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★July

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Original Letter on File at the Occult Digest

Effa Danelson
Editor and Publisher

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THE editorial policy of The Occult Digest is to offer a channel for searchers for knowledge.

We invite contributions from men and women of authority in their respective fields of research.

The Occult Digest is an Open Forum for Occult Science in every phase.

We do not accept articles for publication containing statements of a nature derogatory to personal character; neither do we encourage exploitation of any one branch of the Occult Sciences to the detriment of others.

We discourage any and all legislation hampering the free advance of scientific achievement.

We declare capital punishment will be abolished. It is ineffective as a deterrent of crime; it is itself a crime, if not by statute, certainly by humanitarian ethics.

We declare the religionizing of Occult phenomena shrouds in mystery that which is expressive of a natural law.

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Next Month

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Beginning a series of lectures on the True Occultism by The Editor, reprinted by request from the 1925 issues of The Occult Digest. "Too good to miss."

The Woman Whom Thou Gavest to Be With Me

Adam blamed Eve for his downfall, and all his sons have been doing the same ever since. But is woman always the cause of man's destruction? Here is an article that will give you "something to think about."

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You will be delighted with this clear exposition of a so-called abstruse science.

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"Good," said The Editor when the above treatise reached her desk. "Our readers want facts, and they will like this." 'Nuff said.

Sardonic Eyes

A psychic experience story that is "worth while" from every point of view.

Realization

By EFFA DANELSON

WHEN kindred souls meet upon the highway of Life, all paths converge into the Realization of at-one-ment. Immortal Truth wraps its mantle over all and in the spirit of progress their journey is continued. Only on the path, while struggling for mastery, does the soul work with pride and burn with ambition to rule. When the spring of Realization is released the traveler on the path sees the goal he has chosen.

IN storm or sunshine, he never hastens or slacks his speed. He is sure footed and nothing can persuade him to turn aside from or relinquish his purpose. He toils in the full assurance that time means nothing to him. His goal is reached at each nightfall as he lays his head on his well-earned pillow for rest from his daily labors.

HE who has given birth to the soul of Realization has no fear for what was or is to come. He knows that the sight that comes to him through the Immortal Truth, whether he be a lonely traveler on the highway or one of many, will reveal every footprint. He will be prepared to meet obstacles on the way; his omniscient sight protects him from the enemy in ambush and removes all doubt and despair from his mind.

THOSE who seek counsel of him who has drunk from this cup of Immortal Truth never go away emptyhanded, for from the hands of such as he, the richest blessings fall without measure.

REALIZATION, the fruit of experience, is a tree whose branches reach far and wide, under which the weary may find rest in their hour of need. There is comfort for the sorrowing heart, surcease from pain, and shelter in time of storm.

REALIZATION, steadfast and true, stands guard, and when the setting sun of Life draws the shades upon the earthly career, all fears are banished, for in that moment the soul of him who knows the law triumphs over Death and arises victorious, an *Immortal Being*, triune in his power.

Effa DANELSON'S

L ¶ Live Today

LIVE today,—it is the bridge of Time. Yesterday's banks secured it firmly, and today will hold it if today is lived to its fullest. Do not mark time in your daily round of living. Record the things you do in the book "Worth While;" the ledger of "No Account" remove from your files and see to it that the deeds that claimed your time and attention served as a threefold purpose—one for your present, one for your future, and one for those who watch what you are doing.

You are not alone on the bridge. All the world shares it with you and the eyes of the world are watching, though you may not feel their gaze. They are one with you. Your rise to fame and glory gives them power to help you and, with their help, you cannot fail.

Live today, my more than friend and brother, for if you do not show your strength and vigor you may cause another's fall. What though the clouds hang gray, you have Life; you must preserve your strength to live it. You dare not doubt your powers to conquer all. The moments must be filled while passing with the things that are worth while. They are the cargo of the future, when the bridge of life you've crossed. Every day must be safeguarded, every hour an hour of prayer, every moment must be counted if from Time you reap your share.

Yonder sits a weary traveler, garments soiled and eyes grown dim, at his feet the empty knapsack. Hopeless, he sits and moans. In his hands there is the banner of his youth. Read the record of the wasted years of idle wishing while he loitered on the banks of Time.

