

The Occult Digest

A Periodical of Reprint and Research.

★MARCH

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1929

The Witchcraft Mania That Swept a Nation!

THE BLACK HEX

A Story by H. F. Jamison

How to Understand These Blondes and Brunettes

"Uncle Sam Prefers Brunettes"

By Henry B. Auerbach

The Riddle of Inspiration

"D-I-C-T-A-T-E-D"

A Story by Eugene Cunningham

A Story of Creation
"SOUL-MATES"

By George Paul Bauer

Personal Name Radio
ROYAL WAY TO HEALTH

By Veolita Parke Boyle

Have You a Radio-Mind
MENTAL TELEPATHY

By Pierson W. Banning

Are You "A Poor Fish?"
Were You Born This Month?

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The Occult Digest

EFFA DANELSON
EDITOR

A Periodical of Reprint and Research.

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VOL. V

MARCH, 1929

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**DOWN
THROUGH
THE AGES!**

**SECRET
LAWS
OF LIFE**

**Create Modern
Miracles in Your
Affairs**

In the ancient days of Egypt, Greece and Rome, as today, there were those WHO ALWAYS SUCCEEDED in the FACE OF DESPAIR. They stood out of the mass, not by their knowledge of the laws of the land, but because of their knowledge of the laws of life.

THREE AIMS OF LIFE

There are three paramount aims we struggle for in life. Most of us have some idea of what they are, but few ever accomplish them. The three aims are:

PRESERVATION:—To keep our body and mind healthy.

AMBITION:—To be successful. To gain some of the luxuries that are placed here for man's disposal.

LOVE:—The goodwill of our fellowman, the respect of our friends, and the affection of those close to us. Every MAN and WOMAN wants and needs these. To struggle along in darkness and learn through life's hard knocks, gains experience too late sometimes. Troubles and problems rise quickly; they must be overcome at once. Some practical principle may solve your personal problem.

KNOWING HOW

There is a definite system of DIVINE LAWS established that governs every human action and deed. Miracles are but the result of putting into practice some known principle of the cosmic and producing a harmonious result. Why suffer intolerable conditions, why throw yourself upon chance and be blown around like chaff in the wind?

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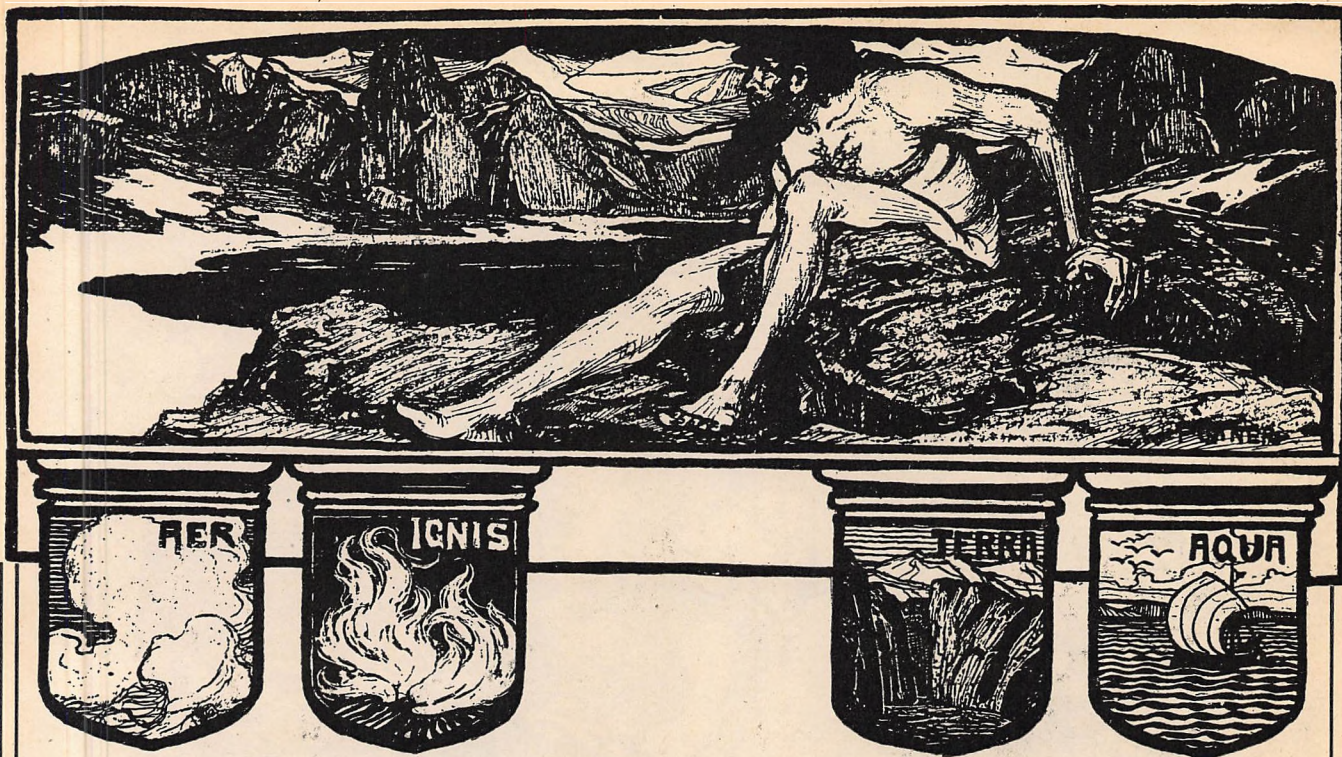
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You Should Know—

By EFFA DANELSON

YOU should know that mysticism is not wisdom, that ritualism is not knowledge, that dress parades are not the last word, nor pompous protestations of monarchs the key to the Eternal Kingdom. That "a little child shall lead them" does not mean a simple mind, a poor-in-spirit mind or a "holier than thou" attitude toward humanity in general. You should know that all knowledge is power. In the hands of the wise it creates worlds and crowns man with everlasting glory or leads to the destruction of the very elect.

You should know that "I am Monarch of all I survey" does not mean the physical expression of Life alone, that the "Keys to Heaven and Hell" are not symbols of Righteousness and Damnation as set forth by the religious leaders of all lands. That the "Rock" is not the foundation of a religion or cult to satisfy the selfish egotism of man whose nature is to rule with fear or shroud with mystery the expression of Nature's universal law.

You should know that you *can reap* what others have sown. If it were not so, man would soon perish from the earth. You should know that the time measured by man is only a few thousand years while the time measured by evolution is unmeasurable by any process of calculation known to man. That the short span of physical life allotted to man does not enable him to learn even the proper care of his own body. Comparing man with other creatures, his years of real usefulness are the shortest. Man's achievement has been for his comfort alone; he has never solved the question of Life, denying as he does his own power and right to think, he has enslaved humanity and bound it in chains of his own forging.

You should know that time has brought us to the door of understanding through which we are quickened to new life. This awakening has revealed to us the secret key to the Temple of Wisdom. The slave chains have cut deep into our consciousness and we are stirred to action. The blind leaders of the blind must go. Humanity must know the mighty power of the living word of Life.

To live is to grow, to bud, to bloom, to fruit. These stages of Life, all eternal, are fulfilled to man. IT IS THE LAW.



ATLAS

*an ironic conception drawn
by the famous Oscar Cesare*

The Message of the Hour

EPIDEMICS

"About half of the illness in the world is created by fear"

EPIDEMICS of all sorts. They come and go. No one can account for them. In a time of war epidemics of hatred. It may be that in a time of epidemic we are determined to join in it.

A lot of things help. No one knows the power of fear. Now the flu is here. Alarm is spread over the pages of the newspapers. Are we all to be frightened into having the flu?

And at that the newspaper, being a public instrument, is in a hard position. The newspaper is the best instrument there is for carrying a message to a great many people.

And the prevalence of an epidemic is, of course, news. But the news of an epidemic also helps to create the epidemic.

That does not mean that disease does not exist as a fact. It does mean that about half of the illness in the world is created by fear. There is no doubt of that. You do not have to be a Christian Scientist to know that.

You can check it in yourself. Illness is an escape. Life is difficult at the best. Illness lets you out of the difficulty. When what you are doing becomes too difficult, when you do not want to face the facts of your life, the escape into illness is often a real escape.

At least it is true of me. How many times have I found myself becoming ill. I knew it was foolish. I knew it was not true. My body ached with illness.

Doctors have been of great value to me—in laughing me out of it.

I remember once I was trying to do a certain piece of work. It kept falling to pieces before my eyes. I could not gather it together. There was a long intricate tale to tell and I could not tell it.

"Well," I said to myself, "I am tired. I will go on a trip." I got on a freight boat on the Mississippi River. Day after day I got worse. At last I decided I had some incurable disease. That seemed to me the most horrible thing I could think of.



By
**SHERWOOD
ANDERSON**

The boat got to Memphis at last and I staggered up a hill from the river landing and to a doctor. I told what I thought I had. He examined me and smiled.

"It's all foolishness," he said. "How much do I owe you?" I asked. "A fool like you does not owe me anything."

We sat and had a smoke together, that doctor and myself. "Are there many such fools?" I asked. "More than you would think," he said.

How gayly I went back down the hill to my boat. Afterwards I did do that job pretty well.

In the case of an epidemic there is a thing called "mob psychology" to be dealt with too. That of course helps spread the disease. Have you not seen a mob working itself up to hatred. They can work themselves into illness too.

Do you think that many people do not enjoy illness? You are mistaken. They groan and sigh of course. What groans I have myself indulged in at times. "Here you pay attention to me! See how ill I am."

To tell the truth there is always a challenge in health. Here I am, a

"At times of epidemic there is the tremendous suggestion of the thing".

strong well man. I have to take the responsibility of my health. I cannot get out of things. I have to face the music.

I do not mean to say there is no such thing as ill-health. There is, of course. There must be germs. All the scientists say they are there. Certain diseases have practically been wiped out. It may be in time they will all be wiped out.

The fact remains. At times of epidemic there is the tremendous suggestion of the thing. Everywhere warnings. Bills posted. Newspaper headlines. Talk on the streets. Another man or woman stricken down. Be careful. Be careful.

It may be other people are not so susceptible. Almost anyone can make me ill. At such a time as this I have to keep talking to myself. "Do not be a fool", I say as I get out of bed. "You can be ill if you want to but you are a fool to do it." If I succeed in convincing myself I am all right.

I am always tackling some job that is too difficult or too delicate for me. You take a thing like a long novel. It has to be kept at a certain key. It is a job to hold it there. It is so easy for the hand to slip—to let go. When you do the thing falls to pieces before your eyes.

How blue and discouraged you become. Illness is a help. It is a way out.

Think if you will of the farmer who has had one crop failure after another or of the merchant who, in spite of all his efforts, is losing money.

Well, there are men who are bound not to be ill at all. They remain healthy vigorous men until old age and death gets them. They are men who have courage. I wish I were such a one.

I am a coward. I am always surrendering to illness.

But at least I know, some of the time, what I am doing. I know that I have only been trying to escape some challenge. I know that, as that doctor said to me in Memphis, I am a fool not to be well.



An Exotic Type of Brunette

“GENTLEMEN prefer blondes”—some gentlemen. Others prefer brunettes, and some prefer neither type.

Blondes, brunettes, or redheads—that’s the question! Which do you prefer, and why? We hear much about the color of complexions, but when certain corporations go so far as to hang out signs reading

“Help Wanted
NO BLONDE GIRLS NEED APPLY
Brunettes only!”

then it is time we investigate the whys. When even the officials of the United States Government, during the World War, called for brunette typists only (until the visible supply of brunettes was exhausted), there would seem to be “a reason why.”

Throwing aside all personal prejudices, let us seek to learn the real facts—obtain *scientific proof*, since sentimental guesswork can never solve any problem.

Races of Mankind Classified According to Color

The simplest classification of mankind, according to color, is (1) the Black or Negroid Race; (2) the Brown Race, including the Malay (brown); the Indian (red), and the Mongolian

mineral resources, fertility of soil, and abundance or scarcity of food are the most important variable factors that have contributed to the development of racial differences.

The Black Race, comprising the Ethiopian, African or Negroid Stem, has not, comparatively speaking, materially changed in its essential features. The Brown Race, especially the Mongolian stem, seems to have shown a very early rudimentary capacity for an original and higher civilization. But the White Race has displayed the greatest all-round capacity for an original and

Dashing BLONDES!

Adventurous REDHEADS!!

Uncle Sam

HELP WANTED
No Blonde Girls Need
BRUNETTES

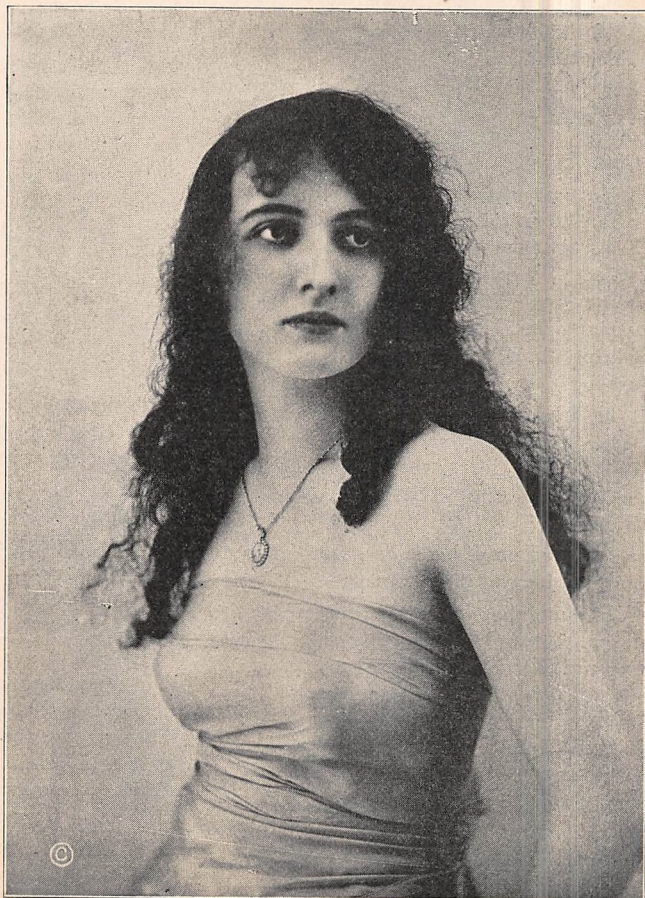
By HENRY B.

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(yellow)
stems; and
(3) the White
or Caucasian
Race.

highly complex state of civilization.
The White Race Gradations of Color
Value

Let us confine ourselves to the variegated pigmentation of the White Race as found in Europe and America, that is, make a study of the relative “black and white” gradations of color value within the White Race itself.



The Romantic Type of Brunette

True-Loving BRUNETTES!!

Prefers

TODAY
Apply
ONLY

AUERBACH, B. SC.

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The Albino: Beginning with the most extreme type of blonde, we have the albino (from the Latin, meaning white). The hair of the albinos is perfectly white, bleached-out as it were—quite colorless. Their whiteness of skin and hair is preternatural, and there is a peculiar pinkness of the irises and pupils of the eyes, which are very fidgety and changeable, being extremely sensitive to bright sunlight. Albinos are more or less of an unstable neurological temperament. However, they are so rare in practical business and social life that no further discussion of them is warranted.

The Blonde: The blonde has a clear, soft, velvety complexion; clear, light colored eyes, generally gray, blue or hazel; and light hair ranging from a blonde gray, pale straw yellow, and delicate pink blonde to a light rich golden brown. Coloratively and temperamentally speaking, blondes may blend all the way from the "dizzy," dimpled, dazzling, golden-curbed, pink-eared, fickle and smiling little stenographer to the stately, impressive, matured, placidly poised, sensible and moderate attitude of Mary Pickford, the much adored idol of the stage.

The Redhead: Those with red hair generally have an animated, florid complexion, their arterial circulation being usually extremely pronounced. Red hair may vary from an intensely bright, glaring, gaudy, brick, orange or henna red to a warm reddish brown.

The Auburn-haired: Auburn-haired people have very much in common with the red-haired. Their complexions may range from a normally rosy, healthy glow to an almost milky, lily-white, and very delicately tinted skin.

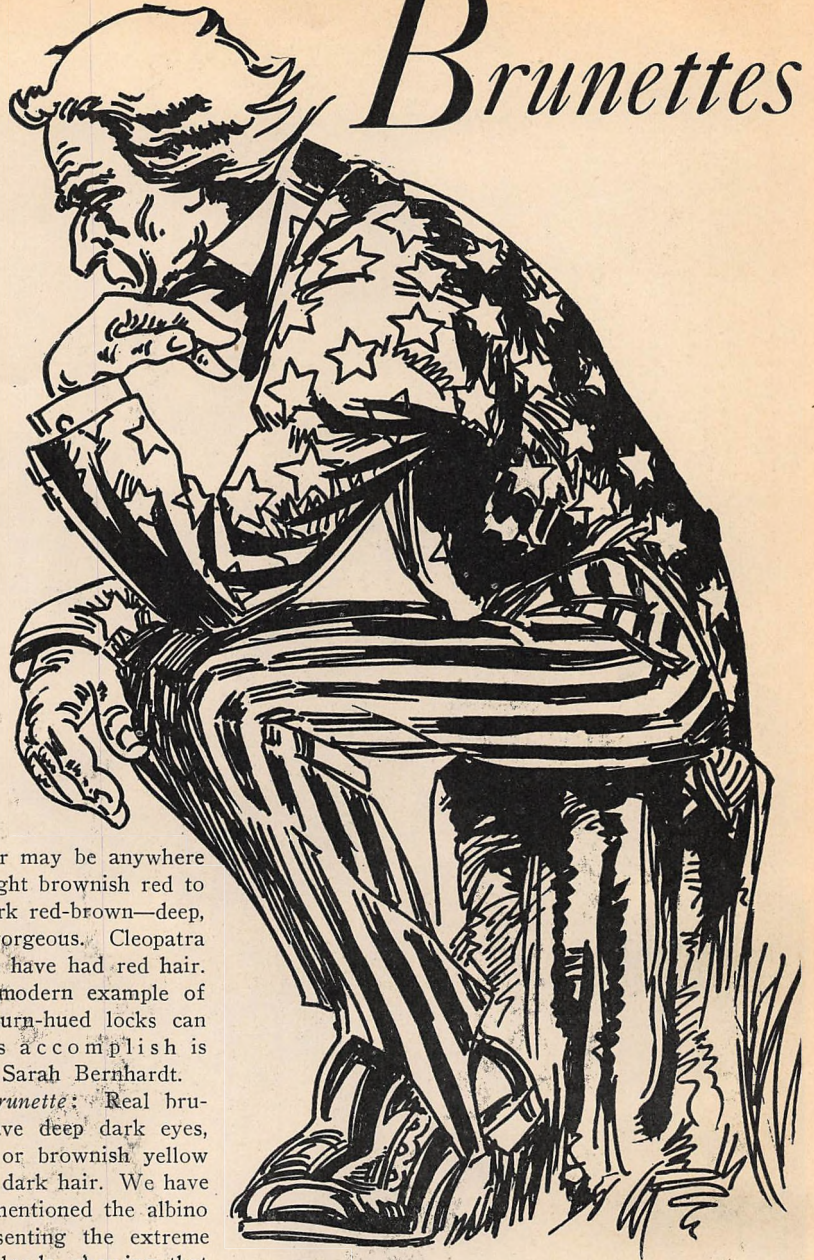
Their hair may be anywhere from a light brownish red to a soft dark red-brown—deep, rich or gorgeous. Cleopatra is said to have had red hair. A good modern example of what auburn-hued locks can sometimes accomplish is Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

The Brunette: Real brunettes have deep dark eyes, an olive or brownish yellow skin and dark hair. We have already mentioned the albino as representing the extreme type of blonde, showing that "albification" or the bleaching process has been thoroughly completed. The dark brunette is just the opposite in hue. From a strictly chromatic viewpoint, light blondes and albinos have little or no deep coloration—their color is weak; those of a darker blonde, auburn or brunette complexion are chromatically strong. Most of us are neither pure blondes or brunettes. You sometimes see blondes with dark brown eyes, and again brunettes with light-colored skin and blue, gray or hazel eyes. Auburn and red-haired examples that are perfect specimens of their type throughout are also quite rare.

Primary Causes of Complexional Differences

What really causes blonde, brunette, auburn-haired and the various intermediate types? To answer this question, you must enter into (a) the very life blood, (b) the bio-chemistry, and (c) the psychology of the individual.

Brunettes



Truly, complexions are much more more than "skin-deep."

Of course, as everyone knows, there are two kinds of blood in every human—the arterial and the venous. The arterial blood is in the arteries and is relatively pure, and a bright cherry-red in color. It is charged with life-giving oxygen and iron. As it wends its way from the heart and lungs to the extremities and minute terminal points (capillaries) of the vascular system, it delivers its oxygen to all the tissues, oxidizes them, maintains the bodily warmth, and permits the metabolic or life functions to continue in their work of tissue repair and replacement.

The venous blood is in the veins. It is on its way back to the heart and lungs for oxidation, purification and redistribution. It is laden with impurities, old worn-out tissue cells, noxious gases, and toxic ingredients.

HELEN FORD

*Noted
Blonde
Actress*



Its oxygen supply has been pretty thoroughly consumed in the tissues. It is no longer arterial in nature. Hence it is no longer bright cherry-red and pure in color, because it is now not only deficient in oxygen but is also loaded down with impurities at the same time. Therefore, venous blood is dark, dull, heavy, impure, thick, ropy, and blue-black, deep scarlet or carbon colored. We can readily infer, then, that people who continually have an excess of venous blood, all other things being equal, will be inclined to possess a gloomy, bilious, liver-colored, tawny-hued complexion, and that such

individuals will be apt to reflect a dark, perhaps muddy skin, very black or at least deep-colored eyes, and dark hair and beard. We would naturally expect them to have a tendency toward a melancholic disposition. And on the contrary, it appears logical that an excess of rich red arterial blood should contribute its quota of purity, ruddiness, brightness, cheerfulness and healthiness to the skin, eyes, hair, features, and disposition.

Bio-chemical Peculiarities

Now for (b) the bio-chemical consideration of the problem. You have just seen how the kind and quality of

blood can have an immediate effect upon the organic quality, color, and complexion generally. But there are still other considerations chemical in nature that deserve your attention. All earthly material, gaseous, liquid or solid, can be built up of some eighty-six chemical elements. Most material bodies, however, contain only a relatively small number of these eighty-odd elements. The human body is said to contain about sixteen different elements. Briefly, the bones, teeth, hair and nails particularly require organic lime, among several other minerals. The muscles and the tissues need pot-

A L B E R T A V A U G N

*Noted
Brunette
Actress*



ash, proteins, etc. The brain and the general nervous system crave phosphorous and a few other essentials. The fatty tissues require carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. The blood demands practically all of the sixteen elements variously combined, but highly organized iron ingredients and oxygen in great quantities.

When all of the temperaments are nicely balanced; when the brain mass is ideally proportioned to the bodily weight and form; when the cerebral faculties and lobes are harmoniously developed—then, and then only, can you expect to find these sixteen va-

rious chemical elements so disposed throughout the body as to mould soul, body, brain and features into a really perfect whole.

The chemistry of the blonde is very interesting. First of all, what makes the hair so fair and golden? The abundance of *sulphur*, *iron* and *silica* in their system, is the answer. Sulphur is yellow-red in color. Remember the sulphur and molasses of your childhood days? Egg yolk also furnishes an example of sulphur color. Iron combines in so many different ways that compounds of iron are variously colored, but reds and yellows predominate. Wild

berries often show a yellow, red or brownish tint—they are rich in iron and seek an iron soil. As for silica, think of sand, and a so-called sandy complexion, and again the essential coloring matter underlying bloneness becomes all the more evident.

Blonde, red-haired, and auburn-haired people usually have a luxuriant growth of hair, for the simple reason that those particular chemical elements which these types of people are likely to have in excess, are the identical ingredients so essential to hair growth. It is the sulphur element that tends to make

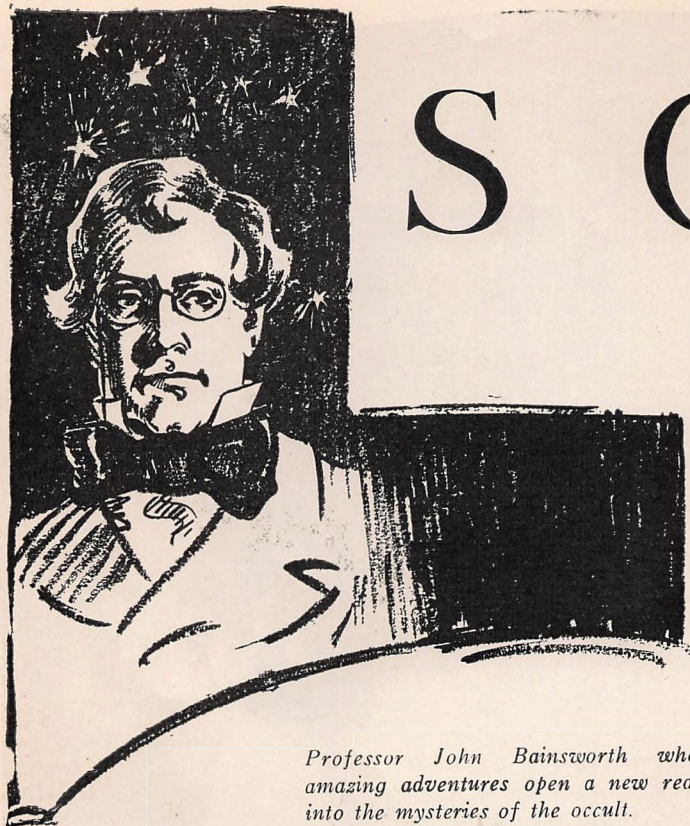
(Continued on page 43)

A Wondrous Story of

SOUL

THE HIGHER

By GEORGE

Magic Powers of A
Who Sent A Soul
en to Seek for
the Very
of

Professor John Bainsworth whose amazing adventures open a new realm into the mysteries of the occult.

