

The Occult Digest

A Monthly for Everybody



25¢

JUNE

The HUMAN

Body a

RADIO Station

AN ASTRAL GUIDE

FORTUNE Hunters--Fortune Tellers

The Tarantulas of SOCIETY

Sinners and Reformers

1925

SOULS

in

BONDAGE

FOR JULY

"The Unannounced Number"

by

W. Jerome Chambers

"How the New Countries Vibrate"

by

C. W. Stiles

"Mr. Grossnickle's Ghost at the Wedding"

by

T. C. Harbaugh

"New Prophecies For All"

"Methods of Magic"

by

Jacob Bonggren

"The Superstructure of Business Life"

by

W. Marshall Dodd

A New Contributor IRMA SEARS

will answer your one question by Numerology. Just write one question, giving full name at birth, name as used today, day, month and year of your birth.

And, some new important FEATURES FOR JULY we are NOT announcing.



An Open Letter TO YOU

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Startling as it may appear (to the uninformed) Natural Laws that govern Life offer YOU a definite HELP in the fulfillment of your ambitions for health, wealth or understanding.

The Occult Digest teaches life is not one of self sacrifice nor fear but that it has a fixed purpose—giving to science a motive for its knowledge and to religion a reason for its faith.

The more we give, the more we receive. You and I, working together, can make The Occult Digest the one outstanding success in a world of people who are watchfully waiting—if they can be reached—who will, in turn, extend a helping hand.

There is a way you can help us. If there is something you would like to see us do—drop us a line and in comradeship we shall work together, that all may prosper.

THE EDITORS

[THE OCCULT DIGEST]

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FOR JULY

The SEX QUESTION

by

Thaddeus Miles

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On Every Page

*The Occult Digest Stands for "ONE LAW—ONE LIFE—ONE TRUTH—
Eternal Progress Through Successive Embodiments"*

Outstanding Features for June, 1925

PAGE

Cover Design	by Paul Lehman	
The Human Body a Radio Station	by Chester A. Young	4
The "If" in Life	by Effa E. Danelson	5
Living Editorials of the Day	The Editors Page	6
My Stars and What My Gemini Horoscope Tells Me	by Haasan Osiris	8
The Fortune Hunters and The Fortune Tellers	by Thaddeus Miles	9
Blind Are Those Who Will Not See	by Effa E. Danelson	11
An Astral Guide	by Melita Milton	13
The Tarantulas of Society	by Millicent Gerard	17
The Hydrogen or Dromedary Type of Man	by Emily H. Rocine	23
Souls in Bondage	by T. F. Orbes	25
Sinners and Reformers and the Public Be—What?	Editorials	27
Confessions of an Occultist	by Tat Tvam Asi	29
Your Personal Problems Solved		36
The Best New Books		37
The Occult Digest's Own Crossword Puzzle		38

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By Chester A. Young

The HUMAN Body a RADIO Station

MEN, sun, earth, planets, all forms of life down to atoms, molecules, protons, electrons, ions and microzymas are every one radio colortone stations, oscillating in the boundless vibratory ocean of Universal Use.

On the radio earth station are 1,750,000,000 human radio stations receiving the radio colorgrams from the giant radio sun station broadcasting 93,000,000 miles at 186,000 per second, or .000015 to .000028 of an inch wave lengths.

These myriads of radio stations are not alive (radio-active) because they are forms of life, but because they are forms of *use*, as all life and existence depend upon the complementary balance or equilibrium between two radio forces, one acting and the other submitting to action.

The difference between all the various types of radio vibratory waves of the Master Tune of the universe lies simply in their respective frequencies of vibration, running from First Octave of two vibrations per second up to Sixty-fourth Octave of 18,446,746,473,709,559,616 vibrations per second.

When these frequencies are made audible in a radio receiving station, we are dealing with sound waves having frequencies in the realm of sound, of which the human ear is capable of hearing eleven octaves as compared to one octave (the 49th) for sight, which is seen as light at 562,949,953,421,312 vibrations per second.

This sunlight octave of seven colors is the chromatic (radio colortone) scale of twelve musical colors that the giant radio sun station broadcasts to the human radio colortone station to be stored in the solar plexus, liver and spleen of the abdominal viscera, in reality a radio vacuum tube under the diaphragm. (See large circle in the figure of the human radio station.) The center line from the head down is the spinal cord, which connects the vacuum tube of the cranium with the vacuum tube of the abdomen.

The vacuum tube of the cranium is composed of the pituitary gland, the pineal body, the cerebrum and cerebellum, and is attuned to the 63rd octave, thought, at approximately nine quintillion vibrations per second. The twelve radio colorgrams on the 49th octave



THE COLORAY
Wave Meter Dial

reach the radio abdominal vacuum (in the large circle) through the oscillations of the right and left nostrils, the olfactory nerve, the pituitary gland, the spinal cord and sympathetic nerves. In the radio abdominal vacuum, the liver, as a radio filament (right small circle), vibrating on the radio red colortone waves of 7250 A. U. per second, oscillates with the spleen plate (left small circle), by means of which the radio colorgrams from the sun station and boundless ocean of Universal Use finally reach the solar

plexus (small center circle), the grid and storage battery.

Indirectly, the radio human station receives radio colorgrams from food, atmosphere, and water, to build and repair the human radio station, which continually receives and broadcasts via right and left sympathetic nerves (through radio cranium antenna) and solar plexus to every living cell of the station.

The human vacuum tubes not only detect, but also magnify feeble radio colortone oscillations. Moreover, they can generate very powerful radio color waves if the circuit from the radio earth station is properly grounded with the "liver filament," solar grid and spleen plate of the radio man station. In this way they form a transmitting valve generating the very highest frequency of radio colortone waves in the spinal and sympathetic nerve antenna, which reach every radio cell and travel away through space from the aerial and solar plexus.

The radio colortone aura around the human radio station (which is radio active colortones from the grid solar plexus) can be controlled by natural and artificial means by restoring the grid leak to its natural equilibrium, or natural color balance. These complementary colors are found opposite each other on the aura keyboard, illustrating the radio oscillations of the human radio station.

The aura surrounding the human radio colortone station can actually be seen by radio filter screens. The aura consists of radio emanative colortone waves from the solar plexus (abdominal brain), completing the cycle or circuit of the 49th radio colortone octave back to the giant radio sun station and to First Principles, another example of the law of compensation.

THE "IF" in Life

IF WE would consider BY THE EDITOR us on and makes excuses for us which dry our tears.

life—on what a slender thread it hangs—contemplate its vastness in the universe, its diversified occupations, its far-reaching power, its calumny and swift justice, we then would truly feel the subtle power of the *if in life*, on whose authority the fate of the individual and the nation turns.

We hope, and cling to the *if in life*, whose never-tiring hands weave the fabric of our Destiny, for if we could have but discerned the road ahead, we would have cheated Fate.

The *if in life* stands guard. We sigh, and in the sighing we feel that intuitive power of our mistakes stealing upon us, for we cry out in pain, "If I had only known . . ."

We listen to the voice of a sweet singer and long in vain. If we had listened to the call of the music in our souls, we might have stood where that gifted artist stands.

The *if in life*, like a sentinel at his post of duty, reminds us of the day—perhaps half forgotten—when there was placed within our hands a sacred gift to guard. Where is it now? Broken, like the spar of a great white ship lying at anchor, rudder gone. We sigh with deep remorse, repeating over and over again, "If I could only forget . . ."

The *if in life* dates back to the creation of the world. If has made us keen-witted and alert. If has brought us to every turn of the road. If is always on our lips. If weaves its golden thread throughout our lives. If is a magic word. If heals our wounds. Finding us weeping over broken hopes, it spurs

The *if in life* is a silent messenger that comes and goes. Today it soothes and caresses. Tomorrow, like the leaves fluttering in the wind, it leaves the branches bare and grim. "If I had been more watchful," you say, "more patient. If I could have understood, how different it might have been . . ."

The *if in life*, like the petals of the rose, concealing the perfume, hides the secret of life. "If you would but speak that I might know my fate!" a lover sighs. The silent listener in her inmost heart is saying, "If I but knew how it would be when trials come!"

The *if in life* is but the Star of Destiny lighting the way for the traveler bold, or cheering the weary ones with hope all but gone.

"If I might have my youth once more . . ." the mother says, tottering to the grave, "if only just for him . . ." And the Silent Watcher on the steps, slowly crossing the threshold, takes his toll as the lips grow cold in their last whisper, "If I had only known . . . My Boy! . . ." And from the deepening shadows he answers her, "Oh, Mother, what have I done? If I had only known . . ."

Life's destiny is woven by the *if's in life*. Nations, homes, father, mother, child . . . If, though the lips be dumb, is spoken in the eyes, the shrug of shoulders, the warning finger, and in the end the toll of life is taken, for we sigh, "If, in the beginning, we had only known the happiness that love could bring . . ."

Living EDITORIALS OF TODAY

H *The New Freedom for Women*

HOSTELRIES and modern inventions of labor-saving machines have given woman the opportunity to develop a healthy body with a mentality which carries her into every walk of life, changing her position from the household drudge to the statesman, from the tired, overwrought, nervous, weeping woman to the keen-eyed athlete.

Her body is freed from the bondage of the mandates of fashion. She is still loving, weeping only when the great issues of life concern her. She has mastered the problem of life in a short space of time and liberated herself from the bondage of the ages, the inequality of sex, the double standard of morals, and the absurdity that man is lord and woman his chattel and slave.

Women have been compelled to leave their homes and become industrial workers. The law under which they live, man has made. By the force of sheer ability and achievement, woman has gained a place by the side of man in the industrial world. Shall she be humiliated in her fairly-won freedom, and be compelled to beg for the eight-hour working day that has been given to man?

Women, arise in the might of your privilege as the mother of men, and demand your rights! Break the double standard for women and men in the industrial world, as you have in the home and in the political and social world!

W *Those Reformers!*

WHEN WILL THE REFORMERS, and a few others, who get world-wide notoriety and a good living from the reforming business, realize the futility of their reforms, which cost this nation billions of dollars, driving our citizens across the border, turning homes into breweries, depleting the vitality of the people, causing law-abiding citizens to become law breakers, resulting in debauchery, thieving and murder, robbing youth of its vigor and killing babies before they are born? When will the reformer reform and let the world-at-large live in peace? The reformers of today are an abomination and a menace, and if sane people do not band together and protect themselves from them, in another decade their individual rights and their children's rights will be taken entirely from them.

The majority of these reformers have spent their lives in degenerate thinking or in debauchery and are incapable of logical, scientific thinking. The traveling evangelists are living testimonials to this fact. They are rich in purse and poor in mind. They are placing a ban on this age. They formulate their method of attack according to their own ignorant, debauched life, forgetting that the world today is reaping the harvest from the wild oats which it was permissible for grandfather to sow.

Segregate the reformers and the blue lawmakers. Teach the child (if there are any who can) the natural use of the body, the use that Nature intended man should make of it. Clear out the cesspools of the past where vermin are bred. Don't hang a man today for the result of yesterday's crime.

More laws are not the remedy. Blue laws, reforms and reformers are all the product of the past false teachings about Life. There can be no evil except that which emanates from an evil mind.

A *Who Holds the Stakes?*

ARE YOU A GAMBLER in food stuffs, clothing, coal, homes, et cetera? Have you paid the price for special privilege? Can you get past the inspectors? Are you a pet politician, a grafter's ward? Have you sat at the feast table with the "high ups"? Have you had your fingers gilded with a tip or two? Have you heard the growl of the watchman's dog? Is the wolf removed from your door? Do you care whose child starves, whose homes are blighted, who is left penniless, whose mother is in sorrow, what boy or girl has gone wrong? Does it matter to you what happens to the poor in winter when the storm king rages, or if the voice is stilled in death? Do you care whose home it is that gives the wolf his meal?

It is no fault of mine, do you say, if these do not have pull or power, if they are not a favorite of the boss or on the payrolls of the one who holds the stakes? I cannot help it, do you say, if men are idle because the coal mines close, factories shut down, mills stand idle and the wheels of industry are stilled—I am with the man who holds the stakes and that's good enough for me—the cry of the wolf is not at my door and why should I worry about my neighbor?

True, friend, the wolf is not at your door, and no disturbing thing has come to blight your life. You are not poor. But *right is right*, and maybe there will come a time when the shackles will fall from the poor man's life and he will hold the stakes. He will remember then. He will be kind to such as you. He will not forget when the wolf was at his door.

M *Mental Prostitution*

MENTAL prostitution is a baneful disease that has attacked the human race. It assails the minds of those whose sexual natures are abnormal, and will not allow them to look upon the uncovered human form in chastity of mind.

It is a discriminating disease. The patient only rages when the lovely forms of women are on exhibition. A male form does not seem to have any effect on their diseased minds. Children's exposed bodies do not disturb them, but when they look upon a piece of art that displays the natural form of a woman, unless it is a mother nursing her babe, they become enraged. A normal sexual development will enable us to look upon any expression of Nature with unpolluted minds.

This disease is becoming a menace which threatens the right to individual development. Where these mental prostitutes are congregated in groups, they overpower the legislatures, and compel governors and men in higher authority to concede to their unhealthy, unstable will, in their tirades against art, literature and dress reforms.

No groups of people are protected against an invasion of these wasps whose degenerate mentalities cannot conceive of any higher mission than to prevent the exercise of any will but their own. They see in every human act an act of immorality, unless they themselves designed the pattern and gave the order for its exhibition. These mental prostitutes are increasing and their cunningness is being displayed on every hand. Unless some measure is taken by the healthy-minded, nature-loving groups of people, the human race is destined to become the prey of this most malignant disease of the mind.

SIGN POSTS on *Life's Broadway*

W *Q The Reward of Truth is Life!*

WHEN you come into the realization that Life is the sole possessor of all things, that it cannot be measured, weighed, limited nor destroyed, that it is its own force, propelling itself, regenerating itself, when you realize this and call it Truth, and forget all the ways that led you to this analysis, you will be a free man or a free woman in the true sense of Nature's law. Can you do this? Can you lay aside all the frills that you have collected? Can you lay aside all the sweetmeats that have been placed upon your table? Can you throw to one side all the fancy garments and come forth clothed and fed and sustained by Truth alone? If you can do this, you are *free*. If you cannot do this, you are still a *slave*.

Each living human being must be a pathfinder. These paths, though running in every direction, according to the understanding of man, arise out of *one great process*, and they all lead toward *one great goal*.

Truth is the base, the function and the last analysis of Life. Life is the base, the function and the last analysis of Truth. And when you have found Life, you have found *all*. You find Life through searching for Truth, and, on the other hand, you find Truth in your search for Life. You must be patient. You must be earnest. You must be enthusiastic. You must be determined and you must never give up. You must teach yourself through all activities in which you are an actor, the lesson *that* activity holds for you. You must take advantage of everything that takes place in your life. Does it please you? Never mind! Take it as a lesson and don't be flattered. Does it displease you? Never mind! Take it as a lesson and don't be angered.

Step forth in the morning refreshed and go to your daily task, but remain always in the Silence of your own being, for, lying deep within you, the germ of Life leads your goings and your comings. Life only needs *accepting*, and it will explain itself. Accept Life, and it will serve you—never fail you—and you will be that great emancipator—Truth.

T *Q The Power of Mind*

THE MIND, not being a substance of the brain, but only acting on brain matter, becomes very difficult to define. The absurdity of causing death to the physical body as a form of punishment would be equal to thrashing a suit of clothes to hurt the body.

Mind, as a conscious entity, may be one or many personalities reflecting upon the matter called "brain tissue," registering on the nerve centers and storage batteries of the body structure. When any one of these nerves is disturbed, it causes friction on its twin. When a nerve is irritated, all registration in that particular cell is imperfect. It releases one of three factors, anger, joy or sadness. If it is *anger*, we strike; if *joy*, we embrace; if *sadness*, we cry. Joy and anger are twin emotions. Anger, joy and sorrow are the triplets of the emotional glands. A strong emotion, not counterbalanced, will cause the poles to become unbalanced and loss of body control and brain action may result. When anger dominates, atrocities follow. When sadness dominates, unless relief is given, insanity will be the result. Insanity is caused by lack of balance at the equator of the brain.

