

# The Occult Digest

*A Magazine for Everybody*

1927

JUNE

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## Abie's Irish Number

*Told by Elaine Williams, Numerologist*

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*A Startling Discussion of*

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# The Occult Digest

*A Magazine for Everybody*

## The Editorial Platform of the Occult Digest

1. The Occult Digest is opposed to any legislative activity having a tendency to hamper the free advance of scientific achievement, and pledges itself to fight such pernicious legislation as is exemplified in the so-called anti-evolution bills before the various legislatures now or in the future.
2. Capital punishment must be abolished. It is ineffective as a deterrent of crime; it is itself a crime, if not by statute, certainly by humanitarian ethics; its occult significance renders the practice unfavorable to mass progress.
3. The practice of vivisection must be brought from the silence of the laboratory into the light of day. Every such experiment should be placarded in some manner in advance, the method made public, and the nature of the subject made public, together with the reasons for the experiment, and a statement of its expected results. In this way science will remain free, and the rights of very individual protected from the horrible abuses which prevail.
4. In the interests of American anthropology, archaeology and occultism, vast fields of which remain in the custody of the American Indian, and which may be opened for research only by the protection and preservation of the American Indian, this magazine holds that the American Indian, is entitled to every cultural right under the law that is enjoyed by any other citizen of the United States. It, therefore, opposes injustice to the American Indian purely in the interest of science and occultism.
5. The religionizing of Psychic Phenomena must be stopped. It shrouds in mystery what should be clear; it removes a purely scientific matter from the hands of scientists, and puts its control in the hands of those who pervert simple truths for private gain.

June

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# The Occult Digest

*A Magazine for Everybody*

VOLUME 3

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NUMBER 6

## *The Spirit of Summer*

SPIRIT of Summer, whence comest thou,  
S and whither art thy dancing feet straying? With woodland magic thou hast bound the soul of thy lovers, and they bow before thy shrine. The music of thy soul hath touched the song birds; thy wondrous power hath guided the hand of the sculptor—from the depths of the forests thou hast called the lovers of nature to thy shrine. Thy spirit is upon all Life. Thou art the symbol of life, and the giver of youth. Thy day of time gives to the world the rich harvest of thy wooing.

SPIRIT of Summer, lovers adore thee;  
S thou dost fill their hearts with happiness, blessing their lives from thy overflowing fountain. Thou art the bounteous giver of Life. All nature responds to thy call.



# Effa DANELSON'S

## T ¶ China

THE situation in China is becoming more and more complicated. What are the facts? Do the Chinese desire to drive the missionaries from China? Do they desire to break diplomatic relations with other nations? Or is China's fight one for home rule? Are the Chinese being driven to take a stand for self preservation against the unscrupulous encroachments of other nations? Have these nations who, each under its own flag, representing a super-civilization, have gone into China, as missionaries or merchants, kept the same faith with China, they would demand if the present revolt was being enacted in their own country? Is the battle ship the answer to China's appeal for co-operation in her internal troubles? Should a Christian nation apply the torch at such a time in the career of a sister nation? Shall China be answered by the bellowing guns of nations whom she trusted in her seaports and in the bosom of her home. Trading vessels were welcomed; missionaries have labored long—shall it be said the United States so far forgot her honor, as to lend a hand to desecrate the home of another? Shall she, whose foundation is built on Liberty and Independence, set at naught these precepts and enter the ports of a sister nation with a mailed fist and give aid in putting her in shackles? Shall the United States sink her fair name in political crime—or shall she arise in the might of her precepts and stay the hands of those who would take away the right of a nation to rule itself. Let our battle ships give succor, not pain to China.

## T ¶ The American Indian

THE American Indian is an outstanding figure in the history of America. Stalwart as the great forest, he has ever been a child of Nature; untaught though he was, he knew the language of trees and flowers, the streams and rolling prairies. The great canopy overhead, was his temple of worship. The moon and ever twinkling stars were his companions.

The Great Spirit spoke to the Red man of Life after Death and prepared for him a happy hunting ground. The Indian was fearless because he was a hunter and when the white man came he looked upon him as a messenger from an unknown world. The Indian gave the white man a welcome. Our children are taught that the Indians were savages. We may be criticized for our denial of this statement but history will sustain our position. The same class of mind that gave us the World War and the insurrection in China, created in the Indian the savage nature against the white man. To protect home and family from the marauding white man, the Indian massacred. The white man gave the signal for war and furnished the weapons of war to the Red man. The white man drove the Indian from his water-falls, his rivers, his rolling prairies and his deep forest. The Indian of today is like a hunted deer; driven from one feeding ground to another.

Shall the Indian be wiped out? Shall the Indians be forced to give up their traditions, their ritualistic dances and ceremonies? The Indian has become an

outcast in his own world, and is fast becoming extinct because the political financiers have substituted and imposed upon the Red man their unnatural methods of living, destroying the spiritual instinct through which the Indian worshipped his great Spirit.

Should the Indian not become a citizen of the country which gave him birth, even though his possessions have been confiscated by a usurping Government. As a group, should he not be given the same religious rights as any of the several groups?

Should he be obliged to submit to the indignities of those who do not know and cannot understand the depth of meaning of their devotions to the Great Spirit whom they worship. Is the Indian's ritual dance not a part of his religion and can it be called obscene or indecent? Why should the secret symbols of the Red man be desecrated and forbidden and the fanatical, pleasure giving, sensual dances of the white man be licensed and protected by the law. Let the people give back to the Red man the privilege of the sacred ceremonies that made them a great people that our law of justice and personal liberty may no longer be a farce to the peoples of the world.

## W ¶ Living in a New World

WE ARE living in a new world and the contraptions of the past must be relegated to the ashes. To the stand-patters, this will not be an easy task; for they will have to give up the old cat-o-nine-tails and peruse the book on "How to Live Happy."

A precept that needs defense will always die by its own weapon, and any faith that does not beget confidence through demonstrated facts, is doomed.

This is the air age; we are pre-ordained to both see and hear. Those who are not born to fit this age and will not learn its ways will be left to croon themselves to sleep in the twilight of the century.

Live the life that is becoming to you in the age you are born in and you will never grow old—what you think and what you eat, not what you wear, or how many millions you possess, makes for Health, Wealth and Happiness.

## F ¶ Face the Truth

FACE the truth about Life after Death. Be Christian about it—practice the Golden Rule. Don't gloat over the fate of your neighbor, whose trials have brought out his weaknesses and driven him to crime. Be fair. Were you stronger than he, or did you miss the trial that overpowered him? Is weakness sin? Is giant power righteousness? Of the two, which make a man a sinner or a saint?

If, in that after Life, only those whose lives were devoid of trials survive, upon whose strength shall Life depend? If Heaven is filled with those whose steps have never strayed and Hell is filled with those who went astray, whose is the power that rules the earth? If only those whose trials left no scars upon their brow can enter Heaven, who succors the hungry, shelters the homeless and cools the brow of those who toil



# EDITORIALS *of the* DAY

from dawn of Life until the darkness shuts out their light.

Face the truth about Life after Death, and know that Heaven would be too small for those who could enter and Hell is too small for those who would be driven to its doors. What would become of those souls who are waiting at Heaven's gate? Where are those whose winding path leads them to the waiting throng at the gates of Hell? Read the handwriting on the wall and know that all who journeyed through the gate of physical birth will find a ransom (a panacea) for their ills when death, the new birth, opens the gates for them to the country of the dead.

All travellers on the great highway find safety; their eyes are opened and their ears are unstopped. Every soul yearning for the *perfect day* will live to know it has not missed its way; only its eyes were blind; its heart was brave, its soul was true and time brought to it the sheaves of ripened grain.

## **T** *¶ The Negro*

THE race question, raised by the political factions of Chicago has brought the Negro question into great prominence. Is the Negro a citizen of the United States of America and has he a right to vote? By the shedding of the blood of the best and noblest of the white race and the death of our most honored citizen, Abraham Lincoln, they were made citizens. Any political leader who raises the question of race prejudice, commits treason and should be punished. The Negro did not invade this country. His ancestors were kidnapped from their homes in Africa by the political leaders in the early history of the United States. The Negro today is a natural born citizen of this Republic and the majority of its citizens are above prejudice against color. Solve the problem of the Negro by making it incumbent upon the white man to bridle his tongue. The blackest skin may cover the whitest heart. Let us not judge equality by color. Equality shall mark a man only when ability and efficiency are integral parts in the body politic. If the man is just, honest and capable, then honor him; if he is not, then school him in these arts. Example makes or mars a nation's credit.

## **P** *¶ Birth Control*

ORDERING the problem of birth control, a most vital question presents itself. Is not sex control the answer to this momentous question of ill-fated life? Murder is murder! Destruction is destruction. Who has the right to stand at the gate of Life and say whose life shall be chartered—who shall enter the port in safety and be cared for or abandoned, depending on the whim, or the likes and dislikes of those who prefer not to be troubled with the soul who so trustingly gave itself into their care for a safe journey into physical life? Have you never heard the cry of the unborn? Then you have never sat at the gate of Life. You are deprived of an opportunity most blessed. These little

travelers wait to embark on the great sea of Life, that they may find that port called Heaven—Sex control is a Heaven born gift. He who lends himself to this traffic in souls shall never find peace; for his ears shall be attuned to the cries of these little ones, and his eyes shall behold their faces forever. Destroying one of these little ones stamps the murderer as an arch fiend with the mark of Cain from which he can never escape. The red seal is on his forehead—"Thou shalt not kill" includes these helpless little ones. To teach sex control rather than the art of murder, to men and women who are sexually abnormal would be a true missionary work.

## **H** *¶ The Eagle's Nest*

HIGH on the cliff far out of the reach of the timid traveler the Eagle builds its nest, out of thorn-bearing twigs at first, finishing with the softest down for the little birds to rest upon while yet their little bodies are soft and bare, fed by the parent birds they nestle there, and grow restless wearing away the down. One day they find the thorn has pierced their flesh, they do not weep and curse the parent bird but rise to find their wings are strong to bear them up or down in flight and then, it is to them a new world is born. Beloved child of flesh, you are just a little eagle in a downy nest high on the cliff, you need not be pierced by the thorn, try your wings, they will bear you up or down. Which way, then, is the decisive point and the all important question to be asked.

## **D** *¶ Find Yourself*

DO NOT be satisfied just to drift. Stem the tide. Clear away the driftwood and be yourself. Do not be blown away by this gale or that; choose your friends and keep them by doing the things that will serve you both, not through selfish desire to rule but with the purpose of building within your lives the great structure of service. Let your watchword be to press forward and in united effort build the tower of steadfastness to purpose. Time will bring fruitage to a life lived in service to self that all may prosper.

## **66** *¶ Traffic in Souls*

ILLEGITIMACY" is the headline above the following statement. "The children's bureau of Washington, D. C., estimates that there are about 58,000 children born out of wedlock every year in the United States. As a rule, these children lack normal homes, their mother's care and adequate support. About 30 per cent die the first year. "Quite an army; to be inadequately housed and cared for. Why illegitimate? These children are heirs to the kingdom of Nature and their sponsors should be made responsible for them, by the Government. This traffic in souls by irresponsible men and women is a crime and should be punished by law.



# Traditions of the Knights Templar

History of Their Origin  
and Development



Freemasonry's Claim  
to Antiquity

By Arthur Edward Waite

(Reprinted from *The Occult Review*, London)

HAVING regard to the fact that Emblematic Freemasonry, as it is known and practiced at this day, arose from an Operative Guild and within the bosom of a development from certain London Lodges which prior to the year 1717 had their titles in the past of the Guild and recognized its Old Charges, it would seem outside the reasonable likelihood of things that less than forty years after the foundation of Grand Lodge Knightly Orders should begin to be heard of developing under the ægis of the Craft, their titles in some cases being borrowed from the old institution of Christian Chivalry. It is this, however, which occurred, and the inventions were so successful that they multiplied on every side, from 1754 to the threshold of the French Revolution, new denominations being devised when the old titles were exhausted. There arose in this manner a great tree of Ritual, and it happens, moreover, that we are in a position to affirm the kind of root from which it sprang. Twenty years after the date of the London Grand Lodge, and when that of Scotland may not have been twelve months old, the memorable Scottish Freemason, Andrew Michael Ramsay, delivered an historical address in a French Lodge, in the course of which he explained that the Masonic Brotherhood arose in Palestine during the period of the Crusades, under the protection of Christian Knights, with the object of restoring Christian Churches which had been destroyed by Saracens in the Holy Land. For some reason which does not emerge, the foster-mother of Masonry, according to the mind of the hypothesis, was the Chivalry of St. John. Ramsay appears to have left the Masonic arena, and he died in the early part of 1743, but his discourse produced a profound impression on French Freemasonry. He offered no evidence, but France undertook to produce it after its own manner and conformably to the spirit of the time by the creation of Rites and Degrees of Masonic Knighthood, no trace of which is to be found prior to the thesis of Ramsay. Their prototypes of course were extant, the Knights of Malta, Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, Knights of St. Lazarus, in the gift of the Papal See, and the Order of Christ in Portugal, in the gift of the Portuguese Crown. There is no need to say that these Religious and Military Orders have nothing in common with the Operative Masonry of the past, and when their titles were borrowed for the institution of Masonic Chivalries, it is curious how little the latter owed to the ceremonial of their precursors, in their manners of making and installing Knights, except in so far as the general prototype of all is found in the Roman Pontifical. There are, of course, reflections and analogies: (1) in the

old knightly corporations the candidate was required to produce proof of noble birth, and the Strict Observance demanded these at the beginning, but owing to obvious difficulties is said to have ended by furnishing patents at need; (2) in the Military Order of Hospitalers of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, he undertook, as in others, to protect the Church of God, with which may be compared modern Masonic injunctions in the Temple and Holy Sepulchre to maintain and defend the Holy Christian Faith; (3) again at his Knighting he was "made, created and constituted now and for ever," which is identical, word for word, with the formula of another Masonic Chivalry, and will not be unknown to many.

But the appeal of the new foundations was set in another direction, and was either to show that they derived from Masonry or were Masonry itself at the highest, in the proper understanding thereof. When the story of a secret perpetuation of the old Knights Templar—outside the Order of Christ—arose in France or Germany, but as I tend to conclude in France, it was and remains the most notable case in point of this appeal and claim. It rose up within Masonry, and it came about that the Templar element overshadowed the dreams and pretensions of other Masonic Chivalries, or, more correctly, outshone them all. I am dealing here with matters of fact and not proposing to account for the facts themselves within the limits of a single study. The Chevalier Ramsay never spoke of the Templars: his affirmation was that the hypothetical building confraternity of Palestine united ultimately with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; that it became established in various countries of Europe as the Crusaders drifted back; and that its chief centre in the thirteenth century was Kilwinning in Scotland. But the French or otherwise German Masonic mind went to work upon this thesis, and in presenting the Craft with the credentials of Knightly connections it substituted the Order of the Temple for the chivalry chosen by Ramsay. The Battle of Lepanto and the Siege of Vienna had invested the annals of the St. John Knighthood with a great light of valour; but this was as little and next to nothing in comparison with the talismanic attraction which for some reason attached to the Templar name and was obviously thrice magnified when the proposition arose that the great chivalry had continued to exist in secret from the days of Philippe le Bel even to the second half of the eighteenth century. There were other considerations, however, which loomed largely, and especially in regard to the sudden proscription which befell the Or-

(Continued on page 28)



# Is Man Growing Wings?

The Borderland of Science Series

Science  
Indicates  
That  
HE IS



(All Rights Reserved)

By  
Pierson  
Worrall  
Banning

TWO and two are four. That is exact or pure science.

Three children were taken ill at the same time from the same cause. The doctor gave them the same medicine and treatment. One improved immediately. Another showed no reaction one way or the other. The third grew worse. Medicine is not an exact science.

Jules Verne in his "Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," advanced a theory that was not considered as possible of realization, but as time passed it became a fact. That may be classed as speculative science.

Scientific effort we find grouped into various steps of development, in its search for what it terms scientific laws.

Often the absolutely unknown is investigated by science. Taking what little seeming information may be available as the foundation from which to construct a theory, such a premise is used from which to make a start. This at its best may be entirely speculative in nature, and while it may in due course develop into an exact science, until each step is clearly worked out it has not reached that point.

In the development of a theory, the occasional success in obtaining results, places it in the second group with medicine, which as yet has not reached the stage of an exact science.

But when any line of reasoning reaches the final stage of perfection both in explanation and, in results, it may be said to have attained the state of an exact science. Dr. Alexis Carrel, says: "pure science has no immediate practical purpose. Its object is merely to find the truth and to understand the universe; it does not attempt to make discoveries which could be applied to industry or medicine, but seeks an accurate conception of the world in which we live."

In attempting to construct a picture of future man it is the field of speculative science that of necessity is entered. Because the material from which to make deductions is somewhat limited, only such conclusions as are logical can be used as a basis from which to picture our future man. This has been attempted before, but not exactly in the way it is used here.

Prof. Henri Lanot, of the Sorbonne, Paris, came to the conclusion after measuring great numbers of human ears, that the ears of city dwelling persons were growing smaller than those of the country born and bred.

His explanation was, that the growing clamor and multitudes of noises in the city caused the outer ear to diminish in size, because it required but little effort to catch the sounds, many of which were unnecessary, having no relation to the life of man, other than being

merely distracting noises.

Therefore he claims nature is adjusting itself to its new environments, and is cutting down among the city dwellers the size of their outer ear, commensurate with the number of necessary sounds they are required to receive and be attentive to.

Because of this the country dweller continues to require full sized ear to catch the lesser sounds that nature abounds with.

Corley M'Darment, writing in "The Independent," on the natural development of the flying sense in man as generations pass, brings forcefully to the attention of the reader what an advance has already resulted in the very few years that the aeroplane has been in use, in developing the "flying sense," in the human being.

"Gradually a sense of the air and a 'flying' feeling will develop. The cat is not yet far enough removed from its flying ancestors to lack the 'upright feel' in the air, and if this animal is thrown into the air in any position, it usually squirms around and lands on its feet. Skilled stunt flyers of today have developed this strange feel in the air, and are able to orient themselves with little difficulty; and the ease with which such ability is acquired after a few months practice, indicates that the human race has not yet lost its flying 'memory.'"

"After long use with the bat-like flying apparatus, the human body will in all probability begin to undergo, slow but certain changes. The abdomen and chest will become flatter; the arm and leg muscles will be flattened due to the pressure of the air upon them, and the head may become a little more pointed and the ear-lobes will disappear as they have done in fowls. The pressure on the abdomen and chest will cause the skin to flatten on the sides of the body and become extended tissue. The same will happen to the legs and arms.

"There will be prenatal influences too, for, as many women will fly as men, and the instinct to balance in the air and the feel of a lifting surface for air buoyancy, will be transmitted to unborn infants. After many generations a semblance of tissue extension might be expected upon a few infants. A considerable change in bodily conformation would also occur with children in their teens who would be flying while growing, and upon reaching full growth would have flying characteristics. Children would find gliding in the air great sport, and a flying instinct would develop that can scarcely be comprehended today for human beings."

M'Darment from this, believes that as generations pass and the flying instinct increases, it will begin to

(Continued on page 30)



# Magic Music <sup>of</sup> the Ojibwe

## Dream Songs, Their Origin and Meaning

By Kenneth M. Ellis

DREAMS—and magic!

How generally are these two associated. And especially among those races always closer to natural phenomena than ourselves, and whom we are so amusingly—when not insultingly—constrained to call “inferior.” I hold no brief for the Rousseauistic theory of “the noble savage.” In fact, I think it is all nonsense. So does the “noble savage.” If most of my Ojibwe friends could paraphrase Mr. Kipling readily, they would say

“We aren’t no ‘noble savage’  
Nor no ‘thieving redskin,’ too,  
But just plain human creatures  
Most remarkable like you!”

And if the Indian—particularly the Ojibwe—enjoyed, as I am convinced he did—and may still—a psychical set of experiences in connection with his every-day life, I cannot imagine that it is becoming in a people but lately subjected to a wave of Coueism, and psychoanalysis, to regard itself as much different.

And if the Indian mixed meaningless syllables with his songs, in order to put the too nosey inquirer off the track, I certainly think the procedure had a greater utility and excuse for being, than certain *sonata Americana*, the general refrain of which is “Doo-Wacka-Doo-Wacka-Doo-Wacka-Doo!” Or even the alluring, if more difficult, “O, do-do, dodo, do-dee-o-do!” In the last instance, it is true, the authors candidly titled the opus “Crazy Words, Crazy Tune.”

There is at least a grave and serious dignity to all Indian music. Ojibwe songs in particular are all of them connected either directly or indirectly with supernatural relationships. And it is an interesting fact that the great majority of them are said to have been composed “in dreams.”

Frances Densmore, one of the most noted collectors of Indian material, declares “we cannot fully understand the dream or trance of the Indian. We can only accept his statement that by isolation and fasting he was able to induce a certain condition in which he ‘saw a vision.’”

And of other tribes than the Ojibwe, James Mooney writes: “Persons taking part in the Ghost

Dance voluntarily sought the trance state, and on emerging frequently embodied their experiences in a song.”

From the occult standpoint, which begins where the anthropologist leaves off, it is not so difficult to understand something of the nature of the Indian’s dreams. The very fact that these dream states occurred following periods of fasting definitely establishes them as a sort of ecstasy. The ecstatic state has long been known to be the perfect background for clairvoyance of a definite type. And in one of the more prominent Ojibwe songs, presumed to have been given the singer by a *Manido*, the symbols of the dream all translate into prophetic and, in this instance, autohypnotic material. In other words, the “dreamer” first induces a state of ecstasy, in which he sees, under autohypnosis, a condition or event which is yet to transpire, which is almost the same thing as the use of a “screyer,” or “medium,” except that in the present instance, both operator and medium are one and the same person.

These dream songs are called by various names indicative of their particular class or usage. This argues that there is a well defined understanding of the exact magical properties attributable to each by the Indians themselves. These dream products are used in prayer, war, the practice of medicine after the tribal fashion, or in any serious undertaking in life. There are even songs which accompany the many games of chance which the Indian plays. And I would like to call attention here to the fact there seems to me to be some relation between this association of magical song and games of chance which is exhibited by the Ojibwe and by certain tribes of Melanesians. I do not mean to infer that there is a relation between the Ojibwe and the Melanesian. What I mean is there would appear to be something of the same rationale for both phenomena.

Ojibwe sings what his dreams tell him to sing, in order that he may magically control the phenomena of life. That’s the story we are to relate. And it is  
(Continued on page 36)



Young “Cut-Ear”



# This Place Called HEAVEN

By PAUL SKINNER

Author of "PRANAYAMA"

IT IS a very diverting pastime, when one is so disposed, to sit by the fireside with warm feet and a full stomach and assume the role of logician; to contemplate, nay to conjure and speculate upon the possibilities of a "life after death," a future state or sphere wherein . . . but there lies the substance of the speculation. After all these ages of conjecture and contention among mankind upon this most vital of life's questions, we have arrived at the dissemination of a thousand and one preachments and theories regarding an eternal realm wherein we may be expected to expect . . . what, indeed?

Let us assume that we are going to investigate the matter of Heaven; and, laying all our inherent orthodoxy aside, let us examine into the theories old and new, scientific and otherwise, and by sorting and eliminating with our own capacities of reason let us find what we may reduce the whole of the argument down to. We are going to investigate this matter of Heaven. Where is it? When is it? Why is it? If there be indeed a future existence after death, then whose word of the "Two and Seventy Jarring Sects" are we to accept as to where and how we are to spend this most interesting and everlasting existence?

Each of the "Two and Seventy" have claimed to be the "One and Only," and each of them have likewise differed in the manner or degree of eternal reward for virtue and eternal punishment for sin. Conceptions of Heaven range from the numerous gilded cities with jewelled gates of the Christians to the shaded gardens of the Mohammedans and the happy hunting grounds of the Animists. You may scan the entire gamut of philosophy from Thales to Kant, from Confucius to Darwin, and the variance in the aspect of Heaven and Hell is amazing. One might well write a ponderous volume on the "History of Heaven," or the "Evolution of Eternity." For religions, like every other institution of society, change and modify their views regarding life and death in accordance with the general social influences and conditions of their time. In the days of Mohammed, when food and clothing were at a premium, that imaginative old prophet set forth rare visions to the people of a Paradise affording vast rivers of flowing wine and milk and honey; of forests yielding all manner of luscious fruits; and gardens where they should "enjoy most beautiful women" who would "not cast an eye on any but themselves." To Mohammed, being a very voluptuous person, this would indeed be Paradise. The translators of the Hebrew Scriptures for "The Most High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God," present a varicolored picture of Heaven in which one may behold, by peering in at the gates through the eyes of Saint John, "a throne, and one sitting on the throne that is to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and round about the throne four and twenty elders, clothed in white raiment, and wearing crowns of gold" . . . to say nothing of a "city of pure gold," the walls of which are garnished with all manner of precious stones, the first being jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx;

the sixth, sardius; and so on and on to the twelfth, which is amethyst. And the gates themselves are of pearl, and the streets of pure gold, transparent as glass. All of which prove to be very boring and stupid and uninteresting to one living in this day and age; and for ample reason.