Live today, my youthful comrade. Let your days be filled with joy. Live today the life of service, that the clouds your life may bless and the sunshine of your living forever light your Life.

ID ¶ You Are The Conqueror

DO not look to another to fight your battles. You are the conqueror, you are the captain of your ship. You set the sails and launched the boat. You entered the conquest of life, my friend, and you must fight the battle of life. You must win its laurels, you must be the victor. Weaken not when foes approach, cry not for help to the passing throng, but buckle on the armor of defense and stand your ground.

The very air is charged with your strength. Tax your powers of construction. Force your Will into action and *never say fail*. Forge ahead, compel yourself to move up into the line of fighting men and women, and Despair, that old enemy of mankind, can never laugh at your expense. Your body chemicals are all compounded for action. Stir the elixir of life into your veins and see how quickly courage rises to meet every demand.

You are the conqueror. No man can fight your

battle. You must do your own fighting by doing your own thinking. You can conquer every foe by right thinking. You know your weaknesses, you know your powers. Think constructively, and all destructive powers that seek to destroy you must fail.

WW ¶ Reaching The Inner Self

WHILE striving to reach the inner self there are many who become engulfed in the intricate theories set forth by master minds, since these give rules and regulations which often end in confused ideas and hallucinations for those whom they desire to reach. Once having become enmeshed in these confusing thought waves, the individual becomes paralyzed with fear.

Where is this inner self, one asks? How can I reach it? The inner self is the desire self. First the desire to know must become a living thing within you, calling with its utmost power to the sleeping soul within the mind chamber, until the desire to do becomes effective. Then Reason, that guardian of the temple, must be enthroned, that nothing may enter which is not qualified.

Because each individual is a law unto himself, no hard and fast rules can be set. There is only one route to your inner self and that is through the conviction in your own conscious brain that you are right—waiting not for criticism or praise, but plunging on to do the things you know are right for you to do, bearing the painful and humiliating criticisms of friends.

We can reach the inner self only by a circuitous route of experience. There are no signboards to point the way. We recognize the pearl and cherish it, throwing away the bubble. We travel on, though we may become weary and footsore. We analyze the little grains of truth given us by others and test their value by comparing them with the golden grains of our own experience—which is the truest test of all.

Reaching the inner self by rules set down by others never gives much satisfaction. The awakening of the inner guard of the temple through careful analysis of his innermost thoughts and rigid criticism of his every act, will give the searcher for the inner self the best possible results.

That Voice which speaks to us in unmistakable terms of command is the inner voice of our soul, guiding and guarding our onward steps. Catching a glimpse of a distant star, or worshipping at the shrine of a master will not win the goal, but a steady march forward with unflagging steps until the journey ends, will make you master of the inner temple of the soul.

Why is it called the *inner* self? Because no one but yourself has the key that will unlock the temple door of your own being. Seek not for fame, to gain glory or wealth, to become rich and live in ease while your brother toils, but seek to help the brother lift his load. For after all, it is in giving loving service that we reach the inner self.

—by the Editor

EDITORIALS *of the* DAY

B ¶ *Let Your Soul Speak*

BEYOND sight and hearing, without form or being, unmeasurable by time or space, lies the soul in the silence of your universe, like a mighty monarch speaking from his throne.

Let your soul speak, if you are weary of conflict. It will solve your most complex problem. It will warn you of danger, succor you in time of need, protect you from storms, and cast upon your pathway the light that never dims. Few there are that know of the inner chamber where the soul stands guard. "Ask and ye shall receive," was spoken of the soul. "Lo, I am with you always," was spoken by the soul. It can be said that "Many are called, but few are chosen," for is it not only too true that the soul cries out to us to warn, and we answer, "Here am I," but do not heed the warning?

Let your soul speak when storms rage and tempests prevail, for in the great universe of souls none can speak with power to quell the waves like our own. No peace can e'er be found until we hear calling, from out that inner chamber, the still soft voice of the soul—our soul which alone has dominion over the things that possess us.

L ¶ *What Is Love*

LOVE is the chemist of our lives, mixing the poisons and the palliatives. When the chemist mixes the poisons we hate our enemies and seek to destroy them. When he mixes the palliatives we love our enemies and seek only to defend ourselves from their power to destroy us.