Let us not punish the body for the inharmonious action of the mind, for the mind that is in a way responsible for the action of the individual, cannot be punished. Let us rather train the body muscles, protect the nerves, feed the body cells, keep the physical body harmoniously attuned in order that mental equilibrium may be promoted, making possible *that poise* of mind which is creative.

This generation does not have the control that the coming generations will have. Each year we are becoming freer from our bondage to the past. It is only a question of time when all bondage will be broken and new laws governing life and life's institutions will be made. Old things will verily pass away, and all things shall become new.

Might shall no longer be right. Adjustment will be made rather than punishment. Mind, its relation to the body, its possibilities, its magnitude of office, its attracting power, its scope, is as yet an undiscovered realm.

Y *Q Charging Your Atmosphere*

OUR thoughts charge your atmosphere for good or evil. Every one has moments of silence when his very being seems full of power. It is at such moments in our lives that gods are created. Whether there is created a god of good or of evil depends upon the emotions during these moments. If good, you will rise to the estate of master. If evil, you become a slave bound by the lurid reds of your color vibration. If you become a master, you will be free from the dark color vibrations and be subject to the light emanations. You can overcome the vibrations of the lurid reds by observation and direction of the emotions. Through this accomplishment you possess the creative power of your universe.

You must charge your atmosphere consciously and perseveringly if you would gain accumulative results. If you are lax, the result will be that you have no intuitive powers. If you are alert, the intuitive powers will be recreated. Watchfulness must be established before any other step is taken. Destroy all emanations of the mind that depress you. Keep your atmosphere charged with the light vibration. Do not subject your body to any other vibration, either from your own mentality or that of another. Learn to become the master of your universe by observing the changes which take place in your mental attitude through your contact with other minds. If you are depressed, your color vibrations must be stimulated. This can be done by throwing into the mind chamber the opposite, positive thought, neutralizing the opposing forces, and releasing the creative power.

It is in our silent meditations that we charge the atmosphere and in this charged atmosphere we not only create, but attract other thoughts, according to the caliber of the charge. The results of your silent moments depend upon your use of the generated power. If you want the worth while things, you must charge your atmosphere with constructive thoughts for the beautiful, the good and the true. It is almost entirely a question of your attitude toward life.

Bring into action that subtle power that converts everything into motion, into vibration, and use it for constructive purposes which will serve you in your hour of need.

EXTRA!

DAILY GUIDE

For Everybody

DURING JUNE

:: Apply and Profit Daily! ::

WERE YOU BORN } The Sign of Gemini—The Symbol of Will and
MAY 21 TO JUNE 21 } Imagination—Health—Happiness—Success

Practical
Astrology

The Occult Star

FINAL
EDITION

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY HAASAN OSIRIS

CHICAGO, JUNE, 1925

MY STARS, AND WHAT THEY TELL ME

MY STARS! In our intercourse with foreign Worlds may we always be in the right, but give us each month our Astrology—Always right—never wrong!

YOUR GEMINI HOROSCOPE

Gemini is a variable, hot, moist, intellectual, airy, sanguine sign. It rules the hands, arms and shoulders, also friends and enemies.

Persons born in this sign are destined to many changes in life. At times they will appear to prosper, and again they will seem to be going into the reverse circumstances of life, yet they have much to gain in life, provided they never become discouraged, and persevere in the face of all conditions. They are, in the end, generally fortunate in their misfortunes, and will usually obtain all they wish or long for.

These people are not born for hard labor or dirty, gritty work. They belong in the commercial and artistic departments of life where they may use their superior judgments and keen perceptions to carry out their schemes of business. They should be careful in all money matters, as money seems to slip through their fingers easily, and without leaving a trace of itself.

Gemini persons are easily suited and can easily adjust themselves to any condition or society. They are excellent mixers, and usually win favor wherever they happen to be.

They are too susceptible to flattery, and should not let praise turn

their minds into channels of conceit. They are not agnostic, generally quite the opposite, and do not believe all they hear.

These people will be more fortunate on high ground, and in mountainous districts will win their greatest successes. They will do well in the management of large enterprises, where exceptional ability is required for head-work and responsibility. They would also make excellent writers if trained, and should be universally successful in real estate.

Gemini persons are restless. They must be doing something all of the time. Idleness destroys their ambitions and causes them to be dissatisfied. They love nature, and art in all its forms. They are affectionate, but not demonstrative.

The greatest fault of Gemini people is their lack of continuity, and fickleness. They are suspicious of all external appearances. They should learn to be constant, and forgiving.

They will harmonize best with those born in the Zodiacal Signs of Sagittarius, Aries or Leo.

The governing planet is Venus. The favorite gems are the amethyst, and the astral colors are blue and red.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT VENUS, THE RULING PLANET

Venus is the second planet in distance from the sun and in size and shape is similar to the earth. This planet approaches nearer the earth than any other planet except the moon, and can be seen with the naked eye very plainly. Venus is 67,000,000 miles from the sun, and only 25,000,000 miles from the earth. To be born with Venus as your ruling planet is a choice gift of nature, but like many of the other blessings of life, much depends upon the use made of it. Whether Venus is inhabited or not, we do not know, on account of the ring of gaseous, fiery matter encircling her. She has a strong influence over the life of those fortunate enough to have her as their ruling planet.

NEXT MONTH: Cancer, June 22 to July 22.

1. Good for business, but not for risky ventures.
2. Be quiet. Not so favorable.
3. Amusements and entertainment only.
4. Good for correspondence, visiting, assembling, or conferences.
5. Avoid accidents. Not good for motoring or traveling.
6. Good influences prevail throughout the day. Rush business and deal with people in general.
7. Good day for anything.
8. Excellent for all affairs of importance.
9. Be careful. Generally unfortunate.
10. Make new friends. Seek employment, ask favors.
11. Good for all affairs of importance. Keep busy.
12. Be careful. Rather doubtful.
13. Be cautious in correspondence. Use keen judgment throughout day.
14. Not good for business, but excellent for interviews.
15. Not good for important business. Keep cool. Retire early.
16. Good for traveling, recreation, etc.
17. Good for attending delayed or neglected affairs. Deal with opposite sex.
18. Good for all business transactions. Deal with the masses.
19. Good for business, but use careful self-control.
20. Good for business of all kinds in the morning. Afternoon doubtful. Keep quiet then, after 2 P. M.
21. Ask favors. Attend meetings. Visit. Deal with opposites.
22. Plan today, but do not execute. Rather doubtful for active affairs.
23. Uncertain. Be quiet.
24. Do not seek promotion nor ask favors. Good for other things in general.
25. Excellent for traveling, buying, selling, and speculating.
26. Watch details closely. Rather unfavorable for large undertakings.
27. Good for all things. Push business to limit.
28. Ask favors. Be active. Enter-tain.
29. Avoid hasty decisions, but push affairs otherwise.
30. A fairly good day. Attend to small affairs.

The FORTUNE Hunters An Amazing Revelation

H_ow Public Opinion is Moulded by The FORTUNE Tellers

By THADDEUS MILES

Illustrations by Courtesy of Ziff

Call in the daily grist—a true-to-life experience of one of America's most famous mediums. The throng of humanity moves steadily on. Priest and Prelate . . . Merchant and King . . . Doctor and Lawyer . . . Business Man and Layman . . . Boys and Girls . . . Truth Seekers and Scandal-Mongers . . . Home-lovers and Pleasure seekers



Humanity today is peering into the future. To the fickle-minded, it is a pastime; to the serious-minded, it is a guide. To the aged, it is a true hope for the future life and their church, their Bible and their God are all forgotten when their feet are crossing the Bar. Grasp the natural law governing life before death and you kill the fear of a life after death.

Men and Women in All Walks of Life Follow The Paths That Lead to the Grave

Eagerly Trying to Lift the Veil in Worship at the Fortune Teller's Shrine

HUMANITY today is peering into the future. Those who can see beyond the veil, whose eyes are trained to see beyond the physical life, whose ears can hear the voices in this measureless silence, are eyes for the blind and ears for the deaf.

In the early times, these gifted people were called prophets and men of God. Later, they were seers and witches. Today, they are mediums and fortune tellers. In every age they have always been the directors of human lives.

To the fickle-minded, it is a pastime. To the serious-minded, it is a guide. To the aged, it is true hope for the future life, and their church, their Bible and their God are all forgotten when their feet are crossing the bar.

In relating the experiences of the medium of whom we are writing, it is our intention to point out to the reader how the fortune teller directs, comforts, counsels, and through ministration, molds the lives of human beings. In all the various walks of life, whatever in-

terests they may have, often they are not quite sure of their footing until they seek counsel from one who can unlock the door and reveal to them the secrets of the future.

These little pointed paragraphs are selected from records of thousands of experiences of one of America's most famous mediums, which it was our privilege to peruse. The story of the Christian Scientist reader is interesting, not only for the lesson which it teaches, but also for the idea which it conveys of the fullness of the service rendered. Death entered the home, leaving her bereft. Sadly and with slow steps she sought solace from the medium. In part she said: "My church gave me comfort and was a staff upon which I leaned heavily, but death has come, and it leaves me at the brink, not knowing whither I journey." This lady, of whom we speak, was eighty years old.

A widowed mother, seeking advice, said to the medium, "I am not interested in my loved ones. God takes care of them. I want to know about my business. Can you tell me if I will get my husband's insurance? And if so, how soon? This lady was interested only in the affairs of this life. Her children had to be taken care of!

One day there came a youth. He wanted to know if his girl loved him, and if they would be married soon, while the girl whom he adored earnestly sought to know if her lover truly loved her.

It is the mission of the fortune teller to guide these lives. Never was a greater mission given to a human agency. To guide the youth in matrimony, that he may see his bride through eyes of love and mind of constancy, to teach him of the little lives they twain will lure to the shores of time, to prepare the maiden for the sacrifice that every girl must make, to open the eyes of both to the snares of life and lead them to the sacred shrine of love—there can be no greater mission.

The true science of "fortune-telling" lies in the ability to train the mind of the client to grasp the law governing life before death, and then to kill the fear of life after death, bringing about harmony where discord exists.

In our interview with the medium, she became reminiscent and her face was illumined as she remembered a boy who had sought her for advice. Here is the story as she told it to me: "This boy was anxious about personal matters, and when I said to him, 'Your mother wishes to speak to you,' he was startled. 'My mother!' he said. 'Why, my mother is dead!' 'Yes, she tells me she is,' I told him gently, 'but she is only dead to you, because as yet you are unconscious of her being alive.' He hesitated and then said with a far-away look, 'My mother! She was all I had. When she died, I had nothing to live for.' 'But your mother knows—' He interrupted me. 'Does my mother see where I go and does she know what I do?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'death is only a natural law. She lives and loves you as she did before she went beyond your physical sight.' 'Then —' and he laid his head on the table, while sob after sob shook his strong body.

"I waited in silence. When he raised his head, his eyes met mine. 'My Mother,' he said, as though speaking to a person that was very real to him, 'if you can see and know and still love your boy, I will be worthy of you. But, oh, Mother! I am so lonely!' Then he addressed me again. 'You have given me back my mother. I'll live for her.' He confided to me that it was his intention to end his life and go in search of her. In his desperate loneliness he had wandered far from her teachings and was afraid to live.

"Years afterward I met him. He had a wife and

two lovely children, and he said to me, 'My mother still guides me.'"

THERE are so many conflicting stories, so many teachings, so many blind leaders of the blind, that humanity rebels at them all. But the hand whose finger constructively points the way has many gifts to give, each one an Aladdin lamp, a soul made bright because the fortune teller has eyes to pierce the veil of mystery which hangs over the life like a pall, has ears to hear the voices of those who, finding the way of life through death, will drive the shadows from the path and show the way to the great highway of life.

Every one is familiar with the story of the king who consulted the Witch of Endor, the story of Joseph, interpreting the dream, and the prophets who prophesied. All of them had more than a passing influence on the minds of men, yet none of these people had greater gifts than this one around whom this story is woven, for is it not true that it is not the prophet but the prophecy that gives life? It is not the singer, but the song.

So it is with the fortune teller. It is not the individual, but the tremendous influence of the prophecy, the guidance in the words of advice and the power in the interpreter of the Law that paints the picture for the struggling artist weaving the story of life.

A wealthy client once said to the medium about whom this story is written, "If you can tell me the things I want to know, I will give you great wealth." The medium scanned the finely molded face before her and read its secret. "No," she said, "Not for all the wealth in the world or the glory of fame will I aid you." The client cowed before the medium and covered her face. "Do you know my secret?" she asked. "There are no secrets to those who know the law," was the answer.

The fortune hunter who is the most repulsive to the TRUE medium is the one who boldly asks, "Will my husband pass out soon so that I can marry my sweetheart?" Or the man who will say, "Can't you see a death in my family?" meaning his wife.

The conscientious medium is the greatest molder of character in the world. She tells you what to do to keep you out of trouble, how to live to be happy, and opens wide the door to heaven and bars the road to hell, if you follow her advice.

AN investigator tells this story: "Many years ago I became interested in the occult. Being a minister, I had always been a firm believer in, and an expounder of the old, one-way religion. One day I lost my dear companion. When dying, she drew me to her and said, 'Darling, will you promise me something?' Not knowing of what she was thinking, I answered, 'If it is within my power, I will.'"

"To my consternation she said: 'When I am dead, go to a fortune teller (naming the medium of our story). I will be there too, and I will talk to you through her lips.'"

"I wanted my wife to be saved and meet me in heaven, so I said to her, 'You believe in Christ and you are a good woman. You must go to heaven. You surely will not become one of those devils who talk through a medium.' I was troubled at her insistence, but nothing I could say would bring any other response. Her last words as she left me were, 'Go to her and I will talk to you.'"

"The sorrow of losing her was very great, but the burden she had placed upon me was more than I could bear. I felt it would be a sin for me to keep my promise. One day, while studying my Bible, I read with unusual interest the story of Jesus and the woman at the well who said, 'Come, see a man who told me all things that I ever did.' I stopped reading. My wife's

[Continued on page 35]

Blind—Are Those Who Will Not See

Decorated By
ERVINE METZL

By Courtesy of Ziffs

By
Effa E. Danelson

THERE are many who say that the world is not ready for the truth about life. This same statement was made one hundred years ago, and we read that the same condition existed in the earliest recorded history of man. *They are blind who will not see.*

Will the world ever be ready for the truth about life, unless some one is brave enough, strong enough, and sure enough of his ground to proclaim to the world the truth about this, the most vital question that humanity has to deal with and to ponder over? Will this blindness be overcome, unless some one more daring than the rest essays forth and sows the seed in the down-trodden soil of humanity?

He it is that is blind that will not know the Truth. Have you been blind from your birth, as was the man whose eyes were made to see? When we read the story, as it has been told throughout the centuries, we wonder if, after all, the curing of the blind was not just letting a little sunshine into the mind? We wonder often if this blindness that has been cured so many times was of the eye, or of the mind? Can we not feel the pulse-beat of humanity? Will we ever understand the Law until within our very souls we see the light? Shall we ever know the difference between darkness and light until we have planted the seed of sight within our blinded minds?

It seems almost unpardonable that any child of earth should this day not be ready for the truth about Life. In this wondrous age when man can build machines to reproduce the voice, when man can drive the voice around the world, when he can photograph the features across miles of space, when he can lift himself from the earth and sail and explore the air, mount higher than the bird, dig deeper than the sea, and force the hidden chambers to release their mysteries, is it not almost an unpardonable sin that in this age and day it can be said the world is not ready for the Truth? Is it not almost a crime against the future that men can say humanity is not ready to hear the truth about itself?