HAROLD MEANS, dabbler in the sciences, and veteran of the great war, rounded the corner of the El Paso Library, and, in the shadow of the building, ran almost squarely into a group of fiercely fighting men—one tall, well-built man defending himself valiantly against four husky assailants.

They were like a group of battling phantoms; emitting no sound, except now and then a grunt or low groan when one or the other got hit hard. And almost at once the newcomer noted another strange fact—neither side used any weapons.

The solitary defendant was a wonder. Here, there and everywhere, almost at the same time, he retaliated the cowardly attack with the speed and precision of the trained boxer. But he was weakening. The strain was too severe and the odds too great. In the reflected light of a distant street lamp the ex-soldier saw that at once.

Four against one!

In an instant the veteran's blood boiled with anger, and he ripped off his coat and hurled it and his hat to the ground out of the way.

"Give it to 'em, buddy—I'm with you!" he shouted to the hardpressed man. And immediately joined the fray with such vigor and effect that a few minutes later the four thugs were running in as many different directions.

Panting heavily from his late exertions the tall man held out a large white hand to his rescuer. "Thank

you for your timely help, friend!" he boomed earnestly. "In another minute or so they would have probably gotten the best of me."

At the sound of the deep, sonorous voice the ex-soldier started in surprise, and in the semi-gloom peered intently into his new friend's face.

"Say—aren't you Professor John Bainsworth?" he exclaimed.

Likewise astonished, the tall man gazed curiously at the veteran, as if endeavoring to identify him. He nodded.

"That is my name, yes! Have I had the pleasure of meeting you before?"

His friend in need laughed and shook his head.

"Not exactly, professor. But I had the good fortune of hearing your most excellent lecture this evening at the opera house, on the 'supreme value of the occult sciences in the world's progress.' Of course I recognized your voice immediately. By the way, my name is Harold Means."

Professor Bainsworth smiled, and gripped the veteran's hand with renewed cordiality.

"This is a pleasure indeed, Mr. Means!" he exclaimed with sincere feeling. "I am staying at the Orndorff Hotel. If you will allow me to invite you to my rooms, I should be most happy!"

"I shall be honored to accept!" Harold Means answered cordially. And he meant it too, because he had often been hoping to become acquainted with

this remarkable man about whom he had heard so much during his scientific investigations.

Thus it happened that a short time later the two friends entered the scientist's comfortable rooms at the old hotel, and soon had the bruises and cuts in their faces due the fight attended to in the expeditious manner which one learns in the army. This accomplished, Professor Bainsworth ordered refreshments, and they sat down to become better acquainted.

"By the way," the guest commented reminiscently. "Those thugs were queer customers—the first bunch of yeggs I ever saw without weapons of some kind."

The scientist nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes. But as far as I am concerned



Many soldiers in the World-War declare they saw ghostly forms.

The Gods of Creation

MATES

INCARNATION

PAUL BAUER

Black Brotherhood from Hell to Heav- Selfish Gain Secrets God



*The High-Priest of The Black Brother-
hood whose hypnotic powers forced
people to obey against their will.*

I was not surprised. You see—they are not ordinary thugs, and this was not their first attempt to kidnap me. I know who they are, you see. Their intention is to rob me of my reason, after they have obtained certain information from me."

The war veteran stared at him dumbfounded.

"Rob you of your reason?" he cried in amazement. "But how?—Why I never heard of such a thing in my life! Who in the name of Mars are they?"

Instead of answering him, Professor Bainsworth rose from his chair, and began to pace up and down the spacious chamber in deep thought. And now for the first time the guest had a good opportunity to study him, and to reflect upon all that he had heard about

this remarkable man.

He was an enigma! To the world at large he was of course the brilliant, highly successful writer and lecturer upon ethics, psychology and higher metaphysics. A man whose opinions in those fields of science were eagerly sought and respected by the most eminent men the world over. Furthermore, if one judged from the occasional personal anecdotes which he told during the course of his lectures, one could easily surmise that at some time during his life he had been a traveler and adventurer in the far places of the world. But no one had ever been able to discover the source of his profound knowledge in the higher sciences.

Several years ago he had suddenly appeared upon the firmament of the scientific world like a new and brilliant star, and had been an immediate success. But no amount of journalistic probing and search had ever been able to penetrate the curtain of mystery which surrounded his person like a magic cloak.

And even as a physical man his was a presence which would have been noted among any gathering of people. There was a grace and dignity in the manner in which he carried his fine athletic body, and in the set of his large head surmounted by dark, wavy hair as it was, which reminded of a great king; on the broad, high white brow wisdom had placed its unmistakable seal, and through the deep-lying, serious eyes a great soul gazed out at one

—a soul which had passed through the crucible of life and had touched those supreme heights of the spirit which many sense but only the very few attain to.

Suddenly the savant stopped his promenading, reseated himself, and leaned forward in his chair, gazing at his guest in deep earnestness.

"Mr. Means," he began "on the way here you told me that, like myself, you have served in that deplorable great war, where white brothers fought white brothers and all lost. Tell me—while there in that man-made hell, have you ever experienced anything, or heard of anything which made you think that there MIGHT be some other life beyond life as we know it? That it MIGHT be possible for us, in the case of death to reincarnate in some other world, for instance?"

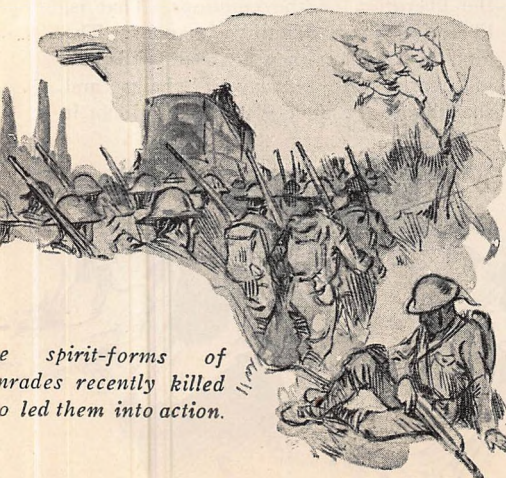
The veteran wrinkled his brow in deep thought, and finally nodded.

"To tell you the truth—I HAVE seen some strange things over there, especially during the hottest scrapping, and so have others whom I have asked, although at first they denied it. A man hates to be thought queer you know."

He hesitated a few moments and then continued:

"There was one time, during a bayonet charge, when I could have sworn that I saw fellows of our company leading us whom I positively knew to have been killed days before. They looked sort of shadowy, but I easily identified several of them. Later, by

(Continued on page 28)



*the spirit-forms of
soldiers recently killed
to lead them into action.*

Tortured Souls of

Children

*What this world needs most
The child is the living answer*

By VERA THACKERAY



“EXTRA! Extra! The gallows for the Fox!

The multitude surges in vulgar curiosity.

“Killing is too good for him!” says one.

“He should be tortured to a lingering death,” mutters a second.

And a third stares up into the curling smoke with one eye closed, trying to draw fitting agony out of abstraction.

Thus would humanity crush out the Great Unfortunate.

The Fox! The perpetrator of the Heinous Sin. Despised of mankind.

Dark flower of an undeveloped mind . . . the Child of Hate!

And the populace so eager to crush beneath its heel this victim of destiny.

The Fox was what he was because he was created thus. He was hated before he was born. Was he conceived in lust? He grew up like the weed that escapes the hoe rather than like the vine trained by loving hands. And the evil that was instilled in him bloomed forth in the blackness of his deeds.

Why not an object of pity rather than one of scorn?

The newspaper reporters all aired themselves during the Hickman trial. They put flourishes upon the vileness of the villain and the sorrow of the broken mother, and stimulated the bestial curiosity of the crowd. *But did any of them paint the fatality of ignorance?*

All true wisdom leads to love.

One ambitious reporter took a flight and described Mrs. Hickman as the Mother Eternal. The Mother Eternal does not hate. She is Love itself. Perhaps Mrs. Hickman is more like the child that bawled when he hit his own thumb with the hammer.

The primal cause of an evil deed lies far behind it. And how true it is that the sins of the father are heaped upon the head of his son.

It is a known fact that emotional tendencies and spinal abnormalities are

hereditary. Any spinal abnormality tends to affect the state of consciousness. Mrs. Hickman was alleged to be despondent, morose, and introspective. In other words she was in an inharmonious emotional state during the prenatal period of her son's life. She was ill. She was probably suf-



fering from some spinal abnormality that brought about impingement upon nerves that affected her state of consciousness. Was her condition possibly accentuated by the treatment of a husband such as is described in the following poem by Harold Vinal which appeared recently in the *Saturday Review of Literature*?

THE STRANGER

He is a stranger to her still,
Too heavy handed to be more
Than just a brute to break her will
As he has broken it before.

The battle is not hers, but his,
She is a marble that must yield,
But yet her hour of triumph is
A fruitful field.

He takes her in his time of need,
She is as soft as any dove,
A broken and rebellious reed
Bent downward by his love.

She bears his insults and his lust

With eyes perhaps that are too mild,
His treacheries because she must . . .

He is the father of her child.

Perhaps there lies hidden in the above lines the seed that blossomed later into the Heinous Crime. The bestial selfishness in it.

Mrs. Hickman was the victim of unlovely thought. But perhaps her fineness was crushed out by her heavy-handed husband. Rebellion can smolder in the heart of a dove until a fire of concealed hate is kindled. The eruption of a volcano is caused by the confinement of its burning anger.

Sullen and introspective children are the bloom of lust. At birth they are shackled with a handicap from which they sometimes can never free themselves. The Fox was such a child. Into the subconscious of the sleeping infant is imprinted the touch of loving hands that will later color his perceptions and radiate into his toothless smile. And until the end of his life he will never be quite without this touch of love. But on the other hand his subconscious records with equal exactitude the touch of Hate, and any inconsideration he is subjected to is confined in the coiled spring that later leaps forth into inconsiderate actions. Thus we may see that the greatest of all arts is the creation and the rearing of a lovely child.

It is to be feared that some of our recent psychologists have gone too far in the liberation of the emotions. That is, liberation in a primitive manner. The kind of freedom they advocate ends not in liberty, but in slavery—chains and shackles to the undeveloped! No doubt it



The Truly Damned!

of HATE

*today is—Sex Sanity.
of Lust or Love.*

MAKEPEACE

would be astounding to some to learn how infrequent physical expression may be to a normal and happy life. Man was gifted with more than the power of physical creation. That was why he was lifted to a man, and made in the image of God. God in man may well be his intelligence and his innate power of creative thinking. He has suffered repression because through self-indulgence he has neglected his mental children. Perhaps that is why the Garden of Eden was lost to Adam and Eve, and Adam had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. And strange as it may seem, the Garden of Eden returns to man as soon as he is able to master his thoughts and direct them into constructive channels.

Life is emotion, but hell follows from letting it follow the line of least resistance. The impulse is the unit of human force. But let it be remembered that nature's first law is order and system. All else is chaos. Chaotic lives are always unhappy and unuseful. Let the impulse not be crushed, but let it be directed toward the ultimate good. All impulses that do not harmonize with this goal are weeds that should be rooted out with disregard. And, indeed, they soundlessly disappear when the mind is centered upon this vision.

The world isn't going to gain much from its present day wild fling. It must inevitably pay the price in the loss of peace and in an ever growing restlessness. Sanity is the happy condition to be sought in all things. And sanity consists largely in weeding out ill-timed impulses, in retaining mental poise in all affairs and in the intimate relations of life, in a steady unfolding toward the end that is sought.

To explain what I mean, I must speak frankly. As I write I see the unhappy eyes of the Children of Hate who have already grown into unlovely humans, out of harmony with their fellows, destined to beat out futile lives against the bars of asylums and prisons. Tortured souls of the truly damned! Blighted from their own unfolding. You who read these lines, have you ever visited a state asylum? Do you think that all the caged people there are so very different from you? Have

they been stricken by some such supernatural force as witchcraft?

Restless ones suffering from the agonies of their own uselessness! Handcuffed degenerates pacing foolishly back and forth. Some of them, of course, struggling against physical inco-ordinations, but probably more than half, the victims of their parents' ignorance and their own thoughts. Handicapped at birth with all the things their parents didn't know!

Innocent mothers might better be called dangerous mothers. They bring children into the world and then just let them go. The creation of a personality is not a purely physical accomplishment. It begins with conception, it is true, and continues until after the child is born and able to fly from the home nest and shape circumstances to fit his aims. And the success of all his undertakings will depend upon the primal gift of his parents. The nerve energy they bequeathed to him!

Have they been living the life that builds up a reserve strength fit for their child to inherit? Or have they been indulging in nauseating dissipation disguised under the name of marriage? The child is the living answer.

Judging from the true meaning of sanity, too large a per cent of the present day marriages are insane marriages. The participants have no idea of what sex sanity means. And because of their dis-

torted mental conception of what marriage ought to be they desecrate it in their lack of respect. Then it ends more or less abruptly in the divorce court.

The error lies in the very core of their thoughts.

Respect for the privileges and personality of the other. Companions on a journey. Heirs to the grace of life. Each to help the other in the fulfillment of his dreams! Does the judge of the divorce court hear these ideas in the tales of woe that are poured into his ears? I fear not. More often each looks upon the other as a means of satisfying his own sensuality. And as long as people have this perverted view of marriage, the Children of Hate will be with us.

The psychologist has a wide field before him in instructing mothers of the value and necessity of directing thought in children. Mothers are usually so busy that they have little time to read, and they do not know how their own thoughts and mental attitude become woven into the very souls of their children. A child of five may absorb from his mother a wholesome philosophy of life that a man of sixty has always searched for and never found.

To instill within the child an attitude of love for all things! To respect his own body as divine. The mother who has done that has won half of the battles of life for her son or daughter.

(Continued on page 39)



Are You "A Poor Fish"?

Were You Born
In The Sign

Pisces

February 19th
to March 21st

By J. EDMOND RYAN

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ABOUT February 19th the Sun, majestic king of the Solar System, enters Pisces, the twelfth and last sign of the Zodiac, the last of the mutable signs, and the last of the serving trinity. For thirty-one days his rays filter through this gentle sign, he reaching the Vernal Equinox on March 21st, ready to start on another yearly journey through the signs.

Those born during the first ten days of the Sun's stay in Pisces will find religion, occultism and other higher subjects prominent in their affairs, or they may come very closely in touch with sorrow. Those born from March 1st to the 10th will have more to do with the domestic sphere, while those born during the last ten days of the Sun's passage through Pisces will be of a more secretive and diplomatic nature, with greater inclination toward occultism or mysticism.

At no time in our life do we apparently care to listen to or fully heed the warnings of those who have travelled the road before us. Age has ever tried to counsel youth, but it seems part of the scheme of life that each individual shall learn his own lessons—he must in turn be heated by the fire of Aries, cooled by the water of Cancer, refined by the air of Libra, scale the heights of the earthly mountain Capricorn, and so on. Pisceans, then, may be likened to those who have reached the end of the journey of life, and are in closer touch with the unseen world into which they will soon depart.

It is said of Pisceans that they live more within the realm of the soul than the natives of any of the other signs. Purity is deeply implanted in Pisces—vulgarity and rudeness disgust him. Most of his thoughts are noble and elevating and he reaches the topmost heights of idealism. Neither the most gifted pen or brush of the noblest master can adequately describe the beauty of the air castles of Pisces. Even in the lower types this is true.

The feelings of Pisces are intense, his emotions deep-seated and powerful. They can be compared to the surgings and the tides of the ocean, changing, ever changing, and never at rest. And as with the ocean, the moods of Pisces range from the most placid calm to the rage of the tempest. Like the powerful undercurrents of Neptune's domain,

An Astrologers Song

RUDYARD KIPLING

TO THE Heavens above us
O look and behold
The Planets that love us
All harnessed in gold!
What chariots, what horses
Against us shall bide
While the stars in their courses
Do fight on our side.

Pisces' feelings and emotions are rarely seen, but are buried deep within his bosom. The grip of his powerful emotions seems to strike him dumb, and his feelings to overwhelm him, leading others to believe that he is cold and indifferent, when in reality, his is but the timidity of an abnormal love.

Pisceans make chaste, faithful wives and husbands, and loyal sincere friends. They have a deep, quiet comprehension of the weaknesses of others, and great tolerance and mercy towards all mankind. No matter how rudely the world has treated him, Pisces never loses his sympathy for others, especially the weak or afflicted. In fact, it has been said that the stoop of the shoulders, characteristic of Pisceans, comes from bearing the burdens of the world.

Pisces' thirst for knowledge is very great. He delves after the most minute detail, a trait which leads the undeveloped types and the children to ask so many questions that they are apt to make bores of themselves. Pisces will never claim that he can do a thing unless he really can do as he says—no matter how great his knowledge, he will not boast. Others, not so scrupulous about making claims, may "talk big" regardless of how little goods they have to deliver, trusting to luck to bluff their way through. In the contrast, Pisces loses because of his innate honesty, and many times the less competent but more aggressive person ob-

tains the position, makes the sale, or wins the friend.

Self-sacrificing, sympathetic, and honest to a fault, Pisces imagines those who have his confidence to be as honest as he himself is. Thus others are led to impose upon him, and after having his ideals shattered time after time, he gradually becomes suspicious, uncertain or timid.

Pisces is in many cases unfortunate in love, which can be laid to his timidity, his idealism, and his inability to find that easy expression of endearments so natural to other more aggressive but shallower types. Many a man or woman will never know how great a love they turned aside for the more expressive but less sincere rival of Pisces. He puts the loved one on a pedestal, and though she may be selfishness personified, he has given his trust and can see no wrong in her. Thus he lets himself in for many rude awakenings, when he finds his confidence betrayed, and his love affairs ending in disappointment.

There are times when Pisces thinks that he has stood enough, and his soul cries out within him at the injustice of the treatment accorded him, at the rebuffs to his advances of sympathy and good will, or at the betrayal of his confidence. It is then that he forgets his love for harmony, he becomes distrustful, and his outraged feelings rebel. When in such a mood, no amount of reasoning or advice is heeded, for he has the bit in his teeth, and goes the limit. When the storm has passed, he may be filled with sorrow or remorse, and earnestly desire to make peace, but his pride or shame will not permit him to make the advances for reconciliation, while his fear of rebuffs prevents him from making apologies, although the world looks on this as stubbornness in Pisces.

Owing to their timidity, the lower types of Pisces people are apt to drift into the ranks of the materialistic failures of the world. The tendency to self-depreciation, caused by the desire for perfection before making claims of ability, is liable to take the form of "I can't," and his longing to serve may make it easy for others to lead Pisces into wrong paths. However, even in the depths, Pisces does not entirely lose his idealism, and the very lowest

Watch every month for this series on
"Popular Astrology for Everybody"
showing how the planets influence the
lives of those born under each sign.

type, stooping to the most unmoral things, hates vulgarity and rudeness.

Among the higher types of Pisceans are found many writers, dramatists, and actors. Other types make good bookkeepers, clerks, cashiers, hotel or institutional employees, sailors, caterers, nurses, and office and other workers whose positions require great attention to detail or thoroughness. George Washington, Ellen Terry, Chopin, Geraldine Farrar, and Sven Hedin are a few of the famous persons born in Pisces.

The chief characteristic of the sign is emotion.

Ruling planets....Jupiter and Neptune
Day of week.....Thursday
ColorBlue
Stone.....Chrysolite or Moonstone
Flowers.....Dandelion, Jessamine.

The signs harmonious for business, marriage or companionship are Cancer, Scorpio, and Virgo.

THE PLANETS

THE planets with which we have to deal most in Astrology (considering the Sun and Moon as planets) are: The Sun, the Moon, Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the two discovered in modern times, Uranus and Neptune. The planets revolve around the Sun at various rates of speed. Mercury, the swiftest, makes one rotation in 88 days; Venus, omitting the fractions, in 224 days; our Earth in 365 days; Mars one year and 332 days; Jupiter twelve years; Saturn 29½ years; Uranus 84 years; and Neptune 165 years. In their progress through the signs at these speeds, the planets are of course continually changing their positions or *aspects* to one another.

When two planets are in the same degree of longitude, the aspect is known as *conjunction*. The other aspects are called, according to the number of degrees separating the two planets: 30°, *semi-sextile*; 60°, *sextile*; 45°, *semi-square*; 90°, *square*; 120°, *trine*; and 180°, *opposition*. The trine, sextile, semi-sextile, and some conjunctions are considered good; the square and opposition, evil.

We will now consider the nature of the planets, beginning this month with Jupiter and Neptune, ruling Pisces.

Jupiter is termed the greater benefic, and its nature can be associated with the idea of expansion. It is a warm planet, and the opposite to Saturn which is cold and can be associated with the idea of contraction. Thus Jupiter is a benevolent planet, while Saturn limits and binds. In this polarity, or these two extremes, we have all the elements of pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, increase and decrease, bondage and freedom, expansion and contraction. Jupiter governs the sense of smell, and

(Continued on page 42)

The American Indian's

Magic Ceremonies

By ALBERT B. REAGAN

(Continued from February)

TO DIGRESS a moment, the snake priests among the Hopis actually handle live rattle snakes and dance about with them, for the same purpose. The snakes are gathered from the nearby country and taken to the snake house. They are then sprinkled with sacred meal and corn pollen and prayed over. Snake priests shake feathered sticks over them for them to strike at till the reptiles become tired and have emptied their poison sacks in this striking—the secret of handling them. They are then washed by snake priests and put into jars for the plaza ceremonies.

At the appointed time the snake dancers line up in two columns, facing each other. The snake priests pour the snakes in a pile between the columns. They are then prayed over and sprinkled with corn pollen and sacred meal, as men with feathered sticks compel them to stay in the pile. Then each dancer goes to the pile and picks up the snakes he is to perform with, much like one would take a shoe-string from a bundle of strings (sometimes a snake priest hands the snakes to them). He places one rattler between his teeth and holds one in each hand. With these he dances, as his aids wave feathered sticks over each snakes' head to keep its attention and to prevent it from striking.

Once around the plaza they dance with the snakes, then throw them back into the pile. Then another set of dancers seize them. Four times are they thus danced with and four times are they thrown back into the pile. They are then prayed over and re-sprinkled with sacred meal and pollen. Then each dancer rushes to the pile and seizes all the snakes he can. With

these he rushes to some remote place where he turns them loose, the whole ceremony being an elaborate prayer for rain.

To turn again to the northern Indian, another trick is that of the dancing wooden effigies. The juggler sits down on the ground, with feet extended in front of him, as he wraps his extremities in a blanket amid much manipulation. Two wooden effigies are placed in upright position, at the end of the blanket, just in front of his feet. He then begins to sing and shake a crude rattle in one hand, as he makes the crude effigies dance to the waving, time-keeping motion of the other. The movements of the effigies are produced by small cords, attached to his toes.

Another very similar stunt to the last, is the dancing of a feathered disk, a performance usually held in a house, or a birch bark enclosure, where sick people are being performed over at night. To carry it out, the medicine man has accomplices. Some ten or fifteen actors, with a bunch of spruce twigs in each hand, dance into the inclosure in single file and encircle the central fire. Twelve times they encircle it, as they dance and gesticulate and wave the twigs toward the fire, to the mother earth, and to the heavens. They then file to the southwest quarter of the inclosure where the sick ones are reclining on blankets. Here they form a screen around the latter, as they wave their twigs and chant. Then they seat themselves so as to form a triangle that is open toward the fire. In the open space in front of the patients there is a dish in which a feathered disk dances a vigorous dance, wholly without support, so far as can be seen. It continues to



The Hopi Moon Dance

dance while the chanting lasts. To the Indians it is a mystery and shows the medicine man's power; but the white man soon notices that two medicine men, sitting opposite each other, wave their hands in unison to the time of the music; all the other actors carry bunches of twigs but these are simply waving their hands up and down. It can not be seen in the semi-darkness, but a string extends from the one medicine man's hands to those of the other. The disk is tied to it and their waving this string causes it to dance.

The pocket mirror trick with bear claw is also practiced, with great effect on the audience. The medicine man dances with an inverted mirror in his hand. From the glass face of the mirror, as thus inverted, a bear claw is suspended, apparently of its own power (or "by the will of the medicine man," as the Indians put it). A careful examination shows, however, that the end of the claw touching the glass has rosin gum on it and is stuck to the glass by it.