To the minds of the ancient writers who compiled the sacred legends of Babylonian, Chaldean, Persian and Assyrian mythology into a volume of Holy Scriptures, the pomp and grandeur of jewelled monarchs and gilded thrones represented the acme of human perfection. Since that time the world, for the most part, has changed its policies of rulership, and likewise its theories regarding Heaven and Hell. Moreover, we have risen in the knowledge of science till we are beginning to know that the writers of the ancient Hebrew doctrine of Genesis and Revelation did not know anything to speak of concerning the laws of life, to say nothing of the laws of death and eternity. It was not their fault that they did not know. They did their best to inform an ever-curious people about such matters, and what they lacked in scientific knowledge they more than made up for in subtle imagination.

Today, however, things are quite different. We live in a highly developed industrial age; which is another manner of saying, a scientific age. While admiring precious things of rare charm and beauty, we do not in this day hold them at all precious as compared with the real comforts the science of our day has provided us in our most ordinary walks of life. The kings of our day do not indulge in the meaningless pomp and splendor which was supposed to be the measure of rulers of Bible times. Try to imagine President Coolidge or Henry Ford mounted on a throne of gold, swathed in a perfumed raiment of gorgeous hue and surrounded by a council wearing golden crowns, or by a bevy of Mohammed's beautiful houris. No; whenever a Coolidge or an Edison or a Ford hold a consultation it is usually with a group of men in shirt sleeves who bear the working symbols of industry or government in manuscripts, blue-prints, scientific instruments or maps. And it is these monarchs of our present day who, with their armies of co-workers, have given us bath rooms, electric light, heat and power, radios, automobiles, airplanes, printing presses and ice-cream sodas, beside which the golden streets of Saint John or the flowing rivers of Mohammed hold no earthly or eternal comparison. Likewise, I daresay that whenever one of our great men indulges in the contemplation of a realm of eternal bliss he does not try to conjure a glaring city builded of pure gold and studded with precious gems, which hurt the eyes, or rivers of flowing honey, which hurts the stomach, or meetings with detachments of solemn elders, or gardens of beautiful women, which torture the nerves. On the contrary, you will observe that these great men, when seeking to relax and be themselves act very much the same as other human beings on a diversion. They seek out the green forests, the winding streams, the solitude and friendliness of the hills, where they can be quiet and natural and plain.

Too much of anything is a plenty. Surfeit of Heaven



is as wearisome as surfeit of earthly struggle. Hence, the passing of the brimstone Hell and the gilded, jewelled Elysium. "As it is on earth, so let it be in Heaven." We are evolved from savage barbarism, down through the ages of communism, tribal aristocracy, chattel slavery, imperialism, and feudalism to the centralization of our present industrial era. Each of these earthly epochs has created its individual version of eternity. So now to our task of sifting this vast information to a semblance of present-day standards.

I WAS strolling through one of the secluded by-paths of Central Park one warm, balmy evening with a friend . . . one whom I have long respected for his philosophic knowledge and experience. We were idly conversing on some random bit of international gossip when, from the shadowed concealment of a bench at our side, we were attracted by a feminine voice. Not that there are not numberless feminine voices to be heard from the concealment of shadowed benches along the secluded by-paths of Central Park upon a balmy June evening, but this particular voice, by virtue of its intensity and intonation, was different. It was the ardently expressive voice of a splendid, consuming emotion . . . the manner of voice I have heard many persons attempt to simulate upon the speaking stage. The words, too, of the speaker, while replete with romantic possibilities, were not unlike the words often pronounced upon secluded park benches in every part of this romantic old world where youth is wont to pause.

As this golden, mellow, half-prayer, half-sob came to our ears, my friend reached out and placed his hand upon my arm feelingly.

"A glimpse of Heaven!" he said reverently, as we sauntered on down the path. "Queer it is how the champions of theology will search the skies, the planets and the planes in quest of this place called Heaven, while those two simple youngsters back on that park bench have already found it in each other's eyes. They belong to that rare aristocracy of souls who are beholding for a brief moment a glimpse of the divine spectrum."

"Why brief?" I objected. "Will they not by all the laws of probability mate, marry, and live happily ever afterward?"

"Live happily, perhaps," he laughed quietly, "as marital happiness goes. But this night they are doing more than mere living. They are sitting astride the finer cloud banks of eternity riding the rarer vibrations from the cosmic current of life. They are contributing dynamic energy to the quickening process of the cosmos."

"Then you contend that Nature allows us only one fleeting glimpse of the divine, in order to accomplish her biologic purpose?" I asked. "And with the prosaic business of marriage, our chance of glimpsing Heaven is ended?"

"On the contrary, it is only begun," returned my companion. "True, real emotions of life are rare in our dull work-a-day world. Negative souls rarely feel

them. Great souls do not experience them often."

"Heaven, you hold then to be a condition?"

"Heaven is a condition, a state, best defined by the emotion called Love."

"And Love . . . is it only an emotion?"

"Love is the divine emotion; the super-vibration of the emotions, or the soul, if you will; Love is the cosmic vibration of the universe; the vital rythm of all life; the creative source of all that is and is to be. We do not any of us know actual undying Love, because we are not as yet attuned to live on this higher plane of vibration. If we were, we would be gods. The rarest we can accomplish is to gain mere glimpses of the Heavenly realm. . . . But suppose you look up this matter of Love, and its relationship to Heaven. You will find much extraordinary knowledge among your better authors on this subject . . . much that you have passed over many times without heeding."

So, this bit of casual advice from my philosophic friend sent me home to ponder. "Glimpses of Heaven . . . the Super-Vibration . . . Love." Again I opened the books. I renewed the friendships of authors I had long since lain aside. I opened acquaintance with many I had never met before. And the amount of information I discovered on this subject was astounding.

To begin with, we will concede that the earthly human ego consists of three distinct divisions; the Body, the Mind, and the Emotions. Our bodily experiences are expressed in action; our mental experiences in thought; and our emotional experiences in feeling. It is with the emotions that we feel—that we experience hatred, friendship, envy, and Love. It is this emotional part of man that metaphysicians regard as the Soul. It is the inner vital urge; the indwelling, unconscious entity that is the real you and the real me behind all of our actions and thoughts. It is the sum total of all our varied experiences from the time that time began. It is the central unconscious ego that must eventually develop to consciousness and then to supra-consciousness, before we can attain to that state known as Godhood; Heaven; Om; Nirvana; Samadhi; Kami; Allah; Brahm; or by whatever name you would call it.

It was Drummond who said: "Love is the Greatest Thing in the World." If Love is the greatest thing in the world, then it must be the greatest thing in Heaven. In fact, it is Heaven. Drummond says further: "Where Love is, God is. He that dwelleth in Love, Dwelleth in God. For God is Love, and Love is God." While Browning goes so far as to state that "Love is the *Energy of Life*." Quite different these weighty analyses of a world-old question from the coarse definition of Montaigne, in which he states that "Love is nothing else but the thirst of enjoying the object desired."

So far, then, we have the Soul, that emotional part of *me* that is the only real and everlasting *me*, endowed with eternal life; a part of the eternity of life; seeking eventually to attain to that state of Godhood which is Heaven. By using Love as a basis for the condition or Kingdom of Heaven, we have something tangible upon which to build a reasonable conception of Heaven.

(To be concluded next month)

## THIS MAGAZINE

in his case to warrant staying of the death sentence." What would you have thought of the State of Illinois if it had hanged a child of nine years by the neck until dead? Dr. George B. Brotenell, head of the Aquarian Ministry, one of the leading American Occult movements, will state, in the July issue of *The Occult Digest*, why his movement opposes the death penalty. It is an authoritative statement of the occult reasons, from the viewpoint of the Aquarian movement, why Capital Punishment should be abolished. Other statements from other occult leaders will appear in subsequent issues.

is fighting for the abolition of Capital Punishment. Only this month in Chicago, the State took the life of a man whom its own experts declared had the mentality of a child of nine "but there was nothing



# Conscious Death

By EFFA DANIELSON

THE mystery and the prejudice, the superstition, and fear that has always attended the deathbed has heretofore prevented the soul from consciously entering into the new era. Today men and women die rationally and consciously, and are attended, as every new birth should be, by people who understand the law governing life. Every person should know when they are going to board the train going out, so that they can prepare for that journey to meet their loved ones at the station.

When a child is to be born, great preparation is made, and when a child is to be born into the next world, great preparations should be made. Every man and woman, on their deathbed, has a right to say goodbye to friends assembled to see them off. The time will come when deathbed scenes will be beautiful. When we know the journey is inevitable, we shall be most happy to bid them goodbye, for men and women will know there is a safe haven ahead. When we get rid of the idea of a heaven with its picket fence and its barred doors and flaming swords, and when we get rid of the hell with its bottomless pit and devils and imps, we will have a rational deathbed just as we have a rational birthbed. How many lives are hurled into that great life unknowingly, when they could have known!

The attendance at the deathbed, where the traveler knows he is going, where he has had time to prepare for that journey, is a most wonderful scene. When he can say to his loved ones "Do this, do that, remember me. I tried to do my best, take up my burden and carry it on." Is there anything more wonderful than when a statesman can say with those who have stood by his side, "I am going. I cannot longer stay with you. I am sorry, in a way, but there is something else for me to do. I leave with you the trust. Promise me you will not fail. I shall return and ask for an accounting, when I am rested. I shall greet my friends who are waiting for me and when the greetings are over. I shall not rest easy until I know that my wishes are being carried out."

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than a father dying away from home, telling his nurse, "I can't get home to my family. I know that my hour is short at the longest. Get a paper and a pen-

cil. I have much to say." And in that last message that is borne to the family can you imagine the sweetness, the beauty, the gratification, the satisfaction, the comfort, a conscious death can give? "

And on the other hand, picture this same man with a nurse standing over him and a doctor or two and friends, mayhap, saying, "Oh, you will get well, don't talk about death,—no, not now, that is morbid." Each time the father tries to give his message—"Hush, hush, you must not talk, you are going to get well, hold up, hold up," until the father sinks away, his message sealed on his lips. Which of the two do you prefer, the rational death or the irrational one?

The time will come, my friends, when this question, whether we live after death, will be answered logically and truthfully, so that every man, woman and little child will carry a message to the dear ones waiting on "the other side."

There is one church in this great galaxy of churches and cults and "isms" that knows how to die, and how to let its people go, and that church is fighting this question of a conscious death among the masses. That church does not want you to know that this question of life has been answered. Yet in that church, when the child

comes to die, or the man or the woman, they are laden with messages, they are burdened, I might say, they are held in the last moment, being drilled in the things that they shall say when they arrive at that station just beyond the mortal sight. There are messages sent to mother, messages to father, messages to grandfather and grandmother, to sister and brother, friends and sisters and priests and saints.

There is one church that knows how to let people die and die right, and then it buries its dead, seals the supulchre and tells the world there is a gulf twixt your loved ones and you that can not be bridged. False statements—they know they are false, for they know that if Peter and Paul can talk to the world, your loved ones can. And they know that if Joan of Arc can talk to the world, your loved ones can.

For Nature says there is only One Law governing life in all times and in all places. Nature's law is the same today, yesterday and tomorrow.

## The Initiate

By G. ARTHUR HALLAM

*WITHIN* a mystic chamber, strangely dim,

Where rose the smoke of Eastern incense rare,

The senses lulling as it filled the air,

He sat Buddhistic: there was one with him,

But such as ne'er had known the cherubim;

Nor stood he in that sacred circle there,  
Nor was he robed, nor could invoke by prayer

And cabalistic rites, the Elohim.

The veil was lifted: Lo!—behold he saw  
One long since lost to all but memory,—  
'Twas even this he prayed the Master for,

Who then withdrew.—Alone were he,  
and she:

His was the shrinking aspect of the tomb,

And hers the charm of Spring's most beauteous bloom.



# Abie's Irish Rose and how it made Millions

*Anne Nichols' Success Explained Through Numerology*

By Elaine Williams

"**S**HOW me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works."  
"He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

It was certainly faith by works together with overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles, that Anne Nichols inherited all things.

And to Miss Nichols this does not mean millions of dollars and publicity. To her, riches mean motherhood, peace, simple comfort and the accomplishment of her life's ambition—successful writing and producing.

It took Miss Nichols just five days to write Abie's Irish Rose. That sounds like no work at all and easy success, but two years later when the play was produced, there was no end to criticism, and friendly advice to close the show because "it could only fail."

The papers, with a few exceptions, were against her; people predicted starvation, and the thought wave of failure was so strong, that Miss Nichols had to work exceptionally hard to overcome it all.

And practically alone.

Even before it opened she had a tedious time to book the play, and then she often had to rent the theaters outright, getting no consideration, sympathy nor assistance.

In order to keep it running, she mortgaged everything she had, but she did not lose her confidence; faith; determination.

Most of her performers worked willingly on half salary for two months, because they co-operated with the young woman who was having such a struggle, and they believed in her story.

After that time they were fully repaid and Miss Nichols was saved by her intense faith.

Then after the third month things went wonderfully. Practically everyone who began with her has remained, playing constantly all these five years. And one child who was eleven when the show opened, has grown up in Abie's Irish Rose, to the age of sixteen, and will be transferred from the flower girl to Risemary, the star.

Miss Nichols has seven companies constantly playing, and they always use a theater longer than any other company. One is having a splendid run in Melbourne, Australia, and another will soon open in Sidney.

Abie's Irish Rose is somewhat of a true story.

A young American Jew while overseas, met a Catholic girl, married her, and when he brought her to his family, he introduced her as a Jewess.

Everything went lovely until one day the father entered the room where the young wife was kneeling before the crucifix.

When this story was told to Miss Nichols, it inspired her to write a play, Abie's Irish Rose.

And does one wonder how the lady, who has puzzled the whole theatrical world with her phenomenal success, spends her time?

Henry Nichols aged eight is her life's interest.

Miss Nichols is constantly active with her business during the day, and rather than accept alluring invitations for the evening, she finds her pleasure in the companionship of her son.

The little fellow is heartily with his mother in her interests.

One day while watching the show, he was so overcome with joy and excitement when praise was given to Miss Nichols, that he rose to tell the audience it was his mother.

The little fellow is powerful in his statements, and at the early age of five, he saw boys mistreating a little girl. He told them that God would punish them if they did not respect her, and in their fear of the manifestation of this statement, the boys fled.

Henry has already shown that he is an optimist possessing the faith of his mother, and showing the tendency to write.

Numerology explains Miss Nichols' success and terrific struggles.

The number three ideality or inner motive, shows the great desire to express herself through a talent in the way of entertaining.

Her expression, or ability number is six which enables one to undertake a vast responsibility and finish it successfully, being very thorough in execution.

They know intuitively what the results will be and what their own possibilities are, but they do little explaining of details beforehand.

The vibration of the six is a lover of family and friends, upholding only respectability and morality. There is no tolerance in directions where these are absent.

## Does Your Name Suit You?

## Have It Analysed!

**W**HAT is your *RIGHT* name? The fact that you are known as "John Smith" does not mean that you have the correct name, according to Numerology. Your name may be the worst possible combination of vowels and consonants, considering your character. It may mean failure to you. With a slight change in your name your fortunes may be greatly improved.

By very special arrangement made by the OCCULT DIGEST for its readers, you may submit your name to a Numerology expert, who will analyse it. Turn to page 38, fill out the attached blank at once and mail to Numerology Editor of THE OCCULT DIGEST, 1904 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. The analysis of your name is free of any cost to you when answered in our columns under your initials and state only.

**How to Successfully Analyze Your Own Name or Any Other Name by Key and Chart Will Be Published in Next Month's Issue**



A six person is always cheerful; always busy and loves modest pleasures that are restful. They are reliable and have such appreciation for real friends that no extreme is too far to go to help them.

The path of life is a very powerful one for Miss Nichols, being 22-11-8 or 5.

This means that her purpose in this world is to be the master of a revelation, attaining influence and honor, having freedom to materially perfect an inspirational invention.

When we have advanced and can live according to our purpose here, we find living an easy job with things working for, instead of against us.

Miss Nichols is in a cycle when two eighths come together, giving her enormous power, wealth, and fame.

Her numbers show that she has always been artistic and individualistic, with the desire to create and do some inspirational work that would get universal recognition.

The title "Abie's Irish Rose" incidentally vibrates the number three, as does Miss Nichols' ideality, so there is no discord nor friction from that source.

The fact that the story, which inspired the writing of the play, was told to Miss Nichols in a two year, when the universal vibration suggested "collect knowledge," helped her to make use of what she heard.

It was her personal three year meaning self expression and her particular treatment of that two year was to express herself in writing Abie's Irish Rose.

In 1921 when the universal influence number four called for monotonous, detail work with defeat ready to spring, Miss Nichols' personal number was five which caused the friction.

Five calls for talking advantage of opportunities and doing new things.

This was the year the play was produced. Had she placed it in rehearsal in the beginning of 1920 when her own influence would have been four, the cosmic influence of the three would have put it over without the difficulties she encountered.

To get the vibration of the year we add the numbers together as 1921 added, equals four. Always add the answer together to reach a single digit as  $1 + 9 + 2 + 1 = 13$  and  $1 + 3 = 4$ . The personal year is found by adding the day and month of birth to the present year.

The four and five of 1921 worked against each other; the universe worked against Miss Nichols.

She was inspired because of her five to do what the masses were not in sympathy with, and had she possessed weaker numbers, she would have felt beaten and given up.

Miss Nichols' son, like herself, has the six expression with all its success, faith and determination.

We can expect him to be the backbone of his community, especially for his extreme interest in advocating peace.

Numerology says Miss Nichols' play will have another seven years run, if it does not end with 1926, and there is little indication of that.



## How I Become a Numerologist

By Elaine Williams

*AS soon as I was about old enough to hold a pencil, I began to write my own compositions. They were terrible, but they improved as I grew, but I was not satisfied to write "make-believe" stories, and wanted to write something of help to others.*

*I was romantic, and thought stories of my dreams would be wonderful so my emotions had to be put on paper, and I can even now bring out some old papers with a youngster's dreams of love.*

*At night I wrote and dreamed and, when I slept, pencil and paper rested under my pillow.*

*I was a student of the Russian ballet and had memberships in many art clubs.*

*I felt that the next best thing to expression with the pencil was the beautiful art of barefoot and toe dancing. I loved it, and joined the Russian Grand Opera Company. Later I was honored with the privilege of becoming a "Zeigfield girl."*

*The great aim of most of the girls was to be in the chorus, but it was unlike my own ideas of interpretation and expressive dancing. Then I went into the movies.*

*The first time I had a close up with a famous star I felt I had made a splendid start. Later when I was featured in my first picture it was a wonderful sensation. And everywhere there was an inspiration for me to make a note of for the use in a story some day.*

*Stage and screen life soon called for a lovely living studio, where I did lots of entertaining.*

*I was amazed at the help and suggestions given me in numerology and there was an immediate desire within me to study it. So it was I became a Numerologist.*

*Numerology is a science taught since 600 years before Christ. Pythagoras was the first to teach it.*

*THE OCCULT DIGEST wants its readers to have the benefit of Numerology, and there is nothing so interesting as belonging to a Number-Club. If you are interested write and tell me about it, and you will find it educational as well as pleasurable.*



# The Order of the OSIRIANS

## *A Living Occult Brotherhood*

By An Initiate

**A**MONG the many interesting occult orders which today are active in the United States are the Osirians. The following is a statement of their aims and work, by one of their highest Initiates, and The Occult Digest, in accordance with its policy of providing the occult researcher with all the available information concerning every phase of the occult, herewith gives it space in the hope it may meet the requirements of some of its readers.

**T**HE Osirians are a body of good men and true, working under a Grand Lodge Charter which derives its power and authority from the Imperial Dome of the Third Supreme Temple of the Exalted Order, the last claiming justly to be the oldest association of men on earth, dating from the sinking of the New Atlantis Isle, nearly ten thousand years anterior to the days of Plato, and, as a Grand Lodge, having jurisdiction over the entire continent of North America and the Islands of the Sea. The Grand Lodge and Temple grant charters and dispensations to found or organize subsidiary lodges and temples anywhere within the limits of its jurisdiction.

All Osirians are practical men who believe in progress, Law and Order, and in self-development. They believe firmly that God (the functioning Law) helps those that help themselves and consequently they adopt as the motto of the Order, the word TRY; they believe that this little word of three letters may become a magnificent bridge over which a man may travel from bad to better, and from better to best, *from ignorance to knowledge, from poverty to wealth, and from weakness to power.*

We constitute a large society in the world and our ranks bid fair greatly to increase in this land of practical men. There are hundreds of men of wide culture, deep intuitions and liberal minds, who actually languish because they do not know each other, there being no organized body, save our own, which invites such men to join its ranks and find the fellowship which such minds need. In our Lodges these men find all they seek and more; in our monthly reunions the rarest and best intellects are brought in contact, the best thoughts are elicited and the truest human pleasures experienced; nothing impure, ignoble, mean or unmanly is for an instant tolerated under any circumstances whatever; every inducement is held out to encourage all that is noble, good, true, beautiful, elevating, charitable and manly, and this, in a way totally unknown and unpracticed in any other order or association of men.

Every Osirian is known and is the sworn brother of every other Osirian the wide world over, and, as such, is bound to render all possible aid and comfort,

except when such aid would sanction crime or wrong doing, or interfere with the demands of public justice, social order, decency, sound morals or national prosperity and unity. In all things else, every Osirian is bound to help another, so long as he can do it with a clear conscience, not violate his honor, derogate from his personal dignity or sully his manhood. In all things worthy, one assists the other whether in sickness, sorrow, life, death or the trouble and trials of the world and society.

Each man is eligible to the degrees of the outer temples, as well as to the training of the inner or esoteric Temple of the Order and, after once becoming a true Initiate, it is next to impossible for him ever afterward to come to want, either for protection in all that is just, counsel in difficulty, help in the hour of need, or true human sympathy. All help and support are freely rendered so long as the man remains a worthy *Dweller in the Temple.*

Thus the Temple insures its acolytes against want, mitigates their sorrow, enhances their usefulness to themselves and the world, improves and sharpens their intellects, fires their emulation, encourages all manly efforts, assuages their grief, cultivates their hope, strengthens their self-reliance, self-respect, self-effort; it frowns on all wrong doing, seeks to elevate man in his own esteem, teaches due and loyal respect to woman, the laws, society and the world; it promotes stability of character; exalts friendship; makes its votaries strive for *Manhood* in the true, full sense; adopts *Try* and *Excelsior* as living, practical mottoes; and thus, both directly and indirectly, seeks to increase the sum total of human happiness within and without its walls.

Every man pays an initiation fee and a monthly tax in return for which he has the advantage of all information the Temple may be able to procure in the shape of books, lectures and the expounding of the Law which governs human affairs and relationships. Ultimately, the Grand Temple will establish social centers wherein will be housed universities for the inculcation of the knowledge which will free man from sin, sickness and death, in other words, help him to gain freedom from want, disease and all undesirable conditions; institutions for the care of those who require it; clubs where elevating intercourse is the rule; sub-societies from which to secure the services of physicians and nurses specially trained in natural laws and methods. In short, the Temple foresees the establishment of complete units of activities from which may be procured the services of men and women who understand the needs of every walk of life.

This Order is a school of the highest and best knowledge the earth affords. It is unlike any and all other

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# ROSICRUCIANS: True and False

By Franz Hartmann, M. D.

(Continued from the May Issue)

THERE is only one eternal truth and consequently only one divine wisdom. If we wanted to trace the history of those in whom that wisdom became manifest back to their origin, we would have to step out of time and space and enter into eternity. We would have to go back to the first days of creation, when "the spirit of God moved upon the waters," when the "first initiator" instructed a race of semi-spiritual beings, constituted very differently from the human beings as we know them upon this planet. The externally reasoning historian speaks of the wisdom-religion of the ages as if it were some system invented by man and evolved from the gradually unfolding speculative power of the reasoning intellect; but the Occultist knows that divine wisdom is eternal and always the same; all that differs is the form of its manifestation, according to the capacity of the minds in which it seeks for expression. A history of the doctrines of the Rosicrucians might, therefore, begin with an exposition of the doctrine of the Vedas or the ancient books of Egypt; but as these subjects have been treated extensively in H. P. Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine" and other books, we will merely see in what shape the hermetic philosophy presented itself to the minds of the neoplatonic philosophers.

Ammonius Saccas, who lived about 190 A. D., was the founder of the *Neoplatonic School*. He was the son of Christian parents, and received a Christian education, but departed from this system and became a "philosopher." He gained a living by carrying burdens for pay, and yet he was one of the greatest philosophers of that age, and well acquainted with the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy. His disciples were *Errennios*, *Origenes*, *Plotinus* and *Longinus*.