It does not seem it can be true that men who live in this age can say that anything is impossible. The one whose life is nearly over, whose step is slow, whose back is bent, we can forgive, if thus he speaks. But the younger men—we cannot think that they can be so deaf, so dumb, so blind, so careless and unmindful of their opportunities, their prospects and their inheritance.

The little children on the street know more today about the scientific facts of life than white-haired men and women knew in the days of the long ago, and yet these little tads are being taught that they must not ask one question that will enlighten them regarding the inner vision. The things unseen they must not even dare to think about. They must believe and have the faith of their grandsires, centuries and centuries of time gone by.

He it is, who will not see, that the world may indeed call blind. Are you blind? Can you see the loved ones who stand ever waiting to reveal themselves to you? If you cannot, you are blind.

Are you deaf? Can you hear the loved ones speak—



ing in that sweet old tone? If you cannot, you are deaf.

Have you speech to answer them? If you have not, you are dumb.

He it is that cannot see, the one who will not overcome the mysteries of life and death that ancient days have handed down.

Let us speak to you concerning the great life teeming with health and beauty and wealth. It is the physical body that is carried away. It is the flesh that decays. The life that animates this house of clay does not die. It lives away. That part of you that sped through time, encased itself and lighted the light within your shell, that part of you that threw this body on the ocean sand can never die. It always lives. And in that life how strange it seems to those who have found reality, how sad they feel when day after day, year after year they stand beside you and speak and you do not hear. Can you realize what it would mean to you if you should go to your home and were not admitted? It means just that much to your loved ones who strive so hard, in every conceivable way to let you know that they have found the light, to let you know that they are no longer blind, but have their sight.

Are you weary and sore perplexed? Call to the Master Minds of the universe, and they will rest you and they will heal you. They are not a myth, nor a will-o'-the-wisp. They are personal entities, clothed in the garments of abundance and if you call unto them, they will supply your need. Their supply is unlimited, and it is at your disposal. If you are hungry, call and be fed. If your mind chambers are crying out for a great possession, call and it shall be yours for the asking. There is no wall too thick, or distance too great.

When you enter into the silence of your own being upon retiring, remember that it is well for you to call to these Master Minds. They will protect you and your loved ones who are gathered around you. If you will do this, you need never fear to enter into association with those the world calls dead. In spite of all the propaganda to the contrary, there is no occasion to fear. If you yourself have understanding sufficient to choose your friends of the right sort who are still in the flesh body, you need have no fear in making your choice of those who come to you from the multitude of those the world calls dead. The self-same law may be applied to both questions. You choose your friends in this life by their influence, their attitude toward you. How many of you will say, "I could not bear that person the first time I saw him, and had I listened to my hunch or my premonition, I would never have made friends with him." Can you explain satisfactorily to yourself how you came by this sight and this understanding?

The same feeling is the language of the universe, and when one comes to you out of that silence, and does not deport himself according to your idea of ethics, forbid him your company. Call to the Masters to help you, just as you would call for help in any other department of life and on any other occasion. Abolish the mystery man. Drive him out and say to yourself, "If there is life after this, it must be a natural one and it must be carried on in a natural way, and somehow, even though I am blind today, I am sure that they must be perfectly natural and not so very much changed, for they loved to come back." Many of them are human enough to touch you, to want to eat with you at the table. Many of them delight in telling you funny stories to remind you of their naturalness.

When you can define this life, then you can talk about the ignorance of those who cannot define the life

that they have found. When you can explain how you move your hand or your foot, how you turn your eye, when you can explain how the hairs of your head grow, when you can explain the breath as it comes and goes, then indeed may you demand to know all about the life into which you are sure to go. But until you can do all of these things and have the language on the tip of your tongue, in which to express yourself, you could not learn anything about the life after death. It requires something to make comparison with. It requires a language that you can understand, and until you can learn the language whereby you can converse with these in this so-called distant land, you are blind, because you will not see.

What wonderful opportunities youth has today to develop this sight that penetrates beyond the earth, that can look back over all the years that are gone, unravel mysteries and unseal the tomb—wondrous opportunities that are slipping away, because some one high in authority has decreed, "Humanity must not know. The time is not ready when you shall lift the veil from your eyes." This is the assumed authority of these Majesties, to keep you from exploring the skies and finding out the mysteries beyond the mystery gate!

If you will but open your eyes, I am sure you will be able to see. If you will listen, I am sure you will hear. You do not take the time. You are half-hearted. You are preoccupied. You are impatient. We might say you haven't half tried, for we know, had you done so, you would not be without sight and without hearing. You may feel that this sight and this hearing is a gift. It is not so. It is an organ builded into your body that functions just the same as any other organ in your body. It is the Life of you, that part of you that cannot die, and like the string of the violin, it must be played upon to produce melody. Give it tasks to do, and how quickly it will respond!

KNOW—do not believe. KNOW that in you lies the power of omnipotence. KNOW that your hand can reach out and touch the farthest shore. KNOW that you can stride and travel the world over. KNOW that you can lift your voice and it will encompass the universe, and return again to you. Not a sound, not a light wave is lost. Marvelous things today have been revealed to man from that great silence chamber that he has not touched as yet, that great reservoir of all supply that man hasn't developed the power to conceive of as yet. All, all is waiting in the storehouse, untouched, for the child of the future, and the man who will determine within himself, "I will be blind no longer. I must have sight. I will open the door."

These wonderful powers of conception that man has always possessed and has never been allowed to use, are waiting for you.

The future child will not waste his talents. The future child will not be robbed of his inheritance. It bespeaks well of man if he listens, obeys, and aids this child.

Treat this question from a natural, fundamental, logical viewpoint and kill the mystery king. The mystery that abounds throughout the length and breadth of the land might better be called the listlessness, the laziness of man. It might be called the sleepless sleep of death, and it might well be said, "O dead, go bury thy dead."

In the new reign, the blind will be blind no longer, the deaf will be deaf no more. Man will know whence he came and whither he is going. But until he arouses himself to explore the depths, mount to the skies, unravel the mystery of creation and realize that the earth and all its riches belong to him, he is blind, because he will not see.

MELITA MILTON'S STORY *Extraordinary**An* **Astral GUIDE***Illustrated by Mahrea Cramer*

"Tell Alice to stop playing with Genevieve because that's my favorite dolly. She can have one of the others," she said seriously.



S. MAHREA CRAMER



THE doctor descended the broad, oaken stairway quickly, with a smile on his kind face. At his entrance into the library below, a wiry, keen faced man

ceased his nervous pacing and looked up expectantly. Shaking his hand warmly, the physician announced:

"It's a fine girl, and Mrs. Trevelyan is doing nicely." The financier drew a breath of satisfaction. Another wish granted! He wanted a little daughter to replace one he had loved much, who had died years ago. The big house was lonely at times. He had missed for a long time the pattering of little feet, the laughter, the childish voices resounding through the rooms. He wanted to feel warm, chubby arms around his neck again, a velvety cheek laid against his, to hear a coaxing voice in his ear asking for some trifle. He wanted to caress soft, golden ringlets—

"Is she blonde?" he asked abruptly.

The doctor shook his head and laughed good-naturedly. "It's rather early to determine that," he replied. "She will probably be brunette. Her eyes are dark."

A shade of disappointment came over the other's face, but passed quickly. "No matter—we will love her just the same."

When the butler came in with a tray on which were two cocktails, Trevelyan said: "We will drink to the health of Berenice Trevelyan. She is to be named after my sister," he explained. He raised his glass. "A long life, and a happy one! She shall have everything her heart desires," he added putting down his glass.

A Story of a Financier—*The Veil of the Unborn—The Premonition—The Invisible Helpers Astral Body Travel—The Pursuit of Knowledge*

"May she bring back the sunshine into your lives!"

"Thank you Dr. Clifford. Have another

drink?"

"No thanks," was the laughing reply. "They're pretty strong and I have another patient to visit. I'd like to arrive sober, if you've no objections. You may go upstairs presently. Her small ladyship has had her first bath."

"Thank you. I'll go right up." Trevelyan followed him into the entrance hall, where the butler held the physician's coat for him and handed him his hat and satchel.

"Much obliged, Gibson." The doctor turned to Trevelyan: "I don't know whether you are superstitious or not, so this may not interest you."

He hesitated. Trevelyan's eyes clear as steel sought his, compelling an answer.

"Everyone is more or less superstitious," he remarked. "What is it?"

"Well then, the baby was born with a caul, which means she will have second sight, be able to look into the future, if you believe in that sort of thing."

Trevelyan gave an impatient toss of his head. "I'm not superstitious to that extent," he replied, but after the doctor's subsequent departure, he mounted the stairway thoughtfully.

In the pink and white nursery, the furniture and accessories necessary to an infant had been arranged in strict accordance to regulations. The shades were drawn half way. As he stepped in softly, a middle-aged

Berenice . . with
her clairvoyance
. . would delight
her classmates . .
by picking up some
object . . describ-
ing . . its owner
. . incidents in the
girls' life . . the
future . . and—



nurse, with smooth hair and a prim uniform, rose with a professional smile, and crossed to the dainty bassinette. Deftly drawing back the lace curtains, she revealed a blanketed bundle, and opened a small space on top for one moment only, allowing a fleeting glimpse of a tiny nose, and a miniature fist.

"It's a beautiful baby," she purred, assuming a benevolent expression.

Trevelyan nodded toward a closed door, which led into an adjoining room. "May I go in?"

The nurse's face became a blank. "I'm sure I don't know," she murmured. "I think Miss Forbes said that Mrs. Trevelyan was asleep. Would you like me to ask?"

"Not now, but let me know later, when it will be convenient for me to go in." As he went out, he held open the door for a buxom, black-haired girl who carried a large tray covered with a cloth.

"Oh Mr. Trevelyan, I'm so anxious to see the baby," she said.

He smiled proudly. "It's a pretty nice baby. Now don't drop the nurse's dinner in your excitement, Jeannette," he cautioned, closing the door after him.

The girl placed the tray on a chair, and quickly set the small table in the center. "Now may I see the baby?" she demanded of the nurse. "Here's your dinner," she added.

As they bent over the bassinette, the nurse relaxed from her dutiful reticence for an instant. "She's not going to live," she whispered, nodding towards the crib.

In answer to Jeannette's startled look, she imparted further information. "She has peculiar eyes—they look beyond, and when I was washing her, she looked at me, and then her eyes wandered all over the room in a searching manner. Most unnatural for a new born baby. It's a bad sign, I've never known it to fail."

"Ain't that a shame," commented Jeannette sympathetically. She came back to the table. "Don't let your dinner get cold, and if you want anything else, just ring," she said hospitably. "Would you like tea or coffee?"

"Coffee, please." The nurse unfolded a napkin, and her eyes gleamed in gratification at sight of the tempting display of food set before her. "Miss Forbes said the

baby was born with a veil," she went on. "They say that means, if she lives, which I doubt, she'll see things nobody else can, and know what is going to happen in the future." She began eating her soup with apparent relish, taking it from the end of the spoon.

Jeannette was much impressed, and her eyes opened wide. "You mean she'll tell fortunes?" she asked in an awed voice.

The nurse nodded.

"Oh my goodness!" Jeannette became excited. "Do you suppose, seeing that she's born with a veil—could she tell me if I should marry Terrence Hannifin—could she give me some sign or another?" She glanced in the direction of the bassinette. "He drinks something awful," she continued confidentially. "I don't know where he gets it, but some nights his breath is terrible strong. I'm awful fond of him, but I don't know considerin' his failing, whether I should take him or not. Is there any chance of his getting cured? Could the wee baby tell me, do you think?"

The nurse smiled into Jeannette's anxious face. "You'll have to wait until she can speak," she advised.

"What time do they commence?" She didn't wait for a reply, but went rattling on. "I only hope I'll keep my job here so that I can have my fortune told whenever I like."

The bell summoning her to the floor below, put an end to her aspirations temporarily.

CONTRARY to the nurse's prediction, the baby thrived, and there was nothing to distinguish her from other normally healthy children.

Her father was showing her to some guests in the drawing room when she was about eight months old. Suddenly she stretched out her arms, and smiled and cooed, in the direction of the dark blue velvet portières that separated the room from the library. Trevelyan turned his head sharply, and placing the child in its nurse's arms, he rapidly opened the curtains. No one was there.

"She did the same thing the other day," he remarked to her mother, who smiled incredulously.

"Probably imagination," said one of the guests, strok-

ing the baby's dark curls. She seized his watch chain, and endeavored to put it into her rosy mouth, but dropped it the next instant, to stare at something or someone, evidently behind him, and her eyes, filled with wonderment, followed a Presence invisible to the others, that seemed to be moving about the room, to vanish eventually behind the curtains. This time, there was the distinct sound of foot-steps outside. Again her father opened the curtains looking all about him, and again, there was no one there.

In the fire-place, the huge logs glowed dully, casting vague reflections on the walls. The face of a large bronze statue of a Roman warrior standing in a corner, appeared to have a mocking expression. One or two of the guests shivered imperceptibly, and were glad when dinner was announced.

At the table with its candles and orchids, the conversation soon drifted to other topics. Gay tapestries on the walls, representing shepherdesses keeping vigil over their sheep gave the dining room a cheerful aspect and helped to dispel all thoughts of the supernatural.

It first became decidedly evident that Berenice was "different" when she was five. Notwithstanding a fragile appearance, she was strong and healthy. Her dark curls accentuated the pallor of her face, and her limpid eyes under long, sweeping lashes, held a dreamy expression. The nurse had often heard her talking to herself, but attributed this to a child's love of "make believe," until the little girl made a strange request.

She left her toys, and coming to where the nurse was sitting with her mending, she stood before her with an air of determination.

"Tell Alice to stop playing with Genevieve, because that's my favorite dolly. She can have one of the others," she said seriously.

The nurse looked up in astonishment: "Who is

Alice?" Berenice regarded her with a mixture of surprise and annoyance, then pointed to an empty chair drawn up beside the toys on the floor.

"There's Alice."

The nurse looked, then turned: "You know very well there is no one there. You must not say such things—it's very naughty for a little girl not to speak the truth." Disapproval was in her tone, which changed, however, when she saw the child's lips quiver. "Now be a good girl," she admonished, "and say you were only pretending."

"But I can't say that when Alice is sitting right in that chair," protested Berenice. "Don't you see her?"

"No, I do not, and neither do you. I shall speak to your mother about this." The nurse's tone was final.

Berenice crossed to the vacant chair, and began to whisper. "Isn't she funny, Alice? She says she can't see you, when you're right here." Her subdued laughter roused the nurse to further action. "It's time for you to take your nap," she announced, unfastening the child's dress.

As she was being lifted on the bed, Berenice called out, "Come on, Alice, we've got to take a nap."

"Stop your nonsense!" The nurse covered up her charge, pulled down the shades, and left the room to make her complaint to Mrs. Trevelyan.

She found her mistress in a semi-reclining position on the couch in her boudoir. In a fluffy negligee she looked luxuriantly comfortable, and was jotting down the menu for dinner, preparatory to giving it to the cook. She adjusted the satin pillows at her back a bit impatiently, and frowned slightly at being disturbed by the nurse, who stood before her calm, unruffled, speaking in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Is that all?" she asked indifferently, the cold ex-

[Continued on page 30]



"Thru the astral . . . she came to a crowded room . . . five girls . . . their ages . . . 8 to 14 . . . were busily making artificial flowers . . . the flowers must be done or the rent could not be paid . . . and then what—Berenice felt a great wave of pity as she looked at them, undernourished, their heads drowsy with fatigue."



Drawing by Robert

"Home Atmosphere"

By Courtesy of Ziffs

By MILLICENT GÉRARD

The Tarantulas of SOCIETY

Illustrations by Courtesy of Ziff's

THE tarantula harbored by society spins its shining thread from life to life. Parent and child becomes its victims from one generation to another. The desire for life in its gaiety, the hope for positions of power . . .



