1933 at the ripe age of 256 years. He used to subsist mostly on the herbs of

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Elbert Benjamine

Prometheus Defies Convention

By Elbert Benjamine

President of The Church of Light

the most acute conflict are prejudice and self-interest.

A thousand patents have been registered from successful models, and yet the labor-saving devices they represent and the improvements in many lines which they could bring, lie dormant. These patents have been purchased by those who have money already invested in less useful things which would be displaced if better ones were placed upon the market. And to an even greater extent are ideas of high value to the human race suppressed by those with whose profits or prestige their adoption would interfere.

We need not think that the ridicule heaped upon Louis Pasteur when he advanced proof of the activities of bacteria in certain diseases, or the persecution of Galileo when he revealed the discoveries of his telescope are new expressions of the antagonism of conservatives for those progressive. Even in a flock of birds, if one bird begins to act in an unprecedented manner the other birds become annoyed, and if the

one departing from convention does not desist, the other birds set upon it and either kill it or drive it from their midst.

Whether in that ancient time when the constellations first were given outline in the sky, or at the present day, if one were intrepid enough to break sharply with conventions, the least that could be expected was imprisonment. Throughout the ages those who have bestowed the greatest blessings on mankind have found themselves chained to the stone walls of dungeons. To depart too markedly from current practice or current belief, no matter how absurd it was, has always meant courting punishment.

Because such Self-Sacrifice has commonly been prompted by that sense of Universal Brotherhood which the higher side of Pisces promotes, and because Pisces, through its 12th house affinity relates to imprisonment and crime, the ancients placed Andromeda, the Chained Lady, in such a position as to picture the middle decanate of Pisces, where

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PARACELSUS, according to all accounts, was the greatest physician of this day, performing cures where all the other doctors failed. Jesus offered harm to none except the cheating money-changers in the temple, healed the sick, and taught love and kindness. If one were less versed in the power of convention to bind all to old methods and to persecute any who dare depart from what has been customary, it might be supposed that these great benefactors had been praised by their contemporaries. How Jesus fared need not be told; and Paracelsus was driven from place to place, his life constantly in danger from the members of his own profession, and was finally killed by ruffians believed to be in the pay of those whose outmoded methods of healing were less successful than his own.

On frequent occasions when machines have been introduced into some industry, those engaged in it have staged riots and broken the labor-saving devices. They believed that the machines would displace them; which was true if they were unwilling to learn how to handle the machines. A more successful method of healing also would take the livelihood from many members of the medical profession, as with less illness their services would no longer be needed; yet if they were progressive their energies could to advantage be turned into other equally valuable channels of human service.

It is almost impossible to advance any new method by which the human race can be benefited without this new method displacing the service, or at least affecting it of some whose livelihoods depend upon it. And it is equally impossible to advance any new idea of importance by which the race can be benefited without it affecting the prestige of a large group of people who pose as authorities, or who hold some position of power which would be endangered if the new idea were to be generally accepted.

Progress is thus always gained only through conflict. In fact, progress consists of overcoming obstacles. And where human customs and human ideas are concerned the obstacles which cause



ANDROMEDA H-3 Self Sacrifice

Field Victories

Rights of the Individual Under the Constitution
of The United States of America

The Dominion of the Group Mind

THE history of progress reveals that from the earliest time to the present day the group mind has held the world in bondage of the past. Every new epoch is a "Flanders field" of white crosses. We can picture man when he alone was the burden bearer and when one stepped out head and shoulders with a new idea of letting the beast carry the load—there was war; and the next epoch, when man conceived the idea of building a conveyance for the beast to draw the load—there was war.

In every stage of development, how long man dwelt in darkness before the striking of two pieces of flint created a thought of heat and light, and again, there was war. Following that thought down to the age of enlightenment when men began to question each other and himself, about Life—then we have the Religious war, and then the witches war and then there are the days of outmoded vehicles of travel, the outmoded mud and log houses, the outmoded country school houses and we have the great educational system, the kindergarten and the wonderful beginners' schools.

Step by step humanity has lifted itself one step higher, one step in advance, daily one might say, in all the necessities for man's comfort. In every walk of Life, in every advancement, everything has been outmoded except the question of Life—the great question that concerns all people, has concerned every individual that trod the earth and will concern every individual that ever will tread the earth. Laws have been changed to meet the demands resulting from every step of progress except the ecclesiastical law governing the question—whence came man's soul and whither is it bound. Those who have stepped head and shoulders above the ecclesiastical adherence are being warred upon and unless something drastic is done there will be more "Flanders fields" with white crosses. War is being waged today from the ecclesiastical sanctuary through the courts of our land to stop progress, to deny the people the

right to *learn* more about the governing laws of Nature and its influence through its agencies upon the human trend of Life. They forget that the shepherds were guided by the stars according to Biblical history, to the young babe, their Savior. The wise men of that day were Astrologers, working under the law and the knowledge they gained of the influence of the Planets on men's lives.