The true chemist understands the law of justice and never seeks to destroy, even though tried to the utmost. The art of the chemist lies in the mixing of the poisons and the palliatives to destroy the power of the enemy to do harm. He who can love his enemies and do good to them despite their evil doings, is a conqueror of empires and no power can prevail against him.

A ¶ *Omniscient Sight*

AT no time in the history of the world has man been so filled with omniscient sight. Released from the barnacles that threatened his ship, he has swiftly and in safety reached the farther shore. Monarchs have fallen at his approach. Destruction has followed in his wake and the gleaners have followed, each in their turn, to gather the golden grains of influence and affluence, until today man is the monarch of sea and land and has indeed claimed his right to build mansions in the sky.

The mighty monsters of the past rise no more in the path. Ignorance of the laws of nature has succumbed to knowledge of nature's supreme power. Today we are looking into the future with omniscient sight, knowing that it must submit to our scrutiny and yield from its silent chamber the riches we seek.

No more can the human race be likened to "dumb, driven cattle." Omniscient sight is the dispenser of gifts more precious than silver or gold, and more to be prized than the "pearl of great price," for unto him who seeketh sight shall it be given.

Yesterday, we lived in a world of darkness. Today, light floods our lives through our possession of the great power known as omniscient sight.

W ¶ *The Psychic Ray*

WITH the many new discoveries of the various rays, their helpfulness and far-reaching influences on the life of man, we often wonder why the question of the psychic ray has not been taken seriously by these gentlemen who so generously search other avenues of investigation. Is it because of their early religious training? Are they prejudiced? Or are they just simply afraid they will find the truth about Life after Death?

The Psychic Ray, emanating from the third eye (located in the forehead between the two physical eyes), is the most powerful ray known to man. The motor for this ray is concealed in the palms of the hands, with ground centers in the hollow of the feet. It has absolutely nothing to do with the solar plexus except to supply it with its creative power. These centers are supplied from great invisible reservoirs, contacted through the veins and arteries of the aura, or the cushion of ether in which the body floats, so to speak. This cushion of ether is not affected by heat or cold and supports the so-called ego from which the visible spirit body takes form at the death of the physical body. These accessories to our bodies are visible only to those whose third eye is able to convert the rays into conscious thought on the mirror of the conscious physical brain.

In the course of time, man will make discoveries to measure and weigh these rays. When this is accomplished, communication with the dead will be established and all forms of belief will vanish, as the fog flees when the sun rises. Men have kept the human race in darkness. One by one, as each advanced soul came into being, his body was destroyed. Fear of an avenging God, love of position and power, ignorance of the law, all played their part and are still doing so, by keeping the world in the darkness of ignorance concerning the human body and its master operations.

There are hidden in the human body great storage batteries which draw from all Nature's forces for the many needs of man. The men and women who learn to tap these great veins will surely be masters of fate. What we have been robbed of in the past cannot be estimated, but what we are losing today can be known. One needs only to realize the radio, telephone, wireless, and the great industrial inventions, to make comparison with the past and estimate the loss sustained through lack of knowledge of the Psychic Ray, whose power, if understood, could heal all ills.

Turn to page 48 for
Continuation of Editorials of the Day

A Child of FATE

By MARION McAVOY

IT was a great council meeting of the Cherokees of the Tennessee hills—a council meeting extraordinary.

The ancestors of this particular family of the Cherokee people were the first to plant corn, to tap the maple trees, and to roast wild turkey for colonists in the pioneer days of America.

Tonight their young people were to hear many things, things as far back even as Eric "The Red." They were also to hear from the lips of their prophetess the things which they must do, if they would continue to live in peace.

Ardelle, or "Singing Voice," had been their spiritual adviser since she was sixteen, at which age her acute premonitions had saved them from an enemy's trap.

Her family was known as the *Big Smith* family, because of their large bodies and extreme height. They owed their surname to the fact that their ancestors had been adopted by Captain John Smith. Very proudly they wore that name, for they had won it by industry, veracity, honor, and the chastity of their women.

Ardelle had just returned from three days of seclusion, during which she had received the inspiration that she was to give tonight in council meeting.

Ardelle had a gift few have possessed, that of knowing, many days in advance, any great event or change that was to come to her people. When Ardelle was but a small infant her mother died. However, before she passed on, she told the spiritual leader of the day that Ardelle had been born with a veil over her face, which meant to the tribal family, she would see and know their future before they themselves would know it.