Plotinus was born at *Lykopolis* in Egypt in the year 205 A.D. He received his education at *Alexandria*. He took part in the war of the emperor *Gordianus* in Persia, and went afterward to *Rome*, where he established his school of philosophy. Here he obtained great renown and was respected by all. It is said that during the 26 years he lived in Rome he did not have a single enemy. Even the Emperor *Gallienus*, one of the greatest villains, respected and honored him.

Plotinus fell sick. As the physician *Eustachius* entered the room in which Plotinus was dying, the latter exclaimed joyfully "I am now going to unite the God that lives within myself with the God of the Universe."

The mind of Plotinus was continually directed toward the Divine genius who accompanied him—his own higher self. He cared little about his physical body, and having been asked about the day when the latter was born, he refused to tell it, saying that such a trifling matter was of too little importance to waste any words about.

Phenomenal existence was to him an error, a mistake, a low and undesirable condition, union with the Divine principle the highest aim of existence. He ate very little, took no meat and lived a life of chastity. *Porphyry*, another disciple of Saccas, having become envious of the renown of Plotinus, attempted to use black magic against him, but without success; and finally said the soul of Plotinus was so strong that the most powerful Will directed against his soul could not penetrate it, and rebounded on the sender. Plotinus, however,

felt that magic influence and expressed himself to that effect.

According to the philosophy of Plotinus, God is the foundation of all things. There is only one Substance; Matter and Form are merely illusions, or shadows of the Spirit. God is eternal and everywhere. He is pure light, a Unity, the basis of all existence and thought. The Mind is the image of this Unity; it is, so to say, the image created by the Eternal by looking within itself. Thus the Mind is the eternal activity of the Eternal. It is *Light*, primordial and unchangeable. Thought and every thinkable object exists within the mind. The world of Mind is the internal world; the external, sensual world is the external expression of the former. Mind being a Unity, and all beings and objects consisting of Mind substance, all are fundamentally identical, but they differ in form.

The activity by which the inner world of Mind came into existence is an internal power acting toward the centre. If an external world, corresponding to the inner world, is to come into existence, there must be another activity by which this internal activity is reversed, so as to be directed towards the periphery. This centrifugal activity is the Soul, a product or reaction of the centripetal activity of the Mind, in other words a product of *Thought*, entering within itself.

There is a universal law according to which something real may produce something approaching its own state of perfection, but not quite as perfect as itself, and therefore the activity of the soul resembles the activity of the mind, but it is not as perfect as the latter.

The Soul, like the Mind, is the living thought, but unlike the Mind, subject to continual change. The soul, unlike the mind, does not see things within her own self, but sees them in the mind. The activity of the soul is directed outwardly, that of the mind inwardly; the perceptions of the soul are not so clear as those of the mind. The soul, like the mind, is a kind of light; but while the light of the mind is self-luminous, that of the soul is a reflection of the former.

According to the laws of order and harmony existing in the whole organism of Nature, all souls become after a certain time separated from the mind, or—to express it more correctly—the distance between the soul and the centre of mind increases, and they assume a more material state. Moving away from the Divine intelligence they enter the state of matter, they descend into matter. At each step toward materialization their forms become more dense and material—the souls in the air have an airy, those upon the earth an earthly material form. The activity of the soul produces other and secondary activities. Some of the latter have an upward tendency, others follow lower attractions. The upward tending activities are Faith, Aspiration, Veneration, Sublimity, etc.; the lowest activity of the soul is the purely vegetative power, sensation, assimilation, instinct, etc.

The ultimate aim of the activity of Nature is the attainment of self-knowledge. Whatever Nature produces in a visible form, has also a supersensual form, giving shape to gross matter, so that the form may become an object for recognition. Nature is nothing but a living soul, she is the product of a higher, interior activity, the Universal Mind. There is only one fundamental living power in Nature, the power to *imagine*;



there is only one result of the activity of this power, *formation*, or perception of form, and the same process which takes place in Nature, takes also place in the nature of man.

All formations of matter are produced by the soul residing therein. All forms are filled with an interior life, even if not manifested outwardly. The earth is like the wood of a tree, wherein life exists; the stones resemble twigs which have been cut off from the tree. In the stars, as well as in the Earth, is Divine Life and Reason.

The sensual world and each existence therein has an interior soul, and this soul is all that is lasting about those forms; the external appearance is nothing more than an appearance.

*The World of Intelligence*, is an unchangeable living Unity wherein there is no separation by space or change in time. In that world exists everything that is, but there is neither production nor destruction, neither past nor future. It is not in space, and requires no space. If we say the world of intelligence is everywhere, we mean to express the idea that it is in its own being, and, therefore, within itself.

The world of Intelligence is the world of Spirit. There is a supreme Intelligence, wherein are germinally (potentially) contained all objects and all intellects, and there are as many individual intellects as can possibly be contained in that world of intelligence. The same may be said about the Soul. There is a supreme *Over-Soul*, and as many individual souls as can be contained therein; and the latter stand in the same relationship to the former as a species to the one class to which it belongs. There are different kinds of species in a class, yet all originate in the latter. Each species has a character of its own. Likewise, in the intellectual world there must be some certain qualities to produce souls of various kinds and the souls must be in possession of various degrees of thought-power, else they would all be identical in every detail.

There is nothing absolutely without Reason in Nature, although the manifestations of the principle differ vastly in the various forms. Even animals, which seem to be unreasoning, possess a reason which guides their instincts. Everything that exists has its origin in Reason and there can be nothing absolutely unreasonable in Nature; but there are innumerable modes in which Reason becomes manifest, because these manifestations are modified by external and internal conditions and circumstances. The inner, *spiritual* man is far more reasonable than the external one. In the external world Reason manifests itself as observation, logic and speculation; but in the world of intelligence Reason is manifest in *direct perception of truth*.

The aim of the internal action of reason is to produce an objective form. As differentiation and the various powers unfold, they continually lose some of their attributes, and the ultimate products are less perfect than the original power; but the circumstances in which they are placed give rise to the origin of new attributes, and thus a step is made towards rising again into a higher state.

Thus the world of intelligence is a radiation from the fundamental original centre, and the world which we perceive with our senses is a product of the world of intelligence. The state of imperfection and mutability of all things in the external world is caused by their remoteness from the centre. The Universe is a product of three fundamental principles of existence; it is a great *living* being or organism, in which all its constituent parts are intimately connected together, and no part in that universe can act without causing a cer-

tain reaction in all other, even distant parts, because throughout the whole there is only *one* soul, whose activity, manifesting itself in all parts, constitutes the organism of the whole. All parts are connected together by that universal power which constitutes the *One Life* in the universe. All souls lead, so to say, amphibious existences. Sometimes they are attracted more to the sensual plane and become interwoven with the latter; at other times they follow the attraction of Reason, from whence they originated and may become united with it. *The soul ultimately becomes divided*, the higher elements rise to the higher planes, the lower ones sink still lower when they are no more held up by their connection with the higher ones.

Whenever the incarnation of a human being takes place, the soul furnishes the mortal body with some of her own substance, but she does not, as a whole, belong to the body; and only that part of the soul which has become thoroughly amalgamated with the body takes part in the pains and pleasures of the latter. Man's evil desires come only from that part of his soul, which is thus mixed with his body, and, therefore, the evil consequences of man's evil actions befall merely the animal man—that is to say, his living animal principle—but not the real man or the spirit, connected with the higher elements of the soul.

The more the soul is attracted to the vulgar and low, the more grossly material will the organism with which she clothes herself become. After death the gross substances must be purified or destroyed, while the pure elements rise up to the source from which they came, until the time for a new incarnation in a form of flesh has arrived. This process is repeated until the soul has attained sufficient knowledge to become inaccessible to the attraction of that which is low. In this sense man's terrestrial existence may well be looked upon as being a punishment for harbouring evil desires and inclinations. Intellectual Labour is an activity belonging to a lower state of existence and is necessary because the original faculty of the soul of directly perceiving the truth has been lost.

(To be continued.)

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# The House of Spirits in PALERMO

By  
Cammille Flammarion

*Rome.—The inmates of a hospital at Palermo have been much disturbed by the supposed visit of "spirits," which were accused by two night nurses of pulling their hair. On one occasion the wards echoed with the cries of a nurse haunted, as she declared, by pursuing ghosts, and it took all the persuasion of the chaplain and much sprinkling of holy water before the patients could be persuaded to return to their beds.—News Dispatch, April 17.*

CAMILLE FLAMMARION was a firm believer during his lifetime in apparitions and their influence for either good or evil. After having put his faith in print by publishing some of the most interesting although most fearful stories of this character which are in existence, he seems to have made another attempt in person and from the world beyond, to demonstrate the existence of spirits and their participation in mundane affairs by addressing some friends in Paris who had congregated to listen to the "word" from the Master.

Having been received during a spiritual seance, the message from the illustrious dead is considered true and authentic by many persons, some of them of undisputed authority.

Flammarion's message from beyond the grave runs thus:

"DRAWN upwards by an irresistible power, I felt this earth like unto a winged arrow which, shot by a master hand, can't help but hit its mark on reaching the world beyond. I found a state of existence far more beautiful than I ever had been able even to imagine—neither the wisest of our seers nor the most devout of our Spiritualists can have even a faint conception of the splendor of this other life.

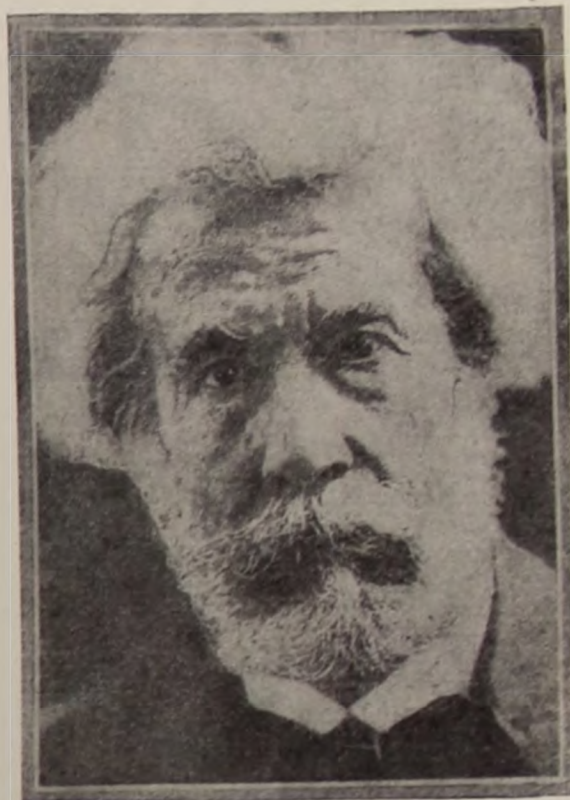
"Even by bringing into play the utmost power of my being, I can only succeed in giving you the very faintest description of the psychic sensations I underwent on leaving earth—I can only characterize it as the most marvelous and stupendous tribute to God, infinitely wiser than the wisest on this earth.

"I am surrounded by a spiritual light and I am able at last to satisfy a desire I have so often expressed both in my lectures and in my writings. At last I see at close quarters these mysterious planets that so fascinated me; Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and all the others that I have so often studied not only through powerful telescopes but also with penetrating power of my perception.

"I am able to assure you that, notwithstanding your great progress, you have absolutely no conception of the immensity of this, our Greater Life. Keep on striving and, later on, you will be rewarded by a fleeting glimpse of this celestial existence.

"I, Camille Flammarion, will ask these Great Spirits, who are beyond our ken, and who, from the Far Beyond, are watching poor suffering Humanity to lighten the burden of my brethren on earth."

Flammarion dedicated all his efforts throughout



Cammille Flammarion

his life to the study of science and of psychic phenomena. His books on astronomy in popular form are well enough known. His writings on Spiritualism are just as widely read. In the latter he had collected all facts which appeared interesting to him and worth explaining. He was convinced that psychic phenomena were manifestations through which the souls of those gone on beyond assert their presence in order to avenge some injustice done them to bring personally interesting news or to make fun at our expense. While they live a life of which we can have no adequate conception, they keep in constant touch with us because they remember the happenings of their own earth lives and have a lively recollection of the love, the hates, and other emotions which bring such variety into the experience of us poor mortals.

Among all the stories gathered together by Flammarion of spirit visitors who took sudden and most fearful part in our physical existence, that of Dr. Caltagirone of Palermo (Sicily) is peculiarly interesting. It was jotted down from the Doctor's own dictation as follows:

One day in May, 1910, the conversation turned to spirit phenomena. He asked me some questions to which I answered that, in my personal experience, some of these phenomena were true; but that their interpretation might lead to widely divergent opinion. Being far more skeptical than myself, when I had finished, he said jokingly:

"Listen, Doctor, if I die before you do, which is probable, in view of your youth and your great

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# Broken

By J. NUNN

with its jagged black eye. I cogitated, and Du Val, a painter, cogitated also.

"Well," he remarked presently, "who done the do?"

"Looks as if some body done it with his little hatchet," I observed, peering into the basement room to which the mutilated window gave. "It's too dark down there to see much."

"What did you expect to see?"

"Ghosts!"

"Humph!" Du Val thumbed his nose at the aperture. "To listen to you, one would think this old barn was tenanted by scads and scads of Flying Dutchmen and men in iron masks and hoodlums of similar cognomens. I guess the wind blew out that window pane—that's all!"

"And did it silently, I suppose," I finished caustically.

But, nevertheless, that was our first inkling that all was not right in the old house—windows didn't go about breaking themselves noiselessly!

We repaired to the library above where the other guests were amusing themselves at cards. One of them, Vaughn, was playing something oriental on his violin,—his wife seemed to be amusing herself by making black and white pencil sketches of the gathering. "Something to send to Henri," she explained to me as I entered. Henri operated the little café in the artists' quarter where most of us lived—and worked.

The chamber lay yellow in the flickering blaze of several wall sconces bearing tall wax candles, and the embers of a fire glowed in the great fireplace. That day had been chill—for summer.

I seated myself in a huge arm chair in a corner and watched with a casual eye the gaiety of the room. That queer odor of burning wax reached my nostrils, and I noticed that almost imperceptible movement of the curtains when the wind outside became wilder than usual.

"John," someone said. I jumped as if I had heard a pistol shot. Everyone laughed.

"Your nerves aren't so good, are they?" Du Val asked. "Better have a toddy and go to bed."

"It's getting moved in," I tried to explain. But I knew that it was not exertion which had caused me to start, nor fatigue, but the fact that I felt something was not exactly right with our present habitation. I wasn't afraid—merely apprehensive. I was nervous.

"Whose portrait is that, I wonder?" I demanded after the toddy Du Val had suggested had been dis-



*"A Striking Blonde Stepped Through the Shattered Window"*

THERE it was, a broken window! And in a houseful of persons, no one had heard the crash! I turned the particles of shattered glass about with the toe of my shoe, and wondered. Why—why that window was broken now, when a short two hours earlier it had been whole?

The rambling old wreck of a house which I, and several writers, artists, musicians, and their wives, had taken for the month of August, sprawled high on the edge of a precipitous cliff—high in the Ozarks—miles from a town of any size, and deserted until we moved in to liven up the place—and to rest. Humph! A lot of resting we did!

But there was that broken window, glaring at me



# Windows

PARKER

posed of. I pointed to a painting which was hanging in the shadows of a niche in the wall.

"Oh, I had noticed that," someone answered. "Good work, isn't it?"

"What portrait?" Du Val demanded, always on the alert for art. I pointed to the niche.

"Hadn't noticed it!" he remarked, and strolled over to get a better view, his hands thrust in his trousers pockets, a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth. He stopped before the painting. I watched him from the corner of my eye. I enjoyed listening to his sarcastic remarks relating to poor work, and to temper his boundless praise of something which struck his fancy. Anything—I thought—to get off my mind this premonition of impending disaster.

I saw Du Val suddenly start, peer more closely at the painting, then turn, and without a word leave the room. His face was deathly white.

I started to speak to him, but since nobody had seemed to notice the incident, I held my tongue and soon retired, with Vaughn, to the upstairs regions. I nodded goodnight to him and his wife, and tried to sleep. But sleep would not come. Closing my eyes, I tried to count sheep jumping fences. My sheep would do nothing but balk, and glare at me with eyes the size of saucers. I turned on my side to evade the glare of the sheep—no—the eyes grew larger and more horrible, finally filling the room with their huge white pupils. Then they would shrink to pin points, and begin to grow until they again filled the chamber. Every tick of my watch broke the night into segments, and every sound of the wind outside was magnified to terrible clatters.

After what seemed to be hours of painful wakefulness, I heard a footstep in the hallway outside my door. This was not an imaginary step, either, I assured myself, and slipped on my house shoes, and picked up a pistol and a flashlight from the table at my bedside. Another step! Someone was walking—tip-toeing—down the corridor. Then I heard the step upon the stairs.

Waiting a safe interval, I opened my bedroom door as quietly as possible, and followed, making no sound whatsoever. I had known from the first that there was a mystery inside those old walls.

I stopped at the door of the library. A match scratched inside, and I saw the reflected glow of lighted candles. Someone was lighting candles at one o'clock in the morning. Who? I peered cautiously inside to see.

Du Val was standing before the portrait—staring—his lips moving silently. He stood there the better part of a quarter of eight. Totally perplexed, I waited to see

the thing through. I could not divine, through my wildest speculations, what new fancy had entered the excitable brain of my artist friend.

Then—in the profound stillness—I became aware of a shape against a long low window giving to the verandah. And—before my bulging eyes—I saw the glass crumple silently, and fall to the oaken floor—silently, as if it were falling upon thick velvet. I felt the roots of my hair crawling upon my scalp. That explained—or rather clouded—the mystery of the broken cellar window!

All in a sudden—before I could gather my wits—a girl, a striking blonde, stepped through the shattered window, and stood for a brief moment in the direct flare of a blazing sconce.

I had never seen her before. She wore a negligee, so far as I could judge, reached almost to the floor, hiding her slippers. The face was wistful, sad, and remarkably beautiful. She crossed the room and stood behind Du Val, who, not seeing her enter, still was regarding the portrait.

Suddenly, evidently catching her image from the corner of his eye, he whirled and confronted her.

Not budging from where he stood, his complexion faded gradually until his face, in the flickering candlelight, became pallid—spectral—ghostly.

"You have come?" he asked in a frightened voice.

"Yes,—I have come—for you," she replied in a low sweet tremor. "I am lonesome—alone."

"Oh, my God!" Du Val shrieked suddenly and threw himself at the visitor. "You—you—let me alone!"

The figure backed away from him toward the window through which she had entered. Fear, in the man, seemed to give way suddenly to anger, and he followed her. Smiling slowly, she continued to back away from him. She stepped through the window—Du Val followed, crouching now, his fingers clutching clawlike ahead from him.

"I am lonesome," she repeated, and turned and ran down the steps—toward the cliff in front of the house. Du Val tore after her, charging blindly into the night, shouting and swearing at the girlish shape just ahead of him.

I followed—I shouted—the guests were awakened at Du Val's screams, and appeared at the library door in an excited group.

"Stop—stop—Du Val!" I shouted. "The cliff—the cliff—!"

Unheeding, the fool ran on, the girl barely escaping his hands by deftly twisting her body.

"—The cliff—Du Val!"

Too late! Both the man and the girl disappeared before my eyes over the black rim of the precipice. She seemed to smile at him before her face flashed from view. I heard a thud upon the rocks far below, and sick at heart, I returned to the house for lights and help.

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# BEST TRUE STORY OF THE MONTH

## A STORM and Its Message

By T. B. de MONTVILLE

*How the Battle of the Elements Brought  
Peace of  
Soul and Body*



YESTERDAY, while sitting before the hearth, watching the flame as it rose in swerving columns, there appeared to me a vision:

I was standing by the seashore, gazing at the vast expanse of the ocean, while my thoughts dwelt on life's mysteries. As I happened to glance toward the horizon, there appeared to be signs of an approaching storm. Dark and threatening clouds were hovering about and drops of rain were already falling. Soon the thunder was heard and ere long the heavens were rent by lightning. I stood there, undecided as to what to do, when the storm broke in all its fury. Not far from the shore there was a fisherman's hut toward which I hastened my steps. On reaching its shelter, I turned my gaze seaward, and the scene which appeared before my eyes appalled me.

Fighting against the waves in fury, a ship was tossed about, the plaything of angry billows. Above the roar of the storm could be heard the life-guard's call for assistance, that he might go to the aid of those helpless men. Nevertheless, I hastened within the cabin. While standing near the window, watching the vessel in distress, there seemed to be a lull in the storm. Alas, it was only treachery on the part of the elements. With a mighty roar, as though it was a mocking laugh, the angry waves hurled the doomed ship against the rocks—their accomplice in the awful tragedy. Above the howling of the wind, and the voice of the maddened elements, the cries of those hapless men reached my ears. Yet I stood there, a silent spectator, while the voice of my conscience was lulled to sleep with the thought: "What can I do?"

The cabin was warm and yet I was shivering—whether from cold or fear, I did not know.

It is written that Peter, after he had denied his Master, drew near to the fire because he was cold. Perhaps it is so with us. When we remain unresponsive to the call of duty we become chilled through our cowardice.

While standing there, unmoved by the sad spectacle before me, I heard a voice saying, in accents of reproach:

"Coward! Coward! You have been the witness of a scene which

should have urged you to action; it should have awakened your manhood. Why do you remain inactive in the face of so great a tragedy?"

Trembling, I whispered:

"Who are you?"

And the reply came:

"I am a messenger from another realm, sent to earth to lead men into channels of usefulness."

Then I inquired:

"What could I do in my weakness?"

"You could not do much, in that struggle against the elements," answered the messenger, "but your willingness to help would have proven your manhood."

Though I tried to laugh away my fears, I trembled like an aspen leaf. In vain I tried to quiet my troubled mind with the thought:

"This is not reality—it is only a mental delusion."

Again the voice spoke in a harsh tone:

"Yes, I know; the scene you have just witnessed was not real. It was a picturization—a fantasy, if you wish

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## Psychic Keys

## Are You a

HAVE you suddenly awakened to the fact that somehow you are different from the rest of the folks? If they knew your inmost thoughts they would call you peculiar. You just know many things without knowing why or how you know them; you have longed to confide in some one, perhaps you have already made the mistake of taking your very best friend into your confidence and have been met with the blindest of stares. How you regretted having spoken.

Be glad! You are on the path of unfoldment and unless you sink into the grossest materiality, you will from now on stand a little apart. But there is nothing supernatural about it. It is just that man has thirty-five different parts to his brain, using only a small part; you have inadvertently opened some heretofore unused portion, that is all. Man is queer only when he is not Sensitive. We go around like gods in knee pants, as Hub-

bard would say; but the time will come when it will be the other way around. Thought will be an open page to be read, understood as a real and vital factor in living; then it will be considered almost a crime for another to inflict his personal atmosphere of grudges, and ill feelings upon that of another fellowman.

Hand in hand with becoming a Sensitive are dangers, yet many delights. Your hearing will become more acute, your body will possess greater intelligent capacity for feeling; any discordant jarring note will set you tingling all over. You may even want to pull your hair; that is just the price you must pay. Now is the time to take the reins a little more firmly in one's hand over the backbone of commonsense.

You perhaps have already found it quite easy to be noble, full of love when alone, the more you dwell on the mental plane, the less inclination there will be to mingle



# DEALINGS WITH THE LIVING DEAD

## THE OLD Claytor Place

By L. B. K. PALMER

*How a Soldier's Spirit  
Brought Happiness to the One He  
Loved on Earth*



OUTSIDE, the August night was cool and starry, and bits of cloud drifted across the face of the moon. Inside, the living-room was comfortable but quiet, and mysterious-looking shadows lurked beyond the bright circle of lamplight, within which Mary and I sat with the Ouija board on our knees.

She and I were the only ones at home, and we had been trying a dip into spiritism; but the Ouija's remarks had proved disconnected and unentertaining, so—with our fingers still resting idly upon the board—we had fallen into dreamy confidences.

"I do love George,—love him with all my heart," Mary had said in reply to a statement of mine, "but I promised Raymond to be true to him forever."

Now, Mary was a sweet girl, a bit superstitious, but conscientious and loyal to an ideal. She was a senior in High School when I came to her Aunt's house to board in 1917, and, in the six years that followed I was her "pal," her "big brother."

In the hysteria of the war-swept world that first

winter, Mary met and became engaged to a young lieutenant—Raymond Andrews—who was stationed at a training camp near by. I am sure that he loved Mary deeply, sincerely,—but I thought then, and I think now, that she was actuated more by excitement and pity than by love.

Young Andrews seemed a visionary sort of chap, and as the weeks flew by he became possessed of the idea that he would soon be sent to the front, and that he would never come back. Then—it must have been that he extracted from Mary the promise that, should his forebodings come true, she would be loyal to his memory always.

In March, Andrews and his company sailed for France, and in September a bit of shrapnel in the Argonne did its work too well and Mary was loverless.

That fall she became secretary to the president of the local bank, in which institution George Myers—rendered a bit lame from an unfortunate pole-vault two years before—was employed in the bookkeeping department.