Today, our Astrologers are being persecuted, threatened, arrested and thrown into jail through the influence of ecclesiastical hierarchies. Mediums—the open door—the great light revealing to the weary and saddened world that death of the physical body does not end Life, revealing to the sorrowing mother that her child lives. Under a law governing vagrancy these messengers who told Mary a child was to be born—told her he was to be a Savior of the world—these messengers of light, at the command of these ecclesiastical lords are being arrested, persecuted, lied about and thrown into jail. Ecclesiastical politics, waging war against future enlightenment of the things in which man still gropes in the darkness, stumbling into the grave. Are they heathens? They are. Are they stupid? They are. Are they Satanic? They are. Are they obsessed? Yes, they are obsessed by the fear of their own ignorance.

Independent thinkers, just a word. Arise out of your lethargy Groups, working singly under your own pet name, arise out of your lethargy. Individuals, whoever you are who want to be free thinkers with the privilege of free speech, arise out of your lethargy before the ecclesiastical chains of bondage bind you and you are thrown into dungeons to rot like the Christians of old. The dawn of another Inquisition is lighting the sky. Come let us convene together in peaceful assembly and in unity. Drive this monster to its lair that never again in history can it raise its beastly head and bare its ghastly fangs dripping with the human blood of those who seek progress.

**NOTE—The editor of The Occult Digest invites those interested
In the freedom and the right to think and teach the
greater Revelations of Life and its governing
Laws to write us their opinion.**



By Haasan Osiris

Vest Pocket Astrology

By Haasan Osiris

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Astrological Nativity for those born in Aries

March 21 to April 19 any year

Preserve each copy for future reference

CHARACTERISTICS: Determined, impulsive, ambitious, creative, enterprising, very persistent, fiery temper. Cannot be forced or driven. Like praise and flattery. Love freedom and travel. Have a philosophical turn of mind. A natural leader. Like to talk about self. Slightly sensitive, mediumistic and decidedly practical.

OCCUPATIONS: Aptitude for managing, directing, constructing, inventing, creating, authorship, editing, promoting, representing, lecturing, teaching, executive secretarial work, law and governmental work.

FRIENDSHIPS: Happiest friendship associations are with those born in the zodiacal signs of Gemini, Leo, Libra, Sagittarius and Aquarius.

LOCATIONS: Best locations for contentment, health and success are in rather light, high, dry, arid, mountainous regions. Preferably should live in brick houses on hillsides, or at least not in valleys or canyons. Northern sections of cities most favorable.

HEALTH: The majority of Aries natives are subject to headaches, sore-throat, eyestrain, earache, unnatural blood pressure, pimples, minor stomach disorders, bilious, inflammatory complaints, injuries to limbs and sleeplessness. Always obey your physician's advice.

MARRIAGE: The married life of the Aries native is an important institution in life. Many of these people marry within their own sign. Because of love of

independence should make special effort to succeed in marriage. Best marriage partner will be found in Libra.

EVENTS: Life is filled with lofty ambitions and a constant search to realize them. The Aries native usually has far to go and travels extensively in some section of life. Strange and exciting meetings, odd occupations studious endeavors that usually are adhered to until realized and varied experiences in all ventures undertaken. There is seldom a dull moment in the life of the average Arian. Will acquire many valued or cherished possessions and have enough peculiar experiences to develop a deep and useful wisdom after middle life. Assurance of a real old age if they do not burn up too much of the energy in youthful pranks and unnecessary waste of strength.

World Outlook, April, 1939

America:

The month inclines to conflicts between capital and labor, many strikes and rumors of strikes. Sharp and unfair ing aviation. The Stock Market is shaky, criticism of the President. Many severe highway accidents and mysteries involving unstable and fluctuating. Several minor or one severe earthquake on the Pacific Coast. Floods and storms wreak considerable havoc over the nation.

England:

The government is strong and progressive at this time. New military tactics and preparations are proposed. Increased taxations throughout the United Kingdom arouses severe opposition among the masses.

Central Europe:

France seems to have the spot light this month. Various changes in French laws are made. There is a tense political strain all through this section of the earth's surface. New Minor hostilities break out.

South America:

Intermittently Argentina breaks into news through April. Nazi activities there create some consternation. The western coast may have another light earthquake.

Central America and Mexico:

Ailments of a contagious nature sweep these countries. Elemental disturbances bring some sorrow and losses. Some undermining influence at work inside

Mexican government will be uncovered and dealt with properly.

Far East:

Japan is under a terrible economic strain. The public will tire of the war in China and many arrests of so-called tyrants will be made. Gradually Japan will be weakening and it would be well for the Mikado to decide to abandon his Chinese slaughter.

Oceania:

New taxes to combat crime and disease will be imposed. Some governmental confusion. The approach of "down under" winter finds the Australians locked in political uncertainty and New Zealand suffering early storms but good international and local trade and business.

Outlook for the Zodiacal Signs, March, 1939

ARIES

March 21-April 19

A slight irritable, restless and impatient attitude must be conquered. An unfavorable time for changes, journeys, writings, testing, or attempting new, delicate things. Guard health and prevent accident in travel.

TAURUS

April 20-May 20

Carry on the work and the plans you have already made but do not try out any new or untested things. Others may try to discourage you and confuse you—but keep carrying on and force cheerfulness and hope.