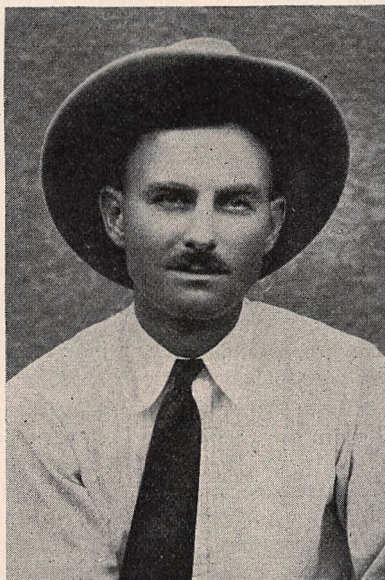
Another trick is that of shooting a person with an arrow and then curing the wound at once by "laying-on-of-hands." The arrow is one that retreats into itself when it strikes a body, and the profuse flow of blood exhibited is the juice of red-root.

In one of the medicine ceremonies which the writer witnessed, a medicine man pretended to toss something within the wigwam; and, though he tossed no visible thing, it was heard to hit on the birch bark without. Furthermore, had he thrown anything, it would have made a hole through the birch bark roof, but no such hole was made. At this same ceremony a medicine man put an inverted empty basket on a level cleared spot, within the wigwam. After much ceremony he lifted the basket and a half-grown rabbit bounded from under it.

In the initiation into the Grand Medicine Lodge, as the medicine men chant and gesticulate they "shoot" the candidate with a konapamic Cowry shell (*Cypræa moneta*). In this act they pretend to blow the shell into the initiate (novitiate's) head or breast, whereat he falls as if dead and lies in an apparently lifeless stupor-state. Quickly the medicine people gather round him and manipulate and rub him with their medicine bags and pray and pronounce incantations over him till he "recovers." He then spits a sacred shell from his mouth, pretending it is the one the medicine men "shot" (or pretended to shoot) him with; but he has previously concealed it in his mouth for the act. He then sits up and is later given a medicine bag as his lodge badge.

Besides using some of the above tricks and many others, the medicine man's treating the sick in much of the southwest is about as follows (a medicine ceremony witnessed by the writer):

M 40 was lying on a pine twig mat by the fire within her mother's wickiup. She was very sick, even having spasms and fits, one after another; and in their crude way her people were doing all they could to make her well. As night came on all the people in the vicinity came to perform over her, as is the usual custom among savages.



EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

Famous author and traveler whose story "Dictated" appears in this issue.

Among those who came was Chief Medicine Man F 4. On entering he went over by the central fire and doubled his feet under him in a sitting position, near her. Then as the musicians began to beat the tom-toms, he bent his body forward, placed his hands claspingly over his face and forehead in the form of a sort of hood and began to sing: "Go away, 'sick!' Go away, 'sick!' Go away, 'sick!'"

He stopped singing, spat in the fire, sprinkled her with cattail flag pollen, and resumed his singing as before. He produced a crudely made, striped wooden snake, which he placed in the hot ashes a moment. He then placed its head on the sick one's body in each of the cardinal directions, in succession, as he sang and pointed toward the gods that his race believes are holding up the four corners of the earth. He then burned the snake, as he looked heavenward and sent the evil spirits (the sickness) away thitherward with a hissing breath.

As he resumed his singing, he produced a wooden carving of his leading medicine god. This he placed on the sick one as he had the snake. Five medicine hoops, colored to represent the colors of the rainbow, were next similarly used, followed by a similar use of a wooden frog, and a medicine cane. The hoops, wooden frog, cane and medicine god carving were then hid in a niche in the rocks of a neighboring cliff.

With a chosen partner, the medicine man next played the medicine game, with four flat sticks which were bounced on a flat rock, in the center of a circle of forty pebbles. As the sticks falling with a certain side up is favorable for the recovery of a patient and as he believed that M 40 would get well, he played to win and did win—to keep up his reputation.

Morning came and a horseman rode swiftly up the valley and summoned the people to make a medicine disk, on a leveled area on the ground. This disk when completed was about seventeen feet in diameter and was variously colored. The red coloring matter was made from ground red sandstone; the white, from ground limestone; the green from ground leaves; the black, from powdered charcoal; and the gray, from a mixture of charcoal and limestone—the completed disk being what is known in the Southwest as a "sand painting."

Immediately it was completed the medicine people placed M 40 upon it, with face turned toward the sun. Soon then a ghost dancer came from a nearby thicket, wearing a mask whose front crudely represented the spread tail of a turkey. He carried a wand in one hand and a large knife in the other. He squatted in front of M 40, and stuck the knife in the ground by her side. He then placed the wand on the afflicted parts in each of the cardinal directions, gathered the "sick" on the wand in this way, took the wand up before his face and blew a hissing breath on it to drive the evil spirit "sick" away. He then seized his knife and galloped off into the brushy hills. Then, as the medicine man sang, she was carried from the medicine disk, which was at once destroyed.

Night came again and the medicine dance was on.

A huge fire was kindled in a nearby level area, around which the people gathered in a great circle. M 40 was carried and placed within the circle, on the opposite side of the fire from that occupied by the musicians.

The tom-tom beat; four ghost dancers and a clown with horned mask, approached her in single file, trembling, prancing and dancing to her very feet. She sat up. They leaned over her, as they strutted and gobbled like turkeys. They placed their wands, crossed, on her head, on her back, on her feet, and on her chest. They then raised the still crossed wands toward the northern heavens and, as they parted them with a hissing breath, they scattered the "sick" toward the four winds. Then with a shrieking howl, they cantered off into the darkness. In like manner, similar scenes continued throughout the night—and two days later she was playing on the hills with her sisters.

(Continued next month)

The Riddle of Inspiration

'D-I-C-T-A-T-E-D'

A Story by EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

WHEN the telephone's muffled bell persisted for a time twice as long as that which any ordinary caller would have been responsible for, it was clear that someone acquainted with my ways wanted me and wanted me urgently. It is a small scheme worthy of attention from those who sit alone doing any sort of work that needs concentration. Those callers who have been instructed have Central continue ringing and so—

"Bill, this is Helen!" came a tense voice almost before I had got receiver to ear 'Don's on his way out to you, I'm sure and—and you'd never understand without my warning. Now, listen closely and don't interrupt. I don't think he had the price of a taxi in his pocket, but he might have jumped into one and intended you to pay the bill.

"He told you, the other night, about the story he was going to do. Called it the finest thing he'd ever conceived and all that. And it is! From my peep at the rough draft I know it is. But he sat in The Scribbleorium all yesterday afternoon just staring at the machine. I had to drag him out to dinner at seven.

"He hardly spoke until after the meal; sat there brooding. Then he said that it didn't move—the story. He couldn't get his introduction to suit him, but that is merely technical. The real difficulty was that instead of one main character, there are three.

"You see," he told me, "first the young couple hog the camera; then, just as they're running along nicely, in pops the old sea captain and he has to have the spotlight! I never wrote anything in which the relative importance of the characters was so hard to work out and so nearly impossible to keep in order after. And I have to finish it! I have to get it off if I'm going to meet that note and pay the bills!"

Right there I interrupted her, my peevishness overriding her orders:

"Look here, Helen!" I snapped. "D'you mean to tell me that Don's been worrying himself sick over money without saying a word to me?"

"Have you five hundred in your pocket—that you don't need?" she countered very sweetly. "That you won't need for maybe three or four months?"

"No," I admitted, "I have about four hundred and—well, I thought a couple hundreds—"



"I had a sensation of an icy hand . . ."

"Well," she cried impatiently, "We're not getting anywhere with this. Don would do 'most anything before he'd accept money from you, who are in the same game and suffer from the same uncertainties. He's been very worried both over the money due and over this story. I never saw him lie awake nights as he's done the last two weeks. You know

how we lived for two years—cooped up in a one-room apartment on Russian Hill. You know how Don was when we took this big old place—just like a kid getting into the country. He doesn't want us to go back to an apartment. It would look as if he'd failed, you know. . . . But about last night:

"He went back to work and I'd just

heard the clock strike eleven when he came to bed. I half heard him undressing and when he lay down I saw that he was smoking. He was still asleep this morning at seven. He took the pup for a walk and came back whistling. But at breakfast he was heavy-eyed and quiet. Then—now listen carefully, Bill, carefully! You won't understand, otherwise!

"He looked for his smoking-stand in the bedroom; I heard him growling to himself. Then he went out into his workroom and came back carrying the stand. He was muttering to himself:

"Losing my mind, I suppose. Can't remember what I do with things. Carried the smoking stand from bedroom to workroom. But I don't remember doing it."

"After breakfast he went out to his desk. It was perhaps twenty minutes later that I heard the door open with a bang and he came rushing into the kitchen where I was doing dishes, carrying a sheaf of manuscript sheets. He snatched me around the waist and waltzed me around the kitchen. I kept crying to him to ask what it was all about; then the logical conclusion came—he'd got the story to suit him.

"I've got it right!" he told me. "It's good! It's damned good! It's—oh, I hardly know how to say it. If I told you what I really think of it—anyway, it's far and away the best thing Don Gordon ever set his name above. It's—I hardly know how to express the thought, but in this one I've carried into execution things I've always felt, the shades of thought I could never seem to get much beyond mere conception before.

"I've had brilliant ideas, before; had all the emotions roused, but when I came to set them down I seemed to—oh, grope blindly; to just piddle with words! But not in this one; not in this one!"

"Then he stopped short to look at me, as if expecting me to do more than merely look pleased. And when he'd stared for a full minute, I suppose I must have seemed bewildered.

"Look here!" he cried. "Doesn't this strike you as—peculiar?"

"Of course not!" I told him—truthfully enough. "I knew that you'd do it as you wanted to do it, in the end."

"But—but *when* do you think I did it? Doesn't it occur to you that I've been away from the breakfast table only a quarter-hour or so? Do you think I did all this—he waved the manuscript sheets at me excitedly, 'in that time? Why, Helen, this isn't my old manuscript at all! Not one sheet of it! Helen! Last night, for the first time in my life, I walked in my sleep. More, I—

"Remember my saying that the smoking stand had been moved? Well, I moved it, all right, but not this morning. Sometime last night I must have got up and taken it out to my desk. Then evi-



"Look here!
Doesn't this strike
you as peculiar?"

dently—I sat down and rewrote the whole story. For here it is in longhand without so much as a crossed-out word. The story I had been trying to make it, but even better than those parts which I thought I'd done pretty well. The introduction, the proper sizing of the three main characters. I—Honestly, I'm just dazed. I've heard of this sort of thing, but—I've never walked in my sleep; you know how lightly I sleep.

"But, fortunately, all that's immaterial, now. Here's my story; better by far than I'd ever hoped to write it. Remember that sleep-walking pilot Mark Twain tells of? Me, I feel the same way: If I can write like this asleep, what *couldn't* I do if I were dead! Now, I'm going to type this and get it off, special delivery. I'm going to ask Pierce to wire me the money if he takes it—and he can't help taking this one!"

She stopped for breath and I sat scowling at the mouthpiece, visualizing on it the faces of these two—Helen, blonde, fragile-seeming, perfect foil for Don, who was dark and quick-moving, slender, and steely-hard as a rapier, almost. What she had said, thus far, was interesting. But hardly more than that, to one know-

ing Don's sensitiveness, the fantastic channels his mind—like his fiction—sometimes took. But there was a tenseness in Helen's voice that was communicated to me like—like an electric current.

"Go on! Go on!" I snapped. "Then what?"

"He had the story typed by noon," she said slowly, as if trying to speak plainly beyond misunderstanding, to give every word its proper place. "He came in to luncheon with the manuscript sealed and laid it upon the cloth. He smiled at me triumphantly.

"He was like a boy let out of school and I was infected by his enthusiasm. For I told myself that if Don liked this story, it was probably a good bet financially, as well as artistically. You know that Don has a pretty cold, analytical side which keeps him from excess of enthusiasm about his work.

"Now, in the name of our creditors," he announced, getting up, 'I'll mail it!'

"He went after his hat. But minutes passed without a sound from him. I wondered, but went on clearing the table without investigating the delay or, more remarkable, his silence. Then suddenly he came rushing out. At the kitchen door

he clapped his hand to bare head and swore impatiently. He ran back and when he returned, his hat was jammed on anyhow. In his hand he had, not the manuscript envelope, but the yellow sheets of the rough draft he had just copied. These were crumpled—he wads up the old sheets as he types. These, evidently, he had taken out of the wastebasket.

"I saw all this at a glance, Bill, but it was his face that held me fascinated. I've known Don five years and the only other time I've seen him looking like this, was the day when he half-killed that Mexican who shouldered me into the gutter. His face was like a piece of gray paper; his eyes were dilated and he seemed not to see me, though staring straight at me.

"I must have cried out, for he shook his head impatiently. But still he didn't seem to be fully conscious of my presence. He was shaking his head:

"'It—It can't be!' he said in a—a sort of desperate tone, as if he were trying to convince himself of something. 'God! If that sort of thing were possible—It can't be! Incredible—presposterous!'

"Then he jumped for the stairhead. I ran after him, calling his name, but he didn't answer. I heard him mumbling your name, Bill.

"'Bill may know. . . . Still, it couldn't be that? But maybe Bill can help—'

"What do you think about it? I'm half-crazy. The more I think of it, the more I wonder if—if he could have—nervous breakdown or something like that. Still, his letter to Pierce is quite coherent and—ordinary. I opened the manuscript envelope. But what will I do, Bill?"

"Nothing, until I tell you," I reassured her. "He's got some fool notion in his head and when he's talked it over with me it'll be over. As for his not noticing you, why, that's poor taste, of course. But all husbands are guilty of it. Now, you stop worrying. I'll send him or bring him home to you after a while, right side up and all that. I'll—The bell's ringing now. I'd better go pay his taxi fare."

But he had either paid it or lost the driver. When I opened my apartment door, he fairly plunged through it, as white-faced, as wide-eyed, as Helen had described him; he was fairly waving a thin sheaf of crumpled yellow sheets. He rushed past me and over to the desk where I had been correcting proofsheets. He slammed down his handwritten manuscript pages:

"Come here" he flung at me over-shoulder. "Quick! Look at these!"

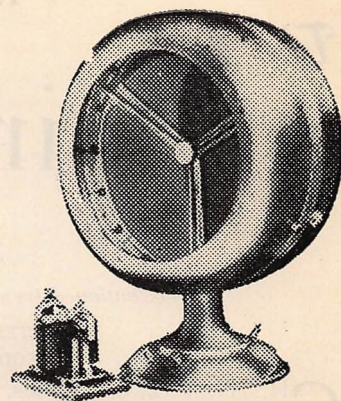
I came over and looked at them while he waited with a strained intensity; the fixity of the man holding himself in against an almost overwhelming emotion of some kind. His hands were shaking; not the tremor of fingers that accompanies minor stress, but with the con-

(Continued on page 34)

TAO THE ROYAL WAY TO HEALTH (Personal Name Radio)

By
VEOLITA PARKE BOYLE

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IT is about time that a really scientific explanation took its place before the public, and set *The Radio of Personal Names* on its true basis of the well known action of the vibration of sound.

The most absurd things have been said and written about it, the wildest theories advanced concerning it. It has been placed in the realm of occultism, of fortune-telling, of imagination—in fact, in every realm of *nonsense* which could be devised or thought of. Whereas its real realm, its logical, common sense, true scientific realm, stands on, practically, the table of every home in the civilized world today—the *radio*.

Every time we listen to a radio program we are really listening to the explanation of Name Vibration.

Every broadcasting station sends out many times a day, the explanation of Name Vibration.

Sound cannot exist without vibration; such a proposition is well known to be an utterly impossible one.

Each of your names by itself represents a sound; your full name, therefore, is a combination of several sounds; each one of these sounds *must* have a separate vibration of its own, otherwise it could not exist.

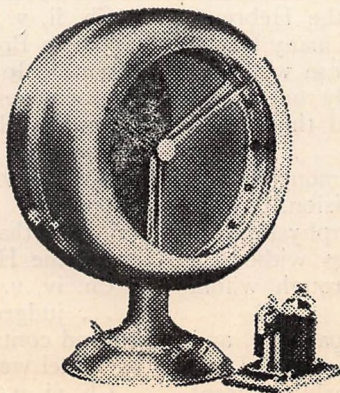
Every note of the Radio has its own wave-length, it *must* have, otherwise we could have no music.

Each one of your names has, in exactly the same manner, its own wave-length; otherwise we could have no names; and to carry it still further, no language.

Several notes used together on a musical instrument, in a correct manner, may be very harmonious; several notes used together in an incorrect manner may be absolutely hideous and health-destroying in their nerve-racking combination of sounds.

There are only two ways of playing upon a musical instrument—correctly or incorrectly.

There are only two ways of composing a name—correctly or incorrectly.



Correctly combined musical notes produce harmonious vibratory action and reaction.

Every correctly combined radio wave-length produces a desirable result of some sort.

When musical notes are discordantly combined, they not only produce distressing sounds, but it is an actual fact that continued long enough in the hearing of the same person, the result would be *insanity*.

When any sounds, no matter what they are or may be, are combined in *any* manner, they must produce results of some sort, good or bad; there is no way out of this fact. It simply *is*.

Your name, and especially your combination of names, *must* produce results good or bad; there is no way out of it.

To catch the wonderful harmonies which are all about us in the Universe and translate them into beauty for our own lives—this is the object of Tao.

We also aim to remove from it the stigma of ignorance and bring its truth and grandeur to the knowledge of those who seek for the *true* harmonies of Nature.

"Personal Name Radio" has been written for the benefit of those who, having neither time nor inclination for the deeper study necessary to an understanding of the principles involved in this science, nevertheless wish a method which will guide them by the *very shortest cut* possible to its results and benefits.

That it is an absolutely *exact* and accurate science has long passed beyond the possibility of question.

It is the *one science* which offers a method of curing, or at least ameliorating *many* of the evils of life.

The definitions given here contain the type of events *likely* to occur in regard to money and business matters during the life of the individual whose name is being read. Some of them may have already occurred, others are probably yet to come. If one part of the name indicates good fortune and another indicates misfortune, then there will be periods when the good fortune will predominate, and other periods when it will seem as if all went wrong.

DIRECTIONS

To use this book, follow directions carefully.

The manner of adding the names from the table of letters and numbers as given below is *very* simple. Any child of ten can learn it in a few moments.

If it is done correctly the accuracy of the reading given for each number will be a never-ending source of amusement and fascination to all.

Each letter is to be counted as the number under which it is placed in the table.

(Continued on page 36)

Revelations Kept Secret from the World

The Spiritualism of the Bible

By GEORGE BROWN

(Continued from last month)

CHAPTER VIII EXODUS

CH. III, V. 2, 3. Moses, who was trained and educated along occult lines by the wise men of Pharaoh's court, because they recognized in him the natural clairvoyant powers of a direct descendant of Israel, was one of the greatest occultists of that day. His vision of the burning bush, and the subsequent conversation between him and the angel messenger of Jehovah, are ample proof of his clairvoyant ability.

Ch. iv, v. 3 to 7 incl. The transformations performed by the angel messenger of Jehovah, are well known to all competent clairvoyants who know that astral matter is subject to the will of the astral entities. It is in this way that the astrals form the symbols which clairvoyants see while functioning upon the superphysical planes. Moses, being accustomed to the tribal messengers of the Egyptian Gods, did not know the messengers of Jehovah, and was unwilling to follow the instructions of an astral entity whom he had not seen before.

V. 14, 15 and 16. Moses, having the occult power, would demonstrate the phenomena, while Aaron the talker, would be his mouthpiece.

V. 22. "Israel is my son, even my firstborn." Jehovah distinctly and unequivocally asserts that Israel, or Jacob, was his firstborn. By this he means that he (Jehovah) had been appointed the tribal God of the Israelites and that Jacob was the first of the tribes of Israel—the first of the great line of Israelite clairvoyants.

Ch. v, v. 1, 2 and 3. Pharaoh had never heard of Jehovah, the God of the Israelites, and did not recognize him, as none of his priests nor prophets had ever known of any God by that name.

Ch. vi, v. 3. "And I appeared to Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, by the name of God Almighty, but by my name of Jehovah I was not known to them."

V. 7. "And I would take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God." In this, Jehovah once more repeated that he was to be the tribal God to one people only—to Israel and his clairvoyant line.

Ch. xi, v. 25. The seventy elders prophesy. Angels spoke through the seventy prophets, and they prophesied for Moses.

V. 29. Moses wished to God that all the Hebrews were clairvoyants. Moses realized, as have many teachers both before and since his time, that those who had the faculty of clairvoyance were the only ones who could have knowledge of a future life and thus could realize the existence of Jehovah.

Ch. xii, v. 6. "If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord, will make myself known in a vision." This was all that Jehovah could do, as no superphysical being can communicate with physical beings without a seer, prophet, clairvoyant, or medium through whom to speak.

V. 8. "With him will I speak—even apparently, and not in dark speeches; and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold." In this verse it is clearly apparent

that it was not Jehovah, but one of his messengers, who was talking to the group. As it is impossible for anyone to behold God, it is evident that it was merely an astral messenger who had announced that he would appear in the similitude, or likeness of Jehovah.

NUMBERS

Ch. xii, v. 7. The elders departed with the fee for mediumistic services. In those times, as in the preceding and succeeding times, it was customary to pay for the medium's services.

V. 8, 9. Being a good clairvoyant, Balaam knew that he could get from the superphysical planes the information that his clients desired. He was also cognizant of the fact that neither he, nor anyone else could communicate directly with God, but, like the others, he realized that the pretence of talking with God would enhance his value with his clients.

V. 35. "And the angel of the Lord said unto Balaam." In this verse, it is clearly and positively stated that the angel, rather than Jehovah, had spoken and was speaking to Balaam.

Ch. xxiii, v. 3, 4. Balaam told Jehovah where to meet him, and Jehovah obeyed Balaam's orders. Evidently no one would assume that Balaam could tell Jehovah where to meet him, and that he would obey him. Balaam merely needed the quietness in which to relax properly, and to ascertain what the astral entities could show him regarding Balak.

Ch. xxiv, v. 4 and 16. "A trance, but having his eyes open." Balaam here spoke of himself as going into a trance with his eyes wide open, but this was not his actual meaning. What Balaam really meant was that he could go into a state of relaxation and function on the superphysical planes with his eyes open. Open eye functioning is always the sign of a good clairvoyant, as the majority function with the eyes closed. Balaam therefore was extolling his own prowess as a clairvoyant.

Ch. xxvii, v. 21. The fortune telling concerning Joshua by Eleazar, the high priest. Concerning the future of Joshua the high priests, Eleazar and Moses, inquired of God by means of the Urim or magic stone, which was set in the ephods of the high priests. This was the magic crystal which was used by them to foretell the future events for their patrons.

JUDGES

Ch. ii, v. 1. "An angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim and said; I made you to go up out of Egypt." In this case, as in all of the others in which the messages and teachings have been said to have been given by Jehovah himself, they have been given by his messengers, not by Jehovah.

Ch. iii, v. 10. "And the spirit of the Lord came upon him." In this chapter we again find confirmatory evidence that none but clairvoyants directed and governed the Hebrews.

Ch. iv, v. 4, 5 and 9. "And Deborah, a prophetess, . . . judged Israel at that time." These verses show beyond controversy that the prophets, judges, and seers of Israel were purely and simply spiritualistic mediums.

Ch. vi, v. 11, 12. An angel appeared to Gideon. As

is usual in astral appearances, the angel was considered, addressed, and spoken of, as Jehovah.

V. 36 to 40, incl. Gideon evidently did not believe what the angel told him, for he demanded proof of his ability to make good his promises.

Ch. ix, v. 23. "Then God sent an evil spirit." This statement is rather frequently met with. However, it does not mean that there are such beings as evil spirits, for there are no evil spirits. It merely proves that angels are dispatched to advise or give counsel in order that certain actions, with apparently evil results, may be performed by man. Simply because the advice does not happen to meet with their approval, men in their foolish vanity term such advisers evil spirits.

Ch. xiii. This entire chapter simply relates the mediumistic experiences of Samson's mother. It also explains why astral messengers were so frequently mistaken for Jehovah himself.

Ch. xvii, v. 10. Micah hired a Levite to be his priest or fortune teller. Later, five Danites recognized the fortune teller and persuaded him to tell their fortunes.

Ch. xx, v. 18. The children of Israel went to the temple and asked of the Urim or divining stone—magic crystal—in the high priest's ephod, the best course to be pursued against the tribe of Benjamin.

CHAPTER IX I. SAMUEL

CH. II, V. 27 and 35. A messenger of Jehovah spoke to Eli, the high priest, and told him of the coming death of his sons. He also said that Samuel would develop the clairvoyant faculty.

Ch. iii, v. 1. "There was no open vision." The first verse of this chapter plainly and emphatically asserts that there were but few clairvoyants among the priests of the temple "in those days." Most of them relied entirely upon the clairaudient faculty. The remainder of this chapter is devoted to telling of the development by the young priest Samuel of the faculty of clairvoyance.

Ch. ix. This entire chapter is purely and simply an exposition of the mediumistic faculty of the clairvoyant high priest Samuel.

V. 3. States that Kish, the father of Saul, had lost some asses, and that he sent Saul and a companion to find them.

V. 5. Having failed to find them, Saul wished to return home.

V. 6. Saul's servant told him that in the city there was a good medium and that "all that he saith cometh surely to pass." He then suggested that they go and consult him.