Ardelle first manifested this power when a man came to the settlement pretending to offer to trade better land in the far south for the Cherokees' Tennessee homes. She mistrusted him and went into seclusion for three days to commune with the Great Spirit,

when she learned the man was a fraud, so he was driven away.

Soon after this she married Tom Smith, who was a distant relative and the son of her foster father, thus retaining her family name of Smith. Their married life together was very happy and prosperous, and the years brought added wisdom and insight to Ardelle.

Three years before this great council meeting Ardelle's husband passed on to that happy home in which the Cherokees so strongly believed. She was left with three sons and much wealth in land and livestock.

Ardelle began to fail in health after her husband's death, but as her body weakened her spiritual sense became very strong.

Tonight her youngest son, Tom Smith the third, was sitting in council—the first time a child so young had sat in these solemn meetings.

The older people were dressed in their tribal costumes, many of them very ancient. The women wore their shawls folded in a significant manner. The young people were gorgeous in "paleface" raiment.

The sage of the Smith family, a man of immense body, quietly rose from his great chair and in a forceful voice, yet intensely smooth, told them that they were there to hear their spiritual leader tell them of a vision that had been given to her for them, and he expressed the hope that they would heed her advice as she entrusted her message to them. He said that he was an old man, too old to migrate, but that all of middle age must heed the call, and do the will of the Great Spirit.

"As you all know," he concluded, "Sister Singing Voice (Ardelle) is not strong of body any more. This effort to vision your future has cost her a great deal of physical strength, and you must get the full benefit of her communion with the Great Spirit of our people."

Ardelle was a woman of haunting

beauty and grace. All who looked upon her tonight felt that she had sacrificed much for them, and they revered her accordingly.

Her two stalwart older sons were now in charge of her property. The small son who sat with her tonight had been born to her in middle age, as she herself had been born to her mother at an age of past two score and five years. He was as like her as she had been like her own mother.

Ardelle had grown up in a home of love and affluence, for Tom Smith was head chief and financial adviser of this family of the Cherokees. Her home had been in the highest region of the wild and beautiful Tennessee hills.

She was the soloist of the large family; her musical education had been the best that could be given her. She also rode with charming grace and daring, and had early learned all the household arts common to the women of her people. Her frail body upheld by spiritual strength, Ardelle now rose to give her fateful message to her people.

"Brothers and Sisters, if I were to tell you all that I would like to tell you, this council meeting would be in session when the robin calls his mate, and the sun has turned to gold, the leaves of the maple trees, but I must be brief, for I am like a flame that soon will pass away beyond. Hear me before I go!"

Here she reached for the glass of cherry wine that had been placed near her. All who looked on her form and face saw come over her a strange and perfect vision of her youth. She was wearing her bridal costume which had been the bridal costume of her mother also.

As the people sat in awed silence she said to them, "As you know, for three days and nights I have been in communion with the Great Spirit, without whose aid we could not exist. I have eaten only the uncooked sap from the maple trees, the honeycomb of the wild bees, the nuts as they fell at my feet from the trees and have drunk only

the water stored in the leaves of the palms, which our Great Spirit teaches us to find in cases of emergency, and *this* is the greatest emergency that will ever come to my people. I feel it.

"So many of our young people are discontented, and so many of our older people are unhappy because our young people are being weaned away from our rules and ceremonials, and are following styles that cause them to become immodest. Our boys wear suits that display their physiques so plainly they have become vain of the good bodies nature gave them. Our girls wear garments that will soon cause them to become weaklings; they will soon be unable to nourish a child at their breasts or to enjoy our sports.

"When you do wear shawls, they are not folded to mean anything to your people; they are worn as the paleface wears them, for attraction, and not as garments that distinguish you as belonging to certain tribal orders.

"I see young men pass mature women and merely raise a hand to their brow; young girls pass their elders and only smile, or not always that. No nation can stand which does not reverence the parents, elders, scribes and leaders of the race.

"Our young men are forsaking their people and taking wives from among people who only want our lands and our herds. We must go to a place where we can rear our children in our beliefs, and keep our traditions and legends sacred for them.