George commenced his attentions to Mary almost immediately, doubling and redoubling them as the years went on—five of them,—but apparently without results. Yet all of us who saw them together believed that Mary loved George,—loved him with a deep and steady devotion such as Andrews had never evoked; and George, who was general auditor at the bank now, seemed in every way a suitable husband; and Mary seemed very unhappy. We were sorely puzzled.

This was how matters stood the night Mary told me about the promise she had made Andrews.

"I did not know what real love was then," she continued, "but a promise is a promise," and she sighed heavily and pressed her fingers more closely on the little table,—which suddenly began to move across the board.

As we watched its progress, listlessly at first, then with growing interest, it spelled, "At the old house, Saturday midnight, Raymond." After that it did not move again.

I was intrigued at the coherence of the message given by the senseless  
(Continued on page 34)

## Sensitive?

By

Le Bam

with your fellow beings. Don't forget he needs just what you can give. Talents develop in solitude, even seeing the unseen grows, but character alone is developed in constant rubbing elbows with others in every day life. Your brother's unawakened, grosser emanations will try your very patience, but that is good for your own growth. Remember that you go through this old world but once, it is not only the large things that count, but in the small things that one can be of help, by your positive, cheerful radiation you can serve. Don't poison your neighbor with selfishness.

Perhaps even now you feel and sense the different influences around you, you can even see them; they may be friends that have gone on. They may be low earth-bound souls that would give much to influence you to do ugly deeds. Many of our terrible crimes, for which we wring the poor criminal's neck are but the outcome of his unknowingly being a Sensitive.

Without understanding, weakness of mind will make him a pliable tool. Keep wide awake. Each of us has a guardian angel. There is really nothing to be afraid of. The best armor is purity of thought and purpose. At first the desire may be strong to run to every medium; one tells you one thing, another something different. Take all this as lessons. Outside help can only advise, learn to use some more of those thirty-five different totally unused sections of your brain, do your own thinking!

Yes, there are tides in spiritual growth, even as the tides of the sea, by watching these tides within you you can learn to work with them, not against them; then—

"Softly, soulfully you glide into magic rhythm.

The spiritual realms open as a prism

Flashing forth rainbow hues

divine  
Giving dull reason, honest logic  
their asked for sign."



# The Celestacam

By WARD SKEEN

(Continued from the May Issue)

"I WILL not have anything to do with it. The hanging will come off as per schedule. I will be going. Good morning." Bowing he hurried along.

"Well, Carrie, we must see the Governor. Pack up our apparatus, while I go to the garage and see that our machine is in good order." "Uncle, we cannot make Tallahassee in our car in time to do any good." "No, not in our car; but we will drive to Daytona, that will take us about four hours. From there we can get an airplane to the capitol, which we should reach in about seven hours."

The Newells wasted no time; their many months of travelling had taught them the art of packing in a few minutes. Newell looked at his watch. It was eight A. M. Seven hours to the state capitol would make it three P. M. The execution was set for seven A. M. the following morning.

"No time to lose, Carrie, the road is full of speed cops who arrest honest citizens and let the bootleggers get away. I will look ahead, you keep a watch to the rear."

Pointing the nose of the car down the black ribbon they sped away. When the road showed clear the driver held the speedometer at forty-five to fifty, slowing down only when necessary. A human life was at stake, they could not lose any time, by being arrested for speeding, and they had no money to pay fines with. They had some money but it must be saved to pay the airplane pilot. Like all inventors they were long on ideas but short on ready cash.

The race to Daytona was made in good time. Finding the pilot the Uncle explained what they desired. Making a hasty examination of his machine the bird-man was ready. Closing her eyes Carrie felt a queer sensation of nausea as the plane took off. In a few minutes she opened her eyes, seeing a wonderful sight as the panorama of the landscape rushed beneath them.

She was entranced, almost forgetting that this flight meant life or death to an innocent man, and the first public use of the machine that her father had slaved on for so many years. "And my invention too," she reflected as she recalled the many months of labor at her father's side in his darkened workshop.

A little after three P. M. the flight was completed, and a landing effected. Going to the state house, Newell learned that the Governor was either in Pensacola, or on his way back from a conference there, driving through by car.

"What in the world will we do now?" wailed Carrie. "Oh uncle, are we so near to success only to be foiled by circumstances over which we have no control? Is that poor unfortunate man to be hanged for a crime which he did not commit?"

"We have but little chance I am afraid," responded the uncle. "It is about two hours by plane to Pensacola, if we can catch the Governor there we may still win out, but if he is on his way back here, how are we to get in touch with him? All we know is that he was in a Cadillac when he left here, he may be in any one of a dozen different makes returning. And another

thing we have no more money to pay the pilot for the extra trip."

"Uncle, let us go to the aviator and tell him the full particulars, I believe he will place enough confidence in our plan to take us on without payment."

"We will try, Carrie."

Returning to the landing field they found the pilot almost ready for his return flight to Daytona.

Newell explained in detail just what the apparatus was that they had with them, and why they wanted to see the Governor.

"Well sir, I will be frank and say that I am skeptical of your invention. However you are working in a good cause, I feel that all of your trouble will go for nothing, but I am willing to take a chance. Hop in."

An hour of precious time had been lost, they were soon in the air again. The trip to Pensacola was made without accident. Landing there they soon learned that the Governor had departed.

Carrie collapsed, sobbing short staccato screams, her whole body shaking with each sob. Newell turned his attention to comforting her.

"Say Mr. we have come this far we will have to go on with this thing. I have found out that the Governor left two hours ago in a blue Cadillac, he is now about eighty miles out on the Old Spanish Trail. According to that we ought to overtake him in about an hour and one-half, it will be about dark then, but I have a powerful searchlight on the plane, maybe we can convey to him that we want him to hurry up. Let's go."

They helped Carrie back into the plane, she was very listless. The nervous strain, and the seeming defeat had completely broken her fighting spirit. A few minutes in the plane revived her so that she was busy scanning the road for a blue Cadillac. An hour passed; they were flying low. Passing a blue car it gave them a thrill, they circled quite close, several ladies thrust frightened faces out of the windows. A quirk of fate when you think you have something and it is gone. The pilot had calculated closely, an hour and twenty-five minutes after hopping off they saw a blue car by the aid of the searchlight which Newell kept focused on the road. The chauffeur flashed his spot light on the plane as it passed low overhead. "I believe it is him," exclaimed Newell, "I never met him personally but that sure looks like the pictures I have seen of him." The man referred to had been looking out of the window but withdrew his head as the blinding rays of the light flashed on him.

"About time we were finding him," grunted the pilot. "Hold on tight Miss, better close your eyes too."

Soon the passengers in the car were gazing with astonishment as the plane spelled out G—O—V—, with a flourish the plane righted itself, the pilot had practiced sky writing for some time.

The spot light on the car snapped on and off twice. "That's him," shouted the pilot. "Hang on tight." H—U—R—R—Y— was blazed across the heavens. The plane came right side up and passed in front of the car. Its lights snapped twice.

"Now we will get back to Tallahassee, he will soon be



there," volunteered the aviator as he swung his machine east again.

It was not far back to the capitol; landing there the Newells hurried to the state house, waiting impatiently for the Governor. Ten o'clock passed, the hour hand crowded eleven. Carrie cried softly but steadily. George Newell paced the floor, consulting his watch every other minute, surprised that it was so short a time since he had looked before. Twelve, then one o'clock again. Carrie fell asleep with her arm as a pillow resting in a large chair. Her uncle paced the floor, consulted his watch—it was two-thirty. He sat down to rest and was soon asleep dreaming of scaffolds. Three thirty some one came in, Newell roused up.

"Beg your pardon sir is this the Governor?"

"Yes sir, is there something I can do for you?"

"Yes sir, we have a very important matter to bring before you. Carrie, here is the Governor. This is my niece, Miss Newell."

Carrie, aroused by the mention of the name of the man she was so anxious to see, fairly jumped from the chair. The Newells immediately explained their mission. The governor was very much interested. They darkened the room, the inventors showed and explained their machine.

"I am not thoroughly convinced. But I will give you the benefit of the doubt. Can you give me additional proof in a day or two?"

"Yes we can."

"Very well, then, prepare your evidence. I will wire Sheriff Graves to stay the execution for two days."

"Thank God," murmured Carrie, "after all it is not in vain."

SHERIFF GRAVES read the telegram and passed it on to a deputy.

"Those numbskulls have been working fast. How they ever got the Governor on their side so quick I can't understand. Still I am rather glad of it too. I would hate the worst way to hang a man when there is any doubt about his guilt."

Cherry was surprised when seven o'clock passed and he was not led away to that awful thing out there in the yard. That terrible thing which was overcoming his feeble resistance would rob him of the life he loved so well. It would force him to die. Death had always held a terrible terror for him, ever since he had seen his older brother die in the locomotive at the time of that gruesome wreck. He could hardly breathe when he thought of it, something seemed to tighten around his heart and stop his breath. He could never fire a locomotive again, he had to do something that would take him far away from the whine of the whistle. His aversion to the railroad forced him to travel in a car only to be caught up and robbed of life.

The two days reprieve soon passed, the Newells were very busy people. They convinced the Governor that Cherry was innocent and located the real murderer who denied his guilt at first, but after a few hours he confessed.

Cherry was the most surprised man in the world when Sheriff Graves told him of the arrest, and confession of the young man who had ridden with him from Riverton that fateful morning. It was the one with the animal features and real estate uniform.

Upon learning who his benefactors were Cherry wired them that he would like to meet them at Daytona.

"NOTHING that I can say or do will convey to you people how much I appreciate what you have done for me."

"What we have done for you is just what we intend

doing for all who are unjustly accused. That will be our life work from now on. However, in thanking us I will say that you are really thanking my brother, this young lady's father. He is the man who really invented the machine that you see here. Carrie assisted him a great deal, he was never very strong and his constant concentration on this machine undermined his health. He passed away about a year ago. Since that time we have been carrying on the experiments and perfecting his ideas. Your case was the first one that we have worked on publicly. All of our other cases have been handled under cover. We wished to be absolutely sure that we could produce the goods before we made an announcement to the world. Sometimes people make a big noise about an invention but it fails to stand the test of public investigation. Usually such people are just seeking publicity. My brother abhorred publicity."

Cherry saw before him a long leather covered box, resembling a suitcase. Newell unfolded it, the legs dropped down. It sat upon a tripod, like a large camera. "This instrument was named by my brother, the Celestacam, or soul camera. It is the most sensitive camera in the world. It will photograph waves of the air in the darkest dungeon. It will take pictures of the bottom of the ocean. It is electrically operated, distance makes but little difference if the current is increased as the distance becomes greater. It is equipped with a long range finder. Being so sensitive it is provided with rubber balls on the tripod legs to guard against vibration. While it will produce excellent pictures in the day time it is really intended to be operated mostly at night."

"Mr. Newell, I cannot wait any longer, I want to see how it operates."

"I was coming to that. However I might just as well explain. It may be a revelation to you but is a fact well known to us that *the soul of a murdered person returns to the scene of the crime*. The soul of the murderer returns also but only while the murderer is sleeping. If the souls meet at this place they will struggle, just the same as the physical bodies struggled. The murderer's soul then gloats over its victim until the vanquished spirit, sad and pathetic, withdraws from the scene."

"By going to the scene of a crime and setting up this machine and waiting, we can often get a picture of the departed soul in a few minutes. Then again we may wait a day, or two days. Then we also wait for the visit of the guilty party's spirit. We know they always return so we wait patiently, a human life may be at stake."

"Would it operate just the same if you set it and went away?"

"Yes, but it is too valuable, we cannot let it get out of our sight."

"How can you tell when the right spirit appears?"

"The soul resembles the living body, so we know them immediately when they appear."

"How do you get the picture developed?"

"They are developed as made. We see the object through the range finder, and press a tiny bulb. That rolls the film about six inches, the exposed film is then developed by electricity. No fluid of any kind is required."

"But how do you locate the guilty person? Suppose the crime was committed ten years ago?"

"Those are questions that we expected you to ask. Remember that the soul returns to the scene of crime."

"Yes."

"Well, we wait until it returns, then focus our range finder on it. When it returns to the sleeping physical body, we gradually increase the current to overcome the

(Continued on page 35)



# ASTROLOGY *The Key*

## *To Occult Science, Religion and Free Masonry*

By PROF. J. H. JOHNS

**A**STROLOGY is the first and most stupendous Bible ever written by man and they were all written by men. Astrology Is an Exact Science and study of Nature's Laws, showing life, character and constitution of man, also being the mother of Astronomy, the foundation of all Religions and Masonry.

The above seems a big statement to make but its absolute Truth can be easily proved beyond the shadow of any doubt to every open minded person or scientist who will investigate for himself.

God's Laws are Nature's Laws and a study of Nature's Laws cannot be made without taking into consideration the operation of God's great Universe from the giant Suns and Stars that whirl through space, to the smallest grain of sand, or atoms, of which all manifested things are composed according to the number of electrons to the atom.

Astrology, taking into consideration the whole, both the inner and the outer Laws, Astronomy only the outer or objective laws, Religion only the Spiritual Laws and Masonry both spiritual and material laws.

No one knows when Astrology, or the grandest science known to man had its beginning, and like the Soul of Man which is without a beginning and without end, a spark or part of the Divine Source, which lives throughout all eternity, astrology seems to be also from the same Divine Source, hence has no beginning and no end. It is The Law. It was known and its truths were used as a blessing to mankind in the dim ages of the past as far back as any trace of man himself exists, or has left any record upon the earth. Remnants of past civilizations are found in all parts of the world all of which reveal and show the knowledge of an astrological science and insight into the arcane secrets of Nature's Laws which transcend the learning of Modern Times.

As we are now entering the Aquarian Age, an air sign, the sign of the Man of the Zodiac when intelligence and learning of Nature's Laws will be revealed after 2,000 years of the Piscean Era, the sign of the Fishes, when man degenerated from his high estate of the past and to his own self detriment and lost much of his great wisdom and knowledge and descended to a very low state during the dark ages for several centuries after the beginning of the Christian Era. During this time many valuable records of the past were destroyed and true religion was buried under the rubbish of creeds and dogmas. Now with the beginning of the Aquarian Age the Sign of the Son of Man through which the Sun by precession will progress for 2,160 years we are on the verge of the most startling and wonderful discoveries in all realms of human progress, and especially in the air along the lines of electricity, the airplane, the Radio and the Spiritual Realm dealing with a substance finer than the ether. Astrology has to do with all these things and there is no other science that can or pretends to know these truths.

In the far distant ages of the past when the Greatest Building ever erected by man was built,

some 50,000 years ago as shown by Astrology (no other science pretends to know when built), the Ancient Magi, or Masons, fore knowing the trend of events and the descent into intellectual obscurity and materialism of the peoples of the earth, desired to perpetuate in enduring granite their knowledge of the universal forces to preserve that knowledge for the ages to come when intelligence and learning would be supreme and looked up to as of more value than crass materialism and money making, they built The Great Pyramid of GIZEH, The Greatest Wonder of the World, on exact Astrological and Astronomical principles. We are just learning that the 12 constellations or the Signs of the Zodiac represents a higher stage of civilization than that of To-Day. They ascend to times when no other record exists. A time when wisdom and intellectual attainments constituted the Aristocracy, instead of money. They represent fragments of history, curious dates and documents relating to chronology, geography, geometry, religion and mythology and are the fundamental principles of Astronomy. All of which are preserved in imperishable characters beyond the reach of thieves and vandals to destroy. Zodiac is derived from a Greek word *Zoon*, meaning beast. Hence Zodiac a circle of beasts, or "living creatures" as all of the 12 signs represent living creatures, with one exception, Libra.

Most of us have a very limited knowledge of the science of Astronomy, or Astrology, its mother, therefore most of us have no idea how useful it is. In many ways Astronomy is the most marvelous of all sciences, and until we have obtained at least elementary knowledge of Astronomy, we cannot say that we are educated or even well informed. Astronomy used to be taught in many of the High Schools, why it has been discontinued we are unable to say. Ask your leaders of thought. It is an important question.

It is astounding to know a fraction of the great knowledge possessed by the Ancient Magi, the builders of the Great Pyramid, which is beginning to break through the mystery and the veils of the past ages revealing their great wisdom in building into this the World's Greatest Wonder, a Great Sundial, so many remarkable truths of vital tremendous value to all mankind. Some of the facts becoming known about the Great Pyramid, are the result of study for many years by the greatest students and scholars of the world who measured its base, height, vertical height and radius, areas, angles, declinations, etc., have given incontrovertible mathematical evidence that the Pyramid was a great geometrical work; and to those who were able to read its true meaning and having a knowledge of Astrology and Astronomy these thinkers were able to see the light of truth that it was built in an age when wisdom was supreme. With the discovery of the measure of the pyramid Cubit of English Inches, a great deal of its meaning becomes plain, this was derived from the circumference of the Moon, the apparent diameter is 8.3333 inches, therefore 25 inches in circumference. The base side length of each of the four sides is 365.242 pyramid Cubits representing the 365 1/4



days in the year, adding the four together equals 1460.98 Cubits or the number of the days in a four year period including the fractional leap year. Measuring diagonally across the base from S. E. to N. W. and from N. E. to S. W. we find the number of inches 25,920 or number of years in a great Solar Cycle when the Sun by precession goes backward through the entire Zodiac. The Sun in its annual cycle fails to keep its appointment each year by 50 seconds, which amounts to 1 degree in 72 years, thus going backward through one sign, or 30 degrees of the Zodiac, in 2,160 years and the entire 12 signs in 25,920 years. The Units of measure and the mathematical and geometric ratios of the Great Pyramid were derived from the relative positions, sizes and distances of the Sun, Moon and Earth (the planets and constellations were factors that were also considered, the twelve signs being the fundamental principle of Astronomy) hence have an astronomical significance. At mid-day on the equinoxes the slope of the pyramid was built to conform exactly to this angle. It was built on the 30th. degree of N. Latitude at the 30th. degree of East Longitude and could not have been built at any other place to give the wonderful geometrical and mathematical ratios or units of astronomy. The mid-day elevation of the Sun at this time directed the required slope, the ratio of the diameter to the circumference of a circle that is 3,14159. The height 486 feet, the equinoctial slope. It covers  $13\frac{1}{2}$  acres of ground which for about fifty thousand years has been and still is, the Greatest Wonder of the World. It is wonderful to know that the Great Pyramid is but one in a series of sixty or more pyramids, which were built during the preceding periods of thousands of years, while they were striving to perfect this one great year finding and astronomical observatory. The long tube or gallery in the body of the pyramid directed to the Pole Star, Alpha Draconis, enabled it to be seen both day and night as Herodotus reports the stars could be seen at mid-day from the bottom of the well of Syene.

The Great German astronomer Prof. J. H. Maedler made the discovery that Alcyone, the brightest star in the cluster of Pleiades, was the central Sun around which the entire universe revolved. It is estimated to be 10,000 times that of our sun. The Egyptians possessed this information 50,000 years ago and timed the completion of the great Pyramid. At midnight on the autumnal Equinox 3,733 B. C. the apex of the Great Pyramid pointed to this central star Alcyone (of the Pleiades) which was directly upon the meridian at that hour and minute.

There is nothing new under the Sun and the Divine truths known by the Ancient Magi are being rediscovered again. A great disgrace and blot upon the past

era of 2,000 years has been the persecution of its leaders of thought who sought to spread the truth of Natures Laws for the benefit of mankind. Modern Astronomy owes much to a Danish Monk, Nicolas Koppernix, or Copernicus—his successor, Galileo and Bruno, both of whom were forced to recant, the first being thrown into prison, and the last named being burnt at the stake for exploiting and teaching the science of Astronomy. The world owes much to Kepler, Astrologer, who wrote (the three laws of Kepler) from observations made by Tycho de Brahe, the Astronomer, which became the foundation for Newton's discoveries, as well as the whole modern theory of the planets, also Roger Bacon who invented the magnifying glass in the 13th century and Sir Francis Bacon. Then Herchel, who rediscovered the planet Uranus, and Leverrier, the mathematician, who rediscovered the planet Neptune, and La Place who was called "the father of the Solar System," and Oenuphis, a priest of On, in Egypt, who taught Pythagoras the "True System." Without Kepler's "Laws that Measure the movements of the Planets," and Newton's "Laws of Gravitation," Modern Astronomical Science would be a sea of unsound Logic.

The Ancient Egyptian or the highly civilized race that built the Great Pyramid possessed a superior knowledge and were capable of constructing a monument or building that in this day of great enlightenment and culture and advanced thought, we could not duplicate this stupendous marvelous wonder of the world. In truth within the entire world today there are only a limited number of people who possess brains and intelligence enough to comprehend the importance and significance of the evidence it now brings to light after thousands of years of mental lethargy. That this is not the age of the greatest knowledge and wisdom is self-evident. That the great Pyramid was built for a tomb, or sepulchre of the Pharaoh, Cheops, Khufu, etc., or any other king is too absurd for intelligent people to believe and with our limited learning of the present we can but dimly discern a few of the outstanding facts which the Great Pyramid holds for mankind when all its marvelous truths are brought to light during this Sublime Aquarian Age just beginning.

The Ancient Masons, or Magi with their thorough understanding of Astrology and Natures Laws preserved their teachings in many ways unknown and undiscovered by those who desired to destroy their records and they have been easily read by those who know and understand. In the Lodge Room and Temples Astrology is perpetuated. The Master or King Solomon (Sol-om-on meaning the Sun) in the East, Senior Warden (Symbolized by the Moon) in the West, Junior Warden (symbolized by Mars) in the South, and the

other officers symbolical of the other planets, Mercury, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, all shown in an old published chart of Ancient Masonry, and placed in their regular order and number as shown in all horoscopes symbolizing Man. Man the Microcosm, in the great Macrocosm, the measure of all things in the manifested universe, The Pentagram or five pointed Star of Man, The Blazing Star of all the Ancient Mysteries, combatant on both the material and spiritual planes. The five pointed star refers to the five planets, or elements which enter into the composition of the human soul. The numbers of the planets in this old Masonic Chart of eight divisions added together in pairs  $54+63+72+81$  equals 270 the time of gestation of the human embryo, nine months, or signs, 270 degrees or days. Added from North to South  $12+9+15$  equals 36.  $12+9+15$  equals 396 transverse additions equals  $(36+360)$  the Sun in the Universe of twelve thirty degree signs, The Macrocosm or Greater Universe. Add 270 to 396 equals 666 of Revelations 13Ch. 18 V. Here is wisdom. Let him that have understanding count the Number of the beast. For it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred three score and six. Thus the Number-letter Mathematical philosophy applied to the Zodiacal System supplies the sole keys to all religions and masonry.

The Sun's path or ecliptic through which the sun passes each year according to the obliquity of the Earth, the North pole of which points to the North magnetic Star, as well as the sun and all the other planets of our solar system whose poles point to this star, during this yearly period the Sun as shown in Spiritual Astrology goes through all the events as attributed to Christianity, from the Birth at Christmas Dec. 25th, when the sun is reborn again at its lowest declination or  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees south of the equator where it seems to stand still for a few days, then on January 1st it has begun its northern march, crossing the equator March 22nd. After which Easter is observed on the first Sunday after the full Moon culminating after the Sun has crossed this line. In the Fall at the passover when the Sun again crosses the equator going south to its lowest declination it is said to be Crucified on the Autumnal Cross and goes into the tomb of winter. Then to be reborn again of a Virgin at Christmas. This story is enacted over again each year and has been the source of the religious history for ages, there being 20 recorded crucified saviours, nineteen of these died on the cross hundreds of years before Christ, the record beginning with Thulis of Egypt 1700 B. C.

These facts in regard to Astrology, the mother of all sciences, all religions and Masonry show all to be true and derived from the same Divine Source. Ps. 19-IV. The Heavens declare the Glory of God;

(Continued on page 48)



## Astrological DAILY GUIDE for June

By Haasan Osiris

1. Unfavourable. Avoid risky ventures. Remain quiet.
2. Avoid travel. Remain indoors if possible.
3. Excellent day. Correspond, travel, attend important business affairs.
4. Same as yesterday.
5. A good day for usual Sunday affairs.
6. Doubtful. Avoid delays and accidents.
7. Avoid anger and accidents. Keep cool headed.
8. Make new friends. Attend usual duties.
9. Attend business routine. Make no appointments or sign no documents.
10. Avoid opposite sex. Attend usual routines.
11. Uncertain aspects operate. Be careful.
12. Attend lectures or churches.
13. Attend to unfinished jobs. Push personal affairs.
14. Favourable for mingling with opposite sex. Excellent for lovers.
15. Be careful of haste, loss and waste. Attend usual duties only.
16. Not a favourable day. Be careful in all things.
17. Good for study, mental pursuits, etc.
18. Avoid opposite sex. Avoid jealousy. Also disagreements.
19. Good for usual Sunday efforts.
20. Uncertain. Be cautious in all undertakings.
21. Alternately good and bad. Keep busy.
22. A favourable day for monetary affairs. Keep busy.
23. A good day for business. Seek employment. Ask favours.
24. Unfortunate. Be careful in all procedures.
25. Attend usual affairs only.
26. Avoid over exertion. Attend usual Sunday affairs.
27. Good for business, correspondence, new friendships, etc.
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29. Avoid opposite sex. Keep busy. Beware of quarrel.
30. Alternately good and bad. Attend strictly to usual duties and much can be accomplished.