V. 7. Saul lamented that he had nothing of value to offer Samuel in payment for his mediumistic services.

V. 8. The servant told Saul that he had some silver coins with which to pay Samuel for telling them where to find their asses.

V. 9. "Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake, Come, and let us go to the seer; for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer." Here we find it clearly and unequivocally stated that the seers and prophets of the Hebrews were purely and simply spiritualistic mediums who foretold events, and gave advice and instruction to their clients.

V. 16. In this verse, Samuel received information that Saul, who was destined to become king of the Hebrews, would come to him on the following day.

V. 18. When Saul came to Samuel for advice concerning his lost livestock, he said, "Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is."

V. 19. Samuel answered Saul, telling him that he was Samuel, the seer, and that on the morrow he would tell his fortune for him.

V. 20. "And as for thine asses . . . they are found."

V. 25. Samuel took Saul to his house, and foretold to him the high destiny awaiting him.

Ch. x, v. 2. Samuel foretold the meeting of Saul and the two men at Rachel's sepulchre.

V. 3, 4. Samuel foretold the meeting of Saul and the three men who were going to inquire of God.

V. 5. Samuel foretold the meeting of Saul and the company of prophets who would prophesy.

V. 6, 7. Samuel foretold that Saul would become a seer, and would prophesy, and have opportunities to observe and learn concerning himself.

V. 10, 11. When Saul came to the hill of God he met the band of prophets, and he himself began to prophesy among them, and when the people saw this they asked, "Is Saul also among the prophets?"

V. 14. Saul told his uncle that he was unable to find the asses, so inquired of the seer, Samuel.

V. 15. Saul's uncle very anxiously questioned him regarding the information obtained from Samuel.

V. 16. Saul answered that Samuel had plainly told him that the asses were found.

V. 22. Then they "enquired of the Lord further" and were answered by Samuel, who told them where Saul was.

V. 24. Samuel proclaimed Saul king and most of the people accepted him.

Ch. xiii, v. 9. Saul offered up the peace offering. When Samuel did not appear at the specified time, Saul, because of the terror of the Hebrews, offered the peace offering to Jehovah.

V. 13. Samuel rebuked Saul for the peace offering and the supplication to Jehovah which had been offered up by Saul.

Ch. xiii, v. 14. But now thy kingdom shall not continue. In this verse, it is evident that Jehovah had already decided that Saul was not the man he had thought he was, and that he had informed Samuel he would destroy Saul.

Ch. xiv, v. 36. The priest asked Saul to consult Jehovah by means of the Urim or divining stone.

V. 37. By means of the magic crystal, Saul asked Jehovah if he should pursue the Philistines, and Jehovah told him not to pursue them that day.

V. 41. Saul asked Jehovah for a perfect lot, and Saul and Jonathan were thus selected to cast lots between themselves.

V. 42. Saul and Jonathan drew lots; Jonathan lost and was accused of having violated Saul's oath.

V. 43. Jonathan confessed that he tasted the honey.

V. 44. Saul condemned Jonathan to death.

V. 45. The Israelites claimed that Jehovah helped Jonathan, and they would not allow Saul to kill his son, Jonathan.

Ch. xv, v. 2, 3. Jehovah ordered Saul to entirely destroy the Amalekites; to kill men, women and children, and all their animals also.

V. 8. Saul killed all the Amalekites, men, women, and children, but spared the life of their king, Agag.

V. 9. Saul and the people of Israel took Agag prisoner, and spared the best of the livestock of the Amalekites.

V. 11. Jehovah repented again that he had made Saul king of Israel.

V. 14. Samuel asked Saul where he had gotten the sheep and oxen that were in the possession of the Israelites.

V. 15. Saul told Samuel that the best of the sheep and oxen had been saved to offer as a sacrifice to Jehovah.

(Continued next month)

Effa DANELSON'S

❑ Is Occultism a Religion?

OCULTISM, being a study of the mind and its discoveries, could hardly be classed as a religion. It can be said of Occultism that it embraces religion just as it embraces the wireless, the radio, the wind, the air, the light, the great idealism through which man reaches the soul of things not seen or detected by the five physical senses—the sixth sense, so to speak, or it might be classed as the fourth dimension.

Occultism, like Protestantism, represents groups of people who have chosen to study the workings of the mind and the hidden things of Nature including all things about which man is in doubt.

When you know a law you become master of that which you sought; therefore, being an Occultist simply means that you seek *knowledge* of the things that others only *believe*. The Occult field embraces all of the unknown. To be a master Occultist, you must have transformed the unknown to the known in your particular field of endeavor. If you are a Spiritualist you *must* know that the dead live beyond the grave a life which is in conformity with Nature's law. Psychism, representing one group of Occultists embraces Hypnotism, Telepathy, Psychology, Theosophy, Spiritualism, and all their branches, because it constitutes the faculty through which these various expressions are brought into action.

Associate with any group you desire, but know that the root, not the branch, gives sustenance to the fruit. A drop of water may change its form and its association, but it still remains a drop of water whether in the ocean, a flake of snow, or frozen hail.

Occultism is the great root, putting forth the fruit-bearing branches. The Occult World is that unknown part of Life into which all students of the Occult are today unflinchingly delving and from which all knowledge of Life can be extracted. Through it we find the golden key that unlocks the storehouses of the universes. He whose Occult powers serve him well is most blessed among men.

66 ❑ Is It All Humbug?

SOULS do not come back—it's all humbug, pure and simple," was the answer given by a clergyman to one of his flock who asked him in all earnestness, why should a soul come back. Speaking further, the clergyman said, "The forms you see and the voices you hear are not those of departed ones." "But why *do* souls come back," persisted the inquirer. He, of prejudiced mind, and fear ridden conscience, could not answer the pleader or give solace to the mourner.

The answer to the first question "Why do souls come back," is simple. A soul comes back for three reasons: To finish its life work, to atone for wrongs done in the body, or to work out revenge on those who did it harm while in the physical body. A mother who loves her child will return to that child to guide and protect it. One who has committed a crime cannot stay away from the scene of the crime. Those

whose interest in earth life is retained will seek the pleasures to be gained through keeping in touch with the former life—either good or bad. *The law governs*—not what one group of people or another might think on the subject. We who contact the after-life *know*—we do not guess. We have demonstrated the Law and it has not failed.

We can tell the eager questioner what Death is. We think we know what Birth is because we realize the development of Life. Few realize that the very Birth we herald has left a decaying vehicle that the physical eye cannot detect. Nevertheless it is true. We witness Death, not realizing that the same phenomenon that we call Birth, has taken place. The two are *one*, whose mission is the passage of Life from one vehicle to another, that Life may be sustained.

The development of the psychic faculties in these vehicles is most important in obtaining a full life, rich in experience.

Clergymen who are blind should not cast their blindness on those earnestly seeking light. An honest answer to the query "Why do souls come back" ought to have been given, or having no answer, the clergyman should have admitted he did not know it. Not being allowed to think for himself, and too indolent to reason, he accepted the answer given in the textbook of his church, whose business it is to keep the people in mental bondage.

T ❑ The Virgin Sin

THE Virgin Sin for which Christ died is the sin of Ignorance in which the child is born. It is committed by the parents and not the unborn child.

If parents could realize the penalty placed upon the head of their unborn babe, they would refrain from committing the sin that leads to its condemnation. The sprinkling of water to save the soul of a babe just born demonstrates craven ignorance of the law of physical and mental development, places God in the class of the god of the natives, to appease whose wrath, they sacrificed their babes—a thing not tolerated in this day of awakening. Today, a child is no longer held responsible for the sins of his father. We have learned that each individual, on coming to the age of reason, is responsible for his own acts. Surely, if man has evolved to this comprehension we should no longer lay upon the human race the responsibility of the misdeeds of those from whom (as we are taught) the whole race sprang.

If we are not held responsible for our own acts as little children we surely ought not to be held accountable for the sins committed by the fathers of men in the beginning of time.

The Virgin Sin can only be committed by the father of the unborn child. It robs the child of its inheritance to the perfect life, and places upon it the burden of the cross, a burden which must be carried throughout his physical incarnation, and which no order of prayer or a thousand forms of baptism of water or fire can lessen. A child that has been disturbed in the cradle of the mother's womb is robbed of its throne. Ritualistic rites cannot restore this throne to the child. It is an irrepar-

—by the Editor

EDITORIALS *of the* DAY

able loss to the physical body which no sacrifice can restore.

The second birth, known to Christianity as Death, as interpreted by the psychic, gives Life a new body which church law cannot counterfeit; nor can man's law deny or deprive him of his activities beyond the grave.

Man is a free moral agent as far as Life itself is concerned. The physical body *only* can be bound and fettered.

The Virgin Sin which cannot be forgiven (restored or forgotten) does not apply to Life. It is a chattel bond and a chain on the physical body only—a sin for which the child pays and pays, for the foundation of the temple is burst asunder, the veil of the temple is rent in twain, and the little traveler is at the mercy of wind and waves. Wrecks of humanity, who were thus cast upon a merciless world are to be seen on every side.

While men pray for salvation with eyes blind to the cause, this sin is constantly being perpetrated on the unborn babe.

Lust, Lust, thou art master of the human slave—the serpent in the garden of the human race.

Man, the emulator of his Creator, is the only living creature who commits the unpardonable crime of the Virgin Sin.

W ¶ Why Do We Wait?

WHY do we wait while time speeds on? Year after year the flowers bloom—the seasons come and go. They bring the seed time, the harvest and winter's frost and snow, the while men wait and wail, struggle and ask for mercy—and time goes on, our task undone, our hands empty. We look stern reality in the face and ask ourselves what we have done to bring such terror to our souls—we wait and wonder why it is. The birds are happy in their song and mating—why is it the human creature who can think and build, dream and create, is filled with woe and longing for the things that only time can bring—waiting—hoping for the realization just beyond his reach. Why is it man alone lets the golden moments of the present pass from his mastership. Waiting—eternally waiting, for that which is to come. Hoping—eternally hoping for that elusive thing which is to be. Dreaming—eternally dreaming of that picture yet to be fulfilled, holding with persistent hands that door ajar into the Beyond where all is well, all is beautiful, all is happiness, waiting for that step across the bar.

Youth longs for maturity; age seeks again the fountain of wasted youth. Thus through aeons of time man has waited, and wasted Life, seeking happiness, waiting for Eternity.

Groping in blindness through Life, he has stumbled and risen again and again—struggled on, seeking the goal where eternal Life abounds, only to realize at the zero hour the things he waited and watched for had passed beyond his recall. He had lived them all un-

noticed in that Eternal Now, because he was ever looking thru the door of the Past—regretting, or with wistful eyes through the door of the Future—hoping and wishing that the hour would hasten when he could claim his full measure of happiness in that Eternity, the Master of Time, luring the feet of men to its eternal shrine.

U ¶ Crime—An Inspiration!

SING the term *inspired* in connection with criminals may seem to some a desecration of the word, though no offense is intended. We are convinced that criminals are inspired by the same process of law that the inventor conceives his invention, the artist beholds the vision of his creation or the inspired evangelist receives his soul-stirring address.

The production depends on the inspirer—how well he can control his subject. It is generally conceded that inventions are the work of a master inspirer—a musician is inspired, a keen, magnetic lecturer is inspired. If we concede that all good is the result of inspiration, we must concede the same cause to all that is bad.

Not excusing the crime, but getting down to rock bottom for the power that produces the action. It is appalling when we think of the type and the age of our criminals today. How wise they are and how young. A decade ago criminals were men of from 30 to 50 years of age. Today, they are boys and girls ranging from 8 to 20 years. Who inspires these young minds? They are not criminals aged with crime. They are not criminals from experience. They are criminals because they are inspired and let us *thunder* our proclamation, *they are inspired by those who paid the price of their crime with their life to protect society.*

Crime has become an inspiration. Youth saw the glamor, a chance to live in luxury, to boast, to see the world. They never intended to kill; murder was not in the plan—it came as a climax, just like the killing of the fox at the end of the chase. Their overwrought minds fell easy prey to an old confederate in crime who had paid the last price and won the big game. Gleefully he stands guard over youth.

The law took the toll then. The youths of today are reaping the results of the heavy toll paid by the criminals of a decade ago.

Crime is an inspiration and criminals are inspired. There is only one cause of crime and one remedy; to erase it we must cease sending the criminal into the psychic world to return and inspire youths whom he compels to follow in his footsteps.



This story gives a brief description of one of the Witchcraft Assembly-Rooms, recently dismantled by the Ku Klux Klan, with an Evil-eyed Witches Head on the Altar, a serpent to the north, a sphinx to the south, the rising sun in the east, and crescent moon to the west.

The Black HEX

By H. F. JAMISON

PROFESSOR Blymer, Soothsayer and Chief Doctrinarian of the Realm of Mysticism—Southern Aliquot—looked his Assembly over with a knowing and critical eye. The upstairs Assembly-room was full—some two hundred souls present, chiefly farmers and others from the rural districts.

For three days, mystic triple crosses had appeared about the village, upon the public well, on the post office walls, and other prominent places most frequented by the rural and semi-rural populace.

The three crosses, symbolizing by their number, "Time within three days," so small that they could scarcely be discerned by the uninitiated, were big and glaring, momentous to those who read and understood their ritualistic augury, for they were never used except to call attention to a meeting of special importance.

The Assembly-room itself, guarded well by both inner and outer sentinels, was pregnant with an air of utmost secrecy. All windows had been made opaque and the one door was always locked after each entry or exit.

In the center of the room stood an altar upon which rested the Master Symbols of the order: A Witch's Head, lighted weirdly by vari-colored lamps and emitting the odor of a strange, oriental incense, whose fumes, carrying as they did the deadly *Devi-fungi* leaves of central Africa, had the power of stupefying and lulling to the point of disservice the reasoning faculties of those who inhaled them.

On the north wall hung a serpent of polished brass, on the south wall a painting of the Sphinx, on the east the Rising Sun, and on the west a crescent Moon.

Seated upon a throne of ebony, before him an altar of chipped olive-wood, sat Professor Blymer, the Chief Prestidigitator and Incanteur.

Emblazoned on the altar facing the assembly was the figure of a Mumbo-Jumbo, with its terrible evil eye—an object of venerable worship—their superstitious jinnée or fetich.

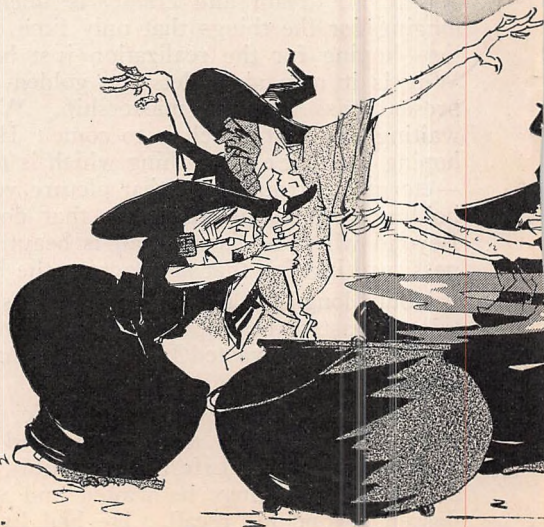
Professor Blymer was tall, with a cadaverous face, black piercing eyes and a long pointed moustache. He arose, took up a gavel of ebony and gave three raps upon a golden bell. Everything became as still as death itself, and in a hollow sepulchral voice the speaker began:

"We have gathered here tonight, my beloved subjects of the Mystic Realm of Incantation, in order that you may be apprised as to certain events which have transpired in the life of a member of our sacred and mystic circle.

"You have all read, I am sure, in the daily papers of the unwarranted slaying of our beloved Mystic, Brother B—— in Pennsylvania. Before we proceed further, you will please stand and join with me in this Holy Pow-wow of eternal secrecy. Place your left hand in the proper position and repeat after me:

"I—pronounce your name where I pronounce mine—in the presence of Lucifer, His Satanic Majesty, Prince of Power of the Air in the presence of the Furies, in the presence of the Black Hag, My Lady of thee Broom, in the presence of Pluto, King of the Lower world, and all the inhabitants of Pandemonium, Limbo, the Abyss, Tophet I do solemnly promise that I will keep forever inviolate even unto death, the secrets about to be entrusted to my keeping.

"Should I ever betray the confid-

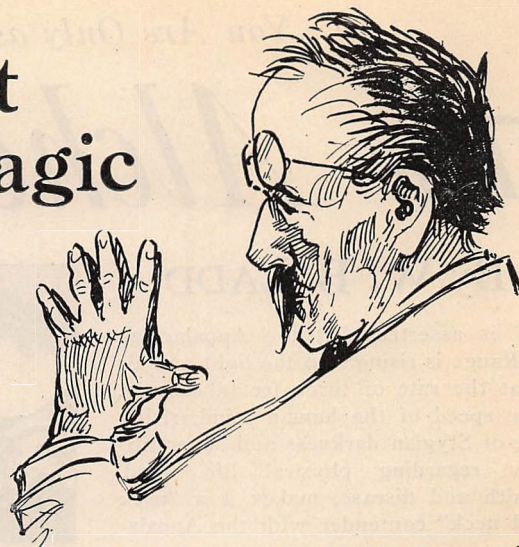


A Story of Witchcraft and Black Magic

The Time—The Year 1929

The Place—United States

The Cast—The hundred
who are born
every minute—
99 Fools and 1
Medicine Man



The Black Hex or Zero is quite common in the swamp or "sunk" lands in certain parts of United States. Hogs die, crops fail and reputations are blasted under the magic power of the "hex."

ences of this Powwow by word or deed, may the awful Black Hex of the Initiatory warning which I received at my advent into this ancient and honorable order, fall upon me and mine, and remain there forever!

"So help me, Spirit of Witchcraft."

"Thank you. Be seated, gentlemen."

Professor Blymer cleared his throat and drew from an inner pocket a letter. "Mystic Subjects," he said: "You will recall a letter read in your hearing a few days ago, but to bring back everything fresh to your minds, I will once more read it.

"To the Members of the Exalted Brotherhood in the Sacred Bonds of the Mystic Realm at, _____, Southern Aliquot, Greeting:

'I herewith reveal to you an ordeal which I am at present undergoing and urgently request your help. Though far away in physical embodiment, you are with me spiritually tonight.

"My life is threatened by imposters. Three persons, whose names are herewith enclosed—their leader a professed Witch Doctor, have been trying to make me believe that he (their leader) possesses the Mystic Power, and that he had cast a Black Hex over me. I laughed at him and spat upon the ground in derision for I knew that I alone held the true revelation of Mysteries. The three then swore that they would kill me if I did not surrender my sacred book to them. This in itself, proved their inability to cope with me, else why should they otherwise desire the truths I hold? They think the book "My Long Lost Friend" contains the formulae, but they are mistaken; it does not—it is

but a makeshift to be surrendered in the event of danger.

"But to the point: The symbols tonight are *not* in my favor! The Crystal shows a coffin in a slanting position in midair, and my own face directly beneath it. So, you see, my dear subjects, I have cause to fear violence. And, in all the Assemblies of the Mystic Realm, universally, I know of none more faithful than yours, or no leader whom I love more than I love your exalted Professor Blymer, my former co-worker in our organization. Hence, fearing, as I have said, violence, I am speeding you the only authentic version extant today of our beloved Mysteries, entitled, "Lost Truths."

"It dates back to the time of Moses, revealing secrets such as the great Lawgiver's power to cause his rod to become a serpent and swallow up the rods of the Egyptians. Also contained therein is the Apostle Paul's sacred information given him by the Witch of Endor and other truths of which I dare not write as the paper would be consumed ere it reached you.

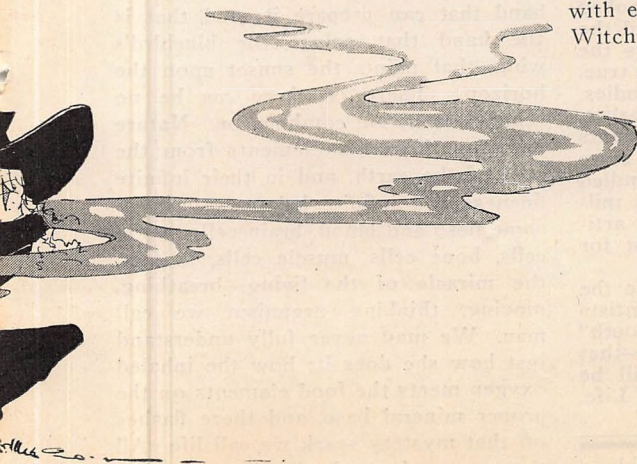
"But, I will say unto you that the volume is priceless.

"It will give you knowledge of complete riches; tell you how to overcome death, teach you the heavenly delights of prolonged love—now unknown to the human sexes. Yes, it will enlighten you with all the facts concerning fleshly enjoyment, such as the world is constantly searching for but never finds: the forbidden knowledge which the Serpent in the Garden of Eden understood and which was so desirable that Eve, the first creation of Woman-kind forsook the Paradise of God to obtain.

"All this, and much more is found in Lost Truths."

(Continued on page 38)

Raymond William Taylor
in his play "The Devil"



You Are Only as Healthy as Your Bloodstream

The Alchemy of Health

By W. B. LADD

IT is asserted that the Appalachian Range is rising into the light and air at the rate of three feet a century. The speed of the human mind, rising out of Stygian darkness and superstition regarding physical life, food, health and disease, makes it a "neck and neck" contender with the Appalachians.

Men simply refuse to think. They will reason and investigate along all other lines, but when it comes to the daily life and health, by simple, natural methods and forces, they close up like a clam, with the parting shot that "folks don't care to be lectured about what they eat."

Just as truly and practically as what we put into the mouth of the furnace determines the power, usefulness and life of the furnace, so what we put into the mouth of the human furnace determines, to the nth degree, what the life and power of the human should be.

No life of any grade or description can exist if deprived of its food. This is true of a blade of grass, fluttering leaf, a man or an elephant. Take from the soil all of the food elements, and directly the grass dies, the green leaf withers and fades. Take a part only, and the blade droops and sickens, the leaf turns sallow and anæmic, and long before its time falls to its grave, the earth. The same must be true of man. How can it be otherwise? The startling truth that sickness or death, or both, must necessarily follow as a matter of fixed natural law, the destruction or loss of these life elements of our food stares every man, woman and child in the face. If you destroy all of them, it is swift death by starvation. If a part only are destroyed, it is slow or partial death, but starvation just the same. This last we call disease, and there are hundreds of more or less unpronounceable names for the different manifestations, or symptoms, of this same thing.

If I knew my automobile was failing me and running hot for lack of oil, would not good sense tell me to restore the oil to the circulation and thereby reduce the heat? The human machine begins to fail in speed and power, runs hot, and we call it fever. Billions of minute cells of the body must have oxygen, or they die. The only possible supply is through the blood—the common carrier of the in-



THE hour has arrived when all mankind will profit by adopting the only way of preventing disease, remedying ill-health and preserving heritage unblemished! Pasteur of Paris stood alone and talked to the deluded scientists of the world who were drugging the nations to death.

In this day of enlightenment there is no excuse to revel in ignorance—nor travel the path that leads but to the grave! You say it is wrong to commit suicide? Then why should it not be a crime not to safeguard health? Every recognized law on earth says you are wrong, and you know it is wrong—but you say it is custom. Away with custom if it shortens your life—makes innocent wives, loving mothers and helpless children pay the penalty of you and your ancestor's mistakes. Money cannot compensate for a weak bloodstream. It is the liquid soul of you; it is the saviour of nations. You cannot have courage, energy, vitality of strength to fight the battles of life if your bloodstream is starving and under-nourished.

More tears have been shed, more lives have been ruined, more hearts have been broken, more fortunes have been destroyed, more tombstones erected; hence, we awaken to the truth before it is too late. Laws govern facts. Scientists have proclaimed the discovery of long-sought biochemical secrets—the basic elements whose properties repair diseased tissues of the body, restore health and prolong life. Commonsense alone tells you we must recognize the health-giving vitamins in raw vegetables, whose cereals, properly cooked foods, unadulterated beverages and the sun-kissed purity of ripened fruits the world over. If these things be true, why should we surrender our bodies, our minds, our happiness, our pleasure, our health, our everything that counts—for a short-cut to "the little store around the corner" where man-handled foodstuffs wreck our lives, while millionaires are made overnight on artificial foods that offer us the least for the money?

Alchemists of olden times down to the greatest of modern-day scientists sought to find the "Fountain of Youth" only to discover the Great Truth—that in Nature's laboratories alone will be found the all-chemical secrets of Life.

—Editor.

ner system. Oxygen meets the blood at the lungs. If there is iron in the

Food Specialist

blood, oxygen unites with it, and these billions of cells are supplied and they live. If there is no iron, there is nothing to carry oxygen back to the cells, and disorder and disease result. The heart leaps to the rescue, racing the blood faster and faster to carry its scant supply of oxygen. Increased friction in the pipe line creates heat, and we say the patient is burning up with fever. Would not the same sort of sense suggest restoring the iron to the circulation to reduce the heat? If this happens to my car and I narrowly escape disaster, would I not watch the oil supply more carefully after that? If I narrowly escape the conflagration of typhoid of other fever, is it not good sense to watch out that the blood does not again miss its supply of iron?