GEMINI

May 21-June 21

The successful outcome to several of your pending plans is denoted. Seek after those things that are usually hard to materialize. Health and business conditions look encouraging. Happy home life is shown.

(Continued on page 30)

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THE OCCULT BOOK MART

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Startling Facts on Health—(Continued from page 11)

of the animal creation, the vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

All created things constitute the Limbus—Nature. Man is born from the Limbus and still remains in it; he is an integral part of universal Nature and not something separate and distinct from it. Man and Nature are one, and he who knows the anatomy of Nature or the Macrocosm also knows the constitution of man or the construction of the Microcosm. When man becomes ill, it is not the eternal imperishable part of him which suffers; it is the Limbus, which is composed of many hundreds of different constituents that are all intimately related to their corresponding elements in the Great Limbus of Nature.

No disease exists in the elements themselves, for disease starts in man and not outside of him; but it is the external influences that act upon his interior invisible form and cause diseases to develop. Paracelsus was firm in his conviction that a physician who knows nothing about Cosmology also knows little about diseases. Therefore Paracelsus strongly urged that a physician know the physiology and anatomy of the Heavens and of the earth, the elements of the earth and water, air and fire and how they play upon man.

Paracelsus cites as an example the case of a woman who is deficient in an element whose essence radiates from Mars, and consequently she suffers from an impoverished condition of the blood, otherwise known as anemia, aggravated by a lack of nervous strength. He prescribes iron in her case, because the astral elements of iron correspond to the elements occurring in Mars, and will attract them as a magnet attracts iron. But he cautions that "we choose a plant which contains iron in an etherealized state, which is preferable to that of metallic iron." For the material manifestations and relationships of the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms are vibratory, each higher grade in the school of evolution exhibiting successive and progressive expressions of life, with corresponding ranges of accelerated vibratory activity. We must therefore draw a sharp line of demarcation between organic and inorganic iron. It is only through the life-process of the plant that the constituents of air and soil become vitalized; and it is this property of vitality alone that distinguishes, for example, the atom of iron in the red blood corpuscles from that furnished in the form of inorganic iron compounds in the mineral kingdom. That is why the human and animal kingdoms must extract their sustenance from the vegetable kingdom.

Every living being requires that parti-

cular kind of food which is adapted to its species and to its individual organism. Vital force, the great alchemist, converts the nutriment ingested into tissues and organic matter, which in each organism has an architecture as distinct and characteristic as the form of the organism itself. In other words, absorbed sustenance is transformed in the body in accordance with physiological needs. The lower classes of animals are even better alchemists than is man, because they can extract the essence of life out of foods which he is forced to reject. The hog, for example, is capable of extracting nutriment out of substances that would act as poisons in the organism of man, for they would not fuse with the higher vibratory rate of the human cell in the physiological processes of metabolism, otherwise known as alchemy. Man only extracts the more refined essences from food.

Man is much more subject to diseases than are animals in a state of liberty, observes Paracelsus, because the latter live in harmony with the laws of their nature, while man violates natural laws constantly, especially in regard to his eating and drinking. Guided by natural impulse, animals select only those substances which they require, refusing to eat and drink things which are injurious to them. Only so-called intellectual man chooses to disobey his natural instincts, in a vain attempt to gratify some artificially acquired taste or perverted craving.

As long as man's body enjoys abundant vitality, he can expel or overcome the pernicious influences exerted by intemperance, gluttony and by morbid tastes. But such continuous efforts at resistance result in tremendous leakages of vital force; and in the course of the inevitable disease ultimately takes hold of the transgressor with vise-like grip. This is because periods of rest and recuperation are imperative periodically to expel accumulated debris which have lodged in the organism over protracted periods. Any attempt on the part of the physician, warns Paracelsus, to prevent the expulsion of poisonous bodily wastes will serve only to drive away effects by shifting the seat of the disease to a still more interior and dangerous place. Nature is a patient mother that often forgives the sins committed against her, though she does not forget them. We must therefore trust to her recuperative powers to restore that which has not been irretrievably lost. When vitality is on the wane, germs of other diseases may develop by attracting malicious astral influences; thus one kind of a disease may grow out of another.

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Recent Experience

(Continued from page 15)

talking he would withdraw the "box" and the medium would walk out of the cabinet. He told us to note the time between the disappearance of the voice box and the appearance of Mrs. Duncan. This was all recorded distinctly, and I carefully timed the pause between "Albert's" last words and the sound of Mrs. Duncan's first footstep as she walked quickly through the curtains.

It was exactly three seconds.

This "voice box" is a cylinder of a teleplasmic nature, about 1 in. long and 4 ins. in diameter. Prior to the sitting, the medium was thoroughly examined, disposing of the suggestion of secretion of such an instrument.

I have in my possession many records of the voices of the so-called "dead" mingling with those of the living. I have listened carefully to the change in intonation, to the variation in expression as each individual materialised and spoke before the microphone. The evidence is recorded in a manner that demonstrates beyond question that the "dead" can speak to the living.—*The Two Worlds.*

Experiments of Dr. Rutter

(Continued from page 9)

analogical reasoning and inference. For example: If electricity in the human body is the inseparable companion of intelligent spirit, can it be supposed that all the other electricity in the world is destitute of it? The hair of animals is highly electric; is it through this that they make those communications to each other of which there are undoubted proofs in the records of animal instinct?