# Your Latent Energies

By William A. McKeever, A.M., LL.D.

(Reprinted from *The Health Messenger*)

THERE is a self in all of us which scarcely ever awakes unless we learn to knock loud at the door of the subconsciousness and arouse him. It is a greater self than we have ever been. No one has yet been able to estimate the size and dimensions of that possible or potential higher self. We are today capable of doing only a few of the scores of things which might have been accomplished, had there been time enough.

Time is the riddle of the whole of human existence. We did not start it, and we cannot stop it. It bears us on like the current of a mighty river tossing a leaf upon its crest. The millions of brain and nerve cells in the ordinary human make-up would seem to indicate that there are endless possibilities of learning and achievement for all of us — IF, time enough were allotted.

However, we are not complaining. A sort of eternal youthfulness seems now to be well within the reach of mortal man. That is, we are learning how to keep alive and awake and forward-looking for a century of time or more. I really believe that old age is to be banished, so far as anything like senility is concerned. So, let us get to work on ourselves and see what can be done to arouse and put into use some of the commonly overlooked latent powers.

First of all, if I am to enjoy a sort of renaissance of my present self I must look to the body, the holy temple in which this self is to be housed and nurtured. I must make my body vibrant with life and health. I must eat and sleep and exercise, and do my work in a way that will tend to supply abundant oxygen and an even circulation of clean blood. I must carefully plan to keep every cell of my body alive and must as diligently attend to the elimination of waste matter. No one can hope to think straight and clear, much less can he hope for inspirational thinking, unless he learns the meaning of the command, "Glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

Second, I must learn to live rhythmically. Catching the significance of the regular changes of the seasons, the tides, the day alternating with the night, and the great systematic cosmic movements. I must reduce my little existence to a system of orderly events. Rhythm, an even and undisturbed recurrence of the major fundamental experiences of daily existence, and the momentum of alternating work and rest—these will add greatly to my

power of achievement and advancement.

Third, I must let go of my negatives. That is, I must systematically refrain from exercising word or thought in any description whatever of trouble, worry, fault or failure of mine, even though these for the moment seem to be present. No one can hope reasonably to do his best while he is thinking persistently his worst. If I am to bring up from the depths of my subconsciousness those slumbering talents of power and accomplishment I must close the same door to the negative aspects of my past or possible future life.

Wherefore, when I have toned and perfected my physical being, when I have reduced my daily round of work and duty to rhythm and smoothness, when I have closed the door to all negative thoughts; then, I shall be ready and prepared to call out my stronger latent forces.

The remainder of the task of self renaissance is comparatively easy. The requirement is merely to select the project or the ideal of achievement and turn my persistent vision loose upon that. Suppose I have been unpracticed in the matter, and I now decide to take up as never before a systematic study of good reading. I first inquire as to what is considered good reading, and how I might obtain a few titles of representative volumes. With these before me, I begin systematically a progressive program. I read and affirm the law of unfoldment by turns. Repeatedly and persistently, I affirm, at the quiet bed-time hour about as follows:—

"I am now to become progressively interested in reading good books. The desire for such practice will awaken slowly and solidly. I shall work and visualize (pray) alternately. I shall eat and sleep and rest and exercise in such manner as to make my body responsive to this new project. My mind is being refreshed for attack of the project. My interest in the matter is increasing. I am becoming capable of sustained attention, and am learning to hold my thought to the printed page with increasing ease and pleasure. The practice of reading is becoming a sort of mental tonic and my secret thoughts are being quickened with new power and new vision."

Suppose my employment is that of a shop workman and I desire to earn and win promotion, how shall I proceed to arouse my best energies and bend them to that purpose? Why, something like

(Continued on page 43)



# Unveiling the Rosicrucians

## Have YOU Found this Key to New Life and Mystic Power?

### A Thrilling Interview with the Benefactor of Thirty Thousand Men and Women

BY HOWARD WAKELEY

I had often heard of the Rosicrucians. Some of my most intimate friends, successful, happy, prosperous men and women, secretly told me that they were living in accordance with the simple, but unique, rules of the Rosicrucian teachings, free from sectarianism or fanaticism.

One day I saw several of Marie Corelli's latest books, and as I was on my way to San Francisco, via Chicago, I bought two of them to read.

She plainly stated her admiration for the Brethren of the Rosy Cross and quoted their important principles. Truly, her novel, "Life Everlasting" lead me to the very portal of everlasting life.

In San Francisco I made inquiry and found that the Rosicrucian Order, generally known as AMORC—a very strange but significant word, indeed—was well established throughout the West also, and had a most excellent reputation. I was referred to men and women of prominence, officials, physicians, educators and newspaper writers; and always did I hear the same remark: "If you have an opportunity to meet the Chief of the AMORC, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, you will find a remarkable man, learned, broad in his understanding of humanity, and unusually resourceful in his ability to assist thousands in the mastery of their personal problems."

Before I had completed my work on the Pacific Coast, I had heard of Dr. Lewis and the Rosicrucians a hundred times; in all the principal cities of the West, North and East, my inquiries brought me in close contact with intensely interesting characters, the most happy, peaceful, healthy and progressive men and women of each community. I saw magnificent assembly halls, reading rooms, Egyptian Temples and even entire buildings in some cities, devoted exclusively to the furtherance of the Rosicrucian IDEA.

What was the magic IDEA? Could it be that the marvelous principles explained by Marie Corelli, were really being used by multitudes today? And, ever did my surprise bring me to the same point: if I sought for the secret of this mighty KEY, I must go to the fountain head of it all, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, the man, the mystic, the scientist, the benefactor of thousands.

Upon my return to the East I visited the branches and buildings in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other cities and arranged my schedule that I might spend two days in Tampa, Florida, and visit the Headquarters of this strange man.

I was surprised at what I found in Tampa. Tampa is one of the largest cities of the South, filled with the progressive blood of many Northern cities, and on every hand I heard naught but praise and commendation for the Rosicrucians and their great work. I found that they possessed many valuable pieces of property, had a group of buildings and homes in one locality of Tampa known as Rosicrucian Square, and were carrying on public and private activities of an international character, respected by the Chamber of Commerce, the banks, the credit associations, the churches, schools, civic bodies; and thousands throughout the States, who knew the Rosicrucians, spoke of their power, wealth, and noble achievements.

So, I wended my way to Rosicrucian Square, just at the city limits in the select residential section, and entered the beautiful Administration Building of AMORC, constructed in Spanish architecture, surmounted by a mighty radio tower, and containing the most attractive assembly of business offices, library, reception rooms, and Broadcasting Studio, I have ever seen South of New York or Washington.

Various secretaries finally secured an audience with Dr. Lewis for me and I was ushered into a private den of typical old Spanish color and magnificent mahogany equipment. I found Dr. Lewis to be a young looking man, despite his forty-three years, jovial, enthusiastic, witty and profound. There was a fascinating air of mystery about him and one could not mistake his strange mystery of life and its intricate problems. We discussed the desires of man, the obstacles that prevent the complete attainment of the necessities of life, the cause of disease, the maintenance of health, and the accumulation of wealth. Then, asking about the secret methods whereby so many thousands of men and women in the United States reached the heights of their ambitions, Dr. Lewis replied:

"I am just as pleased about these things as are the many who have spoken to you. I, too, am constantly proving the Rosicrucian principles, and I never cease marvelling at the results being obtained by our thousands of members and friends in North America; for you must bear in mind that this is the Headquarters for the North American section of the International Rosicrucian Order, known in every civ-



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And how may such a person succeed in securing the guidance and instruction of your great organization?

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## Astrological DAILY GUIDE for June

By Haasan Osiris

1. Unfavourable. Avoid risky ventures. Remain quiet.
2. Avoid travel. Remain indoors if possible.
3. Excellent day. Correspond, travel, attend important business affairs.
4. Same as yesterday.
5. A good day for usual Sunday affairs.
6. Doubtful. Avoid delays and accidents.
7. Avoid anger and accidents. Keep cool headed.
8. Make new friends. Attend usual duties.
9. Attend business routine. Make no appointments or sign no documents.
10. Avoid opposite sex. Attend usual routines.
11. Uncertain aspects operate. Be careful.
12. Attend lectures or churches.
13. Attend to unfinished jobs. Push personal affairs.
14. Favourable for mingling with opposite sex. Excellent for lovers.
15. Be careful of haste, loss and waste. Attend usual duties only.
16. Not a favourable day. Be careful in all things.
17. Good for study, mental pursuits, etc.
18. Avoid opposite sex. Avoid jealousy. Also disagreements.
19. Good for usual Sunday efforts.
20. Uncertain. Be cautious in all undertakings.
21. Alternately good and bad. Keep busy.
22. A favourable day for monetary affairs. Keep busy.
23. A good day for business. Seek employment. Ask favours.
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## Traditions of the Knights Templar (Continued from page 6)

der in 1307. Of the trial which followed there were records available to all, in successive editions of the French work of Dupuy, first published in 1685; in the German *Historical Tractatus* of Petrus Puteamus published at Frankfurt in 1665; in Guther's Latin *Historia Templariorum* of 1691; and in yet other publications prior to 1750. There is not a little evidence of one impression which was produced by these memorials, the notion, namely, of an unexplored realm of mystery extending behind the charges. It was the day of Voltaire, and it happened that a shallow infidelity was characterized by the kind of licence which fosters intellectual extravagance, by a leaning in directions which are generally termed superstitious—though superstition itself was pilloried—and in particular by attraction towards occult arts and supposed hidden knowledge. Advanced persons were ceasing to believe in the priest but were disposed to believe in the sorcerer, and the Templars had been accused of magic, of worshipping a strange idol, the last suggestion—for some obscure reason—being not altogether indifferent to many who had slipped the anchor of their faith in God. Beyond these frivolities and the foolish minds that cherished them, there were other persons who were neither in the school of a rather cheap infidelity nor in that of common superstition, but who looked seriously for light to the East and for its imagined traditional wisdom handed down from past ages. They may have been dreamers also, but they were less or more zealous students after their own manner, within their proper measures, and the Templar Chivalry drew them because they deemed it not unlikely that its condemnation by the paramount orthodoxy connoted a suspicion that the old Knighthood had learned in Palestine more than the West could teach. Out of such elements were begotten some at least of the Templar Rites and they grew from more to more, till this particular aspect culminated in the Templar dramas of Werner, in which an Order concealed through the ages and perpetuated through saintly custodians reveals to a chosen few among Knights Templar some part of its secret doctrine—the identity of Christ and Horus, of Mary the Mother of God, and Isis the Queen of Heaven. The root of these dreams on doctrine and myth transfigured through the ages—with a heart of reality behind it—will be found, as it seems to me, in occult derivations from Templar Ritual which belong to circa 1782 and are still in vigilant custody on the continent of Europe. I mention this lest it should be thought that the intimations of a German poet, though he was an active member of the Strict Observance, were mere inventions of an imaginative mind.

There is no historical evidence for the existence of any Templar perpetuation story prior to the Oration of Ramsay, just as there is no question that all documents produced by the French non-Masonic Order of the Temple, founded in the early years of the nineteenth century, are inventions of that period and are fraudulent like the rest of its claims, its list of Grand Masters included. There is further—as we have observed—no evidence of any Rite or Degree of Ma-

sonic Chivalry prior to 1737, to which date is referred the discourse of Ramsay. That this was the original impetus which led to their production may be regarded as beyond dispute, and it was the case especially with Masonic Templar revivals. Their thesis was his thesis varied. For example, according to the Rite of the Strict Observance the proscribed Order was carried by its Marshal, Pierre d'Aumont, who escaped with a few other Knights to the Isles of Scotland, disguised as Operative Masons. They remained there and under the same veil the Templars continued to exist in secret from generation to generation under the shadow of the mythical Mount Heredom of Kilwinning. To whatever date the old dreams ascribe it, when Emblematic Freemasonry emerged it was —*ex hypothesi*—a product of the union between Knights Templar and ancient Scottish Masonry. Such is the story told.

The Strict Observance was founded by Baron von Hund in Germany between about 1751 and 1754 or 1755, and is usually regarded as the first Masonic Chivalry which put forward the story of Templar perpetuation. I have accepted this view on my own part, but subject to his claim at its value—if any—that he had been made a Knight of the Temple in France, some twelve years previously. The question arises, therefore, as to the fact or possibility of antecedent Degrees of the kind in that country, and we are confronted at once by many stories afloat concerning the Chapter of Clermont, the foundation of which at Paris is referred to several dates. It was in existence, according to Yarker, at some undetermined period before 1742, for at that date its Masonic Rite, consisting of three Degrees superposed on those of the Craft, was taken to Hamburg. A certain Von Marshall, whose name belongs to the history of the Strict Observance, had been admitted in the previous year. Von Hund himself following in 1743—not at Hamburg, but at Paris—for all of which no authority is cited and imagination may seem to have been at work. But some of the statements, including those of other English writers, are referable to a source in Thory's *Acta Latamorum*. When Woodford speaks of Von Hund's admission into Templar Masonry at Clermont as not a matter of hypothesis, but of certain knowledge, he is dependent on the French historian, according to whom the German Baron was made a Mason at Paris in 1742. The Chapter of Clermont was founded in that city so late as 1754, and some time subsequently Von Hund returned thither, with the result that he derived Templar teaching from Clermont, on which he built up the Observance system. But, whatever the point is worth, this story is not only at issue with that of Von Hund himself, but with the current chronology of the Observance. To involve matters further, the Chapter is reported otherwise to have derived its Templar element from something unspecified at Lyons which is referred to 1738. The utmost variety of statement will be found, moreover, as to the content of the Clermont Rite, the Templar character of which has been also challenged. It is proposed otherwise that the Chapter was founded on a scale of considerable magnitude, that it was installed in a vast

building, and that it attracted the higher classes of French Freemasons, which notwithstanding it ceased to exist in 1758, being absorbed by the Council of Emperors established in that year for the promulgation of a different Grade system.

I am in a position to reflect some light for the relief of these complications by reference to Dutch archives which have come to my knowledge. The date of the Chapter's foundation remains uncertain, but it was in activity between 1756 and 1763, so that it was not taken over—as Gould suggests—by those Masonic Emperors to whom we are indebted for the first form of the Scottish Rite, Ancient and Accepted. It is not impossible that its foundation is referable to the first of these dates, when it superposed on the three Craft Grades as follows: (1) Grade of Scottish Master of St. Andrew of the Thistle, being the Fourth Grade of Masonry, "in which allegory dissolves"; (2) Grade of Sublime Knight of God and of his Temple, being the Fifth and last Grade of Free Masonry. At a later period, however, it became the Seventh Grade of the Rite, owing to the introduction of an Elect Degree which took the number 5 under the title of Knight of the Eagle, followed by an Illustrious Degree, occupying the sixth place and denominated Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. The Grade final in both enumerations—otherwise Knight of God—presented a peculiar, as it was also an early version of the perpetuation story, from which it follows that the Clermont Rite was Templar.

I have so far failed to trace any copy of the Ritual in England with the exception of that which has been placed recently in my hands, an example of the discoveries that await research in continental archives. The Templar element—which may be called the historical part—is combined with a part of symbolism, for though allegory is said to be abandoned in the Fourth Degree, its spiritual sister is always present in Ritual. The aspect which it assumes in the present case is otherwise known in Masonry, the Chapter representing the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, with its twelve gates, as a tabernacle of God with men. The Candidate is represented therefore as seeking the light of glory and a perfect recompense, while that which he is promised is an end of toils and trials. He is obligated as at the gates of the City and is promised the Grand Secret of those who abide therein. The City is—spiritually speaking—in the world to come, and the reward of chivalry is there; but there is a reward also on earth within the bonds of the Order, because this is said to be divine and possessed of the treasures of wisdom. The kind of wisdom and the nature of the Great Secret is revealed in the Perpetuation Story, and so far as I am aware offers the only instance of such a claim being made on behalf of the Templars, in or out of Masonry. It belongs to a subject which engrossed the zeal of thousands throughout the seventeenth century and had many disciples—indeed, they were thousands also—during the Masonic Age which followed. The story is that the Templars began in poverty, but Baldwin II, King of Jerusalem, gave

(Continued on page 38)



# LISTENING IN ON W-O-R-L-D

News Notes of Interest to Occultists

## Plant Foretells Quakes

A party of travellers who recently returned to Texas owed their lives, when lost in a terrible storm that swept the prairies, to a plant which has, on more than one occasion, been responsible for saving human beings.

This plant, which was first brought to the attention of the scientific world by General Benjamin Alvord, is one of the most remarkable in the world. Known as the compass plant, it received its name from the strange property exhibited by its leaves of presenting their faces to the rising and setting sun. The compass plant is a perennial, and during its first year bears radical leaves only. In its second year it is a flowering herb, with four to five leaves measuring from twelve to thirty inches in length.

It is found mainly on the rich prairies of the Mississippi Valley.

A plant which is said to be able to predict earthquakes and volcanic eruptions bears the scientific name of *Abrus precatorius*. It is a native of Cuba, has no flowers, and consists of a long stalk from which branch numerous twigs containing rows of delicate-looking leaves. The leaves frequently change colour or close, while the twigs bend themselves into curious positions.

This plant is highly sensitive to electric and magnetic influences, and by being able to interpret the movements of the plant in response to electric currents the scientist is enabled to predict great convulsions of Nature.

## Find Sun Worshipers

While carrying out relief work in the Armenian earthquake zone, American nurses attached to the Near East Relief Organization discovered a hitherto unknown race of sun worshipers.

These people, who call themselves "Izids," live in fourteen scattered villages on the slopes of the giant volcanic mountain Alagoz. They are believed to be the only surviving sun worshipers in Europe.

Coming originally from the little known and mysterious Persian mountains, the Izids have retained for centuries their native religious customs and beliefs, jealously guarding against any intrusion of outsiders or of intercourse with other people. The American nurses spoke to them in Armenian, but found they understood only their own idiom, which resembles slightly the Kurdish tongue.

The Izid women are singularly beautiful, and dress in gay, colorful skirts.

In their noses they wear large barbaric rings.

The sun worshipers are governed by a "sheik," who at the same time is their religious director. They perform their religious ceremonies only on the summits of the highest mountains, where their sun god is nearly always visible and where no profane eye intrudes.

## Toes Tell Tale

When you go to bed, take a good look at your big toe. It can tell many important things about yourself, including your age, probable duration of life, and character, says Dr. Interland, who has been investigating the science of "toe-ology."

"This new science," he says, "is far sounder and more reliable than palmistry, phrenology, or psycho-analysis. For instance, the lines that run parallel with the lighter-coloured half-moon area at the base of the nail can be taken as an almost certain guide to age. For a person of from one to ten years of age, each line accounts for a year. From ten to twenty the year lines begin to fade, but alternate lines remain distinct; therefore these distinct lines are rated at two years each. From twenty to thirty the lines represent three years each.

About this time the lines begin to arrange themselves in groups of five, with the fifth line distinct. Thus, from thirty to fifty years, the distinct lines count for five years each. From the fiftieth year the distinct lines are worth ten years each.

A large big toe is a sure indication of a hasty and violent temperament.

## East Comes West

Earnest and hard-working church people who contribute their silver to support missionaries in heathen lands may not realize that occasionally the "heathen" take a leaf out of their own book and send a missionary to these United States. Such a missionary, according to M. Jules-Bois, writing in *The Forum*, was the Hindu missionary, Vivekananda, who was sent to the United States by the Brahman saint, Ramakrishna. But, like most people with a mission to the United States, he also came to raise funds—not, however, for his own purposes, but to spread the gospel of Vedantism. Today there are branches of the Vedanta society in New York, Boston, Washington, Portland, Ore., and San Francisco. At La Crescenta, Calif., there is an extension of the Boston Vedanta center.

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## Is Man Growing Wings? By PIERSON WORRALL BANNING

show in the physical characteristics of future generations, due to its new environment in the air. This he believes will eventually lead to the development of human wings, with the human being eventually having strength enough to fly through the air as birds and insects do now.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, one of the best known authorities in the world, who is anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution, has come to the very definite conclusion, that descendants of the older American families "show that older stock has approached the formation of a distinct American type, still nearer to that of the British, but in stature, in physiognomy, and in behaviour, already different. The type is a good one."

"It is characterized by tall stature, being the tallest of all the larger groups of white people, by, on the average, a medium permeation of the hair, with scarcity of adult blonds and near absence of blacks; by preventively mixed eyes, or light one showing more or less of a brownish mixture; by an inclination especially in youth to sinewy slenderness; and by other features."

His conclusions as to the decided trend of those whose ancestors have been the longest in the United States on the development of marked characteristics in physical and mental ways, is so clear even for the short two or three hundred years this development has been going on, that it is of more than passing interest to wonder what may be looked for during the next few thousand years.

Looking back into what is claimed is the earliest development of present day man, we find many evidences of interest. Man is becoming less hairy as time passes. The tail that man seems to still carry evidence of around with him while not entirely a thing of the past, nevertheless today is found less often on the human being than formerly.

In an address before the California Osteopathic Association convention, Dr. Dain L. Trasker stated, that from the large number of X-ray pictures made of persons, of the base of the spine, that increasing numbers are showing they have but four, instead of the customary five lumbar vertebrae.

This shows a shortening of the spine and elimination of the extension that once belonged to man is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. It is still not uncommon to find babies born with a very distinct tail requiring an operation to remove it.

Prof. A. J. Holmes, of the University of California recently stated, that based on the changes that have taken place in man in the past, what may be expected in the future is of interest to consider. He said:

"Adaptation of environment is the keynote of evolution and until this ceases evolution will continue."

"It is perfectly possible to imagine men without teeth or hair and with big heads, and dwarfed arms and legs. Men of this description would be merely the outgrowth of modern life."

He based these statements on what has gone before. Primeval man made but small use of his head, but his arms and legs became extremely powerful through constant use. This was a matter of environment.

"Man's arms today are used principally for handling the steering wheel of the automobile, grasping the straps of street cars, or for guiding a pen or pencil. His mind on the other hand is superior to that of his ancestors."

"Thus, it is possible that the arms may become smaller and the head larger. The scientific eating of certain foods, might cause the disappearance of the teeth if there was no longer any use for them, and artificial heating might cause the disappearance of the hair, as there may be no need for it in the future. The cave man was extremely hairy but his conditions are no longer with us."

"So environment and the survival of the fittest have continued on down to the present time. But man can control his environments, and by so doing he may maintain himself indefinitely as the ruler of the world."

As much as some readers may doubt the changes that the scientific mind is suggesting, nevertheless, let us remember that it is only speculative science that such suggestions can be classed under. But the number of qualified men is rapidly increasing, who are expressing what formerly would have been considered as astonishing, in connection with these matters. As fantastic as some of these statements may seem to the uninformed, they are no more unreasonable in many respects, than equally and seemingly fantastic statements of earlier speculative minds that have since come true.

Prof. Conrad Tharaldsen, of the zoology department of Northwestern University, created quite a stir when following his statement that some millions of years ago man and monkey were much more alike than the average person ever suspected, he turned the tables, by trying to look as far into the future as he had into the past. What he sees, based upon his studies and research is most interesting.

He is satisfied that man will have a big bulging head supported on a slim body with short legs and arms and maybe hoofs instead of feet. We have already started in that direction he thinks. And there will be little use for muscles, consequently man of that day will not have much muscular development.

"We are going toward that place we will never arrive at—Utopia. What we are doing, is gradually fitting the individual to the changing environments. We are progressing under evolution. Every time there is a mating of the germ cells, there are 16,777,216 chances for variation. It is the useful variations that survive."

"In that future period, glands also will have a greater function to perform. By regulating the glands we can produce children who will be workers and have intellectual interests—in other words, we can regulate reproduction."

"A British contemporary of mine, Richard Burton Haldane, predicts that in a period of from 500,000 to 2,000,000 years, babies will be born and developed outside of the human body—the cota-plasmic theory—and it seems sure to come."

"Meantime man's brain is growing, and the constant growth will demand a much larger skull with a bulging brow. The man of the future will probably have to wear glasses. Some of the present physical assets will be

lost with the increase of brain power. We are getting nearsighted and losing our sense of smell."

"Society will consequently be different in the generations to come. What the future man will be like may depend somewhat on his fads and fancies of the present. There is no doubt the children of coming generations will be healthier because the girls of today are free from corsets."

"Mechanical devices are fast doing away with the need of muscles and the lack of use will cause the muscles to degenerate."

"Except for hardness and the power to withstand disease, physical bulk means nothing nowadays."

As interesting as these deductions are of what the future may hold in store for man based upon changes in man during past periods, we find a group of thinkers who go farther into what they consider the early changes that man has gone through, presenting somewhat more unusual suggestions though lacking at times in details, as in those quoted.

This line of thought suggests, that as the something we call life, leaves the human body at time of death, and which also came to it at time of birth, that the physical body known to us today has not always been the same, just as those already quoted, believe it will change in the future.