"We must not hate the people who call us Indians and try to get our lands away from us. They have lived this mistake so long that although they know it is wrong, they will never try to change. If we live their mistakes we will soon be as weak physically as they are. If we continue as we are now we will have to carve our history on stone—our children will be too weak to keep it for us.

"In my vision which came of my communion with our Great Spirit and Guide, I have seen a new land, a good land where our friend Houston has gone recently. You know he is one of us by adoption. We will soon hear from him about it. It is many miles to that land; there our boys will be proud to grow better corn and breed finer oxen and faster horses and to lay away more pelts for furs than any other people can do. Our girls will be happy to rear their children to the music of our tribal songs, and will croon to them of the valor of their grandsires and of the beauty and chastity of their grandmothers.

"This place is beside the great water to the southeast, far, far away. I could hear the sighing of the pines and I



ARDELLE OR "SINGING VOICE"

The present Ardelle whose coming was prophesied many years before her birth by the original Ardelle of the Tennessee hills. (The author of this story was the governess of the above young lady at the time—see next installment—her father became convinced that she must sing if she was to live.)

could see the great herds of buffalo. I heard the music of falling water, as the streams glided away to the ocean.

"The squirrels were racing with the frost to get their pecan and many other nuts stored for the winter. The wild turkey was calling to his mate to go to the corn fields at dawn with him. Then a sweet-voiced whippoorwill joined the chorus. His voice was the most delightful I have ever heard—when I listened to his message of love I knew it was from our spiritual leader, and that I must impress upon you the virtue of speedy action.

"For I will not be with you long. Yet, after many years there will come another Ardelle with my voice and nature and features, only she will be

as fair as the dawn in April, with hair like the gold the Spaniards searched for in our land many years ago.

"This Ardelle will be a true daughter of America and will always walk alone, for few will understand her nature and only the very wise ones will appreciate her ability. She will sing to her people, not as I do, but very much better.

"In my blind eyesight I saw her singing to her parents, whom she will love and revere as I do mine. Though they were far away and feeble, they could hear her. It was so strange a phenomenon—I cannot make you comprehend what it was like to have this feeling.

"I had asked to see the future of my people. While I slept in my eyesight, but not in my soul, the vision came

to me of this fair girl singing far away beside the great western water. I sensed something like the prickling when the lightning comes too near. Then her voice lifted higher and higher, yet so musical and sweet. Then I saw this boy's grandson, Tom Smith also, and his wife, so like her daughter, sitting listening to their daughter's voice. Though it came from beside the great western water it seemed as near as if she had been with them.

"Their hearts swelled with pride and their tears flowed from joy at hearing their daughter sing for them. Yet there seemed to be throngs of people listening to her, in many different places, over many miles of land, across high mountains, from the great western water to the vast plains. This I cannot understand, but it is not for me to question—it was given me to say to you."

Again Ardelle of the Tennessee hills raised her hand to smother the pain in her side and took a sip of the cheery wine to clear her voice and steady her trembling fingers.

"This boy's grandson will be the father of that fair skinned Ardelle, for he will take for wife a woman from a foreign land. She will be very fair of face and have the nature of our own people.

"They will be true mates and keep the traditions of our people as if they had been reared in the colonies of our northeast. They will have suffering, losses, and learn to love, live and be strong for each other. This child will come after they have passed many years of their lives together.

"They will know her when she comes and rear her in a manner befitting one of so great a future as she will have. Her eyes will be as blue as the forget-me-nots we use to cure the fever of the fall winds. Her love will warm the hearts of all who know her; many old people will adore her.

"I know our scribe has taken this all down as I have given it; but may it be placed on parchment, that has been cured by our own method, that it may remain for her to read.

"This girl will stand before great throngs of people clad in our tribal garments and be proud to wear them and to proclaim herself one of the Smiths of the Tennessee hills, also of the Mississippi tribes. Many will marvel at her beauty and fair face, yet they will have to know her as an 'Indian.' All will admire her fidelity to her people when she will be only one-eighth Cherokee and could easily disown us. Her voice will cause her to be known to millions by this method of hearing that I cannot explain. There will not be another like her in her day.