Then what of the electricity of the thunder-cloud? Will science revive in a modified form the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, which peopled all nature with gods? Will some *savant* of a future day feel persuaded that the great Creator has committed the elements of the globe to subordinate intelligence, to be wielded according to his will, this all-pervading electricity being the medium by which their powers are brought to bear on inert matter? Will science herself one day turn round on her votaries, and shiver to atoms their doctrine of invariable sequences, by assuring them that this all-pervading element is the immediate agent of self-determining intelligence?

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A Timely Warning—(Continued from page 19)

ture of health but their clothes were clean and neatly patched.

Finally they got into their car and drove off.

"Now that the folks are gone and we have the grove all to ourselves, how about spending the night here?" my husband asked hopefully. "It's a delightful spot. There is clear water in the creek and plenty of wood for a campfire."

"It's all right with me," I agreed.

I set the gasoline stove on the running board, put on the coffee pot, and then set the table.

"Where are you going to set up the tent?" I inquired after we had finished our lunch.

"Right here in this clear space. Looks like plenty of folks had camped here." Whistling cheerfully he took my small broom and swept it clean. Then he began to loosen the heavy straps that fastened the umbrella tent to the back of the car.

"Let me help you," I volunteered.

"Not necessary." He let go of the tent and stood there as if lost in thought, then he tightened the straps again.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Changed your mind?"

"Yes," he said. "Let's get out of here." He looked at his watch. "Four-thirty. And only eighteen miles to Hollister. I can make it in a few minutes." He put the rest of the things in the back of the car and jumped in. "Come on," he said. "Hurry."

"What's the rush?" I demanded as I climbed in.

He never answered me but drove faster than usual as if he was anxious to get away from that spot.

Arriving in Hollister we registered at an auto camp.

The next morning we bought a local paper. On the front page, in glaring headlines, was an account of a serious accident that had occurred during the night.

It seems that after we left the grove the afternoon before another family had pulled in. A man and his wife and three sons. They, too, liked it and decided to spend the night there.

They set up two tents, one for themselves, and the other for their sons. The boys' tent was on the very spot that my husband had selected, and quite close to the highway.

At midnight a heavy truck came down the San Luis Obispo grade with the driver asleep at the wheel. At the foot of the grade the truck veered to the right and plowed through the tent in which the boys were sleeping. Two of them—they were all in their teens—were killed instantly, the other critically injured.

"I'm glad we didn't stay there," I remarked. "It might have happened to us."

"No doubt about it," my husband replied. "I wanted to stay but something told me not to, to keep on going."

"Oh," I said, "that explains why you changed your mind so quickly."

"Yes," he replied. "It saved our lives."

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A Troubled Spirit—(Continued from page 18)

I kept real still so Dell wouldn't wake up."

Mother laughed, "Oh you just dreamed that, didn't you?"

"No she didn't Mother," I exclaimed, "because I saw him too!"

After she heard our story Mother looked rather grave for a moment, but passed it off with a smiling remark about "children's imagination." But we knew better—we *had* seen him.

Several days later Daddy came home

and to Mother's inquiries he answered "Ike shot himself."

"But I saw him," I cried, "and so did Pearl!"

Daddy questioned us closely, and then counted back the days he had been gone. The night that Uncle Ike shot himself was the same night he appeared in our room!

"Poor fellow," said Daddy, the big tears slipping down his cheeks, "poor fellow, he had to come and see the children again before he could go on!"

Man's Field of Vision—(Continued from page 5)

I will do that" and to the best of his ability he accomplishes that which he wills; but the trade winds of adversity overtake him and all his beliefs fall from him like worn out garments and when shorn of his false robes he stands in the light of his own judgment and judges no longer his neighbors but reads from the book of his own life and pronounces judgment upon himself according to the record written by the hand of time which gave him birth and still holds the scales to balance as he journeys on from world to world through many births and many deaths until he is again united through the transmigration of all base metals he becomes a central sun, lighting the paths of generations of worlds yet to be born.

Man stands today, as it were, in the market place bidding for his place in the sun and not realizing the powerful influence that mitigates all wrongs. As we look beyond the walls of limitations we see the abolishment of much that is new and all that is old which man is today depending on for his future conquests—his future victories—his glorified possessions. Man's vision reaches, stretches and encompasses the victories of possessions of which the world of today knows nothing and comprehends not at all. His valued possessions will lose their value and the standard of man will no longer be measured by his GOLD. All boundary lines of vision that hold back progress will have been taken by the up-coming leaders of another decade of Time.

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Prometheus Defies Convention—(Continued from page 21)

the Sun may be found each year from March 1 to March 11.

The Key-word of the decanate, Self-Sacrifice, is set forth in the universal symbolism not only of the story of Andromeda, but in that of Prometheus also. In the case of Andromeda the coast of her native land was being ravaged by the Sea-monster, Cetus. This was through no fault of the fair princess; but had been brought on by the arrogance of Cassiopeia, her mother.