The reasoning is, that when the present physical body as a group of cell life, first began to take on its present form, that the cells did not hang together in the present day compact mass we call flesh and bone, but was probably more like the jelly-fish now is, in substance. That the same life element we know today was born in that substance and passed from it at time of death, allowing the jelly-fish like substance of the human body of that day, to decay.

Also that much earlier than the cell life in the jelly-fish like substance that was the human body of that time, that there was a more or less invisible fog-like substance that housed the same so called life element when birth took place, and at time of death left it.

During these strange changes, there gradually developed the organs and senses that we now possess, but they came by gradual stages. Now the strangest part of it is, that in the great aeons that are ahead of us in the future, these same thinkers believe that the present physical body will first pass through whatever physical changes it may have to as new environments arise, until it evidently begins to lose its present solid physical texture, through getting away from the use of the muscles, and its physical nature. As this change takes place, much as the scientists quoted look for, the brain capacity and mental side of man will so increase that the body will adapt itself to the changed conditions.

As these changes continue far beyond the ages suggested by those quoted, the human body will as time passes, slowly continue to become less and less physical in nature, because the demands for the physical side will grow less and less. In its place the mental and spiritual side of man's nature will come more and more to the fore. Then when this condition is reached, the present physical body will be replaced

(Continued on page 40)



Sunshine Psychology Talks

## THE BRAINS IN THE HEART

By Ernest Windle

"A few of our modern psychologists are working on the theory that there are two kinds of mental activity, that which is of the brain and that which is of the heart. The mental activities of the heart are often termed the subconscious. By accepting this theory, we have a partial answer to the question, 'Do we think with all parts of our body?'"

"The cause of much of this world's unhappiness is jealousy, quarrelling and tolerance. A dislike for places and things is a reaction of the brain forces and hate and jealousy are emotional reactions centering in the blood and around the heart."

"Following out these Motivation theories, it would seem that the State of Mind regulates the endocrine secretions that enter the blood stream. This chemical change in the blood also causes the 'liver sugars', etc., to react as in the motive of aggressiveness and combat, etc. When a person breathes deeply or sighs unconsciously, it is Nature's way to absorb more oxygen into the lungs to rid the blood of the excess glandular stimulations; to oxidize the endocrine secretions and render them less active."

"The two kinds of mental activity—the brain and the heart—offer many psychological problems. Of course, neither of these physical organs can function separately. So, they must be considered as one unit, subject to the mind. In the Motivationist investigations, the brain cares for the passive mental states and the heart,—with its motivating urges as the driving force, produces States of Mind that effect the endocrine system and the sugars of the liver; i.e., emotional activity."

"To illustrate what we mean by emotional activity, we are publishing on this page, a poem by James Whitcomb Riley, 'A Hand on Your Shoulder.' The emotion stimulated has its origin in the motive of sympathy and friendship. The mind's forces are released voluntarily."

"The different densities and chemical contents of the blood are receiv-



ing attention by many of our endocrinologists. As instance, an angry man who cuts himself with a knife does not bleed quite so profusely as does a man who is fearful that if injured, he 'will bleed to death.' The blood coagulates more quickly for the man who is angry: glandular stimulation. So, we see that biology and psychology—the latter dealing

with States of Mind—cannot be separated."

"As the writer of this 'Sunshine Psychology Column' we are also reminded that the sun doesn't shine on something that is dull and lusterless and make it bright. Sunlight—to reflect back—must strike some bright, shining surface. The sun makes new pennies shine like burnished gold. The penny has its own purchasing power, however. So it is with human conduct: The genuine and sincerely motivated individual reflects back from his own motives. And he possesses a higher purchasing power in human happiness just so long as he maintains a sense of humor and a sunny disposition. Think it over!"

"Mistakes of judgment often are made, when the motives are not taken into consideration. With two kinds of facts—those of observation and those of belief, many acts of behavior are puzzling to understand. It is a fact of observation that a stick in clear water seems bent—although the observer knows that it is not 'bent.' It is a fact of belief that man has a soul and a spiritual destiny."

"An idea entertained by the mind is called an 'hypothesis.' When its consequences are logically analyzed and verified, it is given out as a 'theory.' As it gains in acceptance with minds that are alert, it is called a 'fact' or a 'principle.' As instance: Evolution was once an hypothesis, then it became a theory and now it is accepted as a 'fact' by men and women of science. So it is with the study of Motivation, for students in psychology."

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## The Order of the Osirians

(Continued from page 14)

Orders, for, in addition to being a Mutual Protective Society, it reaches out in far higher and nobler aims of which only a very few are hinted at in this hand-book issued to save much explanatory talk on the part of Osirians who constantly are being importuned for information respecting said Order. One of its main objects is to be a School of Men; to make men more useful by rendering them healthier, stronger, more knowing, therefore wiser, therefore happier. As Osirians we recognize the immense value of Sympathy, Encouragement, Emulation, Persistence and mutual Protection.

*Nil Mortabilis Arduum Est*

THERE IS NO DIFFICULTY TO HIM WHO  
TRULY WILLS!

Whatever of good a great man ever has done, still may be accomplished by you and me, if we only think so and set about it in the right good earnest. TRY! We proclaim the *power of the human will* and we declare practically and by our own achievements demonstrate the Will of man to be a supreme and all-conquering force when once fairly brought into play. This power, however, is only negatively strong when exerted for merely selfish or personal ends. When or wherever it is called into action for good ends, nothing can withstand its force. *Knowledge is power*; wherefore, our Order inculcates the Laws that govern all activity and takes care to cultivate the normal will and thus render it a mighty and powerful engine for positive good. The Temple teaches its acolytes how to rebuild their health and strength, how to free themselves from slavery and undesirable environments, how to rebuild, strengthen, purify and intensify the regal faculty of the human Soul—the Will. One of the first results observable after a man has become an Osirian, is that, by degrees his vanity grows smaller and beautifully less, for the first thing he fully realizes is that while all he knows probably would make quite a large book, all that he does not know would fill many large volumes; therefore, he sets himself to learn. "Where there's a will there's a way," and after freeing himself of self-conceit, the Osirian finds himself increasing by imperceptible gradations in mental stature and becomes a learned and successful man by a process which he cannot comprehend fully and one which is neither appreciated or known outside of the Temple.

As a consequence of traveling this royal road to knowledge and freedom, the Osirian soon learns to despise the *weakness of wickedness*, not by reason of any long-faced cant being poured into his ear but because he finds out, practically, that *Manhood* (personal responsibility) and honesty are safe investments, while evil-doing and inner meanness *never pay*. It is the universal testimony of all who have

become true Initiates, that within the symbolic walls of our Temples there is a deeply mysterious influence for man's upliftment, under which every member of the Order becomes rapidly but normally individualized and intensified in character, manliness and power for the reconstruction of himself and the race.

The doors of our Temples are never closed against the honest, honorable and aspiring man; nor can any earthly potentate, wielder of an empire's sceptre, wearer of a kingly crown, gain admission by reason of eminence; for though a man may be a king, he may not be a *Man*, a title far above all others on earth, far nobler than any other ever earned by mortals. We Osirians are proud of our eminence—and justly so—for we are a *Brotherhood of Men* and recognize *Manhood* as the only true kingship. Hence we honor that man highest who knows the most and uses his knowledge for the highest and noblest purposes, not only toward his brothers but in any field in the world's great garden, for we are all brethren so long as by our acts we do not degrade the image of man. Does not the one great God (the one Law) rule over and love us? Even so! No man can enter our doors by reason of his wealth, for riches, unless wisely used, are detrimental, bad, positively destructive. No man can enter our doors by reason of his fame, politics or religion. The Order has nothing to do with a man's politics or religion and it matters not what his creed is, so long as he is a *man*. The Baptist is welcome but not *as a Baptist*; and so with men of all other faiths. No religion, no faith, no politics can be discussed from our platform, nor will their introduction be tolerated one moment. We have no place for fanatics and professional reformers; we seek to be *Freemen*, bound neither to vices nor men. We accept men of all creeds, except such as outrage decency, manhood, sound morals, or such as seek to usurp the liberty of their fellow men and disturb public order. No man is barred from our Temples by reason of his poverty, for temporary beggars are often kings in mentality. All we ask or seek for in man is *Honor, Honesty* and the ambition to *know more and be better*.

Our Temples usually meet once a month to Labor, for Initiations, to hear lectures, exchange courtesies, thoughts, news, and to listen to the expounding of the Laws which govern health, strength, success and universal well-being; mutually to inform and strengthen each other; to seek protection; to investigate any and all subjects of a proper nature; to cultivate that manly spirit and chivalric mien which so well entitles the possessor to be called a *man*. These are but a few of the good things incident to membership in the Temples of Osiris. As well may be con-

ceived, our facilities for obtaining knowledge and information on all subjects of benefit to man are unsurpassed, unequalled and due mostly to the fearlessness of those who constantly labor for his welfare.

Many—though admittedly not all—of the Alchemists and Hermetic Philosophers were acolytes of this vast secret Brotherhood which has thrived from the earliest ages and, under different names in different lands, has performed and still is performing its mission in the services of man. The members of this mystic union were the Magi of old, who flourished in Chaldea (Mesopotamia) ages before one of their leaders, Heber, left his native plains and, on foreign soil founded the Hebraic confederation. There were the original Sabi and Sabeans, who for long ages preceded the Sages of Chaldea. They were the men who founded that Semitic civilization, the faint shade of which we find, having leaped long avenues of centuries, in the mouldy records of early China, itself numbering its years by the thousands. Of this great Brotherhood sprung Brahma, Buddha, Laou-tze, Zoroaster, Plato, the Gnostics (the original Christians), the Essenes (with whom Jesus studied and by whom he was trained and Initiated) who taught the doctrine of *Light*, Pythagoras and other Masters down the long avenues of time up to the present.

The Initiates were the men who first discovered the significance of Fire and that there was something deeper than Life in man, profounder than Intellect in the universe. Whatever of transcendent light now illumines the world comes from the torches that they lit at the Fountain whence all light streams upon that mystic mountain which they alone had the courage and endurance to climb and climbed, too, over a ladder whose rungs were centuries apart. Hermes Trismegistus, Egypt's mighty king, and that other Hermes, Asclepius IX, was an adept, a brother and a Priest—as was Melchizedek before him—that famous pre-adamite monarch, that Melchizedek, who according to Biblical narrative, was reputed to have been born of a Thought, and to have lived for countless ages. So also, the Greek Mercury. Of these Initiates, also, was that wondrous learning wherein Moses was skilled, and at their fountain the Hebrew Joseph drank. Nothing original in Thaumaturgy, Theology, Philosophy, Psychology, Entology and Ontology, but they gave it to the world, and when Philosophers supposed they had gained new thoughts and truths, the records of the Order prove these to have been old ages before the Academic era of Chronology, and to have been the common property of these adepts.



# BORDER LANDS OF SCIENCE

A Record of Scientists' Approach Towards the Occult

## Black Light

Children should be taught early in their lives to be perfectly at home in the dark. If not, they are likely to be timid as long as they live—and surely as long as they remain children.

A light at night is not only dangerous, but a constant reminder to the child that there is a darkness and a suggestion that the light is to ward off the evils that come with sundown.

Take the child upstairs some day and go into a closet with him. Shut the door and show how dark it is. Open it, and prove that darkness is nothing but black light and consequently not to be feared.

If he should demand light at night, ask him if he wants it so flies may see to bite him, and suggest that kittens, puppies, and even chickens sleep in the dark and little boys surely should do the same. As he grows older, intimating that you will leave the light so that he can "play he is still a baby" will often cause him to order it put out immediately.

## How Sound Rises

Some very interesting experiments with regard to the height to which sound penetrates the upper atmosphere have recently been made, and yielded rather surprising results, according to a writer in a late number of *Kosmos* (Stuttgart). The tests were made, of course, in a free balloon, since airplanes and dirigibles make so much noise with their propellers as to interfere with the hearing of other sounds.

We are told that the shout of a man can be heard at a distance of 500 yards above the earth, while, strange to say, the croaking of frogs was heard at a height of 900 yards. In the latter case, however, there was doubtless a chorus to augment the sound. Martial music was perceived at a height of 1,400 yards, and the ringing of church bells at 1,500 yards, while a gunshot was heard at 1,800 yards, or one mile.

But most penetrating of all the sounds recorded were those made by a railway train. The rumble of the train itself reached the listeners at 2,500 yards and the whistle of the locomotive at 3,050 yards, or over a mile and a half. It is doubtless true that the rise of air-currents has a good deal to do with this upward penetration of sound, and the writer suggests that in the last instance this factor probably played an important part.

## The Moon and You

The philosophers and other wise people of the ancient times decided that the presence of the moon had a decided effect upon the brain of certain susceptible humans, hence the relationship between the words lunar and lunacy. The moon has been regarded as responsible for all kinds of love affairs, happy or otherwise, and now it has been discovered that it has an effect on one's weight. This does not hold out any hope for the girl who wants to cut down her anatomical lines to the fashionable silhouette because the difference in weight is very trifling and it occurs only when the moon is overhead. The statement is made by a French astronomer that a man of 168 pounds weighs 1-3200th less when the moon is above.

## Food and Temper

Irritable dispositions, bad tempers, listlessness, or apparent laziness and poor school work are often caused by poor food instead of by "pure cussedness," says a child specialist.

The well-nourished child is sturdy, has a rosy clear skin, and firm flesh. His hair is glossy and his eyes are bright; he stands erect, has straight bones, a flat back, and a well-rounded chest. His teeth are strong and white. He is enthusiastic, active, and energetic without being nervous.

Listlessness, nervousness, and irritability are apt to be signs of improper nourishment, or poor food. Poor standing in classes goes with mal-nutrition, and both physical and mental development may be retarded. Bow legs and knock knees are sure symptoms. Narrow, flat chests and shoulder blades that stick out like wings show bone building foods have been lacking in the child's food. Such a child is usually thin and his flesh will be pale and flabby. His eyes may have dark circles around them, and his expression is probably dull.

Plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables and milk are good insurance against faulty feeding. When these are included in generous quantities in the regular diet, the child runs little risk of suffering from improper nourishment.

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# The Old Claytor Place By C. B. K. Palmer (Continued from page 21)

and raised smiling eyes to Mary's face, only to find her white and staring.

"That message is from Raymond—Raymond Andrews!" she gasped. "It was at the old house we became engaged."

"What old house?" I demanded with rising excitement—feeling cold tremors run along my spine.

"The old Claytor place, you know. We drove out there in Auntie's car one afternoon."

I knew now to what house she referred. The Claytor farm was about ten miles from town, on a road infrequently travelled. The land was pretty well grown up in pines and broom-sedge, and the house—a two-story affair, which had once been pretentious—was fast tumbling into ruins. The railing of the porch had gone, one of the pillars had recently fallen, the windows were broken, and the floor was rotten—the whole, a picture of desolation. Still, it was in sight of a dirt highway, and sometimes curious passers-by drove in and explored. I had heard that the stairway was really good-looking, a true type of some period or other,—but scarcely safe for passage. Perhaps the neglected yard of the old house afforded ideal parking space for lovers.—I had not thought of it in that light before.

"Saturday midnight," I repeated. "Do you suppose that means tonight?"

"Oh, yes; I am sure it does," breathed Mary. "Please, Bill, take me out there. We can make it in the car in plenty of time."

I looked at my watch and found that it registered 10:30. "I'd hate to go with you on such a wild-goose chase," I demurred.

"Please, Bill—oh, please!" she begged. "You are leaving town tomorrow. Won't you do this as a farewell favor to me? There isn't anybody else I can ask. Won't you please?"

Nobody else she could ask. I thought of George Myers, then I had an inspiration.

"All right. I have to go up the street for just a minute, then I'll get out the car, and blow the horn for you."

Mary jumped up. "Oh, thank you so much. I'll be ready. And do please hurry, Bill, so we can get off before the others come from the movies—then we won't have to explain."

Picking up my hat I went out and, cutting through side streets, soon reached Myers' room,—where by lucky chance I found him in. (I suppose he had refrained from calling on Mary that evening in order to allow me undisturbed enjoyment of her society before my departure.) Speaking as quickly as I could I told him the whole story,—about the promise which bound Mary, about Ouija's message,—everything. Now George had been a star in college theatricals, and he was not slow in falling in with my idea. We believed that in the dim light, with his gifts and training, George could get away with the impersonation, and we truly felt the deception, which we planned, to be justified.

"Are you sure," I questioned him, as I stood in the doorway, about to leave, "that you can collect whatever stage properties you need, and be ready to follow us in twenty minutes?"

"Dead sure," George answered. "I have everything right at hand, in that trunk over there. I'll keep just out of

hearing, and park the roadster in that grove about a quarter of a mile this side of the Claytor house, and go the rest of the way on foot."

"Right-o," I agreed. "Good luck, old man!"

"I won't fail you," he assured me,—and thanks for the tip."

So it happened that Mary and I soon found ourselves on the road that led to the old Claytor place—speeding to keep rendezvous with Mary's dead lover. We seemed to have the night to ourselves as we drove along; except that far overhead the moon and the stars kept us company, and in the bushes that grew thick on either side our way an occasional night bird rustled or chirped sleepily. Now and then, too, some little denizen of the fields scurried across the road, alarmed and mystified by the lights and noise of our car.

Perhaps, now that I had time to dwell upon it, the queeress and the unusual aptness of the Ouija board's message, began to impress me more than they had done at the time it was received; perhaps Mary's state of receptiveness regarding the imminence of a visit from the spirit world gradually came to affect my own mind; and perhaps, too, there was something in the atmosphere of the quiet, seemingly-expectant world about us, as we pursued our lonely way, which upset me,—anyhow I am not ashamed to admit that I shivered apprehensively in the cool night air, and thought, with an unwarranted degree of comfort, of good stable old George, confidently bringing up the rear.

Well, we reached the ramshackle house in record time, and found it as I remembered it,—only more so; just the kind of setting one reads about as best suited for the materialization of disembodied souls. We left our car on what was once the front lawn, and—groping our way through tangled shrubbery, and under overhanging branches,—we finally came to a side-doorway (the door had long since fallen in); and here, having struck a light to ascertain that there were no spiders or reptiles about, we seated ourselves.

For a while we listened to the crickets and katydids in the distance, and felt the dampness rising all around, but kept our eyes fixed on the shadowy old maple tree before us, under whose spreading limbs (so leafy now, so barren then) Raymond and Mary had stood that winter day six years ago and blighted their troth. Suddenly—

"Bill!" breathed Mary, clutching my knee with agitated fingers, "don't you hear something moving?"

I held my breath while I listened, but presently shook my head. "No, nothing yet," I answered. "Comfortable?"

"Yes," she gulped, "I think so. I don't really know," and she laughed a little, nervously.

After that we both lapsed into an expectant silence. And soon I found myself wondering if George had reached the grove, and then began to feel a bit uneasy over the success of the role he had undertaken. A restlessness and a growing sense of excitement laid hold of me. I struck another match and ascertained that the hour was 11:55,—and had just lifted my gaze from the ground where I had stamped out the light, when he came.

From the direction of an old box-

wood bush an erect figure, khaki-clad, approached, and stood about four feet from us. My hands and feet grew cold and I felt myself trembling as from a chill. *This man did not appear lame!* How had George managed to cover a weakness, which in our previous calculations, I had entirely overlooked? If I had not known our visitor to be George, I would that moment have fled in ignominy,—provided I could have moved at all, which I doubt.

"Mary," he began in a calm voice,—a voice which sounded like Andrew's as that figure looked like Andrew's—"Mary, I have come. Don't be afraid. It is I, Raymond." (I did not dare look at Mary to see whether or not she was frightened,—my eyes were glued on the dark, but fairly distinct form before us.) "I am here to release you from your promise," he went on. "When I asked you to make it, I did not understand the fullness of this greater life. In my earthly love for you I was selfish. Dear, you are no longer bound." (In the starlight the face of Andrews seemed to smile,—oh, so kindly, so tenderly!—upon the girl at my side.) "Live your life in the world as fully, as completely as you can. That is the only way. I still love you, dear,—but in a bigger, finer way than I did in the old days. I want you to marry the man you love on earth and be happy. All is well with me, very well. Some day you will understand how wonderful life—immortal life—is. Till then, good-bye, dear. We are, none of us, very far away." And somehow he was gone. I did not see him go.

When I was finally able to move my cramped limbs and get up, I silently helped Mary to rise, and found that she was trembling and weeping. We stumbled along till we reached the car, then rapidly covered the miles that led back to town. I still felt dazed, but I do remember Mary's sobbing over and over, "I am so relieved, and so—so happy," and at her door she bade me a tearful farewell.

We did not see anything of George on our road back, though I looked closely when we passed the grove; but on my way to the train early the next morning, I purchased a paper, and the following headlines of a very small paragraph caught my eye:

"Old Claytor house totally destroyed by fire shortly after midnight. Bootleggers probably responsible. Ideal place for a still."

I had just seated myself in the car, and become absorbed in this bit of news, when hurrying footsteps on the platform outside attracted my attention. As I raised my eyes George Myers rapidly approached the window.

"Why, hello, old man," I greeted him. "Nice of you to come out so early to see a fellow off."

"Just had—to see you—a minute," panted George, "to explain—"

"Let me congratulate you first," I interrupted, "Mary is yours, and you surely deserve her. I can't imagine anyone giving a more realistic impersonation than you did last night at the old Claytor place."

George gazed at me in blank amazement, as the wheels of the car began gradually to revolve. "That's what I wanted to see you about," he said slowly, "I had engine trouble soon after I left town last night, and had to put back to the garage. I never went near the Claytor place."



## House of Spirits in Palermo (Continued from page 17)

good health, I pledge you my word that I will visit you from the world beyond so as to prove to you that I still live."

The spirit of old Sirchia returned to keep his promise.

"Then you must manifest your presence by breaking something in this same room," I answered in the same joking tone.

We happened to be in the dining room. "You might for instance, break this hanging lamp. It is understood that, if I die sooner, I will consider it my duty to do the same in your house."

I wish here to dwell on the fact that all this was said in a joke without a particle of seriousness. We parted and, a few days later, he left for Licata in the Province of Girgenti, where he was going to start in business. From that day I heard nothing more concerning him either directly or indirectly.

The December following, I am uncertain whether it was on the first or second day of the month, at about six P. M., I was sitting at the dining table with my sister, who lived alone with me.

There was perfect silence in the house and we too were quiet and taciturn as usual.

Suddenly we were aroused by a succession of light knocks. This seemed strange to us but, as they emanated from the room itself, we were at a loss to understand where they came from.

Presently I perceived that they came from the lamp shade and the globe of the lamp that hung suspended over the table. We at first thought the flame was too high and I raised myself up to adjust it.

This seemed to have no effect. On the contrary, the knocks became stronger and more rhythmic.

I mounted a chair so as to examine the lamp more closely and I decided it could not be attributed to the flame which burned as usual.

The knocks were light and in rapid succession with a peculiar ring like the rapping of one's knuckles or a light stick on a piece of pottery.

Astonished at all this I searched vainly for an explanation. Meanwhile the dinner ended and, with it, the knocks also.

The next evening the phenomenon occurred again, and repeated itself on each of the following four or five days.

In one way we had become accustomed to them but we knew no more about them than the first time. On the last of these evenings we lighted another lamp, but the knocks kept on just the same. My sister looked at me in distress and pale as a ghost. She was possessed by a blinding fear. While I was trying to quiet her by my demeanor, a last knock, strong and firm, broke in two the hemispherical cov-

ering of the counter weight of the suspension lamp . . . There followed a fearsome silence broken only by our labored breathing. We could see no one.

However, we had a decided feeling that somebody was there, in that same room, right at our side, and, though invisible, waiting to spy out the results of his actions. But who was he; how and whence had he come; and why? The most agonizing question, the most fearful supposition surged through our brains.

But all noise ceased at last and, during the whole night, there was no further disturbance of any kind.

My sister had not recovered from the lively shock caused by these happenings on account of the mystery with which she felt our lives were now surrounded. I will admit to not feeling perfectly calm about the matter, although I experienced no special mental preoccupation and tried to put the whole matter out of my mind.

Up to this juncture I had not had the slightest recollection of my conversation with old man Serchia before he left for Licata, all the more because I had since then received no news concerning him.

One morning, at about eight, I was in my study and my sister was in the balcony. Our servant girl was gone from the house. We were quiet and happy without anything to disturb the current of our thought.

Suddenly—and, when I think of it, I seem to this day to hear that terrible noise in my ears—we heard a fearful crash in the dining room like a violent maniacal blow with a club.

We rushed, both of us instinctively, to see what had happened.

What met our gaze may seem fantastic in your eyes; but I am ready to swear that it is the truth.

On the table stood one half of the glass globe that covered the lamp. It looked as if it had been placed there by a human hand, a living hand. The other half had remained suspended in its place—the noise caused by the blow which we had heard seemed out of all proportion to the effects that we perceived and we were forced to the conclusion that it had been used as a means of attracting our immediate attention.