"The Great Spirit gave me these words and music and I will sing them for you. Then they must be preserved for her, for she will cause our traditions to be studied as never before:

THERE'S A HOMELAND WAITING FOR YOU

I.
"There's a homeland waiting for you, beside the great gulf waters blue, Where buffalo herds are many, peace and plenty just for you. By the arm of the eastern waters, where the land bears fruit and grains. Where the roaming cattle and mustang are grazing on the plains.

Chorus:
"Go live by the great waters, or near the level plain, 'Tis there I'll find you when I come again. From beside the western waters, o'er distance great and long, My Spirit will there greet you and bring back to you this song."

II.
"Where the great Red River's waters go rushing by so free, Where fruits and nuts are plenty waiting there for thee, There's the sighing of the pine tree, there the fruitful palm trees wave—Go search for this rich country, you sons and daughters brave."

Ardelle of the Tennessee hills again rested a few moments after singing her own composition for her family. A strong handsome youth now rose to his full height, saluted her, his elders and superiors, then in a voice with articulation so perfect it was like music, he asked her:

"Will you please understand that I appreciate you—how much I admire your great power I cannot say. Also please know the reverence I have for you, but my heart is consumed with the desire to understand this great phenomenon that you witnessed when you heard your other voice singing to the great multitude of people so many miles distant from her."

Ardelle smiled at him wistfully before she rose to reply.

"I knew you would feel as I do—that we do not understand enough of this great soul and her work. I regret that I am unable to help you, but it is not given me to help you to understand more clearly—I was too weak to remain in seclusion any longer. Yet I know it is to be as I saw it, and when I have rested again tomorrow, I will talk with you and you will feel it as I do."

The members of the council were awed by the words of Ardelle's song and by her vision, which they knew had been given to her for them.

The next day her gentle spirit went to meet the mate of her youth who had gone, it seemed to her, so many dreary days before. As she had requested, she was buried in the robes of her tribal faith. Her bridal costume, that had been also the bridal costume of her mother, was kept for the future Ardelle.

* * *

BEFORE the autumn leaves were turning to gold and crimson, the entire Big Smith Family began the

long journey to the country which Ardelle's vision had plotted out for them.

They found all that had been described to them, and more too. Peace reigned among them and their people many years until an enemy tried to invade their domain. Then they followed their leader, Houston, to victory and peace and plenty reigned as before.

When the fourth Tom Smith had grown to manhood, he found his new homeland again threatened by war. Ably he defended his rights, until his cause was pronounced lost, when he began to rebuild with such success that all marvelled at him.

When his son, "Young" Tom Smith, as he was called, came to manhood, he was more like an "Indian," or Cherokee, rather, than any in the family for three generations, for during that period his forefathers had taken wives from paleface families.

"Young" Tom Smith was only one-quarter Cherokee, but in appearance he was a full-blood. He was six feet tall, lithe of body, keen of eye, and had a step so light few could believe he wore boots or shoes when they heard him walking without first seeing him. He was not content to remain in the south until he had seen the homes of his ancestors in Mississippi and in the Tennessee hills.

At twenty-two he enrolled at Peabody College. Faculty and students soon heard, from other people, of his family and their history, also of his wealth, but never from himself. His ability as a student and his success on the athletic field won him friends from among the most intellectual and wealthiest people in the college.

There was a young lady there who had come from Ireland to study, that she might be the better able to help her people to freedom. She and "Young" Tom Smith found themselves kindred spirits. At commencement, Peabody College was all agog with the news and pleasant anticipation of a college wedding. This would be the greatest wedding ever celebrated there.

"Martha O'Ryan and 'Young' Tom Smith are to be married," was on every lip. The girls envied her—"Just think, born in Ireland, came to America to be educated, now to be married and live on a grand cattle ranch in Texas—who ever knew such a romance!" The boys looked at him and many remarked, "It's not his money altogether. He is a straight guy, bound to lead."

None of the students knew or even thought of any fatality hanging over Martha and Tom, which would take

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Part Two

How To Talk With The Dead

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph.D.

Reprinted from "Psychic Power"

(Continued from June issue)

AUTOMATIC writing means writing which is performed without the use of the conscious mind; that is, writing which is performed by the unconscious muscular energies of the hand and arm; hence automatic or nonconscious writing. A pencil is taken in the ordinary way and held over a piece of paper, and in a short time it will be noticed that slight movements of the pencil occur, making scrawling marks on the paper. As time goes on these marks became more and more consistent and consecutive. They begin to form circles, hooks, etc., until letters, then words, and finally whole sentences are written out.