Cassiopeia had incurred the wrath of Neptune, who was quite justified in resenting her claim to be more beautiful than the Nereides, nymphs of the sea; and Neptune, ruler of Pisces, had sent the Sea-monster to bring destruction to her land. Jupiter, planet of religion, was appealed to in an effort to save the country; and he decreed that only through offering her daughter as a sacrifice to the Sea-monster could Cassiopeia atone for her sin. Andromeda, therefore, not because she had transgressed, but to save her fellow countrymen from death, was chained to a wave-washed rock in the sea for Cetus to devour.

We who are interested in presenting The Religion of the Stars to the world, bringing, as it were, the fire from Heaven that all may benefit thereby, find the story of Prometheus even more significant. Prometheus, in the first place, was out of favor with the gods because he ridiculed some of their exaggerated pretensions. He was very much in the position of some of us who have actually traveled on the astral plane and had opportunity to observe the conditions there. He did not believe in the current ideas; no more than we believe the materialists who say that when the body disintegrates the soul exists no longer; nor the orthodox who say that a soul who transgresses must suffer eternal torment in Hell and that Heaven is devoid of useful occupation.

Those now who make actual demonstrations that the soul survives the dissolution of the physical body, and those who make actual demonstrations that the planets affect the life and destiny of man, are somewhat in peril of imprisonment. The materialist says the soul of man does not exist after the physical is gone, and can not come back. The orthodox say that it does exist somewhere. But if you stage a demonstration to prove that it does exist still persist and have recognizable personalities, you open yourself to persecution. A city ordinance—depending on the city—may demand that if you do, or if you help some unfortunate person through giving Astrological advice, you must go to jail.

Prometheus, however, was not to be deterred through fear of gods or men from actions which he felt convinced would benefit the human race. Like the valiant souls of all ages who are responsible for the world's progress, he was willing to sacrifice his own interests if thereby mankind might be benefited. So, with the assistance of Minerva, he

climbed the Heavens and stole fire from the chariot of the Sun, and brought it down to earth, that man might have its use.

This so provoked Jupiter that he ordered Prometheus chained to a rock, even as Andromeda may now be seen chained, where a vulture was to feed on his liver. His liver thus consumed by day, grew again during the night, never entirely exhausted.

As the liver plays so significant a role in this story, it should be explained that the ancients as well as we moderns place this organ of the body under the rule of Jupiter, the planet which rules the 9th house in a natural birth-chart, and thus also religion and public expression. The liver of Prometheus, on which not the fearless eagle fed, but the carrion eating vultures who live from the profits of religious corruption, represents that priceless heritage which alone permits a healthy race; the freedom publicly to express philosophical and religious convictions.

Both in ancient and in modern times the favorite method by which enemies of the public, such enemies as the 12th house rules, gain their ends and keep mankind in slavery to their own selfish advantage, has been to persecute the apostles of Truth, and to suppress the dissemination of correct information. It has been proclaimed that truth crushed to earth shall rise again. So also the liver of Prometheus, preyed upon by the human vultures who place a censorship on the dissemination of knowledge, and who purposely distort all information given to the public, grew again.

Those who attempt to enlighten the world always find it a painful process. Throughout the ages it has been the custom to imprison those who revealed the corruption in high places. The inquisition flourished to prevent facts being broadcast that would show the falsity of certain religious doctrines. Periodicals thrive chiefly upon their advertising, and an article or story which reveals some unpleasant truth about a product advertised in them can not get beyond the editorial desk.

Some newspapers are subsidized to distort truth in favor of certain policies. Some slant their news to curry favor with those who buy advertising or can confer patronage. Radio stations commonly will not permit facts to be broadcast which tend to offend certain interests of power, or certain influential sections of the public.

After all, newspapers, magazines and radio stations must make money to survive; and thus can not afford to incur the displeasure of those who can deprive them of their income. Editors usually are merely employees, dependent upon their employers. And these too frequently come under the influence of human vultures who work subtly, in the approved 12th house manner, to keep the real truth from the people.

Yet Andromeda was not devoured by the Whale-monster. Instead she was

(Continued on page 31)

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Tertia Motus—(Continued from page 10)

not see a reason to humbly approach the Teacher and Hierarchy one lacks experience which are of the greatest importance. It is the application of the more sensitive methods that will bring us nearer redemption. Your unlocked "combinations" that will, among the myriad of keys, only allow your key to be applied shows the precision of the scale of Karma. Therefore Karma means you did it and you have to undo it. Seeing it in this light re-incarnation becomes a necessity.

This last Trinity commands the element Prithivi i.e. all that is organic and inorganic, it is Carbon.

Psycnic stuff is Soul stuff the same through which the seven lower Hierarchies or Edomite Kingdoms are ruled by the seven Elohim which rule over the seven actions and completion also. Seven is the law of Sagittarius. You remember its symbol, a "something alive" looking like half man and half horse. The human part manipulates the Bow and Arrow that means a human mind capable of achieving One-pointed-ness. And with this One point he aims at the creative spark or like Prometheus brings down the fire from Heaven. The horse part represents the pure worldly emotions capable of accepting the spark of the arrow. The same meaning we find in the myth of Pegasus: A winged horse fabled to have sprung from the body of Medusa after her death; with a

blow of his hoof he caused HIPPOC-RENE, the inspiring Fountain of the muses to spring from Mt. Helicon.