THE weakness for display of costly gems and jewels, the passion for possession and the lust of the licentious, languid life, are each at the end of the gossamer thread, casting havoc in the lives of young and old, in all walks of life.

IDLENESS among the rich or poor is the main tendon of this animal who attacks without warning, leaving its deadly poison and wrecking the lives of its unsuspecting captives. The insidious thread of selfishness weaves itself in and out among the cells of the body, slaying the love god and devastating the garden of the soul.

The veil of the mystery of life enveloping the young with its false conceptions and its conventionalities, leads youth into by-ways. In their passionate desire to know life, to break through the veil, we find them daring, testing their strength, until, like the fly in the spider's web, they can no longer turn about. They burn their bridges, and not being able to reconstruct their lives, they fall a victim to the eddying tide and gamble their lives away with a song and a dance. Wild-eyed with fear, broken at last, repining the past, with tottering steps at the brink of the grave, in frenzy they hear the chanting of the requiem.

When I was a little girl, I knelt at my mother's knee to say my bedtime prayer, after which the usual "God bless papa, God bless mamma" and the goodnight was said. There came a time, when, after the prayer and the goodnight, I turned and tossed on my pillow, thinking and wondering who God was, where he was and how he lived. Each night from the day I could lisp a word I had said this prayer. I never ventured to ask the question that always trembled on my lips. My mother, forgetting her own childhood, did not essay to instruct her little daughter about the strange, strange world. She

taught her child the prayer that her mother had taught her, the prayer that children learn at the same age they learn about Santa Claus.

In the child's consciousness, God is a person to fear and Santa Claus is the one who brings toys—if you are good. Later on, children learn that Santa Claus is a myth and they mistrust those who misled them. Gaining a little knowledge, they venture into the realistic things in life and find that the things they had been taught that God would punish them for, were not noticed by Him. They cease to fear to do the little things they knew to be wrong. At this age the tarantula of society fastens in poisonous fangs in the mind of youth. With the little white lie (later on the black one)—deceit begins to creep in. Strange thoughts form themselves and the once happy, trusting child finds itself in a new world.

On the day of the opening of this story, I had just realized the existence of this world. I had told my first white lie. I had taken my first lesson in the realities of life.

Mother had not noticed the hectic flush on her little daughter's cheek nor the furtive look in the eye. Mother's time was all taken up with the things that crowded her life and my training was left to the care of strangers. I had every luxury. My every wish was granted and every advantage was given me. I was musical and artistic and excelled in both music and art. Love for adventure was a strong force in my nature. To be popular was one of my secret joys and at an early age I was taking part in the drama which



ended my career in the fast mad whirl of Society.

In my young girlhood, before I knew what life meant, I lived in a dream and in this dream there was a boy, fair of face, eyes blue as the sea, true as steel, hair like gold, soft and glossy as silk. He was slender of build. His voice was low-toned, but clear and sweet. As we stood together, he and I, our souls were revealed to each other. We planned our future.

TIME sped on. He was sent to a training school for boys; I, to a fashionable school for girls. My mother was ambitious for her daughter to gain position in society. His mother was desirous that her boy should become a man whose honesty and steadfastness would win for him glory and fame. 'Twas thus we drifted apart.

My mother and father were in the fashionable set. Father was popular among men and Mother was the leader both in social events and club work.

In the school which was selected for me we were given every advantage. We could choose our own careers. I chose music, art and dancing. I considered my choice a clever piece of strategy.

Classes were held in the big assembly room in another building and were composed of pupils of both sexes, which gave me freedom of action, not to be enjoyed had I chosen otherwise. Art and music interested me, but dancing was a passion which carried me on fairy wings to elysian fields—to the doors of the dragon, whose poisonous fangs robbed me of my love, my child and my life.

When I had finished school and returned home, my mother was delighted with my accomplishments and planned elaborately for my future. I should have the gayest of friends, the most sumptuous parties, for I was very young, talented and beautiful. I did not have a thought or care of life, and Mother desired that it should be so.

Society welcomed me. I was in the bloom of youth, beautiful and pure as a lily. They showered me with glittering gems and raised me to the pinnacle of fame and then, as rudely cast me down. In



shame I sought the company of those whose lives had felt the sting, those whose dance of death had strewn their paths with fragments of a blasted life. I joined their frolics and in madness followed on.

ONE day, while returning from a gay party, I met the lover of my childhood dreams, face to face. His was a face inspired by noble thoughts. I could feel the deep red blush of shame as it crept into my cheek. I remembered our promise. He had been successful and had kept his promise to keep his life unsullied for our future. I—had—forgotten—mine.

In that moment there arose before me the destiny I had lost and in my anguish I poured forth the story of my plight. He had come too late. I had already begun the wild dance of death. The thirst for popularity and position that was inbred in me goaded me on. I loved the idle, listless life and wandered far. I was in the younger set, the most fastidious of them all. Gay

parties were the nightly program.

During my school years my father had died, leaving my mother a vast fortune which had attracted to her one who sought her for her wealth. She had loved my father with the love of youth, but with her second choice, she became a slave. I saw less and less of her until one day, broken in health, she sobbed out her story of ruin. She turned to me now more as an asset than a comfort. She had chosen my career for me and now she was choosing a market place and setting the price for which I should be sold that she might live in luxury

and maintain her position in high society. The tarantula again! I covered my face in terror. But idleness had not made me strong. I had no alternative but to obey. With bated breath I sought to free myself from its entanglements, but at each turn I was caught in another whirling eddy until, at last, I could struggle no more. In blindness I had turned into the lane of folly and once more I launched forth, this time to dance to the tune of the swan song.

At this juncture, there
[Continued on page 36]

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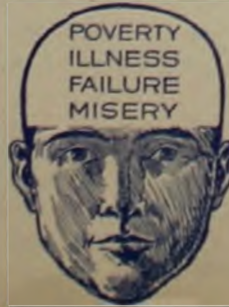
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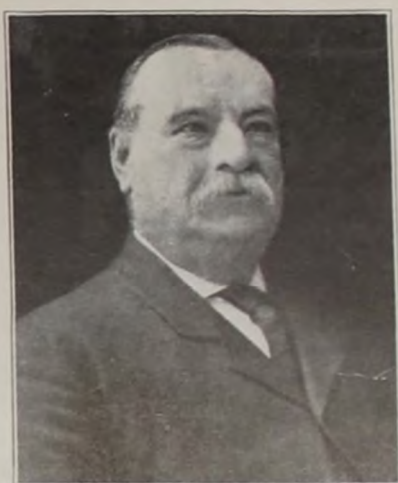


By EMILY H. ROCINE

THIS month we will describe the Hydrogen Type, the Dromedary man. Hydrogen is an exceedingly penetrative element, although it does not unite spontaneously with any element. It has powerful attraction for oxygen, or more correctly speaking, oxygen has affinity for hydrogen, which united, form water. Great latent energy sleeps in hydrogen. The chemist tells us that sixteen pounds of oxygen and two pounds of hydrogen contain energy sufficient to elevate forty million pounds one foot from the ground. It is hydrogen that explodes in boilers, that carries ships, that pulls trains, that beclouds the atmosphere, that fertilizes fields, that tempers the climate and that runs the wheels of machinery. It is a silent, passive worker. Hydrogen is a negative element, true to itself and to everything else. It acts positively when acted upon, but not otherwise, yet it is always passively at work.

In some human, animal and vegetable species, hydrogen is so abundant that they are little else than organized water. Pumpkins, lettuce, celery, cucumbers, tomatoes are from 95 to 99 per cent water. The hippopotamus and the dromedary, the duck, the mollusk, the fish, the sponge and jelly fish thrive in the water. In the same way there are certain human beings who have water or hydrogen as a preponderant element in their body structure.

To know the characteristics of hydrogen, moisture and water, is to know the characteristics of the Hydrogen man or woman. He lives in the hydrogen element. He is the duck type and waddles along when he is short and fleshy. Sometimes he is tall and relatively not so fleshy. The man in whom hydrogen consumption is great, enjoys juicy fruits, meats and soft-flavored drinks. He is very fond of the well-prepared liquid dish. He knows the value of flavors in food and of pleasing odors



GROVER CLEVELAND

Grover Cleveland, 22nd and 24th President of the United States, is, in character, disposition, habits and talent, an excellent illustration of the Hydrogen Type, having at the same time a good degree of bone and a tall or positive body type. Those who are short and heavy, of any type, are more negative than those who are tall and heavy.

Grover Cleveland was not really a sociable man nor a good mixer. He would sit in a boat alone for hours day after day and fish. This was his best recreation. He liked to get away from people. He was a fat man but he was not jolly. Rather he was serious, determined, rough-shod, almost morose at times. He kept eternally and stubbornly at work on what he started out to do; no amount of flattery nor of force could deviate him from its accomplishment.

at the dinner table. He is noted for his keen sense of smell. He is usually near-sighted or poor in eyesight.

We recognize the Hydrogen Type by his seemingly timid, quiet manner, his calm, mild, sad expression. He does not talk much. His body builds largest at the hips and central body, as he becomes fleshy. His shoulders are sloping. His flesh is soft, porous, flabby, making him awkward in his gait. His muscles are too watery. His face is large, especially the lower face, under the ears and around the neck. His face is usually inclined to be incurved in profile, with a small, bony formation of chin. His complexion has a water-like, delicate tint. Like a sponge, he absorbs water until he gradually becomes a walking mass of organized water. His tissues are soft and plastic. He senses the changes in the atmosphere very keenly and can predict the coming storm far in advance.

The ability of hydrogen as an element, to penetrate and to leak through matter, even stone walls, is remarkable. It is able to ascend, descend, enter into and go through things with ease, through vegetable fibers and human tissues. This characteristic of the Hydrogen man is seen in his mind's action. His mind is penetrative, even though it is something like a London fog.

There is a heavy, foggy moisture in his interior, brain included, that affects his mental understanding at times, and yet his senses and perceptions are keen and his mind penetrates slowly, though surely. His is not a responsive mind nor does he have the power of quick decision, but when he is acted upon, he will react slowly and powerfully. If a thought comes to him, he will hold to it until he slowly works out a decision and a solution of any problem. This is the reason that we have a number of famous men among the Hydrogen Type.

They dislike to talk and to act, because they lack oxygen, and it is oxygen that stirs the mind. Things are hazy and obscure in the mind of the Hydrogen man, but he holds on. He bides his time. When in danger, he can act very quickly, for the shock clears the fog out of the brain.

They are often able men, but they are always gloomy, and inclined to sullenness. When they are exceptionally able, as our historical subject, they are more earnest than usual with this type, and calcium acts with hydrogen. Hydrogen has great power over calcium, and makes use of the bones rather than the muscles when the motive faculties are strongly developed in the type, as is the case with our subjects in this article.

The disposition of the Hydrogen Type is somewhat sullen. They develop criticism and pessimism, as well as dependence, because they feel weak and do not like to stand alone, and at the same time they do not trust strangers too much. As they become more fleshy and weak in a physical sense, they feel more dependent. They are exceedingly persistent. They care nothing whatever for the idealistic side of life. They can be very sarcastic. If they lack the faculties of courage and daring, they only think criticism and sarcasm, otherwise they express it freely. They are inclined to brood over things and as a type often commit suicide.

The Hydrogen Type are less sociable than other of the fleshy types of people. They are critical, sarcastic, independent in word and manner. They are more serious than other types. They like to do things without interference and in their own way. They will not tolerate being told what to do and how to do it. They do not want a boss.

Many of our best doctors belong to this type. Hahnemann, father of Homeopathy, was Hydripheric, and Hydrotherapy was invented by another of this type—Father Kneipp.

The Hydrogen Woman, a Good Cook

Because a woman is always built on a more delicate principle than a man, no matter what free chemical element dominates her, the Hydrogen woman is naturally gentle and patient. She is very exclusive and loves home and domestic life above all. Because of her acute odor sense, she is an excellent buyer of food, and a good cook. She has a jealous nature. She never forgets an injury. Let a husband or a lover prove false and her life is ruined for she can never forget her love.

She is cold and indifferent toward neighbors and the world at large, but full of love, tenderness and devotion for her own husband and children. She cares nothing

for the flattery of people, and divorce does not interest her. She likes to sit still all day and do fine needlework. She soon tires of physical activity.

Her mind is sleepy, her emotions dreamy and her imaginations like a murky mist. She cannot easily express her feelings. She is externally controlled and poised, but her soul is disturbed, timid, full of fears. Her face is calm; it does not reflect her soul. When her inner being is full of emotion, she only looks and says nothing. Her love is seemingly chilly, but in reality it is warm, true, romantic, simple, innocent. She is as fascinating as Venus, daughter of the sea, beautiful, tender, romantic, mystical. In youth and health, her skin is almost opaque, a clear, watery white, with plenty of rosy color.

Health and Diet

The Hydrogen Type suffers from lack of oxygen. In the fall of the year he does not get enough oxygen for blood and tissue, and as a result, he has autumnal attacks of illness. He should go to the hills or where there is plenty of fresh air during this season of the year. He is predisposed to suffer from:

Watery asthma
Hay fever
Eczema and skin trouble, because the water carries out of the system the blood salts
Atrophy of tissue
Dropsy
Cysts
Anemic convulsions
Cancer
Decay of bone
Fevers, caused by rush of blood to vital organs
Organic heart diseases
Hemorrhages
Moist tumors
Venous stagnation, and many other ailments, all having their origin from the great tendency in this type toward a too strong water-absorbing impulse, also from hydriodic acid and gases.

The lymphatic system is excessively active in this type, hence water substances are taken up and deposited in glands, secretions and tissues, to the exclusion of solids.

What they need is a dry diet, salty foods, lemon juice, exclusion of liquid foods of all kinds, drinks and water. They should live in a dry climate and

high altitude for the best results. If they will omit water drinking altogether, they will realize what it is that is causing excess weight or obesity. This in itself will reduce their excess weight. As soon as they are rid of excess tissue water, they will improve in health.

NEXT MONTH Read About THE FLUORIN TYPE

The large and fleshy man of few friends, a riddle to himself, a conundrum to all who know him though a deep reasoner, as brilliant and as profound as Socrates.



A HYDROGEN TYPE

Mrs. B. This young Chicago wife (twenty-five years old when the first picture was taken), was willing to live on a hydrogen-free diet for the sake of holding the respect and admiration of her husband. She reduced from 234 lbs. in the first picture to 173 lbs. in the second picture in less than a year's time, and grew stronger and healthier as she reduced. She didn't fast, but used foods to build muscular tissue and bone strength, improve the balance of the blood and secretions, feeding and strengthening the nervous system at the same time. Fasting is often dangerous for the brain and nerves.

By T. F. ORBES

SOULS *in* Bondage

MILLIONS WORSHIP Every Day Under the Shadow of PAGAN GODS
Are YOU UNDER BONDAGE to an Idol?

Under Bondage to . . . name . . . social position . . . friends . . . enemies . . . ambition . . . money . . . stronger minds . . . fear . . . failure . . . marriage . . . ridicule . . . religion . . . or family traditions . . . Hell is paved with stepping-stone fear traditions of maxims old.

IT HAS BEEN my mission to direct the mind of youth, and I have made a study of their habits. I have questioned and cross-questioned them. I have studied their home lives, their school lives, their ambitions and their desires. Almost without exception I have found them in bondage.

To be sure, there are many kinds of bondage. There is the bondage to ourselves. We have a weakness. We strengthen it because we dare not admit it unreservedly, which is most necessary for us to do if we would walk from our prisons, free-born. Telling ourselves how useless we are in the world, how much more some one else is needed, asking ourselves why we cannot have nice clothes, why we do not have black hair or dark eyes or perhaps a beautiful form that we may be more attractive—these are some of the petty bonds that keep us from enjoying life as we should. We whimper and whine. We are fault-finders. We are dominated. We demand, but cannot give. We take, but are not willing anyone should take from us. We are thieves. We rob ourselves of the opportunities that can only come to those who have freed themselves from bondage.