A few days later I met a good friend of mine, Prof. Rusci on the street and he said to me, "Did you hear that poor Serchia is dead?"—"When," I asked anxiously. "In the last days of November."

That is strange, I thought—and I then remembered the joking promise the old patriot had made me the preceding May. Poor Serchia had visited me with a vengeance. He had well kept his promise!

## The Celestacam

(Continued from page 23)

barrier of distance. The soul travels perhaps five miles per minute. We merely follow the spirit to its guilty body. Then we take a few pictures of the physical body. We quite often get pictures of the struggle between the spirits, making evidence that the stoutest heart cannot deny.

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The way Roy Cherry gazed at Carrie as he spoke, brought a blush to her face and a tingle to her heart. The onlooker would conclude that the factory name would be Newell, Cherry and Co., Celestacam Mfrs.

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# Magic Music of the Ojibwe By KENNETH M. ELLIS (Continued from page 8)

one of the most interesting of all the stories about Ojibwe.

Thirty-six per cent of his songs, it is estimated, relate to animals; 21 per cent to birds, and the same percentage to the sky; water claims 13 per cent of his musical education, and clouds and wind fare equally with 4.5 per cent each. It is interesting to note that most of the water songs relate to the Mide-wi-win, (The Secret Medicine Lodge), the symbol of which is a shell, and the interior symbolism of which is replete with aquatic inference. There is a large field of valuable research to be done here, and like the slaying of the King of Hamlet, "twere best it were done quickly." A few more years and it can never be recovered or even partly recorded, at least by means acceptable to anthropological science.

Among the animal songs are those which relate to the Otter (also bound up in the origin myth of the Mide) beaver, weasel, martin, crawfish, rattlesnake, large bear, fox, deer and dog. As the Ojibwe were, until long after their contact with the Sioux—practically with the memory of persons now living—entirely without horses, or other than hearsay knowledge of the buffalo, there are no songs to these animals except two, which betray considerable Sioux influence.

Among the birds mentioned in these magical melodies are the crow, loon, owl, raven, plover, eagle, and of course the mysterious "Thunder-birds" and "water-birds."

The special songs of the Ojibwe, not contained in the foregoing categories, are of special interest, as for instance the song which is recorded by Frances Densmore, from the lips of an Indian whose name is also that of his tribe, Ojibwe. His song runs:

O-bic-ko-no-wan i-ni-ni-wa-wan  
When-they-shot-they-missed-the-man  
and not without strong drama is the story of its recording for the pale face's scrutiny.

"When Ojibwe was a youth," she writes, "his paternal Grandfather, two of the latter's brothers and two of his own brothers, one older and one younger than himself were killed by the Sioux. Hatred filled his heart, and he determined to hunt and kill the Sioux. Thus, at an early age he chose the career of a warrior. In preparation for this vocation he frequently fasted for several days at a time, remaining alone in the woods and hoping for a dream or vision. At length a dream came to him after a fast of four days. In this dream he saw a woman carrying several guns made of rushes. A party of Sioux approached and the woman gave a gun to each of the Sioux, telling them to shoot at him. The Sioux took the guns made of rushes and shot at him. Out of the guns came horseflies, which lit on him but could not harm him. Then the woman told him he would be a great warrior and would always be protected. Ojibwe said that what the woman told him came true, for he was never wounded by the Sioux. The woman also sang a song which became his dream song. Ojibwe said he could never 'really sing the song until just before his first fight with the Sioux: then the dream returned to him very clearly and the song came to his lips so he could sing it.' After that he sang it freely. He placed his faith in it, and often sang it before or in the

midst of a fight. After the recording of this song on the phonograph, the aged warrior bowed his head, and said tremulously that he feared he would not live long, as he had given away his most sacred possession."

Every phase of the war expeditions of the Ojibwe had its particular song,

**DR. HARRY TRAVERS COLE** has passed on. Human frailty naturally moves us to be sorry over his passing; but the light of Truth shows us clearly that his death is but a change of residence, and a change which will probably widen his activities as a potent force in the advancement of his fellows. That was Cole's—is, indeed—his whole endeavor. Among the various techniques of life with which Dr. Cole was familiar, were those of medicine, psychology and psychiatry. He graduated from three medical schools, one allopathic, one homeopathic and one eclectic. None of them were able to satisfy him that their methods fulfilled their aims. He quit them all and specialized in mental relief for the ailing. He was the author of a number of important works in these fields, one of which will be posthumously published this year. It is to be a treatise on psycho-therapy, designed to meet the requirements of either scientist or layman. Cole was 100 per cent. truthful, often to the embarrassment and delight of his friends. His frankness was one of his outstanding characteristics. At one time he was a student in Christian Science, with some thought of becoming a practitioner. The occult field he covered with a thoroughness few have achieved, and he was an authority on several of its branches. We will miss his physical companionship, naturally, but we are sure of one thing—whatever Cole is doing now that he has passed on, he is probably making it very uncomfortable for as many tricksters there as he did here. We will say "Hail" but not "Farewell" to Harry Travers Cole.

from the announcement of the leader's plans, to the very close of the victory dance. According to Ma-dji-gi-jig, the war ritual was as follows:

"Ma-dji-gi-jig ('Great Sky') was a young man when the war parties swept across the prairies. His personal reminiscences were not those of a leader, but he recalled with distinctness the trials which fell to the lot of a recruit. Later he served many times as a scout, and, as a warrior, secured three Sioux scalps. In plate 14 he is represented in the attitude of a scout on the prairie holding a wisp of grass or bit of brush before his face, and also telling the story of the three scalps.

"According to Ma-dji-gi-jig 'the old warriors' treated the beginners as though they were nothing but animals. The young warriors camped a few rods in the rear of the rest of the war party and united with the main camp only when near the enemy. The recruits slept in little shelters, or booths, which they made of boughs, two men in each. The old warriors had plenty of food and even were allowed to eat fat meat, while the recruits were given scant rations of wild rice, either parched or

only partially cooked, and seasoned slightly with maple syrup. Sometimes they were given dried fish or tough smoked meat and occasionally lean fresh meat hardly seared before the fire.

"When deer or other large game were killed by the warriors it was customary to hold a 'breaking-bone contest' in the camp of the recruits. This was conducted as follows: A marrow bone (usually the leg bone) was laid on the ground. The man who intended to test his skill took his place beside the bone and then walked eight paces away from it. Ma-dji-gi-jig illustrated this for the writer, but age had shortened his steps, and, blindfolded, he did not measure the distance correctly. In the old days the man who cracked the bone with the first blow of his hatchet hastened to carry away the spoils; after being cooked the marrow was removed by means of a stick made for the purpose. This was the only way in which a young warrior on his first expedition could secure a taste of fat. He was not given the prize unless he succeeded in actually breaking the bone, and much merriment resulted from the misdirected efforts of many of the young men.

"On their first war party men were required to put mittens on both hands when they left the village and to wear them until they entered a fight with the Sioux. These mittens were tied securely at the wrist, from which a small stick was hung; this the recruit was ordered to use in scratching his head or body. Failing to do this, on reaching home he would 'break out with boils on his whole body.' Some recruits refused to wear mittens or to use the 'scratch stick' and Ma-dji-gi-jig recalled one instance in which a man became covered with sores to so great an extent that he could scarcely reach home. The old man gave as a reason for the regulation that the recruits lacked the protective medicines carried by the warriors.

"Many rules were strictly enforced in the recruit's camp. Care was taken to avoid stepping over any article belonging to another. Thus if a man stepped across another's gun he was chased and severely punished by the owner of the weapon, as such action was supposed to render it useless. It was considered a bad omen for a recruit to see a snake.

"Ma-dji-gi-jig related the story of an attack on a Sioux village, which took place during his first war expedition. At dusk the leader of the party sent several experienced men to reconnoiter. Under cover of night they approached the Sioux village, counted the tipis, and estimated the number of warriors. Soon after midnight they returned and made their report. Preparations for a march were begun at once and just before daybreak the Ojibwe drew near the Sioux village, the leader then called for the wind and the wind came. The Sioux hear the wind sighing through the tipi poles, and the flapping of the tipi canvas, but they did not hear the soft tread of the Ojibwe as the latter entered the camp. The Ojibwe lowered their guns, aiming at the places where the Sioux lay asleep. When all was ready one of the warriors blew a quavering note on a tiny whistle, like the call of a waking bird. At this signal

(Continued on page 43)



## NEWS OF PSYCHIC ACTIVITIES

*Psychical Research, Spirit Philosophy and Phenomena*

### Radio Telepathy Tested

London.—Impressions of more than 20,000 "thinkers-in" reached experts of the Society for Psychical Research who handled various objects in a padded room in London Wednesday night, while Sir Oliver Lodge requested listeners-in over the radio to concentrate in an effort to name the objects.

Thousands of additional communications are expected from distant places, and it will be at least six weeks, in the opinion of Dr. V. J. Woolley, chief assistant of Sir Oliver in the radio-telepathy experiment, before all can be examined and classified and the result announced.

Letters already examined revealed a variety of bad guesses. One, however, described almost accurately the fifth object—a mask which Dr. Woolley donned, surmounted by a derby hat—while two or three others got the impression of a derby hat alone.

One thinker-in wrote the fifth object was a dark cardboard box with a scarlet lid. Such a box was in the padded room, and the suggestion is made the attention of one of the six men imprisoned in the room might have been distracted by the box during the experiment.

Sir Oliver Lodge, who spent some time examining the replies, is quoted by the Daily Express as saying with reference to the impression of the fifth object: "These are results I did not expect for a moment. I was inclined to think telepathy under these circumstances was impossible."

### Scottish Exorcism

Burghead, Scotland.—Many visitors have been attracted to this picturesque Scots village by the "burning of the clavie," a Picts custom predating Christianity. The custom is revived every spring, and, according to tradition, has the effect of scaring away evil spirits that might banefully influence the coming year's fishing, upon which industry the prosperity of the village depends.

The "clavie," a tar barrel, is filled with combustibles and attached to a six-foot pole with a nail curiously fashioned by the local blacksmith. It is driven home, according to ancient usage, with a huge stone.

On the stroke of 6 in the afternoon of the day the ceremony takes place, the "clavie" is set alight by a peat supplied by a family who have performed this duty

for generations. It is then borne to an eminence known as "Doorie hill," where it is fitted into a stone socket and allowed to burn out.

The villagers, like the fire worshipers of old, unite round the burning barrel and finally scramble for the ashes and any remaining fragments, which are sent for use as "luck bringers" to locally born people all over the world.

### Tropical Psychic Forces

That there are certain psychopathic and neurasthenic effects of living in the tropics has long been recognized. In Manila is a disease commonly called "Philippinitis," or forgetfulness, which makes persons unable to recall common experiences within a few hours.

The trouble is usually attributed to overeating or to some fault of hygiene. Among the Dutch in Java a belief exists in so-called "hidden forces" of which the Dutch novelist, Couperus, has so brilliantly written. In good weather and before strangers they scoff at the stories of the mysteries of the native priests to make "curses" effective, but when rains have been falling for weeks and every thing is covered with mildew, and nerves are frazzled, they sometimes brood about the psychic forces of the east.

"When I was in Samarang, one of the largest cities of Java," says a writer, "I passed a house which was partly crushed by a giant tree that had fallen on it. My companion called my attention to it because of the story connected with it. The house had belonged to a Dutch woman who had lived there with her daughter. She had tired of the darkness caused by the heavy verdure of the big tree in her yard and ordered the gardener to cut it down.

"He refused, saying it was a 'sacred tree' and that to injure it would bring ill-fortune. She insisted and sought two men to cut it down for her. They also foretold bad luck and refused to do it until she agreed to pay them three or four times the usual wages. As they were cutting it one of the branches fell and crushed the wall of the house. The woman's daughter was killed by the falling masonry.

"Within two weeks both of the chop-pers became sick and died and shortly after the woman herself died. 'It was, of course, nothing but a remarkable series of coincidences,' was the laconic explanation of my companion."

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## NUMEROLOGY

By Elaine Williams

### To Every Reader

Miss Williams will answer one question in these columns when proper data is given. It is necessary to give full name at your time of birth, and the present name as you write it, together with your full birth date (the month, day, year). Your present address and occupation must be given. Address Numerology Editor, Occult Digest, 1904 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

**E. E. W.**—It would be a big mistake to sell your home this year. If you feel inclined to do so next year, it will be just the item for changes and collection. March will be the good time.

**A. E. F.**—It is unfortunate for an artist to be born in a family where the same urge is not felt. You have a splendid vibration to be an actor, singer or writer, and this would be a good year for you to concentrate on study. If you are given freedom to develop yourself, you may find that it is only the presence of music that you need. You did not specify the instrument you desire to use. If your ambition is not cooperated with, you will probably find a life on the water the next best thing.

### NUMEROLOGY CLUB

**THIS** department will run a club whereby those whose numbers are harmonious to others will be able to enjoy the association through correspondence. Most people need another to help put over their ideas. Many need the advice that only such an understanding can give. Some are good artists who need a practical mind to cooperate with—for results. This department is for the purpose of benefiting and helping others to help themselves. To become a member, it is only necessary to state that you wish to join, and send in your full birth name, your present signature, and your full birth date and address, authorizing us to print your name and address in this department.

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## Traditions of the Knights Templar

(Continued from page 28)

them a house in the vicinity of the site of where Solomon's Temple was built of old. When it was put in repair by Hugh de Payens and the rest of the first Brethren, their digging operations unearthed an iron casket which contained priceless treasures, and chief among all the true process of the Great Work in Alchemy, the secret of transmuting metals, as communicated to Solomon by the Master Hiram Abiff. So and so only was it possible to account for the wealth of adornment which characterized the First Temple. The discovery explains also the wealth acquired by the Templars, but it led in the end to their destruction. Traitors who knew of the secret, though they had not themselves attained it, revealed the fact to Clement V and Philip the Fair of France, and the real purpose of the persecution which followed was to wrest the transmuting process from the hands of its custodians. Jacques de Molay and his co-heirs died to preserve it, but three of the initiated Knights made their escape and after long wandering from country to country they found refuge in the caves of Mount Heredom. They were succored by Knights of St. Andrew of the Thistle, with whom they made an alliance and on whom they conferred their knowledge. To conceal it from others and yet transmit it through the ages they created the Masonic Order in 1340; but the alchemical secret, which is the physical term of the Mystery, has been ever reserved to those who can emerge from the veils of allegory—that is to say, for the chiefs of St. Andrew of the Thistle, who are Princes of the Rosy Cross, and the Grand Council of the Chapter.

The alchemical side of this story is in a similar position to that of the perpetuation myth, of which it is an early version. There is nothing that can be taken seriously. But this it not to say that in either case there is no vestige of possibilities behind. Modern science tends more and more to show us that the transmutation of metals is not an idle dream and—speaking on my own part—there are well-known testimonies in the past on the literal point of fact which I and others have found it difficult to set utterly aside. So also there are few things more certain in history than is the survival of Knights Templar after their proscription and suspension as an Order. With this fact in front of us it is not

as hypothesis improbable that there or here the chivalry may have been continued in secret by the making of new Knights. It is purely a question of evidence, and this is unhappily wanting. The traditional histories of Knightly Masonic Degrees—like those of the Chapter of Clermont, the Strict Observance and the Swedish Rite—bear all the marks of manufacture; the most that can be said concerning them—and then in the most tentative manner—is that by bare possibility there may have been somewhere in the world a rumour of secret survival, in which case the root matter of their stories would not have been pure invention. The antecedent material would then have been worked over and adapted to Masonic purposes, inspired by the Oration of Ramsay.

It is to be presumed that when this speculation is left to stand at its value, there is no critical mind which will dream of an authentic element in Hugh de Payen's supposed discovery of the Powder of Projection at or about the site of the Jewish Temple. This romantic episode stands last in a series of similar fictions which are to be found in the history of Alchemy. When we are led to infer therefore by the records before me that the Chapter of Clermont reached its end circa 1763, we shall infer that it was in a position no longer to carry on the pretence of possessing and being able to communicate at will the Great Secret of Alchemy. It is evident from the Ritual that this was not disclosed to those who, being called in their turn, were admitted to the highest rank and became Knights of God. It was certainly promised, however, at a due season as a reward of merit. From a false pretence of this kind the only way of escape would be found by falling back upon renounced and abjured allegory. Now, we have seen that the Chapter in its last Degree represented the New Jerusalem, and therefore its alchemy might well be transferred from a common work in metals to the spiritual side of Hermeticism. Those who have read Robert Fludd and Jacob Boehme will be acquainted with this aspect; but it may not have satisfied the figurative Knights of God, who had come so far in their journey from the Lodge of Eternal Apprenticeship to a Temple of supposed adeptship. The Chapter therefore died.

(To be concluded.)

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## The Menace of Human Vivisection

HISTORY tells us that among the ancient semi-civilizations human sacrifices were common. Today we regard such practices with horror, but at the same time we must admit that those who led their unhappy victims to the sacrificial altar usually believed that their act was justifiable because of the great benefit it would bring to the community as a whole. No doubt this belief was a pure superstition, but even if it were true that great benefits to the community were to follow the sacrifice of individuals, we should today regard such sacrifices as monstrous. Nevertheless, a similar practice, based also on the plea of community benefit, is gradually and without the knowledge of the public becoming established in this country. We refer to the practice of "human vivisection" which may be defined as experimentation upon a human being without his consent and without the expectation of benefit to him. Within recent years the most important medical association in the United States has officially excused such experiments for scientific purposes, and the medical profession as a whole has signally failed to take any action to prevent them. The practice is today a real menace to those who are, or may become, inmates of our hospitals and asylums, but especially it is the children of the poorer classes who have suffered in the past and are now in the greatest danger.

In 1899 the American Humane Association published a pamphlet entitled "Humane Vivisection—A Statement and an Inquiry," in which it discussed a number of cases of human vivisection which had occurred in the United States. In this pamphlet reference is made to "the great and growing abomination of Human Vivisection, in the subjection of children to scientific experimentation," and it is recorded that the Association "more than anything else desires to evoke condemnation of the atrocities which have made such disclosures its duty."

From time to time since this protest by the American Humane Association, others have been made, chiefly by the anti-vivisection societies, and a notable protest appeared in August, 1916, in "Our Dumb Animals," which is the organ of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This protest referred to experiments by Dr. Wile of the University of Michigan on patients at the Pontiac State Hospital, as reported in the "Journal of Experimental Medicine" for February 1, 1916. Part of the comment of "Our Dumb Animals" is as follows:

"Another offense cries to Heaven for redress, another of the kind that in the name of science, puts the stigma of shame and inhumanity upon the medical profession. . . .

"If there is no law in the State of Michigan to punish this wicked and cruel experimentation upon defenseless men and women, if wrongs like this can be permitted against the poor within a civilized commonwealth which, if done to the members of the family of any private citizen would evoke to legal action if not to personal punish-

ment, who of us, whom the circumstances of life may some day render the inmate of a State hospital, can live free from the fear that he too may fall into the hands of some hardened and unscrupulous character, to furnish the material in his own body for these outrages done in the name of Science?"

The experiments of Dr. Wile were also publicly condemned by Dr. W. W. Keen, a former president of the American Medical Association and of the American Surgical Association. In the "Journal of the American Medical Association" for November 4, 1916, Dr. Keen referred to them as "wholly unjustifiable."

The above mentioned article in "Our Dumb Animals" also states that Dr. Christian of the Pontiac State Hospital and Dr. Wile were quoted as follows in the press:

"The six patients operated on at Pontiac were hopelessly and helplessly insane. The consent of the guardians or relatives of the patients was not secured as it was not necessary. Paresis was inevitably killing the patients anyway, and the operation did not retard or hasten the course of the disease. I provided the usual facilities for Dr. Wile. I placed the operating room at his disposal and provided the patients."

Dr. Christian, Chicago Tribune, April 12, 1916.

"The act of entering a hospital for treatment implies assent to any experiments which the surgeon may consider necessary."

Dr. Wile, Baltimore News, April 13, 1916.

Startling and incredible as these statements of Drs. Christian and Wile may be, they are nevertheless not surprising in the light of the fact that, at the time they were made, the American Medical Association had already gone on record as condoning experiments of this nature. In 1914 the "Council on Defense of Medical Research of the American Medical Association" published a pamphlet entitled "Defense of Research Pamphlet XXVI" which purported to be an answer to the charge of "human vivisection." A thorough analysis of this extraordinary document, which does not deny the facts but defends the practice, has recently been made by Mr. John Sturgis Codman in a pamphlet entitled "Human Vivisection and the American Medical Association." It is published by the New England Anti-Vivisection Society, which has also furnished a preface to the latest edition (1925) reading in part as follows:—

"As explained in the enclosed pamphlet, the American Medical Association has undertaken in an official document to defend experiments made upon living human beings without their intelligent consent, not for purposes of diagnosis or of cure, but in the interest of science. This attitude on the part of an organization exercising the widest professional influence seems to us so utterly indefensible that we have thought best to bring the matter to public attention. We ask you to consider it carefully.

"A copy of the pamphlet, first edi-

(Continued on page 46)

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## Broken Windows

(Continued from page 19)

We found him, all right, a bleeding pulp, every bone in his body smashed—his fingers clutching nothing in blind fury. There was no trace of a girl. There was no sign that pointed to the fact that there *had ever been* a girl.

The other persons in the house called me a fool, very bluntly, when I told them I had seen Du Val follow someone off the edge of that cliff.

"Insanity!" Vaughn whispered to me. "He lost his mind—too much work—unbalanced—hell of being an artist—"

I said nothing, but I knew I had not "seen things" the earlier part of the night.

The day broke, cold and grey in the hills, and a fine mist filled the air. We sent the gardener's son for a mortician, and sat about the great fireplace huddled, talking in whispers. Luckily, Du Val was not married. I should have pitied his wife on a day like that! It was bad enough as it was.

Becoming exasperated with the demeanor of the others, I went outside to talk to the gardener. Any one would be more pleasant company than the funeral crowd about the fireplace. Besides, my nerves were about shot after the happenings of the previous night. I found him sitting on the porch of a little out-house, mending a hoe handle.

Tall, spare, and grey, he, perhaps, was a bad choice, if I were looking for someone to raise my dampened spirits. Nevertheless, I advanced slowly, spoke pleasantly, and inquired:

"Well, Mr. Dune, you're about the only one who isn't in a panic about the death last night!" He raised his non-colored eyes, and looked keenly at me for an interval. Then he spoke.

"Are you jesting?"

"No!—I'm half-crazy with it all. They think I've seen things, and have placed me in the category of the bewitched."

"You saw something?"

"I saw a girl lead Du Val over the edge of that cliff, if that's anything."

"No girl was found on the rocks below!"

"I know it!"

He dropped the unfinished hoe handle in a corner and motioned me to a chair.

"Sit down! I'll tell you a story." I sat down.

"I'm an old man. I was born on this place when it was a real manor—when the owner, Master Stevenson, owned negroes, lots of them, and when his name carried power and wealth. He had a daughter, Marie. She killed herself." He paused, looking into the grey

haze hovering about the mountain tops.

"Why?" I ventured, wondering that he did not continue.

"Because a man, a stranger, betrayed her—ruined her. It killed her father."

"Who did it? When?" I demanded.

"I don't know— Twenty years ago— He was an artist traveling through these hills—painting. She loved him, and he ruined her—and left. Her grave is behind the hill. Want to see it?"

I shook my head.

"Later," I said. "It's raining now." He nodded agreement.

"So it is," he said. "Raining!"

"It rains a lot here, doesn't it?"

"Too much—for anyone's good—some times—" Wondering what he meant by that, I asked another question.

"This Marie, what did she look like?"

"She was a lady. Her portrait is hanging in the library. The artist painted it—and gave it to her. Old man Stevenson was on the point of slashing it with his knife, again and again—but he didn't—somehow. It was *her* portrait." Further questions brought no replies. The old gardener refused to answer them, and, probably regretting that he had told me as much as he had about the history of the Stevenson family skeleton, he went inside the house, leaving me alone on the porch. I returned to the house—wondering!

The fireplace circle looked up as I entered. There was a suspicious silence about the group, which told me more plainly than words that they had been discussing in my absence my extraordinary vision the night before. Somehow, I knew that they were wondering why I had managed to be present at the exact time Du Val had jumped over a cliff. But I did not bother to talk to them. I wanted to see the portrait of Marie Stevenson. I wanted to see the signature of the artist who painted that portrait. And I stepped before the shadowy niche where it hung, struck a match, and peered at the lower right-hand corner.

Almost illegible in the cracked paint, I made out the letters: "D-U-V-A-L, 1-9-0-0!"

So that was why Du Val was interested in the painting! That was the reason he had paled when he looked at it the night before—the night before—his death. Feeling a queer sensation in the region of my spine, I glanced at the face of the painting, the match held flaringly, high above my head.

A striking brunette smiled down at me—wistfully—sadly—! Before me hung the portrait of the woman I had seen enter through the window—the girl whom Du Val had followed over the cliff!