How to Obtain Automatic Writing

The best way to obtain automatic writing is to hold the arm clear off the table; that is, so that neither the wrist, nor the elbows, nor any part of the arm touches it. In this way a certain amount of fatigue is soon induced in the arm, and, as soon as this occurs, automatic writing tends to begin.

In obtaining writing of this character you must be careful to abstract your conscious guidance from the hand as much as possible, leaving it to itself. Do not try and write anything of your own volition; let it guide itself, even if it writes nonsense at first.

Some persons obtain writing more easily if the pencil is placed between the first and second fingers, but whatever way is most convenient to you should be adopted in cultivating automatic writing.

Make the mind as blank as possible. After a time you may be able to think of other things at the same time, carry on a train of conversation, read a book, etc., at the same time that your hand is writing the messages; but it is improbable that you will be able to do this at first. The first thing is to make the mind blank and await results.

Two Important Rules to Follow

When developing automatic writing, you should sit for *not longer* than fifteen or twenty minutes daily and, if possible, *always at the same time*. It is very important that these two rules be observed. Mr. W. T. Stead, the well-known journalist and spiritualist, once stated to me that he considered these two warnings of the utmost im-

portance, and attributed his own success (and the fact that he had never encountered any difficulties or any trouble in his automatic writing) to the fact that he had heeded strictly this advice.

How Automatic Writing Is Accomplished

Automatic writing is doubtless per-

Waiting

By EFFA DANELSON

WAITING in the shadow is not drear,
Waiting in the sunshine is not cheer;
Waiting in the morning is not hope,
Waiting at the eventide when the day is done,
Does not bring the slumber hour, or the coming dawn.

WAITING with decision for the goal you choose,
Waiting with clear vision for the bud to burst,
Brings the day-dream nearer and the sweet repose.

THERE come to each of us moments when all is all but lost.
Then, out of the silence the voice speaks;
We see, we feel, and seem to hear in vibrant tones,
From shore to shore;
We lift our heads and look about;
We know that in us lies the power of Omnipotence.
No fear exists for us, for in the mind chamber of our life,
There burns a fire whose love consumes the darkness of the night,
And on our lips there comes a song of peace,
Which brings goodwill to all mankind,
For we are brothers still, no matter what the strife has been.

formed by the subconscious muscular action on the part of the hand and arm of the writer; that is, in the majority of cases. But this does not serve to "explain" it, as many people believe. Granting that the actual writing is obtained in this way, the question remains "How about the information

which is often obtained by means of the writing, information which the writer could not possibly have known by any normal means?" For instance, suppose you are sitting at your table, pencil in hand, waiting to see what is written. Your hand writes: "I am James Valentine. I was killed in a railroad accident this afternoon at 4 o'clock." Granting that your own hand actually moved the pencil to write this message, where did this piece of information come from? How did your mind know what to write, and the fact that James Valentine had been killed? That is the question which remains to be solved, and is the one which the majority of scientists who have undertaken to investigate and explain these phenomena slur over and leave altogether unexplained. In many other cases, also, the power seems to be greater than the medium alone could have produced, and, in such cases, an outside power was doubtless employed, as in many "physical phenomena."

The Character of the Messages Received

Many of the messages you receive, especially at first, will doubtless prove incoherent and disconnected, like dreams, in fact they *are* dreams, only instead of seeing these thoughts in visions, they are written out by your own hand. In both cases, however, it is your dream-consciousness (subconsciousness) which originates the messages or the visions.

In many cases, however, clear and consistent messages are written and these may be supernormal and show evidence of telepathy, clairvoyance, premonition, or spirit-communication, just as dreams do. Many mediums obtain their messages direct by automatic writing. Mrs. Piper of Boston, in many ways the most famous medium in the history of Psychics, obtained nearly all her communications in this manner. In her case, she passes into a very deep trance while writing and has to be supported by cushions. In your own case, it is improbable that you will go into trance at first,—though you may have a tendency to do so, and if you begin to feel sleepy or drowsy during the writing, you should give way to this and allow yourself to pass into the trance-condition. In this state many of the best messages are

obtained. It is advisable, however, to do this for the first few times only in the presence of an experienced medium or psychic, who can attend to you during the period of trance, and who will ask questions for your hand to reply to, etc.