We speak of the wayward youth. What is the cause of the waywardness? We hear so much these days about crime. What makes criminals? Criminals are souls in bondage. Waywardness is the soul seeking expression.

In this age of scientific investigation, resulting in the discoveries of so many wonderful things, we can look forward to releasing these souls from bondage. The bondage which gives the most trouble, therefore more prevalent, is the idea which parents have about their children and the authority they assume over them. In the majority of cases the parent chooses playmates, food, clothes and books for the child without consulting him. Few parents know that every child is born

"SPARE THE ROD—SPOIL THE CHILD" a cruel whip that breeds revenge . . . revenge breeds crime . . . crime brings destruction.

"LIKE FATHER—LIKE SON." The soul's cry for its individuality of expression . . . stifled . . . repressed . . . and killed . . . brings the greatest of our failures.

"OBEY YOUR PARENTS" has done more to create bad men and women than St. Paul's mandate.

"Let your women keep silence in the churches for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience."

"And if they will learn anything let them ask their husbands at home."

THE KING OF TYRANTS is Religious Bondage with its "YOU CAN'T"—"THOU SHALT NOT" as it bends, breaks and cripples the body, mind and soul. The debaucheries in the name of religion . . . the tyrannical punishments established for sin sear the child and adult mind with its firebrands of fear. DOMINATION AND CONDEMNATION are the Godheads whose steel bands cut into the flesh and rob us of our freedom today.

I CAN is the open Sea I CAN'T is the jailor's key. Had God said "Co-operate with me, My Children" instead of "Obey me" the garden of Eden would not have been defiled . . . Christ would not have been crucified . . . all nations lived in peace . . . and civilization a reality.

BONDAGE CANNOT EXIST WHEN THE LAW OF TRUE CO-OPERATION IS IN ACTIVITY.

with instincts, or that they are imitators. Parents would find it a good policy to note very carefully the habits of their children up to the age of twelve years. It is invariably the rule that every child before this age forms his habits as a result of example.

I know a boy who would have been a success in the professional world. But his father was a mechanic, and the old adage, "Like father, like son," had to be kept alive, so the natural tendencies of the son were repressed and he was educated in the mechanic's trade. His brain development was disturbed. His muscles were not constructed for hard work. As a result, he decided there must be an easier way to make a living. He had lost two fingers from one hand and half of a thumb from the other, working at his trade. He became gloomy. More and more he was dominated by morbid thinking, for lack of natural expression. The hatred in his heart created rebellion. It is only a step from rebellion to crime, and in that step a valuable life was lost to the world.

One little girl's life was made miserable because the mother chose the wrong colors for her clothes. "My mother always made me wear bright pink," she told me one day, "and I hated it." This child loved the soft colors, and could she have chosen for herself, she would have become a gentle and loving woman. The gay, gaudy colors aroused in her a rebellion, and before womanhood was reached, she had lost her beauty and refinement.

Parents, study your children! "Children, obey your parents," has done more to create bad men and women than St. Paul's mandate in I. Corinthians 14: 34, 35. Children would respect their parents and be very considerate of their wishes if the parents would realize that a child's brain is a receptacle and not a machine.

Every child wants to be somebody, wants to do something worthy

of their parents and friends, but only about one out of a thousand is permitted to spin a top unless they do it exactly as their elders would do it.

Because she was tied to her mother's apron string, little Jeanette devolved the habit of looking up timidly from under her lashes. When she became older, she could not look you in the face. As a result of this habit she was branded as a person who "must be tricky." This child was undeveloped because her mother had held her in bondage to her stronger will.

"I long for college," a youth said to me, "but I am afraid I would not pass." Why was this youth afraid he could not pass? During his boyhood and from the time he could remember he was denied the privilege of doing the things his nature craved. It was his nature to want things, but he could make no effort to gain them. He had not been given the chance to build into his body the possessive brain cells. He was creative, but had no material with which to build. He was under the bondage of self-abnegation.

An acquaintance of mine said, "All my life I have loved music and art." "Why do you not place yourself in an environment of this kind?" I asked. "My husband does not care for those things, so I had to give up caring for them," she said. I answered, "You have not given up caring. You have only given in to your husband's selfishness. You have become a slave to him." Hers was a soul in bondage. Later in life, the longing to satisfy her pent-up love for the beautiful drove her from home and husband. She was branded by the tongue of gossip as a wicked and lewd woman.

Religious bondage is the most tyrannical of all, for its precepts are so limiting. "You can't, you must not," are its two mainsprings. The debaucheries in the name of religion and the tyrannical punishments established in the world for "sin" sear the child-mind before it reaches the age of maturity. The parents' religion, handed down to the child, causes inconceivable bondage. Religious bondage and the social bondage are gradually losing their power.

One form of bondage which still remains intact is the fear of ridicule. To the soul that longs to produce something original but will not try for fear of being laughed at, this fear is worse than death. "I know I could sing and become famous as an entertainer. I have a mania for imitating every sound I hear, but my friends laugh at me," said a beautiful girl. "The world is looking for genius of that sort," I told her, and advised that she put her product on the market, choosing her friends among people who would be interested in her art, which she did, and became a success. That is the trouble with so many of us. We are under bondage to our friends.

We must remember that perpetual youth can only exist when the mind is unfettered by thoughts of failure. "I can" is the open sea. "I can't" is the jailer's key. Of course the reader must realize that only as he understands himself can he hope to be free from the bondage of other minds. We dare not offend those we love and those who love us. We are afraid to try our strength. We have the purpose in view, we have the star within

the range of our vision, but we do not dare try to soar to its height. What is the cause of this fear?

Domination and condemnation are the two great god-heads whose steel bands cut into our flesh and rob us of our freedom.

When we think of souls in bondage we are very apt to let our minds revert to the passage in the Bible which tells us where Jesus was supposed to be the three days he was in the grave, as some ecclesiastical churches teach that he was preaching to spirits in prison, or, in our more modern days, to those who were obsessed by astral forces.

The mission of this magazine by the nature of such articles as this, is to aid our readers in removing the veil from their own eyes. The story in the Bible of a person "who was possessed with a devil from his youth" is a flail that has scarred the lives of many. The bondage of obsession is simply an indication that "the wrong key has been turned in the lock." A timid child should be governed by placing responsibility upon him, by being given a piece of work to do that will bring his pent-up emotions into action. A strong, self-willed child should be allowed to create things from strong materials such as wood, iron or stone. Put the child to work at the thing that corresponds to its nature and it will develop orderliness, will become poised and give very little trouble.

Men and women who are under bondage can often trace the cause of their bondage to their parents or someone who had charge of them while they are still a child in arms. A shock to the nerves, a quick jerk of the arm, may disturb some intricate part of the nervous system. The network of the body of an infant is so delicate that it can easily be transformed from a bright and lovely child to a misshapen and ugly one. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is a cruel whip for a sensitive nature. The whip breeds revenge. To be under the bondage of revenge is to lose all love for the beautiful and attract the thoughts of those who, sooner or later, bring about destruction.

The world is filled with beauty, but few people find enjoyment in living because they have been robbed of their power to construct. "Obey this or that" is a mandate whose rasping whine has been heard from childhood. When the human race have learned co-operation with Nature's law, there will be no bondage in this world nor in the next, and there will be nothing to fear. Had God said, "Co-operate with me, my children," instead of "Obey me," the Garden of Eden would not have been defiled, Christ would not have been slain and all nations would have lived in peace even unto this day and age. Man would have progressed. Man would have built the Temple of Life to adoration rather than to defilement. Bondage cannot exist where the law of co-operation is in activity.

Of course, the universal change cannot be made by one person's life, but one person can create a thought which will vibrate throughout the world, uniting with other thoughts until the mighty refrain breaks the bondage of human souls. Awaken the minds of those whose power to serve lies dormant and we will brighten this old world and make it a worth-while place in which to live.

**Things That You Should Know of Vital Importance
Shall Be Revealed in Our Unannounced July Features.**

SINNERS and REFORMERS

"And The Public be - - -" What?

"Back to the Jungles"

SAYS a live editorial in a recent Ziffs magazine. This editorial points to the law enacted prohibiting the teaching of evolution in the public schools, which has just been signed by the Governor of Tennessee, and the law pending before the New York legislature which would curtail the freedom of the people of this U.S.A. in selecting their own reading matter.

W. B. Ziff says: "It almost seems as if the good citizens of these forty-eight states are to be considered as a bunch of low grade morons, who are to be handed their food, drink, literature and virtue, all canned and sterilized after the paternal system practiced so successfully in our best asylums. Don't make any mistake about it. The superior gentlemen with the high creped hats are going to try it, and they don't mean perhaps! They get their stuff from lads like Mr. Mohammed, who was doped with the same kind of hasheesh in a dream. Mr. Mohammed made his half of the world better according to his own beautiful vision, incidentally carving up a few million people who were unfortunate enough to disagree with him, in the process. But what's a few million people to a sad-eyed reformer! Poo! The long slide back to the middle ages is being greased, and if the righteous have their way we will soon be living the simple life along with the hairy Ainu!"

"Vetoing a Dangerous Bill"

The following editorial of The Chicago Journal of Commerce voices the sentiment of every lover of freedom in matters religious. We are eagerly awaiting the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the Tennessee bill prohibiting the theory of evolution being taught in the public schools of that state. We cannot understand how the Governor of Tennessee arrived at his conclusion of the continuity of life.

"Governor Donahey of Ohio has done a good day's work by vetoing the Bible bill enacted by the Ohio legislature. This measure would have compelled the reading of at least fifty verses from the Bible each week in each public schoolroom in Ohio. In effect, this would have constituted religious instruction.

"Governor Donahey takes his stand on the

firm ground of religious freedom. Both the constitution of the United States and the constitution of Ohio guarantee freedom of religion. Despite all assertions to the contrary, the governor knows that freedom of religion is impaired when children are compelled to listen to the reading of a book which is not held holy by their parents.

"There are religions which pay to the Bible no veneration at all. Under the principles of the American constitution, these religions are entitled to as much consideration as any other religion in the world.

"There are religions which venerate the Bible, but which differ with one another, and even among themselves, as to what constitutes the Bible.

"There is no single version of the Bible which at least twenty million Americans would not believe to contain erroneous doctrine. There are versions which at least sixty or seventy millions of Americans would believe to contain erroneous doctrine.

"The reading of such unbelieving doctrine in the public schools would be equivalent (in the eyes of most of the unbelievers) to the reading of the Amulets, which Mohammed wrote down as a protection against evil charms.

"For the sake of peace in the United States and good will to Americans, it is imperative that Bible bills and all other measures that provoke religious enmity should be consistently and determinedly opposed by Americans of every religion and every political party."

We are glad to know that the Governor of Ohio vetoed the bill making the

reading of the Bible in the public schools compulsory. Give the young people a chance to develop brain cells naturally, throwing the rest of the ancient books out of our schools, and we would soon develop a mind that could not create crime cells. It is a villainous crime to clutter up the mind of the child of to-day with the history of the old time criminals of ancient days. They are too advanced to be hampered by such stories as the burning of Rome while Nero fiddled, or the atrocities handed down to us which were committed by the well-known characters of the Bible under the direct command of the personality whom they named God. In this age the time should be used in teaching the children of the things which will occupy their minds in their present and future lives.

If we were really interested in this welfare work, we would take steps to segregate these reformers (who are interested only in preserving ancient history) in a modern Utopia of their own making. If, as they claim, they are really interested in youth, they would propose laws that would lay these books on the shelf. These ancient histories given to the youth via the church, school, playhouses and courts destroy the finer forces in youth. Fortunately, youth will not stand still and be lashed by the hand of these lovers of ancient history. They intend to be the judge and jury in matters relating to what they want.

The hill of progress is a steep one, and youth has no time to waste. He must give his attention to the discoveries of the modern day.

Revelations from God Almighty

"YOU may remember that on January 24 this year there took place, according to schedule, an eclipse of the sun. Also, that on February 6 there did NOT take place, according to schedule, certain phenomena that were to usher in the end of the world. It has occurred to us, a little late perhaps, that an extraordinary drama lies in this contrast.

"The eclipse was heralded by scientists. Its onset, its duration, its path of totality—every item on the program—occurred exactly when and where the painstaking observations and calculations of the scientists led them to predict it would. The end of the world, on the other hand, was charted by a man on Long Island (and other groups of religious sects) who had a "revelation" from God. And it didn't take place.



By Courtesy of JUDGE

THE SPIRIT OF 1925

"We hear a lot about the conflict between science and religion. Here was a skirmish between the two the result of which is hardly reassuring."

—From Judge.

"Et tu, Indiana?"

"INDIANA has adopted a new prohibition code in which these provisions appear, among others:

"The possession of even an ounce of liquor on the person or in the home is *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and a fine of \$100 to \$500, with a jail term of at least thirty days, is the penalty.

"For the third conviction for possession of liquor in any quantity a prison sentence not to exceed two years is the penalty.

"Persons who turn state's evidence are immune to prosecution.

"This code was drafted, of course, by the Anti-Saloon League. It suffered some modification in passage through the Hoosier Legislature, but not much, because the Anti-Saloon League and . . . are to Indiana what the Communist Party and the Red Army are to Russia. But suppose Indiana goes right on drinking, as she undoubtedly will. What penalty will the League add then? Death?"

—From Judge.

More Trouble

"PROHIBITION is not a subject that we find stimulating any more, even as a source of ridicule. On the contrary, the extreme idiocy of the institution, as exemplified on every hand and in every relation of life, seems too obvious for further comment. Nevertheless, it is necessary now and then to point out objections as they occur lest silence be interpreted as consent.

"At the moment we have three objections in mind.

"No. 1 is the realization that no longer do we read or hear of old-fashioned temperance rallies, the kind that used to rescue the individual from a drunkard's grave by appealing to his religious instincts and personal pride. By now the very word 'temperance' is taboo. And what we get are not appeals to lead better lives, but hoarse commands to obey the law under threat of fine or jail sentence. Preachers have substituted the law of man for the law of 'God' as the authority for their thunderings, and the appeal to fear for the appeal to self-respect. And the drunks are laughing at them.

"No. 2 is the growing among drunkenness and minors of both sexes. As a result of it the Hotel Men's Association of New York has been considering forbidding high-school fraternity dances in the hotels of its members.

"Every hotel man," as one manager explained, "knows that juvenile drinking has reached grave proportions. The hotels know that carried liquor is in evidence at practically every function arranged at hotels by student organizations, and they know that clandestine drinking by boys and girls of from fifteen

to twenty years of age is resulting in deplorable excesses.

"No. 3 is the growth and development of a peculiarly low type of sneak. A new United States attorney took office in New York recently to the usual accompaniment of loud talk about law enforcement. To give point to his threats he employed a few young men friends, not officers of the law, to procure 'evidence' for him. These young men had the *entree* to some of the better known supper clubs in town, which means that they had persuaded the proprietors of these clubs to trust them as fellow-culprits in the violation of the Volstead law. And they had been fellow-culprits, with all that this relationship implies of personal loyalty, plus the peculiar bond that has always existed between the man who drinks and the man who serves him—until they deliberately betrayed their friends. Shooting a bird on the ground, cheating at cards, blabbing on school-mates—these are the acts of sportsmen compared with this type of betrayal.

"The Indiana law referred to above, in its offer of immunity for state's evidence, deliberately aims at the multiplication of such informers."