Medusa represents the lower emotions in man while Pegasus is identified with a purified inspired human mind, his hoof represents the wisdom of Pisces, the knowing of how to create by conscious effort the divine spark i. e. Crystal division. Out of this division, out of this inspiring fountain, emanates the spritual water Hippocrene for the muses i. e. any and all artistic faculties and all this happened on (or through) Mt. Helicon, i. e. the Pineal gland, which is the first organ in man which will manipulate this psychic crystal and also divide it.

Once more back to the Centaur. Now at the point where the human and animal organically combine we find the Sagittarial plexus. The center that controls the so often misused forces of Benjamin coming from the magnetic field of Virgo, it also balances the scales of Libra and tries to control and beautify the body building Hierachy which is the magnetic field of Scorpio. Scorpio is the policeman in the muddle and murky water of human existence but the Sagittarial plexus is his superior and headquarter.

As far as our terrestrial evolution is concerned we struggle directly with seven cosmic elements.

(Continued next month)

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Catching the Invisible Eye—(Continued from page 14)

followed me for years. I never closed my own eyes that I did not see them the last thing before going to sleep. There were peering eyes, jeering eyes, scolding eyes, taunting eyes, glaring eyes, probing eyes, but worst of all were the suggesting eyes. They suggested everything dreadful, horrible, frightful and monstrous, and dared you to read their meaning. Sometimes they were attached to features, sometimes floating in space. One particular pair had one large and one small eye. The function of the small eye seemed to be to paralyze my faculties while that of the large eye was to threaten me, and to be convulsed with mirth at my fear. It was the small eye which I feared.

Usually, these eyes followed me, or floated to the right or left of me. When I tried to avoid them they came closer, but when I looked at them they lost countenance and disappeared. It was this discovery which enabled me to overcome them, finally.

At first I tried staring them down, then I adopted the attitude of the probing eyes. I searched their depths for their intent toward me. The more I searched, the less I found. The suggestion, the evil, which I had seen there faded away as I searched them. But it was a slow process, taking several years, and in its course I discovered

many things. My first discovery was that I was superstitious. I was abnormally afraid of death. Not of my own death, but of death in general. Subconsciously I had refused to face that mystery of the Universe. To face it I had to discard many cherished theological beliefs, but with my new found power I probed these also.

I studied the super-natural from every angle of approach, forcing my shrinking mental legs to go slowly and deliberately into this dreaded realm of spooks and phenomena, until at last I became convinced that there was nothing super-natural. It was only our ignorance of natural law in super-physical realms which made certain phenomena appear so. I learned that, truly, to the ignorant all knowledge is mysterious, but to the learned there are no mysteries.

Not that I have discovered the secret of all mysteries! Ah, no! But I did discover a natural law with which the Universe and I are in tune, a law which I can trust here and here-after, an affinity between the microcosm and the macrocosm. The whole secret I wrested from my subconscious mind by the force of will. I am no longer afraid of the super-natural, thanks to the lessons I have learned through my struggles with the eyes.

Was Man Born to Live—(Continued from page 20)

the field, led a natural life in the country, was able to teach in a university several miles from his home almost to the time of his death, and when he died he was living with several nephews, every one of whom was over 90 years.

Zora Agha, the old Turkish gentleman who was in this country a few years ago, died on June 29th, 1934, at the age of 160. One of his proudest possessions, the newspapers say, was a birth certificate which he kept with him to the moment of his death in order to show incredulous people that he was 160 years old. He probably shortened his life-span 50 years when he abandoned his simple life and came to the United States for exhibition and began to live the unnatural life of our artificial civilization. Like Parr and many others he did not long survive after he tasted of the BANQUETS of DEATH.

LONGEVITY IN TROPICAL AMERICA

As this article is getting too long I will finish it by giving you only two of the many cases of longevity which I have myself seen during my travels in the tropics.

The first is a colored man whom I met in the heart of the Cuban jungle in 1912 while building a railroad thru the virgin tropical forest. This colored man had been living all his life 30 miles inside the jungle, away from every contact with civilized man. He was 170 years old, but though his hair was snow white, his body was strong and his skin was

without wrinkles. At that age he was able to climb the smooth and tall coconut trees with the agility of a monkey. His food was unfired fruits and coconuts which grew abundantly and spontaneously around his hut. It was said that his parents lived to be over 200 years of age and that they were buried under the ground on which his humble hut stood.

The second case of longevity in the tropics is that of Dona Estefania Arosemena de Carranza, of Panama. She is the grandmother of my good friend and student Alberto Alba, of Panama, whom I had the honor to meet now during my expedition to Central America. This lady is now 107 years of age. Her mental faculties are as keen as those of any person at the age of 40. She presides at all social gatherings of her long family. Arises early and does her home duties and stays up until late at night until she sees all her sons and numerous grandsons and great great grandsons go to sleep. She can sew and embroider and read without glasses.