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## Your Latent Energies

(Continued from page 26)

the following affirmation, oft repeated, will bring the results desired:

"I am learning to work and think happily at my lathe. My hand is co-ordinated with my mind. Every stroke I make has a purpose. I never allow myself to speak of weariness or to think of failure. I know that there is a power of mastery of my work within me, and that the forces for advancement and promotion are already to be brought into service. I, therefore, visualize these things as present now. I think persistently of success and promotion and of the joy of going on to the next higher step in my progress. Both physically and mentally I bend myself to the task before me, never doubting as to the happy outcome. My hand thus grows more accurate and steady and my mind more keen and alert in the performance of the work at hand. The elements of promotion are already working harmoniously within me. I am awakening into a new, higher industrial personality."

Suppose I have been rather reticent and unsocial in my relations to people, and I now desire to awaken a happier social self. How shall I proceed in the use of my affirmations? Perhaps the following will illustrate the method:

"It is now my fixed purpose to become interested in social relations with the common people. I shall, therefore, adhere to the Scriptural saying that 'he that hath friends must show himself

friendly.' I am to act better than I feel, say more than I feel like saying, assume the part of a happy comrade and friend wherever such conduct is appropriate, until the practice of vivacity shall become a habit with me. I shall inquire into the interests, desires and motives of others.

Thus one may continue to arouse his latent abilities. The secret of success lies largely in practice. One needs only to take the attitude of "I can and I will," and hold to that for a considerable period without regard to results. It is over-assertion of the will that is most likely to cause failure here. For such error substitute the gentle vision. Sit in the seclusion of your home at least once per day—bed time being preferred—and silently think over and repeat every detailed step of a successful performance of the accomplishment desired. Thus you succeed mentally from the start and you quietly place this replica of success in the sub-conscious nervous system.

Health of mind and body will be enhanced by the learning of any new and desired performance. The interest and enthusiasm of it stirs the blood, tones the system and accelerates all of the life forces. In fact, it is the practice of fresh, new types of thinking which, more than anything else, tends to contribute to your power of growth and your length of years. Arise, assert yourself through the energy of a persistent and detailed vision of any desired accomplishment. The result will be most gratifying.

## The Storm—Its Message (Continued from page 20)

to call it so—of the storms and tragedies in life. During our travels you have been through the lanes and by-ways of cities. You have seen men crushed beneath the weight of their burdens. The wails of children, toiling in shops and factories, have often reached your ears. On various occasions the cries of babes who were suffering from hunger were heard by you. Sometimes you have noticed the looks of anguish, in the faces of mothers, as they thought of their loved ones suffering, and what have you done to alleviate somewhat their misery? Always, you have remained deaf to all appeals for pity. As you stood a silent spectator before the tempest, as the elements in fury hurled the ship against the rocks, so have you ever stood inactive in life's tragedies. Will you offer, as a plea, that your efforts would have been in vain? Have you tried to do aught for others?

"You were created in the image of the Supreme, and do you believe that your sojourn on earth is to be devoted entirely to yourself? Is that your conception of DUTY? What have you done to prove that you possess a soul immortal—nothing?"

With my head bowed in shame at the thought of my unworthiness, from my aching heart rose the cry:

"O, Thou, Light Divine, illumine my path and guide my steps in the way

which leads to Thee. Whenever I fall by the way-side, let me rise again and again, giving me strength on the way. Wrest from my mind all thoughts of pride. Fill my heart with love, that I may find pleasure in service to others."

Then the voice of the messenger was heard saying:

"Child, I understand. You have allowed yourself to be enslaved by thoughts of selfishness and greed, but now you are repentant. The storm has taught you a lesson. However, that lesson will not profit you any unless you carry it in your heart; act it in your daily life, and the message you have received—have you a right to keep it to yourself? Take that message and give it to the world, as best you can. A greater mind than yours may see it and he will clothe it in such a way that it may help others."

In humble submission, I whispered: "Messenger from another realm, teach me; give me words of wisdom; guide my pen while it traces the message thou hast given me through the storm."

Then the voice answered:

"That message has been made very plain to you. Do not allow yourself to be the slave of mental laziness. Awake from your slumber."

At that moment I awoke from my reverie. It was only a dream.

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# LETTERS

## Thank You!

Gentlemen:

I find your magazine very interesting, and wish you the very best of success.

Sgt. L. W. Menard,

6th Pursuit Squadron, Wheeler Field, Hawaii.

\* \* \*

## He Likes Us!

Dear Friends:

Please pardon the time I am taking from you to read this letter, but I wish to tell you how much I appreciate your Magazine. The last issue was a wonderful improvement. I shall watch the local papers for any news that may be of interest to you and mail you the clippings.

W. F. Wood.

\* \* \*

## Likes Kur-Zhene's Article

Gentlemen:

I read with interest an article in your magazine called "Pitch Black" by Prince Massard Kur-Zhene and would be greatly interested to read more by that author.

I read your magazine and find it very interesting.

Yours very truly,

Benjamin Katz.

\* \* \*

## Are We "Rosicrucians"?

E.P.W. The Occult Digest is not a Rosicrucian publication. It serves only the general reader. But, in order that it may have a more or less permanent value it pursues a definite annual "scheme" of emphasized matter. This is separate from its editorial policy. This year, for example, the chief literary interest is in things pertaining to Rosicrucian movements in America, of which there are several. The Occult Digest makes no distinction between these as to authority or teaching. They may work together—they may be at war. That is none of our affair. Our concern is to include in Volume III of the Occult Digest a collection of Rosicruciana in addition to our general reading matter. The Occult Digest is not subsidized—sometimes we wish it were!—and its news, features and editorial matter has no connection with its advertising columns. 1926 was largely devoted to Astrology in the scheme. The Occult Digest that year presented the occult world the only collated publication available which puts the astronomy, astrology and mythology of the stars in one place. So in 1927 it will present for the first, and probably the only time in one place, the authoritative statements of claims made by the various Rosicrucian orders in the United States. We have a similarly definite plan for material in 1928, upon an entirely different subject. We will welcome authoritative matter on the various Rosicrucian movements in the United States, particularly with pictures of the most prominent leaders.

\* \* \*

## Lost—One Reader!

Gentlemen:

I notice from the note in fine print that the "authors of published articles are alone responsible for the opinions expressed." But will you not be held responsible for the loss of or to any such weak souls as might be let into blasphemous thoughts by such articles as mention "sex appeal" and egotism in connection with Christ? Even if you do not believe that Christ is God, you cannot prove or be sure that you are right. If you are wrong, think of the terrible responsibility of publishing such articles. At any rate you have nothing better than Christ to offer people, nothing nearly so good. No amount of money should compensate you for publishing such articles as "sex appeal" and that review of Bruce Barton's "Man Whom Nobody Knows." And I doubt if such things pay. They disgust people. I for one, do not wish to buy another number of the "Occult Digest". It is certainly not "A Magazine For Everybody," if the things many thinking people hold sacred are not to be respected.

See Matthews Gospel Chapter 18, Verse 6.

A Reader

# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

on Love - Romance - Business - Marriage

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. Only ONE question will be answered in this department. 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 mail should enclose two dollars for this service. Be brief—write plainly. Inclose addressed stamped envelope. Address Question and Answer Editor, The Occult Digest, 1004 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill., giving full name and exact street address. No responsibility shall rest upon the Occult Digest in any replies given. Anonymous communications will in no case be answered.

S. B. H., N. Y.—Where is my wife and will she return to me?

A.—Wife does not stay long in one place; she will not return.

R. E. Mc., Calif.—What will be the cause of any change this year for the better, and when?

A.—A change in your family, in the late fall.

F. C. K., Ill.—Would it be best for my husband to put up a saw-mill in Oregon this spring?

A.—A saw-mill, at any time would be his undoing.

P. H., Ind.—Will I succeed as an artist?

A.—As an artist, yes; financially, no.

A. T., Tex.—Is my sister-in-law dead? If living, under what name is she going?

A.—Your sister-in-law is living under her own name in the central part of the state of Iowa.

(2) In what vocation or occupation shall I engage to achieve the greatest success?

A.—Continue in your present vocation.

G. L. M., Calif.—Will you please advise why I have met with so many reverses during the past five years?

A.—You were not sufficiently watchful of your opportunities.

(2) Shall I return east? A.—No.

F. J. M., Mo.—Will the treatment I am now taking effect a cure?

A.—Treatment not sufficient to affect a cure; your own mental attitude interferes.

(2) When will I marry?

A.—Marriage indefinite.

H. E. K., Ill.—Is there any real happiness in store for me?

A.—Real happiness has to be made by ourselves. At your age you should have a storehouse full. However, in five months a change will come resulting in a more contented life.

G. W. Q., Ore.—What are the first and second best occupations in life's work that I am best fitted for?

A.—The only occupation you will be real successful in would be salesmanship and in this year you could excel yourself.

(2) What climate and altitude is best for me?

A.—You are in a very good altitude now. More northwest would be all right.

G. H., Ill.—Will you kindly tell me the exact date when I shall be married and whether I shall be happy or not.

A.—The exact date of your marriage is not indicated. When married your happiness would depend greatly upon yourself. Your dominant will, unless curbed, would rob you of a happy married life.

H. B., D. C.—In what line of work will I succeed?

A.—Nursing.

F. H., Ariz.—Will I be successful as a salesman?

A.—You will be if you study character.

E. F., Ill.—Will I marry the man with whom I am now keeping company and will he be prosperous?

A.—You will not marry the gentleman referred to.

N. D., Calif.—What became of my own parents and my brother?

A.—Parents are dead; brother is living in Northwest Canada.

P. E. H., Conn.—Will I always reside at my present abode or will I make a change?

A.—Three years elapse before you make a change.

E. R., Mont.—Shall I sell my home and go into the fox business?

A.—No.

(2) Shall I hold onto the mining ground?

A.—Yes.

H. B. H., Ill.—Will I obtain position applied for for June 1st, 1927?

A.—There will be some delay but eventually you will get the position.

# DREAMS

T. L. G., Ill.—Your dream is significant of danger; not for yourself but for your family. Repeated dreaming of one thing so vividly, symbolizes the nature of repeated attacks on persons by slander. The defense will be incumbent upon the one slandered not on the slanderer. The hair turning white, typifies the viciousness of the attack. On the whole, the dream is a warning to protect legal rights.

E. R., Canada.—Your dream is very significant of a spreading danger and is given to you for a warning that you may make preparations to protect your interests. Repeated dreaming of the same thing depicts the subtleness of the attack. Watch your finance; as dreaming of a prairie fire symbolizes a loss by a rapid

decline in interests.

C. O. H., Ill.—Your dreams signify that a person whom you trusted in a business matter will attempt to cause you trouble under the guise of friendship. Man dressed in a white robe with turban on head, knife in hand, raised to strike is very significant of trouble in a court room agitated by a false friend, and defended by a true friend as is indicated by the scream of wife which interfered with the plan of one who would harm you. The fleeing of the culprit indicates that the attack will not be successful. The white garment indicates that this trouble will come in July; avoid quarrels and do not make a verbal contract in any business transaction.



# NEWS NOTES

## Holy Graft

Washington, D. C.—Resolutions proposing a congressional inquiry into the political activities of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and the sources of income which permit the council to maintain a powerful legislative lobby in Washington have been introduced in the house by Representative Arthur M. Free (Rep., Calif.).

The resolutions are the direct result of charges recently published in the magazine *Patches*, asserting that the council, which boasts an annual budget of over \$1,000,000 through subsidiary and affiliated organizations, falsely claims to speak for 20,000,000 church members when, in fact, it is "co-operating with and frequently working under the direction of radical groups"—the third international, the American Civil Liberties union, and others.

## Sacrilege!

Because eleven Hindu women returning from a religious ceremony made music before the door of a Mohammedan mosque in Indore, some 2,000 Mohammedans avenged this infraction of the Koran last week by rioting, killing five of the Hindu women, and stubbornly resisting for some time a cavalry troop sent to quell them by the Maharaja of Indore.

## Atheism and Suicide

Dr. John Henry Hopkins of the Church of the Redeemer (Episcopal) is outspoken in denouncing the atheistic teachings of many college professors as a cause for students letting go of their religion and advocated turning the teachers out of their positions and replacing them by real Christians.

Dr. Duncan H. Browne of St. James denied there was a special epidemic of suicides at this time compared with the past. The Rev. Alfred Newbery, Church of the Redeemer, declared it is foolish to attempt to ascertain any common cause for the suicides as each one must be dealt with separately.

Dr. F. S. Fleming, Atonement church, attributed the suicides to the failure of young people to properly relate scientific studies to religion as a result of spiritual laxness.

At the Methodist board of education Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, president of Benton university, attributed the suicides to a mechanistic view of the universe as compared with the spiritual view.

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## ASTROLOGY

Queries Answered by Haasan Osiris

Mrs. E. M. R., Canada.—Are there any changes in my life soon? What is wrong with my domestic life?

A.—Some minor changes this year. Nothing of great benefit. Your romantic and restless nature is at the root of your domestic worries. You can overcome them with your will-power.

F. K., Calif.—Will I marry before I start lecturing or vice-versa?

A.—Vice-versa. Possibility of opportunity to marry this year, but I judge you do not accept it.

J. M. R., Pa.—Is there any field in which I can make a success?

A.—Yes, electrical or mechanical engineering, surveying, landscape work, architecture, mental professional pursuits of nearly all kinds, newspaper reporting and banking.

Miss V. W., Canada.—What am I best fitted for—what location? Will I succeed as a writer?

A.—You are best fitted as a dancing teacher, social secretary or trained nurse. You have a magnetic personality. Your best location in Canada is west of the Rockies, in any large city with a high altitude. Would not advise you to waste time trying to become a writer.

M. S., Ill.—What am I best fitted for? When will I marry?

A.—For the artistic and dramatic pursuits, including music, singing, decorating, millinery, cartooning, floristry and artistic

executive positions. You will not marry this year or next.

R. H. P., Ill.—Will I marry the girl I am keeping company with? Will I make money this coming year and what at?

A.—Did not give her birthdate. Money will be coming to you this year through your own efforts and persistence only. You are best adapted to work as a Graduate masseur or secretarial work.

M. S., Ill.—Will there be any change physically or financially the next two years?

A.—Health is somewhat upset this coming year, but shows some improvement in the year after your next birthdate. This year shows rather modest for the financial circumstances. Next year about the same. Care for health by strict observance of daily hygiene, and keep your ambitions foremost in your efforts to succeed. Ultimate success and financial satisfaction.

V. S., Ill.—What am I best fitted for? When am I to be married?

A.—Psycho-Therapy, Drugless healing, pipe-organist or teacher. You are not to be married this year.

A. H., Ill.—Are there any indications of selling my homestead in Canada and when?

A.—You will sell your homestead but find some difficulties and obstacles in your way. Only through unusual and untiring efforts will you do so. Not this year.

## Menace of Human Vivisection (Continued from page 39)

tion, was sent to each member of the Massachusetts Medical Society in April, 1923, with a letter asking repudiation of the attitude of the American Medical Association and the taking of active steps to put an end to the practice of 'human vivisection.' As the response to this letter does not encourage us to believe that the medical profession will itself take action, public consideration of the matter seems all the more important."

After reading Mr. Codman's analysis of Pamphlet XXVI, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, Professor of Medicine and of Social Ethics at Harvard University, in the Journal of the American Medical Association, August 15, 1925, made the following statements in correspondence with Mr. Codman:

"I think it is high time that our profession repudiated the defense of human vivisection published in a pamphlet by the American Medical Association and stated what I think we substantially all believe,—that such procedures are wrong, as you have properly declared them to be."

"I agree with you that experimentation upon a human being without his consent and without the expectation of benefit to him is without any ethical justification. Few if any physicians in this country would be willing (I believe) publicly to express a contrary opinion. At the same time, the practice of making such experiments is common and is often condoned, as is shown by the publication of Dr. Wile's experiments and the still more recent ones of Dr. M. Hines Roberts."

On January 22, 1926, the New England Anti-Vivisection Society addressed a letter to the American Medical Association calling to the attention of the Association that the Association had received copies of Mr. Codman's analysis of Pamphlet XXVI and asking the Association if it was then ready to repudiate its pamphlet in consideration of the editorials in its own journal expressly condemning the practice of human vivisection. The society also referred the association to the experiments of Dr. Wile and Dr. Roberts and to the condemnation of the former by Dr. Keen and it asked the association to say if it had ever officially condemned those experiments.

To this letter a reply was received under date of January 29, signed by Morris Fishbein as editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association," reading as follows:—

"I regret that it is impossible for us to answer the questionnaire issued by you under date of January 22. The views of the American Medical Association on the problem of animal experimentation have been fully expounded in both the 'Journal' and in our periodical for the public, 'Hygeia.'"

As this reply, mentioning only animal experimentation, seemed entirely irrelevant, a letter was sent to Dr. Fishbein on February 15 asking him to refer the matter to the officers of the Association so that the association might "have the opportunity to make an adequate and intelligible reply." To this letter no reply has been received.



# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By ILLUMINATUS

LITERATURE, trying to keep pace with the swift moving present, latterly resolves itself more and more into "Outlines" and general symposiums. There are "Outlines" of everything from history, in which Mr. Wells created, so to speak, this literary form, to cookery. And even in the field of the psychical and the occult, the "Outline" and the symposium are becoming the fashion. We are this month in receipt of *"The Case For and Against Psychical Belief,"* edited by Carl Murchison, which embodies papers read at Clark University, by or for Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Frederick Bligh Bond, L. R. G. Crandon, Mary Austin, Margaret Deland, William McDougall, Hans Dreisch, Walter Franklin Prince, F. C. S. Shiller, John E. Coover, Gardner Murphy, Joseph Jastrow, and Harry Houdini.

Imposing as this list of "pros" and "cons" is, it would be expected to hold the reader's interest whatever his point of view. He may, in this volume, find the most irrefutable arguments and evidence for the survival of personality after death; and he may also find the most convincing arguments and evidence against the same proposal. It is the most scholarly and open-minded method of presentation, but it has the deficiency of leaving the reader somewhat bewildered. The book is published under the auspices of Clark University.

More in the form of an "outline" than that of the symposium is *"These Cults"* by Annie Riley Hale, and although the avowed purpose of the book is a propaganda against the State's control of medical theory, it is nevertheless one of the most fascinating and dispassionate presentations imaginable. It contains a vast amount of data presented in biographical and historical form, relating to the various schools of medical practice which the "orthodox," or "allopathic" school characterizes as "these cults." Dr. Morris Fishbein's clever, entertaining, and sometimes erroneous presentations which lately were printed in so distinguished a magazine as *"The American Mercury,"* and in other places, under the general title of the "Medical Follies," is badly wounded by the author of *"These Cults."* Homeopaths have their inning, in her discussion of the personality of the founder of that school; osteopathy is presented in understandable terms for the lay reader; chiropractic is fairly discussed, as is also the Abrams' theory. Particularly effective is the author's attack on the

medical publicity machine. It is a valuable reference work in the library of any thorough student of modern social life. It is published by the National Health Foundation, New York.

A very complete discussion of the forces (philosophical, religious, psychological and physiological) which underlie the function of creative freedom, is discussed in J. W. T. Mason's *"This Creative Freedom,"* from the press of Harper and Brothers. The book is one which is designed only for the thorough student, but for the occult researcher it has a value many times in excess of its cost.

Where J. W. T. Mason has been general in his discussion of cultural forces, Prof. T. L. Vaswani is specific in his *"The Secret of Asia,"* a discussion of Asian (particularly Indian) culture, from the press of Ganesh and Co., Madras, India.

It is Dr. Vaswani's contention that "Asian Idealism is the world's piteous need today. The vision spiritual which was the secret of Asiatic greatness in the past; the vision spiritual is what a bankrupt Europe needs urgently today to enrich civilization; the modern age, dominated by machinery and materialism may yet be saved by the spirit of Asian culture, by the vision spiritual which has inspired the philosophies and literatures and arts and idealisms of the East."

An additional health volume has been added recently to the Harvard Health Talks, a valuable little pocket series, in *"A Present Day Conception of Mental Disorders,"* by Dr. Charles Macfie Campbell. It is a succinct picture of certain types of behavior as keys to pathological disorders, and would be a genuinely valuable vade mecum for many medical practitioners.

Still in the field of "series" books there are three new and intensely interesting little 16mos from the press of W. W. Norton & Company, New York, in their "The New Science Series." These are anthropological and philosophical, and include Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski's *"The Father in Primitive Psychology,"* a study of the meaning of marriage in certain savage tribes; *"Types of Mind and Body,"* by E. Miller, M. A., a discussion of the various efforts current, to biologically or chemically classify us humans; and *"Myth in Primitive Psychology,"* also by Dr. Malinowski. In the same series there is just from the press *"A Short Outline of Comparative Psychology,"* by C. J. Warden, Ph. D.

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## Astrology—The Key (Continued from page 24)

and the Firmament showeth His Handiwork.

The Sun being used as the Symbol of Deity or God has been so recognized all through the ages of antiquity, back of which is the Great Spiritual Sun which we cannot see but which is the source of and is the Great Architect and fountain head of The All. The Physical Sun is the Father and source of all life on this Earth, the Moon is the Mother of its manifestation and the Earth is the Womb of Nature where gestation is completed.

The Ancient Magi, or Masons were considered the most Holy and Revered of Men and were looked up to as possessing great knowledge of all these truths of Nature's Laws and since the time of the Great Pyramid they have perpetuated and taught these laws of life to those who can see and understand and while Modern Masonry To-Day does not attempt to show its astrological origin, it still preserves the same principles physical and spiritual in the building of its temples, with the arrangement of its Lodge Rooms and its officers, which are still preserved with rigid detail as to their Astrological Foundation as all archaeologists among the order know and those with a knowledge of Astrology can understand. When once the system is rightly understood, as it is beginning to be by students of broad mind and clear view they are able to read the meaning of the Magi, as shown in the remnants remaining and found in all parts of the world, whether from the Mound builders tumulus, the Druidic Circle, the Pagan Temple, or the Christian Cathedral, all can be read like an open book.

The Bible is an Astrological Book from Genesis to Revelation with many references to same which are easily read and understood by anyone with a knowledge of Astrology. Owing to limited time and space will only refer to a few outstanding instances which could be multiplied hundreds of times in hundreds of different places in this great Book of Books. Gen. 49 Ch. 28 V. All these are the twelve tribes of Israel. Is-ra-el meaning the Sun-God of Egypt. Is meaning Isis the Sun; Ra meaning the Sun, and El meaning Elohim, or God. Hence Is-ra-El means God and the names of the 12 Sons or Tribes of the children of Israel are the twelve signs of the Zodiac or twelve classifications of the one mind. Exodus 1 Ch. 1 to 5th V. Now these are the names of the Children of Israel; Gad, Dan, Issacher, Zebulum, Judah, Levi, Simon, Reuben, Benjamin, Joseph, Napthali and Asher. These tribes are the twelve types of mind as shown and are the signs of the Zodiac namely; Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius and Pisces. According to Sir John Herchel who re-discovered the Planet Uranus in 1781 he states the Zodiac is the most fitting thing in Nature to Symbolize God, the apparent

path of the Sun, whose clusters of Stars are so far from the earth that nothing can be seen of their disks, only their light, beyond which nothing is known. All that man is conscious of is contained within the Zodiacal Circle.

Rev. 4 Ch. 7V. The first beast was like a Lion, the second beast was like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle. These are the four fixed signs of the Zodiac; Leo, Taurus, Aquarius and Scorpio. The four and twenty Elders are the 24 Hours of the day, which every Astrologer knows are considered as twelve houses, of two hours each, in every horoscope.

Rev. 6th. Chapter. Opening of the Six Seals, the White, Red, Black and pale Horses, servants, Kings and the Moon became darkened refer to the Six Occidental Signs of the Zodiac namely, Sagittarius, Scorpio, Libra, Virgo, Leo and Cancer as any Astrologer knows, and they refer to the different ages of 2,160 years each mankind passes through according to the precession of the Sun.

The three Wise Men, the Magi, Masons or Astrologers who followed the Star, or planet Venus to the birth of the Son of God, were named Hor Lun and Mer; these names meaning Honrus for the Sun, Lun for the Moon and Mer for Mercury.

Rev. 22 Ch. 16th. V. I, Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David and the Bright and Morning Star. Thus the Christian Religion has an astrological foundation the same as all other religions as it begins with the Magi who followed a star.

The subject of Astrology and its various branches whether Natal, Horary, Spiritual, Medical, Historical, touches and reaches every human being and is of practical daily value and use, of vital interest to everyone. It is the Clock of Destiny, the chart of Life and Compass of the Human Soul. When you give your birth data to an Astrologer, in the language of the day, he has got your number, your true individual life history, as every event in life shows in your chart, and no one else has your personality, individuality, mentality or spirituality as shown in your Astral chart of birth. But you must give your accurate birth data Year, Month, Day, Hour and minute, if known, and birthplace, so a competent astrologer can make the necessary calculations.

The writer of this crude presentation of such a stupendous subject feels that it could be more ably introduced in more competent hands and hoping that it may assist in giving some light to students of Nature's Laws and show Astrology to be the Foundation and Mother of Occult Science, all Religions and Masonry.



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