This vital necessity of human life does not come in pills, because to be usable in the blood, it must come to the system in nature's delicate balance between the fifteen other mineral and chemical elements. This *must* be true, or the blood stream would become the river of death instead of the red river of life.

How, then, shall we be sure we are giving the blood, not only this element of iron, but all the other fifteen elements, that are absolutely necessary to life and health? Apothecaries cannot furnish them, or they would be able to make blood synthetically. Whence, then, do we get this blood and body building material? What is the source of its supply? Where is the chemist, or the alchemist, who can compound this elixir of life, this balanced blood stream? Manifestly, there is but one hand that can prepare it; and that is the hand that colors the bluebird's wing, that paints the sunset upon the horizon. There is, there *can* be no other balance or combination. Nature picks up these life elements from the dust of the earth, and in their infinite fineness and infinite balance, they become flesh and blood, brain cells, nerve cells, bone cells, muscle cells, in fact, the miracle of the living, breathing, moving, thinking organism we call man. We may never fully understand just how she does it; how the inhaled oxygen meets the food elements on the proper mineral base, and there flashes off that mystery spark we call life. All that we can know is that it works per-

(Continued on page 48)

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

News Notes of Interest to Occultists

"Hexes"

In downtown Chicago three years ago a faking "Hindu" fakir was put out of business. Bring him the photograph of your enemy, and he would put it face down beneath a rug, walk on it with bare feet reciting an incantation. The enemy would languish into strange death.

In a town adjacent to Atlantic City five years ago the Chief of Police encountered the Jersey Devil sitting on City Hall Square, shot at him, tried to make an arrest. But the hideous sprite whirled past on infernal wings, and the Chief of Police entered a note to that effect on the station house blotter.

Thus eternally, in this age of grace and reason, belief in the powers of darkness has bobbed up. This month it was seething in York, Pa., following the confession of a man and two youths that they killed Nelson D. Rehmyer, aged hermit and "powwow doctor" of the vicinity, in an effort to cut from his head the magic witchlock.

The man was John Blymyer, a rival "powwow doctor." To him had come young Wilbert G. Hess, upon whose home rested a "hex" or witchly curse. "Cattle died and members of the family were poorly." Reinforced by the lad John Curry, they went to snatch Rehmyer's witchlock. When he resisted they clubbed him, saturated the body with kerosene, kindled it.

Investigation disclosed that eight murders, five of the victims being infants, during the last two years were allegedly due to witchcraft in the neighborhood. Farm lands and city are gripped by terror of evil spirits and "hexes." Barns and cowsheds bear strange crosses, hieroglyphics against the "hex." Black cats are scarce in the county; for a favorite way of making one's peace with the Devil is to plop one alive into boiling water, keep the last bone for an amulet.

In the modern, thriving, bustling city of York it is common to see men gather up the hair cut from their heads at the barbershop, take it home with them in paper bags. If the hair were swept out and birds should build a nest with even one strand of it, the head would ache until that nest were beaten down by the weather.

A number of manuals of "black magic" circulate covertly in the vicinity, such as the *Himmelsbrief* or *Heaven Letter*, the *Seventh Book of Moses* and the *Long Lost Friend*. They give incantations to be said for various diseases, for love, for riches, for vengeance.

To stop hemorrhage, for instance, the "powwow doctor" recites: "Upon Christ's

grave three lilies grow. The first is named youth. The other virtue. The third Subul. Blood stop." Then he makes the sign of the cross thrice over the patient.

A long incantation from the *Seventh Book of Moses* covers every conceivable kind of ailment. "It must be spoken three times, three Fridays in succession when the moon is in the taking-off sign. In the morning before sunrise one must go to a flowing stream of water and turn his face in the direction in which the water flows, and on three willow twigs make three knots, in the name of the three most high."

Said a pastor of a rural Lutheran parish near York: "Nearly all of my congregation, perhaps, have been powwowed for, at one time or another. . . . I just ignore it."

York County medical men were planning last week for some action to check "hexers" and "powwow doctors." Inspection of the Pennsylvania statutes revealed a law passed against witchcraft in 1861. The new legislature is to be asked to make it more stringent. According to Coroner L. U. Zech last week, three-fourths of the 150,000 people of York County believe to some extent in witchcraft.

Gen. Ludendorff's Belief in Alchemy

Berlin.—Gen. Eric Ludendorff fell a victim to the age-old lure of making gold out of lead. Franz Tausend, a plumber, told him he had discovered the secret, and the former World War commander of Germany's armies is said to have entrusted all his savings to the plumber.

The plumber was arrested at Bozen, Tyrol, on a charge of forging checks to day.

Gen. Ludendorff helped Tausend build a laboratory at Munich, it is said. It was protected by bloodhounds, police dogs and barbed wire, but Tausend never visited it.

He hurried to Tyrol to buy a castle with the money he is alleged to have swindled from Gen. Ludendorff and other members of society. He bought the castle in the name of his wife, so the aged general cannot seize it to regain his losses.

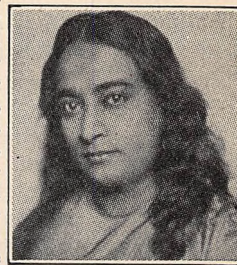
President-Elect Hoover an Evolutionist

Neither Herbert Clark Hoover nor Alfred Emanuel Smith mentioned the evolution theory during the last political campaign. Recently Congressman Henry Bascom Steagall of Alabama said that Nominee Hoover is an evolutionist, and that it is "strange that orthodox ministers could vote for a man who believes in the evolution theory."

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Soul Mates

(Continued from page 11)

dint of diplomatic questioning I found out that others had seen them too, so it could not very well have been a matter of hallucination on my part. I have often since wondered about the scientific explanation of such things—if they CAN be explained."

Professor Bainsworth smiled gravely, and nodded.

"There is a scientific explanation for such phenomena, and some day if you so desire I shall be glad to elucidate. But my present reason for my question is that I want to be sure that you are not an absolute materialist, in which case you would not understand, nor be interested in what I am about to say."

For a few moments he seemed to arrange his thoughts, then:

"You wondered about my assailants tonight, and more so I believe about my statement that they desired to rob me of my reason. In view of the great service you have rendered me I feel that you are entitled to an explanation, but this I can only do by telling you a very strange story from a secret chapter of my life—a story so unusual, in fact, that the average intellect, upon hearing it from my lips, would unhesitatingly pronounce me hopelessly insane."

The ex-soldier laughed easily.

"After hearing your wonderful lecture tonight, you would have an awful time trying to convince me of any insanity on your part," he said.

Professor Bainsworth smiled and waved his hand.

"I shall tell you the story and let you judge then!" he declared.

John Bainswright's Strange Story—

IT is about seven years ago today—the professor began—that I landed down in New Orleans from Guatemala.

Six months before, I had gone down there, intending to prospect for gold, and found jungle fever instead. As soon as I had recuperated from the attack enough to stand on my feet again, I caught the first steamer back to the States, vowing that I was through with life in the tropics forever.

As was usually the case with me in those days of my life, I had little money. Therefore, upon my arrival in the "Crescent" city, I at once found cheap lodgings in the "Vieux Carré" the old French quarter of the town.

And it was that very first evening, in the nearby beautiful verdant Jackson Square, opposite the old Cathedral, that I first saw the man of mystery. A man whom I could curse and bless in the same breath.

Tired out from my sight-seeing promenade through the beautiful, fascinating city, and of course still very weak from my late sickness, I had dropped down

upon one of the park benches, and was enjoying the comparative solitude and peace of the place—when he passed me.

Never shall I forget that first intense piercing gaze from his deepset lum-

Is Your Spirituality A Burden To You

By D. V. JAMES

THERE is no getting around it—to stand even a little apart from the so-called "solid" material things, and reach after the apparently very elusive and ephemeral spiritual, is a real burden. But it is a burden the lover of truth will not willingly lay down, no matter how heavy it seems at times. He knows that if he lays his burden down now, it will be so much the harder for him later to leave the flesh pots and take it up again. He does not fear that if he forsakes his Ideal, his Ideal will forsake him. No, it is not that, but he loves his Ideal too much to forsake it.

He who is striving for the spiritual is apt to feel a trifle sad at times. But his sadness is not owing to his burden—his self-assumed cross. It is recorded that Jesus wept, although he knew, as he declared, "That thou hearest me always." (St. John 11.) And why may not those who are trying to follow the principles that Jesus followed, weep a little too, for the unbelieving world?

So, you who are satisfied that when the body is lowered into the grave, all is finished—you who think there is no happiness to be obtained if not obtained in a hurry, and no knowledge that endures, waste no pity on the melancholy of the seeker after truth. Perhaps he pities you. At any rate, he glories in his burden of spirituality, only wishing he might be stronger in his faith, that he might bear a larger burden.

Yes, spirituality is a burden—a real cross, but those who take it up find it a labor of love. Do not pity them.

inous eyes! It seemed to pass through me like a keen double-edged kris passes through quivering flesh—penetrating to the very centre of my soul. And I, who had never before known physical fear, experienced a sudden dread—a foreboding of terrible danger.

But if I sensed danger, my immediate inexplicable fascination for the stranger was vastly greater. For, like a bit of iron is drawn to a powerful magnet, so was I drawn to that man of mystery. Seemingly without conscious

volition of my own, I rose and followed his tall black-clad erect figure.

Some invisible power—a silent commanding force seemed to radiate from him and impel me onward. Through the pleasure-seeking human maelstrom of busy Canal Street I pursued him, often losing sight of him. But never for a moment did the mysterious magnet-like power that drew me on lessen. Unerringly I picked up his trail again and again.

He seemed always just a hundred feet or so ahead of me. And—strange circumstance—no matter how I tried, I never seemed to be able to approach him closer. Something prevented me.

My weakness and weariness seemed temporarily to have left me, and my sole desire appeared to be to pursue that subtly fascinating stranger ahead of me.

How long I followed him thus I have no means of knowing. It must have been hours. We had finally left the city, and were in the country. But still my strange guide kept on, and I followed. He never once had looked back. But somehow I knew that he was quite conscious of my presence there behind him. And ever that mysterious power radiating from him drew me on and on—as if invisible hands impelled me.

And then suddenly he disappeared, somewhere ahead of me.

However, I soon came to a tree-lined country lane, which the man evidently must have taken. Of course I followed, and soon came in sight of a great stone house—a house of many columns, and deep dark galleries, and brooding silence.

If at that moment I had had the slightest prevision of what the following hours were to bring, I would have fled from the place as from a plague.

It was almost quite dark now. And now I noticed what I had been too preoccupied to notice before, that big black cloud masses had formed overhead, and that a storm was upon the point of breaking. And suddenly I became acutely conscious of great fatigue, and of hunger gnawing at my vitals with painful intensity.

But even in my state of physical exhaustion and mental inertia I sensed something sinister and menacing about the place which caused me to hesitate when yet a dozen yards away, hesitant whether I should apply for food and shelter, or whether I should try to make my way back to the city, quite a distance away.

However, a sudden vivid bolt of lightning, accompanied by a vicious thunder-clap decided me quickly.

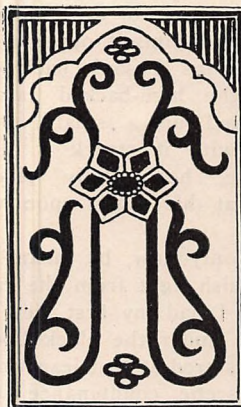
And even as I stumbled onto the

(Continued on page 30)

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Soul Mates

(Continued from page 28)

wide stone colonnade which completely surrounded the house, the first heavy drops of rain began to splash down to earth. Weakly I raised the heavy, ancient bronze knocker, and caused it to strike resoundingly against the massive oaken door, awakening strange echoes within the silent and dark stone pile.

But in the oppressive silence that followed the thunder-clap and my knock, the only audible sound was the faint spat-spat-spat of the scattering rain drops. Intently I listened there at the closed door for some sound, some sign of life from within that mysterious building.

And then, gradually, there began a peculiar creeping sensation along my spine, accompanied by a more rapid heartbeat; a premonition of danger—a feeling as if from somewhere in the surrounding darkness unseen eyes were watching me with malevolent intent.

But reason caused me to ascribe my sensations to my run-down physical and nervous condition. With an effort of will I gripped myself, and sounded the heavy knocker a second time.

Once more I listened with strained attention. And again that eerie feeling of being watched by some malevolent presence crept over me; causing me to throw apprehensive glances into the darkness on all sides of me.

Impelled by a sudden unaccountable inner panic I turned, and was about to rush out into the rain and the blackness of the night, when I sensed rather than heard that the door behind me had opened. Quickly I swung around, and stared at the indistinct figure of a man in the frame of the door, outlined by some faint luminosity behind him.

And then, as my vision became better adjusted, I perceived to my wonder that he was dressed in a sort of monkish garb. His face within the deep black hood was quite invisible. But I was conscious of his powerful, concentrated stare.

"I am in desperate need of food and shelter," I began tentatively.

With a silent gesture, imperious and commanding, he interrupted me, and invited me to enter.

Without any conscious volition on my part, I followed the silent one down the long empty passage before us, which was dimly illuminated by a sort of permanent torch upon one of the blank walls, emitting a flickering bluish light.

Neither my strange host, nor I, had shut the outer door. Quickly I glanced back over my shoulder, and an uncanny feeling came over me. Seemingly of its own volition the heavy oaken portal was silently closing itself.

We passed by several doors on either side of the corridor, and the echoes

of my heavy, dragging steps sounded dully and hollowly in the tomb-like silence. Not the slightest sound filtered in from the outside. The monkish figure before me seemed to float along rather than to walk, his long gliding steps making no noise what-

THE PLAY OF OPPOSITES

W. C. J.

ALL that belongs to the Lower Self

*Is built of Clay
And the fingers of a Wish
Can change its Form
And make of Beauty—
With a single stroke—
A Thing repellent.*

*With Power so Great
Within a Slender Thot
How can we boast of Strength
When the Gossamer touch
Of a changing Mood
Can Wreck it?
Good may be swept to Evil
By a sudden Wish
And Love itself may turn to Hate
By the breath of a jealous whisper.*

*In the hands of Desire
Peace may be changed to War.
The Generous Mood
Give way to Greed
And Calm Dispassion
Yield to Lust.*

*All opposites are One,
And ever will remain
Until the Higher Self
Takes full possession.
For under his Dominion
There is NO Desire—
Nor Plastic Clay—
To work with.*

—Center Bulletin.

ever. At the end of the passage a half-open door confronted us. And my guide, standing aside, motioned me into the room beyond.

The sombre apartment I entered was evidently a dining room, done in dark oak, of obvious antiquity. Its sole source of illumination was a candelabrum of heavy silver placed into the exact center of the round massive oaken table in the middle of the room, the seven large candles of which radiated the same peculiar bluish light I had noted on the wall torch in the corridor.

A certain tomb-like coldness and dampness seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the place, so that I shivered involuntarily as with a chill. And a glance at the table itself augmented my impression of a sepulchre. For,

instead of the usual white linen, its circular surface was covered by a dull black cloth, against which the silver and white china and cut glass glittered with startling vividness.

The table was set for two, at diametrically opposite points.

Again without speaking my strange host waved me to one of the prepared places, and seated himself opposite to me. And even as I sank back exhaustedly in the high-backed carved chair, he picked up a small silver hammer and with it struck a blow upon a large, horizontally placed bronze gong at his right upon the table.

And it was only now, by means of the ghostly bluish light from the candelabrum, that I had my first view of the man's face under the black hood. Fascinatedly I stared at that lean, cold, deeply-lined ascetic countenance, the harshness of which was greatly augmented by the sharp curved beak of his nose and the extremely severe thin-lipped mouth. But I forgot everything else in the direct gaze from the magnetic, brilliant eyes of indefinable color—powerful and commanding.

I recognized him immediately. It was the man of mystery whom I had followed from the city.

Who was he? And what manner of place was this?

But I was left no time to wonder about these things. For no sooner had the deep, solemn sound of the gong died away, than somewhere in the shadows a door opened, admitting another hooded and cowed figure, who carried a large silver tray in his hands, which he placed upon the table beside me.

Eagerly I gazed at the contents—and involuntarily groaned with disappointment. A loaf of dark bread—a small porcelain dish of salt—a silver flagon with some liquid. That was all.

The attendant picked up the flagon and filled the tall crystalline wine glass before me with wine—deeply red, like blood. Then, replacing the vessel upon the tray, he passed from the room as silently as he had come.

Hesitatingly I glanced at my strange host. His silent, imperious gesture invited me to partake of the frugal meal. Without further ado I broke a piece from the black bread, sprinkled it with salt and ate ravenously. To my surprise I found it of excellent taste and quality; and in my eagerness to appease my hunger temporarily forgot the silent dominating presence at the other side of the table.

But soon the comparative dryness of the bread, combined with the salt, made me very thirsty; so that in quick

(Continued on page 39)

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

Continued

Water, Words & Gold

Whenever a bath is taken by His Highness the Aga Khan (of India), the bath-water is carefully preserved, bottled and shipped to Mohammedan communities through out the world. Thus the faithful are provided with a priceless boon, Holy Water in which a descendant of Prophet Mohammed has laved himself.

No niggard, the Aga Khan charges for the really enormous quantity of water in which he bathes each year, only his weight in gold. The ceremony of weighing His Highness takes place each twelvemonth at Aga Hall, Bombay; and then and there the golden wage is paid by representatives of the various Mohammedan sects.

No fool, the Aga Khan keeps fat. Also he is at pleasure to stand in with the British Government,* which pays him privily a fat subsidy for his good offices among the Mohammedan subjects of George V. Last week at Delhi, the splendrous new Capital of British India, it was His Highness the Aga Khan who presided as Chairman of the All Indian Mohammedan Conference. On the agenda was a momentous question. Should the assembled Mohammedans endorse the demand that India be given "Dominion Status" within a year, which was voiced last fortnight in Calcutta by the Indian National Congress, a gathering not of Mohammedans but of Hindus.

When the matter had been thoroughly thrashed out and winnowed, last January, the Aga Khan deftly guided the Mohammedan Conference into adopting a resolution which absolutely ignored the Hindu demand upon Great Britain for "Dominion Status," voicing instead merely the desire that Mohammedans should be accorded greater representation in the present native Assembly of the Government of India.

Since it is the virile Mohammedans and not the Hindus who might be expected to strike a blow for "Dominion Status," the service of His Highness the Aga Khan to Britain was worth incalculably more than even the Khan's great weight in gold.

New Orleans to Study the Occult

To better seek the hidden truth, the invisible cause of all visible effects, and the higher sight, students of the various branches of the occult gathered in the De Soto hotel recently and formed a permanent "clearing house of philosophies" and "forum for the exchanges of ideas." It was named the Occult Society of New Orleans. It is said to be the first such organization in the history of New Orleans.

*And with British masses who bet heavily on many an Aga Khan horse.



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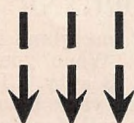
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NEWS OF PSYCHIC ACTIVITIES

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The White Lady of Berlin Appears Again

A ghostly figure which Germans believe may presage the early death of the former Kaiser Wilhelm, of Germany, has appeared at the imperial palace, in Berlin. Residents of the capital city are speculating as to whether the old legend of the "White Lady of the Hohenzollerns" again will be fulfilled. The ghostly messenger, "Die Weisse Frau," first made her appearance in 1806. Since then she has been known as an omen of ill fortune to the former ruling family of the German empire.

The legend of the spectral figure is that whenever it appears it presages the early death of some member of the Hohenzollern family. The ghost is greatly feared by the former Kaiser Wilhelm, owing to the fact it appeared shortly before the end of the World War and the downfall of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

The latest appearance of the "White Lady" was reported by a night watchman at the imperial palace only recently. The palace now is a museum. The watchman declares he saw the apparition in the rooms formerly occupied by the kaiser.

From this superstitious Germans infer that any imminent ill-fortune to a member of the Hohenzollern family will fall upon Wilhelm himself.

The Houdini Spirit Code Revealed at Last and How!

Milwaukee.—Mrs. Beatrice Hou-

dini, "thru gossiping too much with friends, gave away the alleged secret code" by which a message was supposed to have been transmitted to her from her late husband, Harry Houdini, a magician, J. Malcolm Bird, psychic investigator, said he strongly suspected. Bird was one of Houdini's associates.

Mrs. Hinchliffe's Spirit Tale of Mate's Death

London.—Mrs. Walter Hinchliffe, widow of the British airman who disappeared last March while attempting a transatlantic flight, believes her husband still survives in the spirit world.

Mrs. Hinchliffe asserted that many messages containing conclusive proof that they were from her missing husband have been received by her, telling of his last heroic adventure. The communications revealed, she said, that he and the Honorable Elsie Mackay, his passenger, plunged into the ocean within sight of the Azores after losing a battle with a furious storm.

Mrs. Hinchliffe said communication with her husband was first established thru a ouija board, worked with a medium. This was confirmed thru a medium in a trance.

Mrs. Hinchliffe explained communication was then continued at a number of sessions with two mediums. She acknowledged also the good offices of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in these conversations with the missing airman.

BORDER LANDS OF SCIENCE

A Record of Scientists' Approach Towards the Occult

Flirting With Mars!

His Martian girl friend, whom he has named Oomaruru, still spurns the attempts of Dr. Hugh Robinson, English scientist, to talk to her by radio. For the second time recently Dr. Robinson has sent a message to the planet Mars—but has received no reply.

This time Dr. Robinson went to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for the test, but it proved no more successful than the first one, in London.

This is the message the scientist sent to Oomaruru:

"God is love—earth to Mars."

Dr. Robison hoped that Oomaruru, whom he said he met in a telepathic flir-

tation, the first inter-planetary romance on record in real life, would reply.

What his wife thought is not known, but she did mock him roundly for his first effort.

After the Rio de Janeiro station sent the message, as directed by cable, Dr. Robinson waited in his London office for the reply. The earpieces of a special apparatus were on his head—but all in vain. For neither in London nor in South America was a reply received.

The message was broadcast at 11:30 o'clock at night. The radio sending apparatus had an antenna one and a half miles in length. The message was sent in a special code which Dr. Robinson said Oomaruru gave him during spirit communications.

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"THE SWITCHBOARD OF THE UNIVERSE" (so entertainingly presented in this magazine every month) is not numerology. You have read enough to know how scientific is the law of name and number. Give your birthdate with \$1 for 17 page treatise on your individual birth-month by Veolita Parke Boyle that will enable you to set up your own number-chart and read it for yourself. Send today to Occult Publishing Company, 1900 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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SPIRITUAL

SPIRITUAL TEACHINGS. TO YOU WHO yearn to help others, to you who are helping others through mental and psychic healing methods and desire to self-consciously utilize the Great Spiritual Laws in your practice of healing. In the Oneness of "Silence" in the "Stillness" of the "quiet hours" (2 A. M. to 6 A. M.), you can expand in your consciousness of Healing Power. Personal attention to each in "Still Hours." Three and six month courses. Write for particulars and conditions, your confidences sacred. I Am Harley C. Pugh, Salem, Oregon.

"D-i-c-t-a-t-e-d"

(Continued from page 19)

vulsive jerk that comes from the elbows and cannot be controlled. I have seen Don when bullets were nicking the cobles, down in Banana Land, but never in condition like this.

"Well?" I drawled. "What am I supposed to see?"

"You—you don't see anything?"

I looked him over for a few seconds. Nervous breakdown, Helen had said fearfully. Well, perhaps. But this was raw December weather and more than usually rainy; Don might—just might—be coming down with 'flu.'

"Oh, yes!" I told him. "I see some crumpled manuscript sheets. Very interesting; you should save these so that one day, when admiring ladies have made you famous, you can sell 'em to museums. Reverent hands will touch them then and—and all that, you know. Now, sit down! I like you heaps, Don, but you remind me of that nigger cook we had in Peten; the one who went *juramentado*, you know, and chased me up a matapala with a machete.

"Sit down and smoke! I'm pleased as hell to see you, Don, but if you get me scared, I'll slide down the fire escape the whole four floors and leave you to pace and growl by yourself. Now—what is the story, Don?"

He drew my tobacco box across the desk, but tore a half-dozen papers trying to roll a cigaret. Finally, with a lopsided abortion half the size of a cigar, he began to pace the rug. And in half the words Helen had used, he told me pretty much the same story I'd heard over the 'phone. He talked jerkily, but well; terse, picture evoking phrases. Whatever was bothering him hadn't killed his artistry with words. So he told how he had gone back to the bedroom for his hat.

"I picked it up—it was on the bookcase in the workshop—and turned. Then, you know how my typewriter swings from the desk-end with one of those copy-holder jiggers behind it? Well, the mill was swung so that it faced me as I was going out. On the copy-holder was the last page of—of this manuscript. I'd heaved the others into the wastebasket as I copied them in smooth.

"My eyes were caught mechanically. Then I stopped short where I stood, gaping. I had a sensation as of an icy hand raked slowly down my spine—a hand moving slowly and significantly. *For suddenly that writing didn't look like mine.* . . .

"Wait a minute, now! I'm neither credulous nor simple-minded. You know that. My attitude toward most 'unearthly' manifestations is one of scientific agnosticism. I want something plausible, if it can't be downright logical and tangible, as foundation for any belief. So I stood there, telling myself that I was a blithering idiot; that I'd been under a

mental strain for three weeks; that the dawning idea I had, the hazy and—to me—horrible conjecture was merest moonshine.