These are just a few longevity cases from my collection. Lack of space does not permit me to give more cases nor have I been able to do justice to the cases I gave. However, the few abbreviated cases given above should be sufficient to show that the life span of man is more than one hundred years, even in the present generation.

What is Time—(Continued from page 14)

exact replica of the bluff at this point with the single exception that the steam shovel was some distance north of where it appeared in the picture. I told the story of what I had seen to several people—and got laughed at for my pains. About six weeks later, however, on picking up the local paper I saw an account of an accident on the Roosevelt highway at the foot of the Pacific Palisades, in which it was stated that a portion of the bluff had given way and fell on the steam shovel burying it and killing the operator. The location described tallied with what I had seen in the picture, so I went down to the Park to investigate. Here I found that the accident had occurred at the precise spot in which it had been pictured on the door screen, and the account published in the local paper was a perfect description of the remembered that this picture came on

picture as it appeared. It should be the door screen fully six weeks before the accident occurred. Also, and this seems to be most peculiar, this was the first and only perfect picture of the Palisades Bluffs that ever appeared, and after its appearance there were no more of any kind.

One can call this rather remarkable occurrence premonition, a hunch, or just plain imagination, if they are so inclined; but to me it seems to indicate that some people can, under certain conditions, actually gain some slight knowledge of events that do not occur until some time in the future. This leads to some interesting speculations as to the nature of time. Apparently there is a wide difference in our physical perception of time, and of what time is to our psychical perceptive faculties.

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ISOLINA HAFFORD

Editor

175 Broadway New Orleans, La.

Vest Pocket Astrology—(Continued from page 22)

CANCER

June 22-July 22

If you hit your proper stride now you will complete several of your plans for the summer. Blessings and opportunities seem to shower in to you from several directions. It is a month of good opportunities.

LEO

July 23-August 22.

If you were ambitious last month you should get results now. This month tends to add many successes to your efforts. Brings new chances and moves or travel that shows greatly beneficial. Possible increased income.

VIRGO

August 23-September 22

You begin a period of several months of improvement now. Look all around you for opportunities, or ways and means to realize long felt desires. Business, home life, health, friendships and finances all look encouraging.

LIBRA

September 23-October 22

A kind of limitation surrounds you here; therefore attend only to the necessary daily routine. Safeguard your health and prevent accidents in traffic. Avoid arguments and quarrels among home folks or friends.

SCORPIO

October 23-November 21

These four weeks seem to hold persistent minor annoyances for you in the Scorpio family. Consequently, you should not plan anything new or important. Study, rest, relax and spend your time as quietly as possible. Postpone trips.
18—Occult

SAGITTARIUS

November 22-December 21

April fires your ambitions, crowns your efforts with success and brings some of your personal hopes into maturity. Keep busy, push ahead and make an effort to succeed. Favorable for trips, changes and new business interests.

CAPRICORN

December 22-January 19

You are at the height of something or other here; so make it something important and beneficial to yourself. Destiny is kind to you now. Have new and practical thoughts and opportunities. Very good for travel or changes.

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AQUARIUS

January 20-February 19

Removals, changes or long trips are common under this angle. The month inclines to add to your finances, your happiness and your hopes. New friendships and many favors from others. Probably increase in your income.

PISCES

February 20-March 21

Things are neither especially good nor bad for you now. It is a period of neutral influences. Go about your usual routine making few changes and be content with things for the present. More activity next month.

ASTROLOGICAL GENERAL DAILY GUIDE — APRIL 1939

- 1—Good results from efforts. Keep busy.
- 2—Sunday. Avoid extravagance and restlessness.
- 3—Irritable tendencies prevail. Be careful.
- 4—Tends to accidents, delays and impatience.
- 5—Good for business, travel or changes.
- 6—A.M. unsettled. P.M. very progressive.
- 7—A. neutral day. Attend usual routine.
- 8—Same as the 6th.
- 9—Sunday. Attend church. Take a trip in P. M.
- 10—A critical day. Avoid losses and accidents.
- 11—Decidedly fortunate for all urgent things.
- 12—Same as the 7th.
- 13—Same as the 10th.
- 14—Go places, ask favors, interview others.
- 15—Write letters, take short trips.
- 16—Attend to usual Sunday interests.
- 17—Same as the 5th.
- 18—Same as the 3rd.
- 19—Same as the 7th.
- 20—Push business. Make changes. Advertise.
- 21—Same as yesterday.
- 22—Same as yesterday.
- 23—Sunday. Avoid deception, losses and worry.
- 24—Same as the 7th.
- 25—Adverse influences prevail. Be cautious.
- 26—A.M. fortunate. P.M. unfavorable.
- 27—Same as the 3rd.
- 28—Same as the 7th.
- 29—Meet people, make friends take trips.
- 30—Rather unimportant. Attend routine only.

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Prometheus Defies

(Continued from page 27)

rescued by Perseus, her Prince Charming, and had a happiness she could not have hoped for had she not endured Self-Sacrifice. And while Prometheus suffered for a time for gaining fire by which those of earth might live in greater comfort, he too eventually was released. Kind Chiron, representing the Higher Mind of Sagittarius, ruler of the 9th and public expression, volunteered to take his place. And still later Hercules killed the vulture and he too was freed.