—From Judge

A Convert

"THE Detroit Free Press is 'a very dry' paper, to quote a mutual reader, but on April 7, it devoted its leading editorial to an unmeasured denunciation of national prohibition as a tragic failure. Here is the concluding paragraph of this truly remarkable utterance:

"Reluctantly this newspaper arrives at the conviction that the Eighteenth Amendment was a fearful error; and that the most pressing domestic problem before the United States today is how to get rid of prohibition in its present extreme form, and substitute for it moderate but effective liquor legislation that will have the support of public sentiment, will produce real temperance, and above all will save the youth of the nation from its present peril."

"Indiana papers please copy."

—From Judge.

Drunkenness and Prohibition Up to Date

"SENATOR WILLIAM C. BRUCE of Maryland says: Every year . . . since the passage of the Volstead Act there has been a steady increase in

the number of arrests for drunkenness in Baltimore. In many communities in the United States there has been a steady increase in the number of deaths from alcoholism. In 1908 in the City of New York the total number of deaths from alcoholism was 16. Last year—1924—it was 499. . . . In a large portion of the United States there is not only little heed paid to the Volstead Act but a growing disrespect for laws of all sorts."

—From Public Affairs.

Amendments and Amendments

"THE Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States reads as follows:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized."

To an ignorant layman this language seems quite definite and comprehensive, yet the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has decided that there is nothing in it to prevent State officers from entering and searching your premises; in other words, that the Fourth Amendment is binding only upon the Federal Government and its agents, not upon the States. The test case, of course, was provoked by a prohibition seizure.

But if the Fourth Amendment is binding only upon the Federal Government and its agents and not upon the States, are we to believe that the same is true of the Eighteenth Amendment? And if not, is the Eighteenth Amendment the only amendment that is binding upon the States? Or, to get down to cases, is it the only amendment that is binding?"

—From Judge.

Borah Is Right

THE spirit of prohibition is ever seeking new worlds to conquer.

Some day soon visiting scientists like Professor Koehler, whose subjects impinge on evolution, may be gagged by the State Department, as Karolyi was, before they reach these shores, and not permitted to speak their minds until they cross into some free country like Canada or Mexico. . . .

We shall have Federal prohibition of evolution if and when the ministers and magnates agree on a program as they did in the case of liquor.

—From Judge.



THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

By Courtesy of JUDGE

CONFESSIONS of an OCCULTIST

By TAT TVAM ASI

Funny Notions about Reincarnation

- Q Do only superior people re-incarnate?
Q Shouldn't some inferior ones come back to learn a little more about themselves?
Q Is there retrogression instead of progression?

IN LAST MONTH'S issue I promised to tell how I answered the inquisitive friend who desired to know all about reincarnation, and who seemed particularly eager to hear my personal opinion about Sir Francis Bacon's different incarnations. I consider the logical and common sense theory of reincarnation a vital one.

"Yes," I said, "I believe in *continual existence*, and consequently I believe that we keep up our activities and remain ourselves, and in a progressive way. If we have to 'work out our own salvation,' as the Bible says, we can do that best by getting new bodies after the old ones wear out, and so continue our progress toward perfection. The contemporaries of Christ expected the prophets Elijah and Jeremiah to return, and they wondered whether John the Baptist was an incarnation of one of these or not. And at one time they were told that he was Elijah. They were never told that reincarnation was an illusion and a snare.

"We know that the 300,000,000 Hindus and the 500,000,000 Buddhists believe in the doctrine, as do most of the Spiritualists in Europe; so if you want a vote on the subject, most of those who believe in life eternal believe also in reincarnation—on this earth, as long as such a thing is necessary, and after that in higher spheres, on other globes. For eternal life must mean eternal progress, slower in some cases, and much quicker in at least a few.

"You ask me to tell what I think of those who are arrogant enough to claim to have been almost all the prominent people in the world, while those who voted for another candidate for President or in any other way hurt their feelings have been such characters as Judas or Brutus. Is it necessary to answer this? Any one who is stupid enough to claim to be a reincarnation of a superior person in the past and who is insignificant in his present incarnation—does not he by that very fact show, either that he is lying, or that the former celebrity has sadly deteriorated? Which is it? Take your choice.

"You wanted also to know if I believe that Bacon has written not only his own books, but also the works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Greene, Dryden, Pope, and all the poetical and scientific works from the time of Roger Bacon to the time of Tennyson and Darwin. Is it really necessary to answer this? Smart people have found cyphers in the different works that tell such a story, when they read some words and sentences here and there, just to suit themselves. In that way any one can detect cyphers and hidden meanings anywhere. You can get this admonition from the Bible: 'And Judas went away and hanged himself . . . Go thou and do likewise.'

"A genius like Bacon can *inspire* many, both in his own time and after; but he cannot *write* everything him-

self with his own hands, for he cannot be bodily in more than one place at the same time. And it would be mean to prevent others from writing. To let someone else write your poetry and then take credit for what another had done would not be very honest; nor would it be any more honest to act as a cuckoo and put your own literary eggs in some one else's nest. To me, occultism does not mean any kind of deception."

In the early days of the Theosophical Society here in Chicago, one of the four charter members, Dr. William P. Phelon, said that he had a good deal of private information about former incarnations. This did not interest me at all, so I never asked him what I myself had been in earlier lives, nor what any one else had been. I preferred to find out for myself, if need be, and Dr. P. never said anything to me about his own incarnations—not a thing. But a short time after the Chicago World's Fair, a visitor to the Fair told me this:

"I have been taught by wise men of the East, who visited the city, and also by a wise Westerner, Dr. Phelon. So now I know my own incarnations during the last 5,000 years, carefully written down by this teacher of mine. But I must confess that I think the Doctor is wrong in some instances. He said that I had only been Aaron, while he himself had been Moses. Isn't it too bad that people can be so vain? Then he wrote down that I had been a few old Greek philosophers, and he gave the names; but I never have been able to find those names in any history or encyclopedia, so I don't know what they amounted to. He said that he himself had been Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates and a few others, all of whom you can read about in the books. Does not this show his vanity? He wanted to have been all the well-known characters in history himself, and I have to be satisfied with more insignificant characters. Is that justice? Is it charitable to others, to take the best for yourself and leave the less important to your fellow beings? I believe in reincarnation, of course, for I must have been somewhere before I came here this time, and I must have been wiser than other people even then, or else I could not not have progressed as far as I have in this incarnation. I think it was mean of the old man to give me names that I cannot trace in history, and to take all the good and well-known names for himself. But such is life. I have a mind to try and find out for myself."

"Please do that, by all means, if it interests you," I told him. "This is a jealous world, and if you do, you might find out something to your advantage. We are truly democrats, you know, and one is as good as another."

"Now I have told you of my incarnations," my friend said. "How about your own?"

[Continued on page 38]

AN ASTRAL GUIDE [Continued from page 15]

pression on her face relaxing into a smile, when the nurse, her arms folded over her spare bosom, had finished. "All children are more or less imaginative you know. There is nothing unusual about that." She resumed her scribbling. In her circles, mothers never troubled themselves to any great extent about their offspring; that is what nurses and governesses are for. As the nurse was withdrawing, she looked up. "Oh, Mrs. Winthrop, now that I think of it, there is something extraordinary about what you have just told me after all, for you see, the little daughter we lost was named Alice—but then Berenice has probably heard someone or other speak of her sister."

The nurse, who had paused at the door, smiled dubiously. "If you'll excuse me for saying so ma'am—but it's enough to give one the creeps. She's always seeing things about people. Sometimes it's the past, and other times it's the future." She wagged her head.

"Nonsense. Berenice is simply pretending. Perhaps she ought to have other children to play with."

Mrs. Winthrop brightened instantly. "That's just what I think ma'am. It's too bad Mr. Trevelyan keeps her secluded like, on account of his being afraid she'll get kidnaped. Maybe that's why she has those queer notions."

Mrs. Trevelyan stifled a bored yawn. "I'll speak to him tonight about giving Berenice more companionship."

"Thank you, ma'am." The nurse took herself off, satisfied.

When Trevelyan came home for dinner, a laughing little figure in a white dress and a blue sash rushed to meet him with many affectionate overtures. He swept the child in his arms, and held her aloft, while she shrieked in glee.

According to their usual game, he first pretended he was going to drop her, before he set her down carefully. "And what has my girlkins been doing today?"

Berenice looked around cautiously, before she replied in a timid voice, "Playing with Alice."

Her parents exchanged a significant glance.

"Mrs. Winthrop says Berenice always pretends that she sees Alice," said her mother. In her tone was the faintest suggestion of nervousness.

"But I do see her," persisted the child.

Trevelyan took his daughter's hand and led her into the library, where he seated himself in a large leather arm-chair, and drew her on his knee.

Berenice looked at her father. In sight of the frank gaze of her eyes, all thoughts of possible deception vanished.

"What does Alice look like?" he asked.

"She has blonde curls and blue eyes," said Berenice earnestly, "and she wears a white dress with embroidery on it."

There was a pause. The dead child had been buried in a white embroidered dress. Suddenly Berenice threw her arms around her father's neck and held him close. "Don't take mamma in the automobile daddy, don't please!" She shuddered and buried her face on his shoulder.

He gently disengaged himself from the tight embrace: "What automobile, darling?" Putting his hand under her chin, he scanned the flower-like face.

The sensitive lips trembled. "Your big car. It's going to fall down a hill and break all to pieces, and hurt mamma." She ran to her mother, her small frame shaken with sobs.

Mrs. Trevelyan laughed disdainfully and made no attempt to take the child. "How silly—you'd better go to your nurse."

"Just a moment. Come here, Berenice." Her father's voice was gentle, as he held out his arms, and the child came to him confidently.

"When did you have that dream? Try and remember."

"It wasn't a dream. I saw it, and Jeannette said it would surely happen."

"Where did you see it?"

"No wonder the child is so imaginative when everybody encourages her, you included," interrupted Mrs. Trevelyan. Her voice sounded annoyed. "I wish you'd continue your silly conversation some other time. Dinner is waiting, and I'm hungry." She rose and went into the dining room.

"Now tell daddy all about what you saw." He softly kissed Berenice.

The child's eyes became luminous. "I was playing with my toys, and I saw a hill and the car rushed down it, and then fell all in a heap." She covered her face, trembling violently.

Her father held her close, his eyes fastened on the well-filled book shelves on the wall. Was the doctor's remark at the time of her birth that those born with a veil are endowed with second sight to be taken seriously, after all? Another incident suddenly occurred to him. Mrs. Winthrop the nurse, had made a complaint about Berenice recently. Her sister had brought the picture of a young man which she showed her, saying she was going to marry him.

At Berenice's request, she had been allowed to take the photograph in her hand. To their amazement, she exclaimed: "Oh, he has two little girls! I want to play with them." They had laughed at her until she had become naughty, insisting that they should bring the little girls to her. She had been put to bed

as a punishment, but they found out afterwards that the man in question was already married, and had two children.

Trevelyan looked at the wisp of a girl in his arms, and recalled a conversation with the family physician, who of late had taken up psychic research. He had asked him, "Why is it, that some people are what is called psychic, with the power to give messages, and others not at all?"

The doctor had replied, "Because they are so highly developed spiritually, that a condition is formed, which might best be compared to the receiving station for the transmission of wireless messages."

"Why have I never had a manifestation of any sort?"

"Because you are not sufficiently developed beyond the humanly visible spectrum. But have you never had the impression that someone touched you at times, someone you did not see?"

"Perhaps I have—I really can't remember—I probably attributed it to imagination which I still think it is." Upon which the subject had been dismissed. Again the materialism of his nature, which predominated his life, over-ruled all desire to unfathom the spiritual unknown.

When he joined his wife at dinner, he discussed the advisability of engaging a governess for Berenice.

"I want a sensible woman, who will discourage all this nonsense in the child," he ordered.

His wife acquiesced disinterestedly.

Berenice took at once to the governess who was subsequently placed in charge, because she managed to combine firmness with gentleness, and could be coaxed into telling bed-time stories. Mindful of her instructions, these latter were always plain, matter-of-fact tales, but to Berenice they were beautiful, and she would listen enthralled, often interrupting excitedly to intersperse a bit of the supernatural into the story now and then, which was promptly checked and the material element of the narrative underscored strongly.

SOME months later, when the child's clairvoyant vision of the motor accident was practically forgotten, her mother was killed under circumstances similar to the one Berenice had described.

The years that followed her mother's death brought a series of governesses, and then the usual training in fashionable schools.

As sole heiress to her father's wealth, Berenice was made much of at school, and her clairvoyant gifts encouraged. She would delight her classmates during recreation hours, by picking up some object and describing the nature of its owner, the manner in which it came into her

[Continued on page 32]



DIGEST of the BEST in ADVANCED THOUGHT

PREACHERS AND CYCLONES

IS it possible that in the 20th century there is one minister who really believes that God makes the cyclone, floods and earthquakes and uses them to punish people that they may be frightened into submission to him?

"Providence of God is Seen in Disaster", is featured in big headlines in a newspaper report of a sermon preached "to aid God" in wreaking vengeance. This sermon was delivered by the Rev. G. E. Cunningham of the Universalist Church in Mt. Vernon, Illinois. It reads: "I wish to speak a good word for God." In his answer to the question, "What is the providence of God in disasters?" the reverend gentleman says and declares it to be scriptural and sane that "all events, such as cyclones, storms, floods or similar disasters, are the acts of God and are benevolent. They belong to the order of creation and redemption." Continuing, he says, "People are shortsighted and selfish and live where they are in peril from floods and cyclones."

We would ask the Rev. Cunningham if God did not make these people selfish and direct them to these places so his earthquakes, floods, storms and similar things, could kill them? Otherwise his work of making earthquakes and other bad things would have been in vain. Today doctors try out their inventions on dumb animals (so called). It is hard to believe, nevertheless true, that lightning never strikes where it should.

THE FRONT PAGE CRIMES SUPPRESSED

In our March editorial "Our Nation is Threatened" we asked the question "Whether publicity given to crime by the dailies did not propagate crime?" This thought-drive carried power. Other periodicals have taken up the refrain and

there is going forward a new movement—missionary in its purpose, as forceful as it is sweeping in its significance. Making laws to punish crime will not abolish it. "Give crime less publicity" is the slogan of this drive. Let every publication support the good work, and let us unite as builders of the Nation's rights.

PREMIUM PATRIOTISM

Heralded not in great headlines, but not overlooked by scrutinous eyes, we may read in the newspapers that the disabled soldier has heard the taps of his "last roll call."

The red-taped ticker says: "We . don't . want . you . boys . hanging . on . any . longer . Pay . the . premium . . . interest . added . . . before . June . 1925 . or . we . spring . the . trap . and . you . can . say . goodbye . to . the . caretaker."

How is that for an order? Those who can pass the physical examination can hang on a little longer—until July, 1926.

KISSING YOUR IDOLS

Mexico declares that holy water fonts and images are unsanitary, and passes a law to have them removed, also to prohibit the kissing of images. We wonder why the churches have not done this of their own free will, especially since hand-shaking and kissing are considered such a menace to health. A national drive against the spitting habit is going on now to prevent the spread of germs, and it would seem tolerant to suggest that these germ carriers should be looked after by the Board of Directors of the churches themselves, as many of their most prominent members are active in this fight for sanitary measures.

LITTLE SIDE LIGHTS

Is the Church above the Government? What else are we to think when the head of the Bishops can say who shall speak and what shall be said? Can a church make a law that conflicts with the Constitution of the United States of America? Will the case of Bishop Brown

who has been ousted from the Episcopal Diocese be used as an example for other churches to follow? Into what would this oligarchy lead us? Is the case of Bishop Brown just a leading string to guide the flock to more intensified activities in the name of the church? Are we to be ruled by the church?

Have civilized nations, so called, really advanced?

THE LAST RITES OF THE SOLDIER

In Liberty Magazine, Major General Robert C. Davis, Adjutant General of the United States Army, asks "Why are the Vets not applying for their bonus money?"

Throughout the nation we hear much the same answer: "Too much red tape," "Too many physical examinations," "Fear lost jobs through time expended," "What's the use? It isn't worth it," "By the time it reached me there wouldn't be enough to buy a shoe-string."