"But the more I looked, the stronger that creepy sensation became. I took the sheet to the desk; sat down to study it.



"Not if they're going to be dictated to . . ."

Half, it was about like: all my scribbling, but—there was always some tiny, almost intangible, point of dissimilarity to give me pause. Something elusive, yet visible. Finally, I made a draft of a couple paragraphs, reading rapidly from the old sheet and trying to write carelessly. Then I compared the two. Bill! That seemed to make the damn thing worse, if possible. The little variations were, if anything, more frequent, more apparent."

"Listen!" I sniffed, with all the solid matter-of-factness I could project into face and voice. "You were right in the beginning.

"My young friend and sometime companion of tropical trials and tribulations, you have been under a mental strain. You have worked for three weeks over a difficult mental problem. You have concentrated on that to the exclusion of everything else until you're—plain jumpy.

"You know as well as I do, Don," I finished, with a tolerant smile, "how a man gets when he dwells overlong in the mental. It's elementary psychology, too, that the more one studies any problem, nursing a subconscious doubt the while, the stronger that doubt becomes. Be common-sensible, man!"

"But," he began, frowningly, "I—"

"Piffle!" I interrupted him. I get the weird idea you've been harboring: That you were dragged out of bed by some disembodied spirit and made amanuensis for his dictation; that you even used his handwriting. But consider this: As a writer, you know how one may criticize another's work, yet find it utterly impos-

sible to effectively rewrite it; certainly impossible to write in that others style! A man has to be burning up with an idea before he can make a story. Now, if this gentleman who dictated to you had given you a whole story, one that hadn't occurred to you before the moment of its writing, I might take you seriously.

"But you conceived this yarn. You told me of it. It was yours, a living, throbbing piece of your own brain-stuff, born of your peculiarly individual outlook on life. Now, you come asking me to believe that some hard-working *spirit* masterfully rewrote it for you."

But Don is, as he remarked, neither credulous nor simple-minded. Unerringly, he seized upon the weak point of my argument—as I feared he would.

"Not plausible, Bill, and you know it. Having conceded a citizen of the other-world the power to dictate a whole yarn of his creation to someone of this existence, it doesn't strain me a bit to grant him ability to get into, improve, another's story. Nor to guide my hand so that it's his writing we use. Besides—Can I say that this story was ever mine? It might be claimed, you know, that my difficulty in getting it on paper before last night was only due to poor contact."

"Oh, *válgame!*" I cried wearily to this. "I've never known a theory so crazy that it couldn't be supported by speciously plausible arguments! You're building a high, top-heavy structure with the merest shadow for foundation. A few imaginary variations in the writing on a couple pages! Bosh! Be reasonable, Don:

"*Here! Handwriting is the most intimately personal human emanation I know of.* It's so—so bound by impalpable ties to mind. One's innermost emotions are revealed by it, whatever the effort to conceal them. Why, Don, handwriting gives away the state of your health, even, to the skilled graphologist. Points of variance. Why, variance is almost the one infallible attribute of handwriting.

"I've chanced upon specimens of my own fist in unlikely places and demanded additional proof, before I could accept them as mine. And you know that graphology has been a hobby of mine for years."

"That's why I rushed down to you!" Don nodded quickly. "I thought of some of the objections you make. But, too, I—I kept remembering poor old Morgan Robertson; his firm belief that all his stories were dictated to him by some master-writer gone west. I've always smiled at that heretofore."

"I smile now!" I said flatly. "I know how Robertson claimed that his Dictator would loaf on the job when it was most important to finish a story and get the check. That he, Robertson, could only write twaddle if he tried to finish the job

(Continued on page 40)

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In my sixteen years study of planetary effect upon values have brought me to a position to forecast movements of stocks with extraordinary accuracy. This is proved by the success of my forecasts during the years 1926-1927. But the wonderful accuracy of my 1928 forecast was so great as to enable the subscribers to profit greatly.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

This success and accuracy astounded all the subscribers of it. These subscribers realized that millions could be made with such knowledge as it is given in the Golden Key. These wonderful forecasts are available to you now. You are offered the opportunity to enter the class of these subscribers and multiply your capital as they had the chance to do.

WHAT SOME SUBSCRIBERS WRITE

"I want you to know that each day I remember you in my prayers—you are a God send to me—I have been able through the Golden Key to make good profits. Your

charges are too small. You should charge ten times as much. It is worth more."—A. O. D.

"The Golden Key for the past year has certainly proven very accurate."—R. J. A.

"May I say that with the aid of the Golden Key and your advice any one could make enormous profits with a fair amount of capital to invest."—W. W. C.

There are many such letters in my files from people all over the country.

SAFETY FIRST IN INVESTMENTS

You must understand me properly. I do not advise any one to gamble nor risk his money in "wild schemes" nor get rich quick methods. My advice comes for safe investments—but investments that will multiply your capital. For example: In my 1928 Forecast I advised buying General Motors and the buying date was the last part of February at which time General Motors sold around 130. A subscriber that bought this stock at that price was able to sell it at 210! If bought on margin he could more than double his capital in three months' time. This operation he could repeat from June to October and his capital thus multiplied. Also we advised Radio at around 160. Later it sold 420 and many other stocks that had great advances.

HERE ARE THE FACTS!

The 1928 forecast of the Golden Key was written in September, 1927. But its accuracy surprised many who wrote me asking how this was possible. Here are some paragraphs of the Golden Key of 1928. "January and February are indicated reactionary months, or prices may stay up and reaction come all at one time." Prices were bottom on February 20.

We read further: "From the last part of February to the middle of May, we have rising prices, then a reaction for a few weeks." (Just what happened prices rose from February 20 to May 14!!!)

We continue in the forecast: "From this reaction we find again prices to rise until the last part of October." Prices rose in a wild manner from June to November. With such information as the above any one could profit greatly, by simply following the forecast.

YOU CAN USE THIS FORECAST FOR 1929

How much would it mean to you to know in advance just when you should buy and just when you should sell your stocks? How much would it avail you to be able to avoid declines or panics? How much have you in the past worried over what might happen to your investments? Those who have followed my forecasts justifiably banished all doubts from their minds, for I had directed their steps in safety to profit.

My present forecast covers the year 1929. For this forecast I am making the absurdly small introductory charge of \$10.00 for a short time only. This is your opportunity to avail yourself of my introductory offer.

I have also prepared the *Wheat Market* forecast for 1929 price \$10.00. I am convinced that a great opportunity then will be in this market during the next year. If you are interested in this market you must possess this forecast.

THE COTTON MARKET FOR 1929 IS ALSO READY, PRICE \$10.00**ADDRESS
YOUR MAIL****THE GOLDEN KEY****Dept. 0-3, P. O. Box 132, Roxbury Sta.****BOSTON, MASS.**

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find (\$). Mark with an X forecast wanted.

- ☐ \$10.00 For the Golden Key comprising a forecast in stocks for 1929.
☐ \$10.00 The Wheat market forecast for 1929
☐ \$10.00 The Cotton market forecast for 1929

These I promise will be for my own use only.

NAME

ADDRESS

Please send remittances payable to S. Gargilis, P. O. Box 132, Roxbury Sta., Boston, Mass.
 Dept. 0-3.

Personal Name Radio

(Continued from page 19)

Use every name you possess, such as *Mary Ann Smith*; also your mother's last name, before marriage; and day of month of birth as a number.

Do not add the names together, use each separately.

If one name has a fortunate definition and one unfortunate, the life will partake of each.

The table for addition of names:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	

Example: Suppose your name is Georgiana Mary Bronsen and your mother's name Frenwood.

G E O R G I A N A
7 5 6 9 7 9 1 5 1=50

M A R Y
4 1 9 7=21

B R O N S E N
2 9 6 5 1 5 5=33

Mother's name before marriage:

F R E N W O O D
6 9 5 5 5 6 6 4=46

and you were born on the 28th of March.

Having added the name according to the example just given, turn to the number pages and see if any of the numbers are given in combination as either good or bad.

For instance, Georgiana is 50, Mary 21, Bronsen 33, Frenwood 46, and the birth-date 28.

Looking through the list of combinations we find first, 50 with 21—"Losses through financial matters, speculation and friends; also through large buildings and public institutions."

Looking further, we find 50 with 28—"Success followed by heavy misfortune. Fluctuating circumstances; an eventful life filled with peculiar occurrences."

The next combination which occurs in this name is 50 and 46—"Tends to success through magnetic influence; likely to hold a public position."

The next is 50 with 33—"Likely to receive rapid promotion, but best success through being at the head of one's own affairs, or as manager or superintendent."

The reading as a whole therefore, shows that Georgiana Bronsen will be well liked in business affairs and meet with considerable success at times, but strange and unusual events, which may sometimes be caused by friends (but not always) will be of frequent occurrence and upset the best laid plans.

Most names, of course, will not contain as many combinations as are given in this example; some may have none of the numbers given, but if the combinations which result from your name read unfortunately, the name causing the trouble should be readjusted to another addition (following the numbers for each letter as already given in the table of letters) which will make a fortunate combination.

For instance, in the example just given, as Mary (21) is in a bad combination with Georgiana, and Frenwood (46), makes a good one, Mary can be dropped entirely and Frenwood substituted as the middle name.

There would be still some bad combinations remaining, but this example is given merely to offer a suggestion as to the manner of procedure.

Should there be one of the numbers in the name but forming no combination with any other, read the definition given for the single number as:

(Continued on page 44)

¶ Do Everyone of Us Possess a Radio-Mind?

A Scientist's Discoveries in Mental Telepathy

Sponsored by Commander Charles C. McGonegal of The American Legion

By PIERSON WORRALL BANNING

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(Continued from February)

In reply to specific questions as to just what his mental impressions were in connection with this test, he stated that during the first four tests that evening, his mind ran wild, every conceivable thing coming to it. But when the fifth test began, his mind cleared up, and he received "clearly" the impression of the idea of "flowers." This was followed instantly by an expansion of the idea, to include "flowers in a vase," and then there was added to it the further picture that the flowers and vase were being held by a woman, and that the flowers were poppies.

He stated that a woman had come, a few days before, into his place of business, carrying what he considered at the time to be one of the most wonderful bouquets of poppies he had ever seen. This so impressed him that he had thought of it many times since.

The result was that when he received the simple idea of "flowers", which was the exact word used for the spray of flowers, there suddenly, by association of ideas in his consciousness, flashed the picture of a vase with flowers in it, and then the face of this woman and her golden poppies completed the picture.

But had this been the only thing about the test to be used as proof of the fact that he received the correct impression that was being "broadcast" mentally by the committee the element of chance would be of considerable weight. But that chance did not play so important a part as might at first seem possible is found in the fact that he saw a vase containing flowers, that being the outgrowth of the first impression received by him, which was correct in that there was a large vase on the desk before the committee at the time the test was being made.

The second impression, the vase, removes much of the element of chance and provides a basis of proof that is striking to a marked degree.

The added details of the mental picture which were incorrect, that a woman was holding the vase, and that the flowers were poppies, were the results of ideas already in his mind which had made a very strong impression on him a few days before. The line of thought that developed around the germ idea of "flowers," and around the "vase" on the desk, both of which ideas were absolutely correct, did not have

opportunity to develop with the freedom that it otherwise might have, had his mind not been influenced by a certain kind of flowers under a setting different from the one in the test.

Reference to the original instructions used by the committee will show that each of the five methods made use of each evening, in the attempts to "broadcast" mentally, produced successful results. The fifth method did not produce results until the final evening, on the very last test.

During the first test the greatest possible mental concentration was made use of, together with all the physical and oral reinforcement of which the individual members of the committee were capable.

The second test method included all the first included, except that physical effort was replaced by physical relaxation.

The third test method eliminated all oral emphasis by speaking or shouting aloud the word of the object.

The fourth test method eliminated one other thing. In place of looking intently at the object while concentrating, the eyes were closed and the committee attempted to visualize the object as they mentally concentrated upon it, using the greatest degree of will-power possible.

In the fifth and final test method, everything was relaxed, including the mind, body and will. No visualization, no concentration of the mind or will was permitted. Instead, the most passive mental and physical condition possible was entered into while resting comfortably in chairs. In this test method the committee slowly spelled out the letters of the word or name of the object as they breathed, repeating as they continued to breathe during the period of the test.

In the first three test methods, the committee stood, but in the last two, sat down. As no one method produced more successful results than another, further research will have to be made to determine whether any one method has any advantage over the others.

In a number of cases, replies were received that, though not entirely accurate, are interesting with relation to the tests in one way or another.

In the eleventh test, the first object concentrated upon was a small gold

(Continued on page 44)

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

"Without or with offense to friend or foe, I sketch your world exactly as it goes"

Blaspheming God in Scientific Germany

A stolid jury foreman said, "We find the prisoner guilty." A blinking owlish Berlin judge imposed a fine of 2,000 gold marks (\$576). Thus Society sought once more to quell famed George Grosz, irrepressible modernist painter, obstreperous pacifist. This time he had been caught painting back drops for a pacifist play, "with intent to blaspheme God Almighty and libel the Christian Religion."

As the sentence was imposed, some 200 *Frauen und Frauleins* in the gallery of the court shrilled protests. Adoring, they had hoped to see, "*unser lieber George*" triumphantly acquitted. Spellbound they had heard his vain defense:

"I plead, 'Not guilty!' The charges against me are irrelevant and absurd. Since I have never believed in any god, I cannot have painted those backdrops 'with intent to blaspheme God Almighty.' There is no such entity! It is impossible to blaspheme what does not exist. . . .

"Secondly, it was no libel for me to depict Christ and his ministers as militant. The Christian Religion is that of the peoples who fought the Greatest War!"

Since Painter Grosz does not lack cash, he paid his fine without hesitation, jauntily left the court with his entourage. Meanwhile shocked policemen confiscated the blasphemous back drops. Each was to have loomed behind an act of *The Brave Soldier Schweyk*, a savagely pacifist drama by E. E. Kisch, from the novel by the late Czechoslovak writer, Jaroslav Hasék.

Act One

Backdrop: a huge, grimacing clergyman, expectorating cannon, shells.

Painted Title: "Outpouring of the Holy Ghost."

Act Two

Backdrop: same clergyman between two generals, balancing a cross on his nose.

Title: "Submit to your Superiors."

Act Three

Backdrop: a private soldier crucified, with gas mask fitted to his drooping head. A bright halo suggests that the soldier represents Christ.

Title: "Shut your mouth, and do your duty."—Time.

The "Kultur" of Boston

Police were recently seeking Dr. Horace M. Kallen, former Harvard lecturer and now on the staff of a New York school of social research, whom they charge with violation of a blasphemy statute 231 years old.

Police say that during a Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting Dr. Kallen de-

clared Jesus Christ was an anarchist.

"Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists; so were Jesus Christ, Socrates and others."

A police sergeant attended the meeting and took a stenographic report of the speeches.

Anthony Bimba of Brooklyn, N. Y., editor of a Lithuanian paper, was the first man in recent years to be prosecuted under the ancient blue law. During a Brockton address in 1926 he was alleged to have denied the existence of a personal god. He was acquitted when the judge ruled that Bimba had merely given his personal opinion in a manner allowed by law under a decision in a test case many years before.

The law regarding blasphemy was enacted in 1697 and provided for a fine of not more than \$300 or imprisonment up to a year. It superseded an act of 1646 which made death the sole penalty. Bimba was the first person to be prosecuted under it in more than 100 years.

The law reads: "Whoever wilfully blasphemes the holy name of God by denying, cursing or contumeliously reproaching God, His creation, government or final judging of the world, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching or exposing to contempt or ridicule the holy work of God, contained in the holy scriptures, shall be punished by imprisonment in jail for not more than one year or by a fine of not more than \$300, and may also be bound to good behavior."

Science Finds Sin Only a Superstition

New York.—Sin has been relegated by science "into the limbo of ancient superstitions," Professor Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College declared in an appeal for a new view of life in place of old theological dogma.

"Not only must the objectives of human life be reduced to a secular plane, but we may now definitely enunciate and defend 'the right to be happy,'" he told the History of Science Society and members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

As the foundation of the new order, he said "we must supplant theology by mental hygiene.

"The old theological taboo upon secular felicity was based upon supernatural considerations which we may now discard. Modern science has indicated the desirability of freeing ourselves from the inferiority complex and the fears and worries which are prescribed for the faithful fundamentalist.

"Likewise, the Christian solemnity should be replaced by the frank joys of life."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW

ABOUT FOODS?

Man has gone deeply into the Arts, Sciences, Philosophy and Religion but generally ignores the greatest of them all—Food Science. The simple A. B. C. of What, How and When to eat.

The tremendous influence of Food on our Health, Clear Mind and spiritual progress is greatly underestimated by the majority.

We have blazed the trail to Natural Eating and Living over twenty years, many have learned how to live in health but we want you, who do not yet know, to learn that we maintain a large Store in Chicago to sell NATURAL FOODS.

We sell Books dealing with the subject of correct eating and living by latest authorities. Knowledge is power and you should know how to prevent future calamity. Come to this unique Store and learn how to banish suffering, or write for our instructive Booklet and Price List free on request. We send mail orders all over U. S. A.

We are the National Distributors for Life Grain the remarkable Cereal Health Food, send us one dollar and we will mail you a three-pound package by mail with full directions how to use this laxative food and body builder. Its prepared, ready to eat.

THE BERHALTER

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A M E R I C A ' S
LEADING HEALTH FOOD STORE

The Black Hex

(Continued from page 25)

"Suffice it to say that the book was mailed you today, sealed and registered. A gratuitous collection should be taken up—that is all I ask—to insure me a safe journey past the Unchained Demon, over which we have no control, in the event that I am killed.

"Yours in the Cabalistic Bond.
(Signed) _____,"

Professor Blymer carefully folded the letter and placed it in his pocket. Then, his voice choking with suppressed emotion, his clenched fist struck the altar before him.

"My hearers—our beloved Mystic, who has so signally honored us by entrusting to our care the world's most priceless secrets, is now a subject of the Realm beyond this life. They succeeded in their murderous and covetous purpose and made away with him. He was killed in the struggle over a lock of his hair which they wished to obtain to bury in the ground to overcome an alleged hex cast upon him; he, knowing it to be false, refused to surrender it, as he was aware that the loss of a lock of his hair would cause him to lose certain powers as did Samson under the shears of Delilah. But, my dearly beloved, the killing of one of our Mystic Circle has profited them nothing, for the murderers not only failed to obtain the True Book, but have brought down upon themselves the wrath of the authorities of this world, and of all Witchdom as well.

"Howbeit, out of this tragedy glory has come to our Circle, for," here he paused as though carefully weighing his five closing words, "the Sacred Volume is here"

Gasps of superstitious astonishment followed his words. The men looked at each other, breathless, amazed.

Blymer drew from his pocket a pair of white kid gloves, then reannounced in solemn, chanting tones: "The Sacred Volume is here!" He leaned over the altar and his piercing eyes seemed to search their very souls. "I dare not touch the book except with gloved hands—it is too holy!"

His trembling fingers undid the package. A volume of rare beauty was disclosed, the cover being in black and gold.

"Subjects," Blymer continued, "you will now proceed to make a liberal offering upon the altar to insure Brother B—— a safe journey past the Unchained Demon of Tartarus. Begin at the north."

The men—human puppets, silent, awed manikens—filed past the altar, deeply inhaling the incense thereon and dropping in wads of greenbacks, hand-fuls of silver, occasional pieces of

(Continued on page 45)



Cross of the East An Assyrian emblem in form of Maltese Cross.

Crossland, Mrs. Newton A spiritualistic medium who published "Light in the Valley" (1857) under the name of Camilla Toulmin.

Cross-Correspondence The writing of the same thing at the same hour, without any visible means of communication, by automatic writers in different parts of the country.

Crow His cawing considered an omen of evil by the superstitious.

Crow's Head Darkness of the sages. Black earth. A black sediment found floating on his boiling preparations which signified to the alchemist that he was on the right track.

Crown A symbol of completion. As worn by an initiate it is impossible for an imposter to imitate, for it is an aura.

Crucible Terminals The seven points of the ancient Rosicrucian emblem.

Crystal Used in crystal gazing.

Crucifixion History portrays it as a literal fact. There are persons now living, claiming to be able to read from the reflecting ether, who are positive they can read the actual Christian Crucifixion at Jerusalem. See Cross.

Crux Ansata A sign adopted as a Christian emblem, symbolizing the state of future existence.

Crystal Gazing Entering the trance state by concentrating the attention upon a bowl of water, light, crystal, or glass globe. Initiation by this means is negative and is like forcing open an unripe chestnut. It resembles a premature birth and is apt to prove damaging to the experimenter, making him the prey of obsessing entities.

Crystalomancy Crystal gazing and divination by that means; a form of self-hypnotism. The modes are numerous. It is possible that the Urim and Thummim of Holy Scriptures was a form of crystal gazing, which has been practiced from time immemorial. As far back as Paracelsus we find him stating that the "magnes microcosmi," the magnetic principle in man, was sufficient.

Ciupipiltin Name of Mexican vampires.

Culdees A mystic Masonic Order that introduced Christianity into Scotland.

Cult A form of philosophy with religion.

Cup Symbolizes the intoxication known

The NEW OCCULT DICTIONARY

Occult Words, Terms and Expressions
of All Ages

From Past to Present Day Schools of
Philosophy

By W. STUART LEECH, M. D.

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by the mystic as he opens the gateway to Eternity.

Cup of the Blood of Christ A symbol of Eternity and immortality and also of the cross to be borne.

Cup of Gallilee In esoteric Christianity it is the unfolded flower (gland) of the larynx, as seen by the mystic. In the Jupiterian age all humanity will have it fully developed.

Cup of Oblivion The Lethal Potion. The drink of forgetfulness called death. As the Ego descends from the heavens for rebirth it gathers in its descent matter which makes it heavy, protecting the memory from past acts temporarily, thus "taking the Lethal Potion." Astrologers tell us that this "starry cup placed between Cancer and the Lion" is a symbol of this mystic truth, signifying that descending souls first experience intoxication in that part of the heavens through the influx of matter. "Each in descending drink in matter, as it were—some more, some less—thus forgetting what they knew in the higher worlds."

Cursed Bread Among Anglo-Saxons a method of divining by cursing bread and administering it to a suspected person. If it made him sick, he was guilty of the crime.

Curses Magic spells.

Curtiss, F. Homer A prominent author now living and Secretary of the Order of 15, a Christian Mystical Order with American headquarters at Los Angeles, California.

Cyamal The head chief of a secret Assembly of Old Calabar.

Cynanthropy A diseased condition in which the patient thinks himself a dog or other animal. Among all savages and all civilized nations there lingers the belief that men can be transformed into wolves, dogs, or other animals through satanic agencies.

Dab (or Dabster) An adept; a skillful person.

Dactiomancy Divination by means of finger rings. The mode is akin to crystal gazing.

Dactylomancy A religious mode of divination by means of finger rings, similar to table-rappings of modern spiritualism. This form was used to discover Valens' successor and the name Theodosius was correctly spelled out.

(Continued next month)

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

(Cosmo).....	Cosmo-Conception
(Eng).....	English
(F).....	French
(G).....	Greek
(G.S.).....	The Great School in America
(I).....	Italian
(Imp.).....	Imperial Encyclopedia
(L).....	Latin
(L.S.).....	Lewis Spencer Encyclopedia
(n).....	noun

(plur.).....	plura
(plur.).....	plural
(R.C.).....	Roman Catholic
(R.F.C.).....	Rays From Rose Cross
(S).....	Sanskrit
(T).....	Theosophical
(Theo.).....	Theological School
(T.S.).....	Theosophical School
(v).....	verb
(W.W.S.).....	Western Wisdom School

Children of Hate

Training toward unselfishness is something that should be begun with the newly born infant. Although he does not comprehend, he may be taught to conform to order. If he cries from merely a temper it is best that he learn early that it will bring him no pleasure. Just think of what it is going to save him later!

Probably few parents realize the grave dangers that follow from wrong habits of thinking becoming established in children. It is possible for even a child to form the habit of centering his thoughts upon himself and the sensations of his body rather than upon the objective world about him. Thus he grows into an introspective thinker and is unable to divert his thoughts from himself.

A startling percentage of insanity cases are examples of such thinking. They are lost in the maelstrom of their perverted thoughts. Most of them know what is the matter with them, but no thongs bind so tightly nor cut such gashes as their own weaknesses.

Behind all this is physiological and psychological truth. The mind at will can quicken the circulation of practically any part of the body by concentration upon it. The force of life is directed into it at an increased rate. Further facts have been uncovered in the study of the endocrine glands. Sexual imagery causes a stimulation of the creative organs and a heightened activity in the sex glands of internal secretion. These physiological effects act as a boomerang and in turn give added color to the imagery. And when the victim begins whirling in that cycle, it is almost inevitable that he be driven to madness.

On the other hand, if the stream of consciousness is directed into objective channels and upon material accomplishment, the stimulation occurs in other centers and the awareness of sensual being sinks into oblivion. The very energies of life are consumed in objective thinking, and a quieting physiological effect may be accomplished by attaining sublimity of thought.