When the critical faculties of Hercules, picturing one decanate of Virgo, more widely are brought to bear upon the suppression and distortion of information, we may be sure that the vultures who misinform the public will no longer be tolerated. Furthermore, even while Andromeda and Prometheus were persecuted for their services to the public good they were being amply rewarded, as all who endure misfortune for the benefit of the human race are always rewarded, through building into themselves those qualities which ultimately would permit them far greater freedom in celestial realms than those could have who permitted injustice to thrive unmolested.

Thus does the text become: He Who Sacrifices His Own Desires for the Welfare of Others Draws Down the Divine Fire from Heaven and With It Kindles the Highest Potencies of His Own Soul.

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Don't Miss the Next Issue

Twenty Years After—(Continued from page 18)

a string of seventy-five loaded cars behind us. "Some night hey Bob" shouted Jess as he shoveled in the coal.

I replied "you're right buddy," and I opened the throttle wide as we struck the open country. It was raining harder than ever the farther north we got.

As old 208 pounded along under a full head of steam, I turned to Jess, and shouted, "Say kid we are right on time after all, just keep the coal on the fire, Jess, we will need all of the pep, when we strike that grade at Plainville."

As we entered the tunnel at Meadville, I saw it.

"Yes Sir, believe me or not, there was Joe Perry standing right in the middle of the track, holding up his hands, just as he used to do, when he was traffic cop, down in the square years ago!" He had on his blue policeman's uniform, and the expression on his face was indescribable. I rubbed my eyes, and peered out again. Then I turned to Jess and shouted, "Say can you see anything on the track ahead Jess?" He looked and replied; "not a thing ahead Bob."

I looked again, Joe was still there waving his arms and imploring me to

stop." I jammed on the brakes and the heavy train stopped after going about a couple of hundred yards.

I'll admit that I felt rather foolish, as I grabbed a lantern and jumped from the cab. Walking around a slight curve ahead, I was astounded to see the whole roadbed covered with rocks and dirt that had washed down onto the tracks. I shrugged my shoulders as I thought what might have happened."

After a delay of thirty minutes, we had cleared away the debris, and I went back to old 208 and Jess and I shook hands and receiving the signal from our conductor we started on our way again."

"Of course we had to make out a report, when we reached the end of the line, and of course the railroad officials congratulated me on "my good judgment," but they didn't know that Joe Perry should have gotten the gold pin." "After this I'm going to take a little stock in this occult business, for I shall never forget Joe, and the good turn that he did for me and the crew and the railroad that night last March."

And all of us assembled in the room agreed with Bob.

Spiritual Aspects—(Continued from page 8)

too, we have begun to select foods wisely and in relation to chemical truths. We even seek to suit this refueling of our precious physical temple to the chemistry of each individual. Science is gradually joining hands with the wisdom and profound ancient knowledge of the OCCULT. The scientist has been groping for ages in his search for exact understanding of the complicated machinery of our physical bodies? Now, they are equally interested in discovering the links between the mind, the spirit and the mystic element which is of paramount importance when seeking to solve human ills.

Those among us who have given serious thought to the subject of our mystic selves, fully realize that the mental state affects the body and the bodily state affects the mind. The two together in turn affect the soul and the spirit of the individual. So we see that such an all-powerful center as the liver will have far-reaching results for good or for evil. If your mental attitude is balanced your liver will probably be fairly safe unless you insist on furnishing it with the wrong sort of heart impulses or an incorrect form of diet. However, if your mind has been correctly trained to function in the interest of your general welfare, your liver will also derive its beneficial share of such good training.

Should you have reached such admirable stability in life as that of having your emotional life under safe and sane guidance, you may rest assured that there will be little trouble in this section of your bodily laboratory. Such powerful human beings who have reached their inner sanctum, that of the higher

SELF and listen to its voice, will find smooth sailing on all the seas of life. For the higher SELF is omniscient in nature. It will gladly supervise and regulate the least among our daily duties and responsibilities if we are willing to listen to its all-knowing wisdom.

Many people recognize this whispering voice as a "hunch" or premonition, or a foreshadowing of coming events through some uneasy feeling that something is going to happen; but *what* they cannot always tell. Those who have a slightly evolved psychic insight will have begun to lend a willing ear to this soft, insistent voice which whispers indefatigably hoping that some day its dense-minded owner will find pleasure in the celestial tones of its voice. We who heed it may sit calmly waiting for orders without even having to wonder what we ought to eat to keep well, or to get that alluringly slender outline for the body, or how to obtain a little more fat on the bones which seem to rattle every time we walk. Even the stated hour for the necessary partaking of sustenance will be definitely regulated; or the required amount; or the type of food that is of essential value at any given moment. Each one would do well to follow our beloved philosopher, Emerson who advises us to, "Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which flows into you as life; place yourself in the full center of that flood, then you are without effort impelled to truth, to right, to perfect contentment. Then you put all gainsayers in the wrong. THEN YOU ARE THE WORLD. THE MEASURE OF RIGHT, OF TRUTH, OF BEAUTY."

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