What has happened to the soldier, the guardian of the state, defender of our flag, protector of our homes, savior of our nation? A loss of confidence in the Government they served? They paid the price. Since they came marching home from across the seas they have borne a mighty cross, broken faith, broken bodies, broken minds, broken souls, broken pledges, broken hearts.

The men whose lives the bonus might have saved have passed beyond the need of any bonus now. Those left who need it, are disheartened at the prospect of getting it. The American soldier says, "No hireling am I. I freely gave my all. The greater sacrifice I gave, the greater benefit you received."

We read in another item the refreshing notice that a certain class of people are showering the war vets with flowers again. Such bouquets! It is too much to ask the boys to accept them from those who have made millions while the vets were policing Europe in their defense. Bouquets for the victors and money bags for the profiteers!

AN ASTRAL GUIDE [Continued from page 30]

possession, little incidents of the girl's life, likewise the future. The chief point of interest was of course, future husbands. Berenice's descriptions of these phantom lovers, "A long nose and frowzy hair—a fat man with a beard—an insignificant looking man with a nice disposition but no money, or a widower with six children," would result in peals of merry laughter.

She returned to her father's house when she was nineteen. A life of ease, of absolute submission to her slightest wish followed. She read the best books, and became quite an adept in sculpturing. An instructor was engaged, and a room on the second floor front equipped with everything necessary was prepared for her as soon as her desire and talent in that line became apparent.

Trevelyan entertained lavishly for her at times and was annoyed to find her unresponsive, with a tendency to shun modern amusements.

"I'd rather read or model," she excused herself.

On entering her "work shop" as she called it, one day, her father was surprised to find her at work on the statue of a Greek patrician. The poise of the well-shaped limbs, of the head, the expression of the delicate features were perfect.

Trevelyan drew in his breath in admiration. "Great," he commented, "but where did you get the model?"

Berenice, in a gingham apron that covered her slender form, drew her hand softly over the statue, smoothing out an imperceptible ridge here and there, before she faced her father with a wistful smile.

"It is a man who lived in Ancient Greece. He comes to me often and serves as my model. Oh, I know you can't understand," she added with a sigh. "He helps me wonderfully with my work. Do you think I could have made that without having been helped and inspired by unseen forces?" She pointed proudly to the statue.

"Berenice, the statue is undeniably artistic, but as regards the model, people will think you are crazy if you talk like that."

"What would they say if I told them that he wants me to leave my body some time, and go with him?" She spoke slowly.

"You mean—to die?" Her father's tone was filled with alarm. Berenice laughed as she embraced him: "No. He means my astral self should leave my earthly body and go with him."

"Go where?" frowned Trevelyan.

"Out into space—anywhere that we want to go!" She threw out her arms in a wide, sweeping gesture. "Don't you know that there is no space, and there is no time?" she said impressively.

"That may be, but I never heard a sane person assert that he can leave his body," declared her father.

She resumed her work. "There are more people who have the power of going out of their bodies than you ever realize, but they do not talk about it, for fear of being thought 'queer'."

"I should think they would." Trevelyan tried hard not to appear sarcastic. "Do you mind explaining just how it is done?"

"I talked to Dr. Clifford about that when he was treating my throat. He said there were different methods, and that it is usually accomplished successfully late at night, when there are not so many disturbing forces about, as in the daytime. One must prepare gradually by eliminating all evil from one's thoughts, by becoming pure and spiritual. Above all, your mind must be at peace. When you have reached that stage, you must concentrate all the powers of your will on the desire to go outside of your body. He knew a woman once who employed a different procedure. After retiring, she began to dress herself mentally, beginning with her shoes and stockings, and finishing with her hat and coat. I tried that several times, but was always sound asleep before I got to my dress."

"Naturally—that's all bosh," was her father's rejoinder.

"But daddy dear, it isn't, only it is a terrific strain on one's powers of concentration, for you see you must not forget the minutest detail regarding your attire, you must actually button every button as it were. Very few people can do that without falling asleep."

Trevelyan smiled. "Granted that you can leave your body by getting dressed mentally. Now then, when you want to return to your earthly habitation let us call it, do you get undressed mentally in order to accomplish that feat, or do you simply say 'Abracadabra'?"

"Daddy, you are hopelessly flippant." Berenice's laughter, musical, child-like, was always a delight to listen to.

"Not at all," replied her father, amused. "I'm trying to please you by getting initiated, that's all."

"Then be serious," she chided gently. "You see this mental dressing is a form of concentration, which, when sufficiently developed, will strengthen your will power to such an extent, that you can will yourself out of your body."

"How long do people stay out on these astral excursions?"

Berenice shook her finger at him before she answered. "That varies. Dr. Clifford says, there are spirit guides who induce you to return when there is danger from evil forces."

"Ah, then there are dangers."

Berenice disregarded his remark. "Another method of leaving your body," she went on, "is to have a spirit take you. Of course, if your will is stronger, and opposes his control, you can resist going. The same applies to living persons with that power. They cannot take you with them against your will."

"There's some consolation in that, isn't there? I mean that one need not worry about being taken away by any spirit who may feel so inclined." He watched his daughter's small capable hands manipulate the clay, for a while in silence, before he changed the subject. "Was there any mail today?" he asked presently.

"There are one or two letters on your desk," she replied.

"Probably the usual begging sort." Trevelyan strode toward the door, where he paused when Berenice turned from her work and called to him. "Daddy, did you send a check to that man Phillips?"

"Certainly not. People seem to think I'm made of money. I'd have a lot to do if I listened to every whining beggar who writes to me."

"He's been out of work a long time, and his wife is sick, isn't she?" Berenice regarded him steadily. "I really think they need help."

"Then why doesn't he work? That's all nonsense saying he can't get a job. There are plenty of jobs to be had. People don't want to work. Well, don't bother your head about such things, and above all don't run off with a spirit before dinner, will you?"

The girl shook her head after his retreating form, resolving to send the rest of her allowance to the needy family. The letter, one of many others they had written, had been pitiful.

With the usual distractions that followed, her resolve to render assistance soon died. According to her viewpoint of life, everybody lived in comfortable homes, with plenty of servants. Anything desired in the shops could be obtained by simply having it charged. If you didn't like the make of your car, father bought you another. There were poor people of course, but one seldom saw any, and her friends always persuaded her that the poor liked to exaggerate their wants and were usually ungrateful. There was no refining soul influence in her surroundings to call her attention to the fact that she had been raised to be selfish, self-centered, in utter ignorance of the actual sufferings of her less fortunate sisters. There had never been an attempt made to show her how she could alleviate their condition, at least to the best of her ability.

THE night following her father's visit to her work room, Berenice lay in bed restless, with a feeling that there was someone in her room. She sat up in bed, and listened intently. The moon emerged from behind a cloud, and shone faintly through the curtains at the high windows. Suddenly she became aware of the strong odor of flowers, subtle, penetrating, and smiled. A spirit was materializing! She was not afraid, but lay back in the pillows straining her eyes. In the shadowy corner of the room, a dim figure was taking form. At first nebulous, it quickly grew into a feminine shape in a Grecian robe, tall, beautiful, with hair like spun gold.

Berenice, whose artistic nature vibrated keenly to the beautiful, looked at her with parted lips. How exquisite were the curves of her mouth, and the mystic depths of her eyes, the color of a corn flower! As she looked, she saw her centuries ago, with other maidens of her age, going into a Greek temple, carrying veils and incense, and garlands of flowers.

The figure extended two slender white arms as it advanced toward the bed noiselessly. Berenice felt strangely attracted by the steady eyes which came nearer and nearer, and she did not resist when she felt herself being slowly drawn toward the spirit. The sensation was similar to being gently but gradually pulled from the bed. Soon she perceived that she was standing between the guide and her own body. In the dim light she saw it stretched out straight on the bed, and had no desire to re-enter it. She felt so free, so happy, with a feeling of floating in the air. At that moment the spirit guide took her hand firmly, and she became conscious of traveling with great rapidity through the starry atmosphere, to find herself in an incredibly short time in a room, meagerly furnished.

On a pallet in one corner lay an emaciated, unkempt man, who coughed incessantly. A pale, worried looking woman, her lips tightly compressed, was sewing at a table piled high with garments. Her needle flew in and out of the coarse material like a machine. Once she stopped to give the sick man some medicine, afterwards resuming her stitching with feverish intensity, to cease shortly and step to a tumbled bed and caution the tossing children to lie still and not disturb their father. Straightening a ragged blanket over them, she fixed it so that the light from the lamp did not shine in their peaked faces, and came back to the table. Berenice compassionately laid her hand on the woman's shoulder. She saw her shudder, and look behind her in apprehension.

Berenice turned to her guide. "Can't she see me?"

[Continued on page 34]

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An Astral Guide [Continued from page 33]

She felt the guide's hand tighten on hers, and was transported to the interior of a large office building, where a middle-aged woman with sparse gray hair was scrubbing the deserted halls and stairs. A watchman came and rudely accosted the woman. "You'll have to get up more speed, Mrs. Rosenbaum, if you expect to get paid by the hour. The boss says you ain't quick enough." The scrubwoman bent over her pail to hide her tears.

Berenice thought she addressed the watchman emphatically. "Aren't you ashamed to talk like that to that poor woman? She's ready to drop from exhaustion. See how she holds her back, because the pain is almost unbearable."

To her surprise, he walked away whistling, not even turning his head, his big feet making great marks on the freshly scrubbed floor. He had evidently not heard her voice.

The charwoman was plying the brush briskly. When she observed that her tormentor had left, she sobbed, "Dear God, have pity—don't let me lose my job. What'd become of the young 'uns?"

Berenice stood directly in front of her, but when she attempted to say some consoling words, she suddenly realized that she was making no sound, and although the woman looked straight at her, mopping her brow with a corner of her apron, she knew that she did not see her. The woman shivered once or twice and looked about her uneasily.

They next came to a crowded room, where four children, scantily covered by a thin blanket, lay huddled together in a tumbled bed against the wall, from which the paper hung in strips. In the center of the room, five girls, their ages ranging from eight to fourteen, were busily making artificial flowers as they sat crowded together at a table. Two of them wore glasses.

Suddenly one of the little ones cried out, as she left her seat and ran to her oldest sister, "Julia! Julia! My finger! I've pricked it!" The last words ended in a loud wail as she saw the blood.

"Hush, Tessie! You'll wake up the others, and you know Eddie has to get up at five o'clock to sell his papers." A slip of a girl with fair hair and a pale, sweet face took Tessie outside in the hall, where the injured finger was held under running water at the sink.

"Ouch, Julia, that hurts!" complained the child.

"Now don't be such a baby. There,

now we'll fix it so it won't hurt any more." She applied a rude bandage, and they both returned to the table.

"Julia, my eyes hurt. I can't see any more. Everything dances around," complained another child, "and I'm so tired, can't I go to bed?"

"Stop work for a while, but you know we have to get these flowers done or we can't pay the rent, and then what?" was the ominous question.

The child drew in her breath with a half sob, and the others quickened their fingers.

Berenice felt a great wave of pity as she looked at them, undernourished, their heads drowsy with fatigue. Gently she kissed one of the little girls on the cheek. The child frowned and brushed her face with the gayly colored blossom on which she was working.

"Oh, I want to help them, I must!" Berenice appealed to her guide, who smiled.

The next moment she had a sensation of falling before she was back in her own room with a fleeting consciousness of being separated from her physical body, but the feeling of detachment soon ceased and she was back in her body and able to move, although a feeling of numbness remained for some time. There was an intense pain at the back of her brain, and she could see her guide getting fainter and fainter and then vanish entirely.

Daylight found her too pale and exhausted to rise. When the startled maid brought Trevelyan to his daughter's bedside Berenice said with a wan smile, "I am not ill, so you need not worry. Only, I have been out in the great unknown."

Because it was her birthday, her father repressed his disapproval, and after kissing her tenderly and extending his best wishes, he placed a generous check beside her.

She looked at him with glowing eyes. "That is just what I wanted!"

"Money?" said Trevelyan, not comprehending.

Berenice put her arms around his neck. "Yes money, dearest of daddies." A new light came into her face as she gazed beyond him.

"If you had been where I was last night," she said impressively, "you would understand that I need it for the poor."

You will like next month's short story

THE UNANNOUNCED NUMBER

By W. Jerome Chambers, The Well Known Writer

The Fortune Hunters and the Fortune Tellers

(Continued from page 10)

face was before me. 'Go to the fortune teller,' her eyes seemed to say. I prepared myself for the journey. 'A man who told me all the things I ever did,' kept ringing in my ears. By the time I arrived at the fortune teller's home, I was convinced I was doing the right thing.

"When I arrived there, I found many people who were waiting for her. When my turn came, I went into her sanctuary with bowed head and heavy heart. I was not as much ashamed to be there as I thought I should be. I felt an elation at my freedom to seek knowledge at any fount from which it might pour forth.

"After a moment of silence, the 'fortune teller,' as my wife called her, spoke to me. I was startled, for apparently coming through her lips, I heard my wife's voice as natural as when in life. She said, 'I am so glad you have your eyes opened at last to the truth,' meaning the power of divination. 'You shall from now on be a true minister of the Gospel of Truth (glad tidings), opening the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf.'

"It was then I realized that people are looking for something to help them in their dilemmas, and that I had been preaching and teaching about something of which I was in ignorance, something which I had never investigated. I had read the story of Jesus and the woman at the well. I had expounded on the power of Jesus to know all things, accepting it, as do millions of people today, without thought, looking upon him as the Son of God who died that we might live and be saved. Here was a woman of my own age, in my own time, telling the multitudes all that they had ever done, giving comfort to those who mourned, advising in the affairs of life.

"I not only wanted to visit with my wife, but I needed advice, and, most of all, I wanted to learn something of this 'fortune telling' power. I wanted to study the woman and the people who patronized her. Ministers, some (like myself) were seeking knowledge, while others were seeking advice. A priest whom I engaged in conversation said, 'Oh, yes, we know these things are done, but the people must be kept in ignorance of the fact. The church could not hold them if they knew they could speak directly to their people and they would lose their minds. The church must govern the world. It is God's law.'

"But I ventured to ask, 'In this instance is not God's law made by man? Nature seems to have decreed otherwise. Here is an illiterate woman, performing the same miracles that only Jesus and his disciples were supposed to do. Does it not look as though man, at the head of the church, had misinterpreted God's

law?' He laughed and answered, 'Think as you please. We must hold the people. It is only through the fear of hell that the tradition of the church can be kept intact. You, as well as I, know the people, especially the poor, must not know too much about Nature's laws.'

"A mother who had just buried her entire family, all dying within a short period, came to the medium for an interview. Such grief I have never encountered. 'They tell me,' she said between sobs, 'that through this woman I can talk to my loved ones.' Just then she was called. I waited to speak to her after her conference. She was transformed. Her eyes were bright where they had been dull and heavy with much weeping. He face was lighted up with unmistakable joy. 'I am so glad,' she said. I have found a new world today.

"In speaking to a doctor, he told me he always consulted a medium about his most difficult cases. I was surprised to meet a prominent lawyer there from my own home town. 'Oh, yes,' he said in answer to my question, 'I consult a medium in my criminal cases that I may be sure about my clients, whether they are guilty or not.' He added that when he knew his client was innocent, he left nothing undone to run his accuser down.

"I spoke with a young business man. I asked him why he was there. 'For business reasons,' he answered me. 'I was never worth a penny, and was always downhearted and full of worry while I was paying the minister for a promised future life. Since my eyes have been opened, I give help to those who are struggling for an existence here. I hope to be instrumental in establishing a school where boys and girls can develop their talents, making of them true men and women. 'Save them now' is my creed.'