For these reasons it is of utmost im-

(Continued from page 13)

portance that the mother knows of what her child thinks as he falls asleep. It is in her power to put him by mere suggestion into a harmonious frame of mind for peaceful rest. Children are very suggestible and by just a little forethought and understanding it is possible for a mother to lead them into the right avenues of thought, which quickly become habitual.

If a child attains the proper mental attitude before falling asleep one night the same result is accomplished with greater ease the following night, and in a short time he will drop into dreams of his own accord, entertaining that frame of mind which benefits him most during his repose.

The popularity of Kipling's Jungle Books and the present day bedtime stories with their Peter Rabbits reveal the natural love of children for animals. Let the natural tendency be accentuated. The old fashioned prayer "I pray the Lord my soul to take," is not good psychology in this instance, as the mind of the child is centered upon himself and his own safety. Children are fond of "House That Jack Built" structures. Any mother can, with a little ingenuity, concoct a bedtime prayer upon this order. Let all the characters of the bedtime stories appear in it, and it may be of this nature: "Please let my love reach out to all living things . . . to Peter Rabbit and all the little bunnies . . . to the little robins in the apple trees, etc."

The effect of such a psychic exercise is far reaching. There is established within the child's mind the habit of Universal Love, so that at six, he may have what he might never have found otherwise.

Nothing is so attractive as a lovely child. Penurious old men, hard boiled sailors, dim-eyed grandmothers and book agents all cut up ridiculous capers to gain its recognition and approval. I once observed an entire railroad coach of such miscellaneous humans fall into captivity and pay homage to a toothless wonder. And when I noticed the manner in which its plump little mother controlled it, its popularity was explained.

Soul Mates

(Continued from page 30)

succession I drank several glasses of the mellow red wine, helping myself liberally from the silver flagon.

And then suddenly I became again conscious of my mysterious silent host. Irresistibly my eyes were attracted to his; and, as his powerful concentrated gaze bored into me, my former feeling of dread returned with redoubled intensity.

Vaguely I essayed to struggle against the compelling power of those terrible eyes, which seemed to draw the vitality from my very soul. But already my will power, due to my physical weakness and the effect of the wine,

was at zero, and the strange psychic power of the ascetic held me helpless.

Gradually other sensations possessed me. The room seemed to be filling with a sort of haze, and a decided numbness and iciness began to creep over my body, as if the lifeblood were being drawn from it, leaving it cold and dead.

And ever through that haze the flaming eyes of the man of mystery bored into me—compelling—irresistible. My brain was reeling, whirling dizzily. Myriad points of light seemed to be all about me, approaching, retreating,

(Continued on page 48)



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"D-i-c-t-a-t-e-d"

(Continued from page 34)

on his own hook. Pure nonsense! We all experience that stringing together of dead words, when trying to work on an off-day."

"I know. I know," he nodded miserably. "But I can't smile today, Bill. It—it has me going. Man, I never in my life was known to sleepwalk. Why, then, should I have commenced last night? Why—in the name of Percentage—should I have started with so glorious a bang; achieved this rattling fine yarn in my very first session?"

"You've studied graphology, handwriting analysis. Now, lend me your expert testimony! Tell me honestly if that is my handwriting or—merely one very much like mine. I've heard you say, remember, that almost always there are points in common between the writing of men in the same line of work. That complicates the problem. I've got to know, Bill. I've got to *know*!"

He stopped beside the table and snatched again at the tobacco box. His shaking hands made a mess of tobacco and torn papers again, before he could roll his cigaret. Nor did the tobacco smoke seem to quiet him; he went pacing up and down again, glaring at the rug.

"I've dabbled too much in mental phenomena to scoff!" he burst out after a minute of this tigerish pacing. "I can't call a thing incredible merely because it's a step ahead of these kindergarten pamphlets we call Psychologies. I stand today cursed by knowledge too great for mere stolid denial, but too little for sane understanding. My leaning's toward the psychic and—I know the peril of that study. . . ."

Though I took a reading glass from the desk drawer and bent over the two sheets, one of the rough handwritten manuscript and that other on which Don had, for his own comparison, scribbled two paragraphs from it, my thoughts at first were of other things than analysis.

Don's peculiar temperament was in my mind; he was a delicately balanced organism, what the physiognomists call the "mental-physical" type—and grading mighty near the line of the purely "mental" in which mind is nearly everything. And he had the peculiar egotism—lots of it—of the creative artist. He, he, *he* was the creator of those objects of art he signed; he and his God alone were responsible for them. Now, he was feeling that all along he had been nothing of the kind; he had been merely a convenient machine through which a real artist transcribed stories. Instead of writer, he was merely stenographer. Perhaps this may seem nothing of vast importance to the practical world at large. But to any artist, great or small, it is a life and death matter.

Helen's pretty blonde face, too, was before my inner vision; wide blue eyes resting trustfully upon me, the prosaic

"friend of the family." Together, I could see them; the two human beings closest to me; the happiest pair I had ever known. And perhaps upon me rested responsibility for their future; because of my affection for them both, I accepted the burden; I must do the right, the wise, thing here.

Buckling down to work, I made the elementary comparisons of words and letters; their size, their shape, the connecting strokes. And—the more I studied those two pages, the more I became aware of an eerie sensation, of Dons "icy hand raked slowly down my spine, slowly—and significantly. . . ."

Don's "literary *D*," lacking final downstroke; his "back-and-cross *T*"; the frequent absence of connecting strokes between letters that is so often one mark of your quick, intuitive mind, working too rapidly for hand to follow; the irregularly present open-topped *A* and *O* of the moody talker, now loquacious, now silent—these I found throughout both exemplars.

But "literary *D* and *T*," if not so frequently the other signs, are very common in writer's script; they show in my own handwriting and I know that I began unconsciously to employ them long before I knew the abc of graphology, or had one 'prentice raw short story to my credit, as soon as I broke away from copybook compulsion.

No. Any man of roughly similar temperament, like talents and bent, might very well write and show all these characteristics. And those faint, elusive, yet visible variations seemed to lurk like tiny imps in almost every line.

Very well I knew the danger I had mentioned to Don—of entering upon any analysis with a subconscious bias or uncertainty to weaken judgment. Now, I had to remind myself of it. For the more I compared, the more I began to doubt—to wonder if it were my knowledge of graphology which erred, or if Don's insane theory could be truth; if here I were touching the unearthly hem of Mystery!

But whatever I might think, I would keep my features grimly expressionless; mindful that Dons too-bright eyes were fixedly upon me. He was going to learn from me nothing but what I intended him to have. Finally, I leaned back to regard him with a smile as whimsical, as superior, as—as tolerant, as I could achieve.

"Don, old son," I shrugged, "there's much I could say, but—what's the use? You'd likely doubt my verdict, feeling, it may be, that I spoke only to reassure you. But, point by point, I find Don Gordon in both exemplars. However, *identification* by handwriting isn't my specialty; what I play with is judgment of *character* from writing. So I wouldn't want a man hanged on my *testimony* that he did or

didn't write a certain specimen. I'm just as Scotch as you are and I make no definite assertion that I can't support with proofs.

"So I admit frankly that I can't swear you wrote both of these—no matter if I am confident you did. I'll go further, seem to give you additional fuel: I believe firmly that another man of about your temperament, also a writer, would write much as you do. But, conceding even that this is true; conceding also that you and Morgan Robertson could be right about disembodied spirits monkeying with the affairs of living men—how much chance is there that you've stumbled upon your double in this weird fashion? There could be fifty gifted writers who would not duplicate your temperament!"

"Good Lord!" he cried almost frenziedly. "Do you think that I *want* to believe this mad theory? I, who have been next to God, creating men and women as suited me and watching them walk and talk and live and breathe and die, knocked off the pedestal, descended to a sidewalk huckster with a basket, selling the work of a real master!"

"You're getting all worked up over something that—when we come to look at it coldly and practically—is probbaly in the same class as a first-rate stomach ache! You've waked suddenly, under a strain; you doubt if two and two really make four; you rush to me and demand that I prove it because I know arithmetic. Yet you won't heed me when I tell you that two and two make four because it is generally agreed that they shall!"

"I can't believe you!" he said sullenly. "You give me a mass of uncertainties, a chain of contradictions and half-assertions."

"Sorry!" I shrugged. "I'm just an amateur at this. But—Will you take the word of an accepted expert? You've heard of Lieutenant Mueller, the police identification wizard, who has figured in so many cases for prosecution and defense? He is said to be a marvel; almost inhumanly efficient in every phase of handwriting analysis, among other things. If he renders an opinion, will you accept that as final?"

Slowly, half-willingly, he nodded.

"All right, then! Grab your hat and we'll catch a cable-car for Kearny Street. I want to get down to the Hall of Justice before I'm mad as you act!"

We rode silently down the California Street hill and dropped off the cable-car at Kearny. I slipped an arm through Don's and whistled cheerfully as we went, elbowing Chinamen and sailors and underworld characters along this old Barbary Coast thoroughfare to the gray pile of police headquarters at Washington.

Interviewing Mueller proved simple, for I used the name of a good friend

who is San Francisco's best-known police reporter. We found the identification expert a stocky, middle-aged man of small, round blue eyes and heavy, florid features, with the ferocious mustaches of a Junker war-lord. He greeted us courteously enough, with a ponderous gravity that seemed the shadow of his very character.

Don told his story briefly and before he had finished I saw the expert's full mouth twitching beneath the grizzled mustache; half, it seemed to me, in boredom, half in a particularly mature tolerance. Me he ignored utterly, as the clumsy amateur—I thought—in the science the tiniest details of which were stored in that big, perpendicular-backed head of his. But his opinion of me mattered nothing; I worried only over Mueller's analysis and Don's reception of the verdict from this court of last resort.

"Let me the exemplars see," said Mueller soothingly to Don. "I shall be pleased this examination to make and your mind for all time to ease. Yes."

Very deliberately he lifted the small, powerful monocle hanging to his watch chain. He bent over the pages in a slow, methodical inspection of the script. Occasionally he cleared his throat with a rasping growl and frowned heavily. We watched tensely; Don, I think, tried to hold his breath.

At last Mueller leaned back and raised those round blue eyes to Don's haggard face. There was a sort of Jove-like weariness in his expression, which one felt that he labored to suppress for politeness' sake. I caught myself thinking that the gods must often feel so, listening to the petty troubles, the naive prayers, of men.

"There are variations," nodded Mueller. "Yes. At several points a difference I have observed. For—these writings at different times you have done. And always one's writing from moment to moment must vary. Because in the weight of the emotions will be variance.

"You may be in your mind quite at ease, Mr. Gorman. Ghost-guided have you not been. Pardon me if your problem not too seriously I regard. As the man of science, stories of ghosts must always make me smile. For quite a number of 'mediums' has Hans Mueller in his time unmasked. Yes. With good reason to fear him they have come. Trickery and credulity. These two elements in every instance indispensable to the 'ghosts' I have found.

"To the skilled professional," momentarily the small eyes flickered to me, "no moment of doubt can there be, Mr. Graham. No! However to deceive one may labor, to the expert the identity, the character, of the writer must plainly be written. If the science has been mastered, mistaken the analyst cannot be! So, that you have

both these pages written, my professional reputation I will stake. That I do not err, you may have heard? This but the simplest of problems seems. One vastly more complicated, difficult, completed is here."

From a desk basket he brought two dirty scraps of paper, clipped together. He unfastened and laid them out for us to see:

"This Adam Anson—of him you have heard?"

We nodded. This man Anson, bred in the depths of San Francisco's underworld, was much in the news just then. Sentenced to San Quentin prison two years before, he had escaped within a month, to reappear in a neighboring state with a murder charge against him. Sent to that state's prison to serve a life-term, Anson had but two weeks before this afternoon in Mueller's office led a sensational jailbreak and with a half dozen desperate convicts had won freedom during a fierce blizzard.

We had a read that morning of the chief of police receiving a crudely printed note headed and postmarked San Francisco. It announced Adam Anson's return to the city for the express purpose of "getting" the chief and that Judge O'Connor who had sentenced Anson to San Quentin.

"A mere hoax it might have been," shrugged Mueller. "But beyond any doubt to know the chief desired. So—to Mueller came the chief. The printing of this, the note, with this other verified exemplar of Anson's handwriting I have compared. So, it is decided: This note by Anson was written. Upon that my professional reputation I will stake. The detectives have but Anson's capture now to perform."

He glanced at the clock; began to fiddle with papers on the desk. We went out, leaving his ten-dollar fee on the desk, to stand for a minute on the rain-wet sidewalk.

"Well?" I growled at Don. "I hope you're convinced that you'd better hike to a drug store and invest in bromide tablets?"

He laughed—and it sounded sincere, hearty:

"What a relief! I guess I have looked pretty much the cheerless idiot this afternoon. But, *dios mio!* What a weight's off my shoulders! By George! I have to be getting home. Helen hasn't an idea where I went and I must have rushed out like a madman. There's a car. Thanks, old timer! Between you and Mueller, ghost's laid!"

It was just a week later that the telephone buzzed—and buzzed again until it signaled an intimate. It was Don and his voice, I thought, sounded shaky. But he would only repeat his request that I come immediately out to Ninth Avenue. So, shrugging the

(Continued on page 43)



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Astrological DAILY GUIDE for March

1. Bad for legal affairs, letters, writings, etc.
2. Not a good day, remain quiet.
3. Good for young people.
4. Adverse.
5. Make friends, attend to monetary affairs.
6. Favorable for mechanical work.
7. After 8:00 A.M., good for friendship and romance.
8. Confusion in affairs likely.
9. Look for deceit and duplicity in others.
10. Good for spiritual matters.
11. Favorable, but not for money; do not act impulsively.
12. The unexpected may happen.
13. Good for work and employment.
14. A day of happiness, good fortune. Court and marry.

22. Good for the occult and for secret meetings.
23. Transact business at 10:00 A.M.
24. Avoid hypocrisy.
25. Guard against changes—not a good day.
26. Exercise caution in legal matters and in writings.
27. Not good for speculation.
28. Adverse; avoid changes.
29. Ordinary.
30. Favorable for weddings.
31. Avoid correspondence.

Were You Born in Pisces?

(Continued from page 15)

moral and social affairs are largely under its sway, also finances, to a certain extent. Jupiter is the ruler of Pisces and Sagittarius, is exalted in Cancer, in its detriment in Gemini, not well placed in Virgo, and in its fall in Capricorn.

Neptune, the planet of fogs, gases, and mystery is associated with higher spirituality, but when its influence is perverted, depravity, fraud and deceit are apparently the result. The symbol of Neptune is the trident.

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C. P. S. (Ill.) The closing of 1929 will find everything cleared up. Look forward to a good year.

P. G. O. (Calif.) Lay aside all worries and care. Better things are in store for the future.

B. E. B. (Cuba) Things remain inactive for you during 1929, but 1930 brings the fulfillment of your anticipations.

W. A. (Ill.) You are best fitted to work at a trade which gives you opportunity to become a manager. Your ambition is keen but you lack poise. Marriage postponed indefinitely.

J. L. (Ohio) Some local changes which are of material benefit to you.

S. M. W. (Mich.) Time will right the ship; do not worry about it.

M. L. S. (N. Y.) The melody referred to is as old as the hills and as common as the sands of the sea. You are only one among the many.

P. T. (Ohio) Music will not become a financial proposition. Marriage or a trip not indicated at this time.

F. E. G. H. (Calif.) Being an artist you should be engaged in commercial art. Oil does not produce in 1929.

G. O. G. (Calif.) You will be very

wealthy in time. Maturity brings poise. Don't let that worry you. Education is the main thing to concern yourself about at this time.

M. S. Finance improves. Marriage not indicated for 1929.

R. E. C. (Calif.) Will sell. Farther south is best.

W. M. R. (Calif.) An early marriage is indicated.

E. N. (Okla.) Person is trustworthy.

G. M. (Mich.) You will go back to New York soon and will marry.

E. B. Y. (Pa.) Market very slow during period mentioned; somewhat better next year. Finance somewhat active.

M. E. P. (Okla.) L. B. P. would be very successful at farming. Finances remain slow until fall of this year, but do not get discouraged.

J. D. (Ohio) Your plan will not solve your problem. Take the business course before action.

S. M. (Calif.) Stick to your line. Success is the result of perseverance. Your labor will be rewarded early in the fall of 1929.

D. C. (Wash.) Marriage not indicated until later in life.

DREAMS

Psychically Interpreted BY THE DREAM EDITOR

Have you ever had a dream which later came true? Psychically interpreted dreams are of benefit to the individual only for the specific dream discussed. Communications without name and address disregarded. No responsibility shall rest upon The Occult Digest or its editors in any replies given. Questions must be in the editor's hands by the 1st day of second preceding month. Positively no questions answered by mail unless accompanied by three dollars. Address THE DREAM EDITOR, The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

M. F. L. (Calif.) Dreaming of entering a church with friends signifies good prospects for future adventures. On the whole, your dream symbolizes an advancement, a victory in some conquest, resulting in harmony.

M. E. F. (Calif.) Your dream is a forewarning. The passing of time will bring you the rich ripeness of life. The walk in the valley, the climb to the top of the forest, the skeleton and the falling limb all symbolize the rich fullness of your true life.

O. P. M. (Ga.) Your dream portrays very minutely the realization of danger and your ability to protect. All unsuspecting, you have made a friend who will prove to be a subtle enemy, but you need not fear. Your dream is quite significant of mastery over enemies or those who would harm.

W. H. N. (Ohio) Your dream was a psychic experience of great value to the scientific world and really has no influence on events in your life but demonstrates your unusual Psychic power, which used to give knowledge to the world, would be a blessing to humanity. You were not dreaming but actually living in another phase of life.

R. R. N. (Calif.) Your dream symbolizes danger of a most treacherous kind. You will combat deceit and revenge from every quarter, also defy power and mystery. You will have a temporary victory.

J. G. (N. Y.) Your dream is a warning to be careful of your speech regarding your own affairs and those of your immediate family.

F. Z. (Ind.) Your dream is a psychic

vision for the purpose of helping you find your husband. The clock is the key to the solution. The big white building is an institution where he is confined. The statue signifies a public institution. One figure coming to life portrays that he is still living but in a state of mental abstraction. You can be very encouraged by your dreams. They will reveal many things to you.

M. I. N. (Calif.) Your dreams are psychic manifestations. A troubled soul is trying to reach you. As housework symbolizes bondage, it may be a thought of regret; the way to overcome it is to remove the cause with a thought of forgiveness or pity.

E. C. (Okla.) Your dream represents your life and its imaginary courses as represented by the nickels. The open spaces signify the unhindered opportunities yet to be yours; the clear vision, the clear road ahead and back of you depicts the future guarded by the experiences of the past; the vacant booths signify service to those who are no longer with you. Summed up it means, do not borrow trouble, do not regret; boundary lines are wiped out; rewards are crosses that do not pay for the pain they cause—the open road lies straight ahead.

L. E. B. (Ill.) Your dream does not signify any particular object but puts at variance many plans which you now have in mind and stresses the need of your self coming to the foreground. Summed up in one word, self-assertion is what you need to win the game.

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"D-i-c-t-a-t-e-d"

shoulders of my spirit, I slipped into a topcoat and called a taxi.

Helen let me in and with sight of her it occurred to me to ask Pierce's reception of that story which had so upset Don. Helen smiled flashingly:

"By Western Union last night! Biggest price he's ever received—and they want more of the same!"

"Now, *dios* forbid!" I grunted piously. "Not if they're going to be dictated to Don like that one!"

"Don's in the living room now." Her face had clouded. "He—I think it's that handwriting business again. I don't know how it chanced to bob up this morning. I hope you can do something this time, too, Bill. It's too deep for me. There are times when he goes where I can't follow; into darkness where I can only hold his hand and blindly wish him well."

Don was slumped in a big wing-chair before the hearth, where a coal fire burned fiercely. The day was cold and raw, with a gusty wind whipping the eucalypti and evergreens in the Presidio beyond the flat. He was staring down moodily at two crumpled yellow sheets on his knee and when he looked up, I saw that his eyes were brooding.

"Where's Helen?" he asked in an undertone. "I'd rather she wouldn't come in. I'm not keen about exhibiting before her. Seen the morning paper? Here!"

He jerked a thumb toward the mantel, where I found the *Examiner* neatly folded at a half-column story. Adam Anson had been found, nearly starved, delirious from the fever of a broken leg, snowed-up in a deserted shack

(Continued from page 41)

within two miles of the penitentiary walls from which he had escaped. Manifestly, he had not been farther from the prison of the neighbor-state than this shanty. Nor was it probable that he had spent any time in writing notes to San Francisco's chief of police.

"Upon that my professional reputation I will stake—" sardonically Don mimicked Mueller.

He stared down at the crumpled yellow sheets again, brooding, too-bright eyes shuttling from one to the other. And I knew that so he had been sitting ever since reading that story proving the pompous Mueller's error. And so he would study them, finding in the writing unfailing food for dangerous speculation. Carelessly, I reached over and took them from his knee:

"Oh, the best of us err occasionally. But Mueller slips much more rarely than most scientists. And, too," I lied airily, "comparison of script with block print is the very hardest analysis the graphologist is called upon to make. Anyway, you have to admit that Mueller and I were right about *these*!"

And Don's tangible grounds for speculation vanished up the chimney in one crackling burst of flame. Behind me I could hear Helen crying softly.

"And another thing!" I cried. "Look at that gray rain beating on the windows! This is the day for Helen to be making the famous *Fudge la Helene*, while Tom Garnett and Pat Phelan and three girls come out to help us celebrate that check! I'm dictating to you now, fellow, and when I dictate there's no doubt about that fact!"

Uncle Sam Prefers Brunettes (Continued from page 9)

the blonde vivacious, high-strung, fidgety, restless, "dizzy," and impulsive. Sulphur reacts within the human body much as it does in a volcano. Oxygen too behaves in the "human laboratory" just about as it does in the chemical laboratory. Absorption of oxygen due to the presence of iron in the blood is conducive to health, activity and animation. The circulation of the healthy blonde type is naturally active and especially *arterial* in nature.

In the somewhat different chemistry of the brunette, the presence of *nitrogen* is very significant. Nitrogen is inert, inactive. An excess of it tends to produce a phlegmatic temperament—the circulation will be slower, and the blood largely venous. Brunettes are relatively more steady, inhibitive, enduring, retiring and tolerant than blondes. Also, being less excitable, active and impulsive, brunettes are apt to become heavy and bulky—to suffer

from obesity. Since nitrogen favors decomposition and fermentation, it is rather difficult for the dark brunette of heavy build to maintain perfect bodily cleanliness. There is weaker elimination, due to the fact that the refuse matter in the blood and tissues is not always so thoroughly oxidized (burned up) as in the case of the blonde. To be sure, brunettes owe some of their coloring to the same elements as the blondes, namely sulphur, iron and silica salts. But much of their color comes from the great nitrogen content in their makeup. In the Negro Race, the deposits of nitrogenous material are very great.

Red-haired people have more sulphur in their system than do blondes. Oxygen also abounds—hence the arterial and ruddy aspect of the skin. More sulphur and more oxygen means more intensity and more impulsive,

(Continued on page 48)

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'LISTENING IN' ON W-O-R-L-D Continued

Gandhi Losing His Power As Result of Cow Slaying

Mahatma Gandhi, nationalist leader in India, has shocked many millions of his Hindu countrymen and followers by killing a sick cow.

To the orthodox Hindu a cow is sacred, and to slay one is considered as great a crime as killing one's own mother. Therefore, in the eyes of the Hindus, Gandhi, who has been the moral leader of his people and the great social reformer of India, has committed a great sin.

In vain the leader has told his people that he ordered the cow killed only after the surgeon had said that nothing could be done to save its life. Seeing the animal in great agony Gandhi explained that he called a physician and ordered the cow poisoned as a humanitarian act.

Just whether Mahatma Gandhi will succeed in appeasing the wrath of the Hindus is problematical. If he can, he will no doubt continue as their leader, but at the present time he is unwelcome in many provinces.

Calamities in U. S. Predicted for 1929

Berlin.—The astrologer, Prof. Ketty, who has acquired a large following in Germany by predicting correctly nine-tenths of the time last year, says 1929 will be a year of sensational calamities.

America will witness catastrophes unparalleled in history, he forecasts. There will be dam breaks, floods and hurricanes will carry the waves of the ocean far into the land. He sees the danger of war in the near east. Europe will also suffer weather calamities and fires will abound. The conflict between Italy and France will grow more dangerous.

"It will be a year for most triumphantly delicious wine," he promises Germany, while the world at large must be consoled with the announcement that 1930 will be the beginning of a happier era.

German Mystic Killed Because of "Magic Powers"

Nuremberg, Germany. — Dr. Karl Unger, leader of the German anthroposophical movement, was shot and killed (January 5th) as he entered a public hall to deliver a lecture. Three shots were fired by Wilhelm Krieger, a former adherent of the movement. One of the bullets wounded a woman.

"His magic powers gained mastery over me; I have been deprived of my ego," exclaimed Krieger in explanation.