"In one corner of the room was a young girl. I engaged her in conversation, and asked her how she had come to seek the medium. She said a girl friend of hers had been there and was helped to see the better way of living and now she had a happy home and a husband who loved her and her child. Another told me her mother had sent her.

"A man said with a sneer and a swagger, 'I do not believe in this dope. That woman should be hanged. Look at all the money she is making. I am going to expose her.' Just then he was called. I waited for him when he came from her presence. 'My God, man, she is a witch!' he told me. 'She told me everything I ever did.' The story of the woman at the well again!"

Who is there amongst us who is not a "fortune hunter?"

We are all fortune hunters, hunting for life, peace, prosperity and happiness.

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THE ONLY WAY

An elder while baptizing converts at a revival meeting advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause a tall, powerful-looking man who was looking quietly on remarked:

"Elder, I don't want to interfere in yer business, but I want to say that this is an old sinner you have got hold of, and that one dip won't do him any good; you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."—*Life*.

* * *

THERE MUST BE A "CATCH" IN IT

"You can depend on a youngster to stump you with some unexpected question," said Robert Edeson, the popular actor. "Take this case for instance: The superintendent of a Sunday School repeated to the children the text, 'Arise and take the young child and its mother, and flee into Egypt.'"

Then the superintendent showed a large picture illustrating his text in bright colors.

"Isn't this picture fine?" he asked. "Here is the mother. Here is the child. There's Egypt in the distance. Isn't that fine?"

The children, however, looked disappointed, and finally a little boy piped out: "Teacher, where's the flea?"

—Ziffs.

* * *

PATRICK'S ENIGMA

"How's your husband getting along, Mrs. Fogarty?"

"Well, sometimes he's better an' sometimes he's worse, but from the way he growls an' takes on when he's better, Oi think he's better whin he's worse."

—*Osteopathic Mag.*

* * *

When "Johnny Came Marching Home" he found his children had been adopted by his wife's new husband, so they could be his legal heirs.

What's the joke?

Stepfather has just stepped out. Enter undertaker.

* * *

First Teetotaler: When you want a drink, where do you go for it?

Second Teetotaler: To the well, of course. Where do you go?

First Teetotaler: I go to the Dew-Drop-Inn Club.

Second Teetotaler: What kind of a Club is that?

First Teetotaler: A Blind-Eye Club for the safety-firsts.

Questions

No charge is made readers whose 1001 personal problems are answered in these columns—as far as space and time permit. All communications treated confidentially. We would answer every letter gratis if humanly possible but due to immense volume of inquiries we MUST curtail hence those querists (who feel they cannot await their answers in this department) who demand reply by

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PERSONAL
PROBLEMS
SOLVED

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Be brief and write plainly. Self-addressed stamped envelope should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to Question and Answer Editor, The Occult Digest, 1904 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill., giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

Mrs. A. B., Col.—How soon will the chains fall and will it be for the better?

A.—Your vibration registers as slow and regular. The chains, as you signify, are like the roots of a tree. If you had your freedom you would not know what to do with it; however, there is a change for the better during the time of the wheat harvest. Death does not better our condition. We better our own condition. We need not wait for death to give us a chance. The change will bring a financial benefit. The articles published in The Occult Digest will aid you.

P. L., Pa.—What does the future hold in store for me?

A.—Your color vibration does not show a change in the immediate future. The vibration changes entirely in the month of August. Take good care of yourself during the hot weather. July and August of this year are trying months for you. You will travel quite extensively later on. A companion with whom you will be very happy will accompany you. The figure nine is repeated in your auroscope. You will change your work and the future looks very promising.

E. C., Chicago—What vocation am I best fitted for?

A.—You are now in the work that will eventually bring out your talents. You will have less manual labour and more mental work later on. The future will bring opportunities that will give you advantages and advancement. You have found your field of labour.

X. E., Ill.—Please tell me how to overcome my impatience.

A.—Your impatience in a degree is due to your nerves. Practice calmness when you find yourself getting impatient without sufficient cause. Breathe deeply several times, interest yourself in a matter that will detract your attention from the thing over which you get impatient.

G. J. A., Ill.—Will my new contemplated business venture be successful?

A.—Same will not go forward as planned. You will affiliate your services with another venture already on the market in your line.

J. H. G., Idaho—Will my ascribed future partner possess psychic development?

A.—Yes, exceptionally developed.

H. D. R., Ohio—Does oil exist on estate in commercially profitable quantities?

A.—More likely gas but not in profitable quantities.

Miss G. Y.—Will my realty affairs be satisfactorily adjusted?

A.—Yes, but negotiate with principals involved without delay.

Mrs. H. D. S.—What phases of psychism do I inherently possess which are most susceptible of development?

A.—Clairaudience, clairvoyance, and color discernment.

M. W. A., Minn.—Will financial restitution be made by Mr. Blank?

A.—No.

The Tarantulas of Society [Continued from page 18]

approached simultaneously at the cross-roads of my life, two figures. One was the lover of my dream, the other, the purchaser of my body, who offered wealth and position. My lover entreated but I was helpless and, like the slave of old, I was led away, a captive soul.

I watched the lover of my dreams, loth to leave me in my chains, move slowly away. The memory of our parting remained with me—his out-stretched arms, his eyes covering the distance. His mute lips sent forth a message of life to me. "Live for me, dear heart, I will claim you yet." And so we parted, he to travel toward the goal he set, I to go on in the mad dance, until after death our souls should meet.

A year passed by. My loneliness was lessened by the thought of a little traveler whose coming I could anticipate. Nearer and nearer came the day that in my arms this little form would lie, when that dread disease fastened its poisoned fangs upon me and as the little traveler was admitted, my life roamed forth to new fields, a victim of that viper that lays hold of the minds of both men and women, driving them against the winds of disaster, casting them into the eddying whirlpool of death.

Oh, God!—if there be a God! Save my child! Though my physical eyes are closing in death, my soul sees, and in my anguish I cry out: "Save my baby from the tarantula of society!"



UNFOLDMENT OF PSYCHIC POWER. By the Rocine School of Human Nature Studies, 1621 Kimball Hall, Chicago, \$5.00.

Of the seven different schemes of unfoldment, most of them Oriental or a mixture of Oriental and Occidental, that I have so far studied, the Rocine scheme is characterized by its *dietical* foundation. It recognizes the necessity of eating less than we are used to; not because, as the saying goes, we are apt to "dig our grave with our teeth," but because physical wellbeing may prevent us from using our physical and spiritual powers, thereby preventing our progress.

Diet no doubt is an essential thing in keeping the body well even psychically and spiritually. Eating less than we were used to when we cared for no psychical unfoldment is necessary; but I do not agree with the authors that this *weakens* the body, even if it makes it somewhat leaner. It neither weakens the muscles nor the sinews, and it most decidedly *strengthens* the nerves, the alertness of the mind and the mental penetration.

Not only is it necessary for psychical unfoldment to eat less, but there are certain foods that are better left out altogether; not because they are bad in themselves, but because they keep us gross and self-satisfied, unwilling to study or to lift up our mental eyes towards the heights. The Raja Yoga system, for instance, requires a vegetarian diet, while the Hatha Yoga is more indulgent, and some Occidental systems have either no rules at all for diet, or very scanty and hazy ones. True enfoldment requires a law laid down for every student, more or less different for each case. The Rocine system recognizes this.—J. B.

THE HIGHEST IDEAL. By Peter K. Danoff. Introduced by W. Gralbachoff.

By the favor of the Managing Editor of the *Occult Digest* I have had the opportunity to read this translation from the original Bulgarian of a remarkable lecture held in Sofia on Sept. 11th, 1922, by a wonderful preacher of Synthesis and Universality. The lecture itself is remarkably comprehensive and full of light, and the introduction to it by our Bulgarian Brother is a little gem of loving appreciation. The introducer tells among other things, that he as Judge of the Circuit Court in Sofia offered Peter

Danoff a position, but that this was declined, because the preacher in such a case would have been limited by the Bulgarian clergy. He preferred, like John the Baptist and others, the free life of an independent, itinerant preacher. The translator and introducer also tells, that Danoff was a remarkable healer, who healed among others a lady, 72 years old, of cancer, and that this lady afterward showed her strength by walking a long way up a mountain, the highest one in Bulgaria, to listen to her healer, together with great crowds that came to hear him, and showed no bad after-effects from so doing. The little pamphlet is truly inspiring.—J. B.

MR. KELLO. By Ian Ferguson. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$2.

A strangely grim and gripping novel of the witchcraft days of old Scotland.

DEAD RIGHT. By Jeanette Lee. New York: Charles Scribners Sons, \$2.

A psychological love story interwoven with detective mystery.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH OUR NERVES. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$1.75.

The last work of the late Orison Swett Marden a popular treatise on the proper use of one's nerves.

HAUNTED HOUSES. *Tales of the Supernatural.* By Charles G. Harper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Old English legendary homes and family traditions supernatural that have become officially recognized and recorded afford unusually interesting reading to those interested in psychic research.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WITCHCRAFT. By Ian Ferguson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A study of witchcraft individually and symbolically interpreted in social history.

MENTAL GROWTH OF CHILDREN IN RELATION TO RATE OF GROWTH IN BODILY DEVELOPMENT. By Buford J. Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.50.

The New York Bureau of Educational Experiments for five years whose results are digested and analyzed by the bureau's former psychological expert.

SEX AND CIVILIZATION. By Paul Bousfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$5.

The author's plea well founded that women can hold equal place with men in the economic world.

THE OCCULT DIGEST WANTS TO KNOW—

If salvation is gravitation? When was it discovered and by whom?

* * *

When man was appointed his brother's keeper, and why?

* * *

If progression is the law?

* * *

Why parents do not advance with their children?

* * *

If Christianity had any saving power why has it taken so long to save the world?

* * *

If scientists are authority on "The Stone Age" how priests and preachers can continue deceiving the people about creation—if the people will ever realize this discrepancy of the ages?

* * *

Why each generation is forced to reap the whirlwind of their predecessors?

* * *

If every leader is right who then can be wrong?

* * *

Should the path of the youth be obstructed by the debris of the past?

* * *

Why we do not eat of the forbidden fruit of "The Tree of Life" and *drive ahead?*

* * *

We ask in all solemnity if it isn't time to begin a little investigation into the sanity of certain classes of people who are trying to intimidate those who can no longer fear the Hell-fire and Damnation preachment?

* * *

Why did the whale swallow Jonah and keep him three days? For political reasons—maybe!

* * *

Will Cal keep Cool under coming Fourth-of-July scandal skyrockets?

* * *

Proverbs 30:14 says "There is a generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-teeth are like knives." Can it be our blue-law reformers?

* * *

If the heads of our Nation are conscious; do they understand that gain is always counted by the loss?

* * *

If the leader falls from his mount, who shall re-instate him?

* * *

How the slogan "The world is getting worse year by year" came into vogue?

* * *

If telling the truth is a crime?

* * *

Did Joshua institute the daylight savings time when he commanded the sun to stand still for a day? You don't believe it?

* * *

If you want to get a sensation that's a thriller an' got the Kaiser beat "read the book of Joshua." It's in the Bible.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of The Occult Digest, a Magazine for
Everybody, published monthly at Chicago,
Illinois, for April 1, 1925.
State of Illinois ss.
County of Cook ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ross K. New, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of The Occult Digest, a Magazine for Everybody, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—The Occult Digest Company,
1904 North Clark St., Chicago.

Editor—Ella E. Danelson, 1904 North
Clark St., Chicago.

Managing Editor—Ross K. New—1904
North Clark St., Chicago.

Business Managers—None.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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Chicago, Ill.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

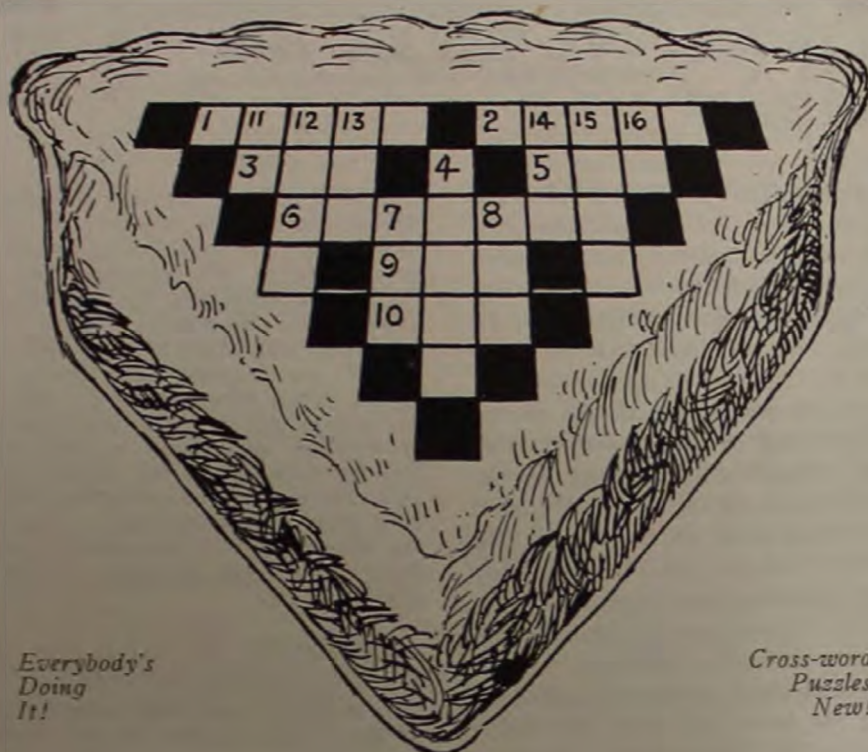
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROSS K. NEW,
Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this
21st day of April, 1925.

[SEAL] WALTER G. HENRY,
Notary Public.
My commission expires January 6, 1927.

IT'S "Easy As Pie" JUST Put in "The Fill-in"



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Doing
It!

Cross-word
Puzzles
New!

The cross-word puzzle diagram is merely a means of concealing words which are synonyms for those listed and which will interlock perfectly and so read equally well crosswise or downwards. Even a child can solve puzzles, especially one that is as easy as No. 1, shown above. We are giving "Little Journeys Through Space" in prizes for the first ten correct solutions, providing each answer is accompanied with one suggestion how to improve "The Occult Digest."

KEY TO THE OCCULT DIGEST'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 1

Horizontal

1. A resin.
2. A fruit.
3. A conjunction.
5. Energy.
6. A color.
9. To discern.
10. Favorite.

Vertical

4. A color.
7. A royal symbol of ancient Egypt.
8. To give out on contract.
11. A pronoun.
12. Most desirable.
13. Also others of the same kind.
14. The first lady of the land.
15. A covering for the hand.
16. The sacred word of Brahminism.

Confessions of an Occultist

[Continued from page 29]

"Please excuse me," I replied. "I have been so busy with my present incarnation that I have left the past ones to take care of themselves. I have had some glimpses of other lives, but they don't interest me very much, because I cannot change them for the better, as I hope to be able to do with this latest incarnation. It is interesting to know that some of us can look up incarnations, and I leave that to those able people who like to make such researches. For my own part I want to look forward instead of backward. There is always a danger in looking backward. Lot's wife, as you know, was transformed into a pillar of salt when she did so. In that direction dogmatism lies—the Sodom and Gomorrah, which we have left. *Forward march* is my watchword. Whatever we have been before, we no longer are today. Let

us pass for what we are today and strive to make our present personality somewhat better than the past ones."

"But how about karma?" asked my inquirer. "If everything that happens to you is the inevitable result of causes you have yourself set in motion, isn't it then wrong to ever help you out of your difficulties? Isn't it then a moral wrong to engage lawyers and physicians for changing your fate?"

"The selfish," I answered, "use that clever reasoning for self-protection, to excuse themselves for being unbrotherly and unwilling to help others; but they don't want you to use it at all when they themselves are in need of some help. I will tell you a few comical cases of this brand of hypocrisy I think you will enjoy."

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