He said he seceded from the movement because it represented "powers of evil." A physician said Krieger was suffering from an hallucination of being persecuted.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

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FRAGMENTS FROM THE TEACHINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY, Edited by H. Burford Pratt. (Rider) \$1.87
To the many thousands who, interested in general principles of theosophy, have neither time nor inclination to master the ponderous work of this author, this little book, a volume of extracts, judiciously selected and arranged, should prove of more than passing interest, affording as it does a comparatively simple means of gaining

a clear and comprehensive view of a difficult and intricate subject.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER IN HAND-WRITING. A Guide for The Beginner and Student of Graphology. By Mary H. Booth. (Winston) \$0.50

This profusely illustrated and indexed little guide to handwriting analysis gives an elementary nutshell idea of the theory and practical application of this exacting but difficult science in character-reading.

Personal Name Radio (Continued from page 36)

28 with no combination "tends to success as a designer, especially in artistic clothing," etc.

Should there be none of the numbers present, then the failures and successes in the life are being caused less by financial affairs than by other matters—health, relatives, marriage, etc.

These general definitions apply for any birthdate, but can be individualized for any of the twelve months according to the special period of birth for each person.

EXAMPLES

Suppose you were born on the 1st of any month and one of your names is James (which adds to 12), you will have one of the *bad* combinations given here and therefore will be apt to meet with many "financial losses and sudden disappointments."

Suppose, on the other hand, you were born on the 2nd of any month and one of your names is Georgiana (which adds to 50), you will have one of the *good* combinations and will nearly always "obtain employment easily and meet with rapid promotion."

Should you have some of both good and bad combinations, you will have some periods when the good will be active and others when the bad will be uppermost.

TAO

THE ROYAL WAY TO MONEY
FORTUNATE COMBINATIONS

1 and 5 or A and E
1 and 59 or A and 59

Sudden acquisitions of money. Benefits from strangers and elderly people.

1 and 6 or A and F
1 and 51 or A and 51

Benefits by legacy which may come in some sudden and startling way, also through business and religious affairs, inventions, and unexpected sources.

1 and 8 or A and H

Money through literature and curiosities.

1 and 56 or A and 56

Profit through curious or unconventional projects.

1 and 54 or A and 54

Gain through power of concentration.

UNFORTUNATE COMBINATIONS

1 and 7 or A and G

Sudden peculiarly involved circumstances.

1 and 12 or A and L

Financial losses and sudden disappointments.

1 and 15 or A and O

Loss through law, property or inheritance.

1 and 44 or A and 44

Losses through law and literature.

(To be continued)

Discoveries in Mental Telepathy (Continued from page 36)

band ring for a gentleman's little finger.

Mrs. Nora Choate, wife of Mr. Erle Choate, already reported on, received the impression during this test, as she described it, of a "small white shiny article—might be a diamond." When asked for further facts, Mrs. Choate stated that while she did not actually see a ring, she thought a shiny object might have been a diamond ring, or the reflection from an electric light on a ring. What impressed her most was not the ring, but the glistening or bright point of light.

Her husband had the impression of something round which he took to be a watch.

During this same evening's tests, something rather unusual resulted from others, regarding a ring.

In the fourth test, instead of receiving the impression of a *screw* (the object before the committee), John D. Griffith of Pasadena received the im-

pression of a 'Ring—gold—man's hand—diamond setting—about 2/3K."

Mr. Griffith's general impression, of a diamond, was the same as that of Mrs. Choate. But with it he received a more correct impression, that of a ring, a man's ring of gold. The diamond he seemed to see, he gauged as about two-thirds of a carat in size.

The principal reason for mentioning his reply is, not the fact that he came closer to being correct than Mrs. Choate, but that it was received during the same evening's test, though for the wrong test.

The impression of a *ring* was also received by Mrs. M. Rae, of Ocean Park, California, during the same evening's tests, but again during the wrong test. When inquiry was made later of Mrs. Rae as to what kind, she stated:

"I got the impression that it was a
(Continued on page 46)

The Black Hex

gold; due-bills for bales of cotton; negotiable notes, etc., until the receptacle was filled to overflowing. Underneath his solemn, mysterious, almost pious air, the greedy eyes of Blymer drank in the vessel of money upon the altar. As soon as all were through and seated he again spoke: "Now, brethren, you will all please come forward and receive your 'charm' against evil. No one can harm you or cast a hex or zero upon you while wearing it. It is just a bit of hemp, but ah! what potent power within it! Each piece was cut from one of the cords with which the Master drove the money-changers from the temple. . . . Just one moment, please. I must rewrap the Sacred Volume, for until you receive your amulet, you dare not come within seven feet of the unwrapped book; if you did so you would be stricken dead in your tracks!

"It was given to Moses on Mt. Sinai after he had thrown down and broken in pieces the tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments. The sight was so terrible that Moses said: 'I exceedingly fear and quake. For they could not endure that which was commanded and if so much as a beast touch the mountain it should be stoned or thrust through with a dart.' Hebrews 12:20-21.

"Moses had great truths for those fools, truths which were lost to the world by their folly, for when he came down from the mountaintop and found them worshipping the Golden Calf, he hid the manuscripts in the mountain and the world knew them not; for they could not, as he said, endure them. Even unto this day, no one, save God, knows Moses' burial place, for his body was hidden by the witches and his manuscript 'Lost Truths' taken by them and given to us the Mystics of the Enchanted Realm. And I shall make them manifest as soon as you can endure them. But first, I must go to Pennsylvania to assist in the punishment of those cowardly murderers. Immediately upon my return, I will reveal the glorious oracles of 'Lost Truths' and you shall become as gods, knowing all things!

"Arise, now, and receive the Spirit-Blessing; then go silently, Subject Logmeyer only remaining." He lifted his hands in a priestly way and stood waiting in this attitude until his victims had all filed out, and Logmeyer had coughed slightly thereby advising him that the coast was clear. Then his whole manner changed.

Instead of having the appearance of one serving at an altar of sacrifice, he now became a desperado—a fiend in human form! Turning to his accomplice his eyes glittered, and his movements were quick, cat-like.

(Continued from page 38)

"Listen, Red! Pouch that 'dough' as quickly as possible! We leave tonight for Canada and all points north. The letter I read was all 'bull'; I made it up as I went. What I really had in my hands was a tip from Eddie the 'dope.' Said Chief of Detectives Byrnes was headed this way. Wants us for that Temple job in 'Frisco. There's probably a couple of thousand in this haul tonight. We've about cleaned these rabbit-chasers anyway, for six months usually gets all they have."

* * *

Inspector Byrnes could not repress a grim smile as he read the note left sticking upon the Witch's nose on the center altar.

"So long, Inspector," it read. "See you at the Calgary Stampede. And you mustn't try to bother me there, either; for papa spank, or cast a 'hex' upon you. Affectionately, yours, Graveyard Sam."

The Inspector's eyes took in the entire room, while the yokels crowded about him in a threatening manner at his intrusion upon their sacred shrine, even though he was armed with the authority of Uncle Sam.

He contemplated the crowd in a pitying way, shaking his head sadly. At last he spoke:

"Gentlemen, you have been hoaxed. The self-styled Professor Blymer is known at headquarters as 'Graveyard Sam.' He has 'fleece'd' churches, temples and cathedrals out of thousands of dollars. He is a natural confidence man. His latest game is Witchcraft, and . . ."

Here one of the listeners, an aged and grizzled veteran, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, stepped forward: "Stop it!" he cried. "We will hear no more! Begone! foul desecrator, defamer of the absent faithful! Did he not warn us against such as thou? 'Twas but a scheme to gain admittance to our sacred Assembly-room! Has he not proven his power? Did he not restore stolen money we thought lost forever? Did he not 'hex' the one who tried to burn our sacred building; did not his daughter die a violent death in an automobile wreck? Did he not heal a helpless, weakened intellect which was possessed of an Unclean Spirit? I tell you he will return, and as the beloved Aimee returned and proved herself innocent, so will he prove himself innocent!"

* * *

When Inspector Byrnes reached the sidewalk below and stood awaiting a taxi, he mused half-aloud to himself in a vague way:

"One-hundred born every minute; ninety-nine damn fools and a medicine man."



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THE WAY OF THE WORLD Continued

Arkansas Bans Webster's Dictionary

Arkansas has an anti-evolution law. It has also a zealous superintendent of public instruction. Much of his time has been devoted to hunting out possible sources of evolutionary heresy.

Pursuing his hunt thru the pages of Webster's Unabridged he came across this statement: "The theory of evolution is based upon facts abundantly disclosed by every branch of biological study."

He was shocked.

Every school and other public institution of learning in the state harbored Webster. The great American lexicographer had been recognized hitherto as a final authority on all questions of spelling and meaning, and assuredly as a safe authority. But, alas, here was proof that the damnable and damning heresy had crept into his pages, and from there might infect the minds of youth in Arkansas.

Hence the edict went forth. Webster must be cast out. No more can his ponderous volume stand upon the shelves of schools or colleges which derive support from public funds. No more may he be thumbed at the expense of taxpayers by youngsters seeking to discover how many "I's" there are in "parallel." No more may he be used to sit upon when legs are too long for seats that are too low.

Webster is on the index expurgatorius in Arkansas. Perhaps a new edition will be published for the use of anti-evolutionary states, from which the offending statement—which really goes beyond legitimate definition—will be omitted. Meantime the zealous heresy-hunter must be having a great time with the encyclopedias and like works of reference—if they have any in Arkansas.

¶ Greater Than Elijah!

Frederick Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War (for Aviation), received a telegram: "Only Elijah has gone farther and longer than the 'Question-Mark'." Re-telegraphed Mr. Davison: "Good. Let's trim Elijah."***—Time.

*Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. 2 Kings. 2: 11. Appropriate also is And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, 1 Kings 17: 6.

**The "Question-Mark" (U. S. Army plane) recently broke all records for staying in the air continuously 150 hours, 40 minutes, 16 seconds.

¶ The Menace of Intolerance

Following the lead of Tennessee and Arkansas, some 20 states are today considering acts to prohibit the teaching of evolution.

A recent bill to repeal the "Anti-Evolution" law in Tennessee was voted down.

Discoveries in Mental Telepathy (Continued from page 44)

ring for a little finger; a gold signet ring that would fit a man's little finger or a woman's middle finger, that carried a stone or setting."

She was correct to the extent that it was a ring for the little finger of a man, but the signet part and the setting or stone were inaccurate.

Mrs. G. D. Anderson of Los Angeles replied to the fourth test as follows: "Ring—diamond in white gold." Here we find the fourth person receiving an impression of a ring. Her description differs, however, in that she thought the ring to be of "white gold."

With such a large proportion of replies for the same general thing on the same evening, the question arises, whether the committee might not have carried over unconsciously, in the back of their minds, so to speak, impressions of their earlier concentration upon the man's ring, in the first test.

If such was the case, then, instead of the impression of a ring leaving the subconscious minds of the committee, it hung on during the third and fourth tests, when it reached others.

Or, it may be that the impression of the ring reached these persons at the right time, but did not manifest itself in their consciousness until the later tests, which seems more likely to have been the case.

Mrs. Carl Newcomb, of Oxnard, California, replying to the third test of the second evening, wrote: "Book." As a matter of fact, a book was the object used in the fourth test. Asked what kind of a book she saw, she said she saw a "red" book, "about the size of a regular story book." The book used in the test was red, being a copy of "Who's Who." But the size and shape were very different from her description.

Patricia C. Anderson, of Los Angeles, during the same evening's tests, received for the third test the impression of a "Waste paper basket—wire net." A waste basket was used in the second test; however, it was not made of wire, but of stamped metal. Her reply to further inquiry was to the effect that the basket was empty, which was correct.

For the last Thursday evening's tests, in addition to the interesting letter received about the flowers and vase from Mr. Tolle, a letter from Joseph Kerr, of Forrest Ranch, Butte County, California, five hundred miles north of Los Angeles, was received in which he gave this reply to the second test, "A vase."

Communication with Mr. Kerr asking for more details, brought out the fact that he saw the vase as about one foot high, and "full of flowers." He said the vase "was the color of brown."

The vase was exactly twelve inches high. Its color was dark as to background, but it had considerable gilt tinting upon it, which, in an ordinary light, and five hundred miles away, might appear to be brown.

Marvin L. Elliot of Los Angeles stated in his letter that there was a photograph on the desk before the committee. On being questioned, he gave its size very closely, but was in error as to subject, framing, and in all other respects.

How far the impression of one test may carry over into later tests, how can the concentrating committee eliminate unwanted ideas from their minds, and how it can be determined whether those trying to sense impressions at such times receive the impressions in advance of or after the tests themselves, thereby manifesting in their consciousness at the wrong time—these are questions that cannot be solved at once.

It must be remembered in this connection that the committee, each evening, some twenty minutes or more before the actual tests started, was drilled by the director of the tests in the five methods of concentration, using the actual objects that were used later in the tests.

Did this preliminary drilling and concentrating of the committee in any way influence those listening-in, and if so, to what extent, is another question.

The following tabulation is presented, that the list of objects used in the tests may be more easily compared with the correct replies, and with the replies that were correct so far as describing objects concentrated upon during a given evening's tests, but sent in answer to the wrong test, also with the replies about things in the room where the committee had to see them though it did not consciously make use of them.

Conclusions (See Table on Opposite Page)

It will be noticed one "correct" answer was received for each of the five different methods of "concentrating."

Let us sum up the results found in the foregoing tabulation. First, one of the unexpected as well as remarkable things that should be kept in mind for purposes of comparison is the fact that Radio Station KFXB, from which the tests were made, was new and unknown to the public. It had been on the air but a few days, and was using temporary equipment with the smallest power, far short of the expected power of 4000 watts. All this prevented reaching the large audience anticipated.

A most insignificant total of only ninety-six letters for the entire series of tests reached the committee and director. The first evening's tests



brought but thirty-four replies; for the second evening, only six came; the third evening the number increased to twenty-two, while the fourth and final Thursday evening produced thirty-four.

These ninety-six letters produced less than 500 answers to the twenty tests. It is understood from the press, that more than 10,000 persons replied to the tests recently conducted by Sir Oliver Lodge in London.

When we compare five "correct" answers with our entire number of replies—less than one hundred—the showing is indeed surprising.

The Los Angeles tests failed to disclose any *one* method of "concentration" as being more effective than the others. However, they did bring to light that "concentrating" is not limited or confined, as generally believed, to any given method. They showed that each method is applicable under certain conditions to certain types of minds when "broadcasting", and for certain types of minds when "listening-in". This is in many ways an important finding.

These tests offer indisputable evidence that the human mind can and does send and receive mental impressions from others at a distance, under predetermined conditions.

These tests show that what is generally termed "telepathy", "mental telepathy," and "thought transference" whereby mental impressions or ideas can be conveyed from one mind to minds of others at a distance under cer-

another, is *not* all there is to this field of action.

These tests prove beyond question, that not only can mental impressions, words or ideas be conveyed to the tain conditions, but in addition they show in some cases the minds either "sending" or "receiving", or both, have an added power of "seeing" in clear cut ways, other things near or surrounding the object concentrated upon, that were not consciously in the mind of the sending group at the time.

What is commonly termed clairvoyance, or "clear seeing" is strikingly demonstrated in most of these cases, where details over and above those intended to be sent out were received and reported. This seemed to be the general type of mental reaction experienced by those who made the best showing.

Evidence seems to have developed to the effect that the sender cannot entirely control what he desires to broadcast; also, that the listeners-in are at times able to see more than is consciously intended for them to see.

Association of ideas is clearly indicated in several instances. It is most marked in the letter replying to the very last test, where the impression of the word "flower" was first received, then the "vase", then the earlier idea of poppies, that was revived by association of the idea of "flowers" with poppies, still in the background of Mr. Tolle's mind.

(Continued on page 48)

Objects	Test	Correct	Correct	Objects in
Used Each	No.	Answers	Description	Room not
Coin	1	"coin"	Wrong Test	Consciously
		"quarter"		Used in Tests
Knife	2	"knife"		
		"pearl handle"		
Pen (fountain)	3	"fountain pen,		
		two-desk set"		
Keys	4	"keys"		
Pin	5			"radio"
Telephone (desk)	6			
Basket (waste)	7			
Cane	8		"waste basket"	
			"book" (red)	
Book (red)	9			
Hat	10			
Ring	11		"diamond" (?)	
Nail	12			
Spool	13		"ring"	
Screw	14		"ring"—"ring"	
Cork	15			"vase"
Box	16			"vase"
Check (bank)	17			
Ruler (12 inch)	18			
Match	19			"photograph"
Flowers	20	"flowers"		"vase"

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As a keen pupil of occultism I must say that I am very thankful indeed to have the privilege of reading such a magazine as "The Occult Digest." Without a doubt it is THE OUTSTANDING MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND today. The first thing I look for are Effa Danelson's editorials on "The Truth About Things." They alone are worth the cost of the magazine. Personally I do not place monetary value on "The Occult Digest." It is ABOVE that.

The Occult Digest, without a doubt, is doing an immeasurable amount of good in spreading the truth. I do not hesitate in recommending this magazine of magazines which is MORE than a magazine—to my many friends and those I meet.

May 1929 bring many more readers and may its contributors alike be blessed with health and prosperity.

Canada

DR. S. H. DAINES.

An Anonymous Admirer

Sirs:

Of all the abominable things in this world, George Brown's "Spiritualism of the Bible" seems to be about the worst I have seen. Do I recommend the Occult? No. I don't think I am a radical or a fanatic, I am merely an ordinary person with a college education and a teacher of Science, and am very glad to say that I remain

A BAPTIST

"How few think justly of the thinking few! How many never think, who 'think' they do!"—Editor.

Educational

Sirs:

I consider THE OCCULT DIGEST a most valuable publication. Its articles offer food for thinkers and I am pleased to note the highly educational tone in its various departments.

New York

LOUISA RIEMVIS.

Helpful

Sirs:

An enclosing herewith \$3.00 for a year's subscription to THE OCCULT DIGEST as per your offer of the 10 issues of PSYCHIC POWER as a premium. We find the Digest most interesting and helpful, dealing as it does with so many aspects of Occultism.

Canada

MRS. C. J. W. LAKEMAN.

Blessed Are the Damned!

Sirs:

If I could get along without the Digest I would do so but the Digest magazine is so interesting that it has become a part of me. I cherish the ones I already have. Good luck.

New York

ALBERT M. C. HENRIKSON.

MILESTONES

Died. Charles A. Lazenby, B. A. (University of Toronto) 50, independent thinker, lecturer, writer, in Theosophy. At Detroit, after operation on December 2, 1928.

Soul Mates

(Continued from page 39)

tantalizing.

And then . . . Merciful Heavens!

Suddenly I knew that those points of light were eyes—eyes of beings, loathsome and horrible. A scream of utter horror burst from my lips, coming from the depths of my soul. I made a last desperate effort to throw off the malignant influence that held me enthralled.

And then a great, unmentionable void seemed to open up and engulf me, and I knew no more.

(Continued next month)

Uncle Sam Prefers Brunettes

(Continued from page 43)

hot-blooded and passionate nature than that of the regular blonde type.

In auburn hair there is less sulphur than in the fiery red, but more sulphur and oxygen than in the extremely dark brunette, and with a lesser proportion of nitrogen. Hence the auburn-haired nature is more conservative, steady, reasonable and sensible than that of the bright red hair and sanguine skin, yet at the same time not nearly as sluggish, inert, conservative and inhibitive as the deep dark brunette.

Psychological Aspects

And finally we reach (c) the purely psychological aspect of the complexion problem. Feelings of love, affection, romance, friendship, sentiment and optimism have their good effect upon the complexion. Temper, revenge and hatred have an ill effect.

We all realize that climate, humidity, heat and sunlight affect the complexion, but the results which they produce are much more reflex, chemical and psychological in their nature than we may

imagine at first. Those of the White Race who go to live in warm, tropical climates must become acclimated, like the Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, Hindoos and Latins generally. Heat and humidity produce inertia, stagnation, indolence, so that Nature finally readjusts the chemistry of the body and revises the psychology. Hence the dark brunette for the tropics, and more active blonde for the temperate climes. Compare Northern and Southern Europe, and the Northerners and Southerners of the United States.

Most of us are pretty much of a mixture—we are neither pure blondes nor pure brunettes. Nevertheless, the principles that have been explained here hold good, although you must learn how to apply them. You will then be able to analyze and understand the few extreme cases and all the intermediate conditions.

But do not overlook the rest of the person—study him in his entirety—all his mental and physical as well as his complexional characteristics.

The Alchemy of Health

(Continued from page 26)

fectly; it never fails any more than the sun fails to rise in the morning; it is as dependable as the rotation of the earth or the position of Palaris in the northern sky. Nature can no more fail in this small and intimate service than can the tides of the ocean or the law of gravitation.

Without these elements in the balanced natural perfection, we limp and halt through life, failing on the hills, stalling in the valleys, falling back to earth long before the joy season of life is half over.

The gloomy side of the picture is that it has become practically impossible for the masses to provide themselves with natural foods; the mills of this country are running day and night, destroying and unbalancing nature's perfected grains; like machine guns, they are dealing out death and destruction to the masses of helpless humans, bending and breaking under the burden of consequent disease.

The bright side of it is the possibility that comes through the scientific recognition of the vitamins of our food;

the possibility of supplying these food and life necessities by natural products that are exceptionally high in these vitamin elements.

In the remote regions of equatorial India live natives who, by their well-nigh perfect physical lives, beauty and great age, have attracted the attention of the outside world. Their perfection of life is said to be due to their access to certain fruits of the jungle, to which animals, birds, monkeys and humans alike flock in great numbers during the ripening season. These fruits have already been available in central Europe for several years. Germany has recently been stirred by the discoveries of some of her foremost physicians and dietitians who have skillfully compounded these jungle fruits into various gland foods claimed to incorporate and supply these necessary life elements and principles that we miss in our denatured foods of today.

Renewed usefulness, vitality and mental activity are certain to result when the human system is supplied by Nature's foods in perfect balance.

Discoveries in Mental Telepathy

(Continued from page 47)

The actual accomplishments of other scientific tests are not well enough known to afford a proper basis for comparison. But the results of these tests carried out from Los Angeles should prove of great value to those who may later attempt similar experiments.

I CERTIFY, the statements of facts in

this Report, to be true and correct in every way; and the exhibits offered as evidence in this report, to be genuine and authentic in every way.

(Signed) CHAS. C. MCGONEGAL,
COMMANDER BELL POST, AMERICAN LEGION,
BELL, CALIFORNIA.

(Signed) PIERSON W. BANNING,
DIRECTOR MENTAL TELEPATHY TESTS.

The WAY WE THINK

A Primer of Education and Psychotherapy by Re-education

By H. TRAVERS COLE, M.D.

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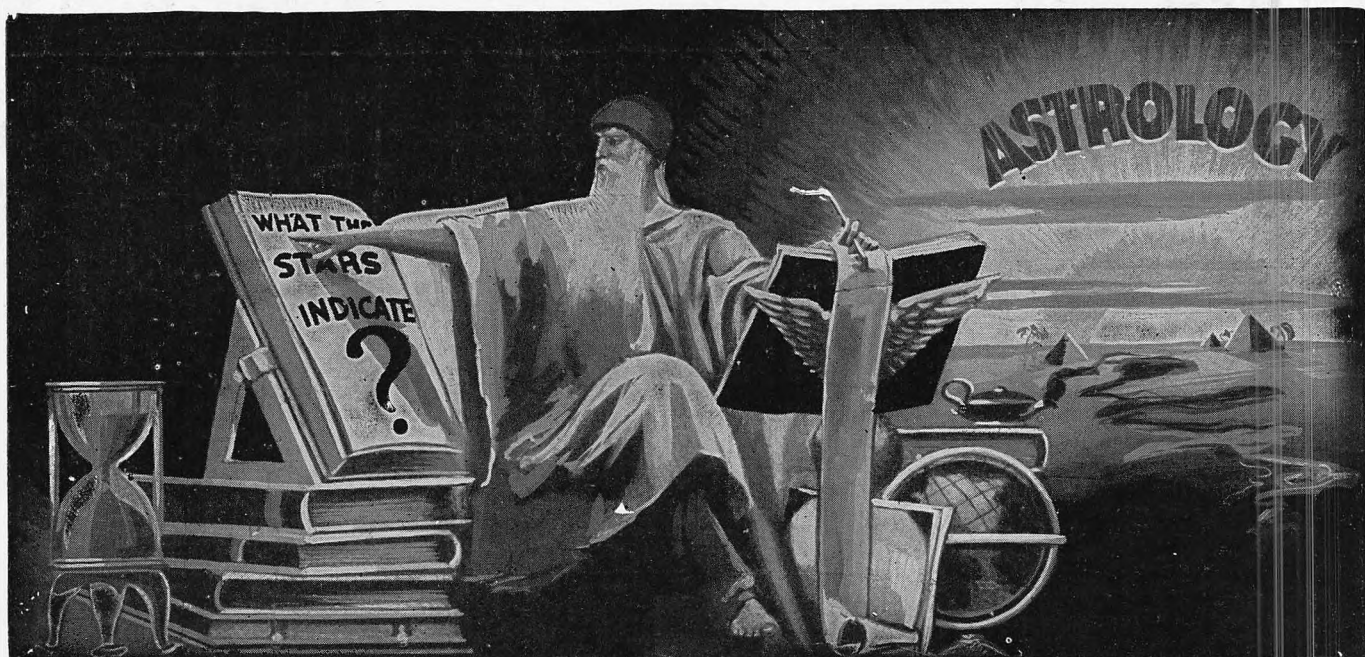
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