Phenomena Which May Occur During the Writing

This feeling of drowsiness appears very often in automatic writing, but it is not universal. Many mediums who obtain remarkable messages in this manner have never passed into trance and have no desire to do so; they remain perfectly normal throughout.

It may be that when you begin to write, your hand and arm will show signs of insensibility; that is, it will lose its sensation and any feeling of pain, etc. It becomes, as we say, anaesthetic. You may be quite unconscious of this fact and only discover it by an accident.

More Phenomena

Some of these messages are very remarkable, and contain sound advice which can be followed with profit. Some doubtless originate from those spirit friends who claim to give them. On the other hand, many of them are foolish, lying or merely silly, so that here, as in all other cases, discrimination must be used, and you must exert your own common-sense and judgment in the matter of accepting these messages, and you must see to what extent you may be willing to abide and profit by the advice given.

It sometimes happens that automatic writing forms letters, but these appear curiously shaped and the words cannot be read; sometimes it begins at the right hand side of the page and writes toward the left, like Hebrew. When this is the case it is always a good plan to hold the sheet of paper up to a mirror to see whether the writing can be read in this way. If so, the writing has been merely reversed, and is what we term "mirror-writing."

Some persons can write with the left hand as well as with the right, but usually this is not the case, except with left-handed persons. The reason seems to be that the left hand is poorly developed as a writing machine. For this reason, we can hardly expect any intelligence, who may desire to give messages, to find this an easy way of expressing them. Still it may be tried after writing has been obtained by the right hand.

Occasionally messages are given in foreign languages or in queer tongues, unknown to the sitter. These may be genuine messages, and, if they come in a language unknown to you, you may be more or less assured that they emanate from some spirit friend who

speaks the language in question. Occasionally, however, your hand will write "gibberish," and there are many cases on record where this has been done and no true language has been written.

In addition to automatic writing, there may also be automatic *speech*—when the medium speaks in the trance state, instead of writing. It is only a different method of externalizing the information obtained. It was in this manner that the majority of the "Raymond" messages were obtained by Sir Oliver Lodge,—which have lately gained so much notoriety. Sir Oliver believes that his dead son was actually speaking to him through the entranced medium, and, if this were really the case, of course the "spirit" must have succeeded in some way in manipulating the vocal apparatus of the medium, to give the messages. To many of us, however, these Raymond messages present no very striking evidence of survival—certainly no such good evidence as has been obtained in the past, from other quarters; and it would appear to many of us that there is evidence here of indirect telepathy and information supernormally acquired in other ways, rather than direct "spirit communication." Of course, this is a very much debated question, which cannot be entered into here; it need only be said that, to the author, at all events, the Raymond communications lack many of the elements of conviction—though, certainly, they are profoundly interesting and suggestive from many standpoints.

We now come to another interesting method for deriving supernormal information, viz., *Crystal-Gazing*.

Crystal-gazing means, simply, the practice of looking into a ball of crystal, glass or some similar substance and endeavoring to see within it pictures or images which apparently present themselves to the eye while thus gazing at it.

How to Begin

The best way to begin is to procure a crystal of at least three inches in diameter, larger if possible, and mounted upon a slender wooden stand. The stand and crystal should be placed against a background of black felt or cloth, and the crystal should be shaded with more cloth of the same character, so that there is no high-light anywhere upon it, that is, no point upon which the sun's rays fall making it a bright spot. If the outlines of the ball appear a little cloudy and uncertain, owing to the semi-darkness, this will often help matters.

Place yourself in front of the ball, your eyes being about a foot from its surface. You should be seated in a comfortable chair, your eyes shaded

from the light and relaxed in body and quiet in mind. Gaze steadily at the crystal for a few minutes; do not strain or focus the eyes particularly upon any part of the ball or try to see into its interior. Do not blink the eyes more than you can help; at the same time do not strain them by trying to keep them open for any length of time without blinking. Do not let your eyes wander from the ball nor your attention relax from the subject on hand. Do not let your eyes stare vacantly, but look intently at the ball without undue strain or concentration. Try not to think of anything in particular during the process of this gazing; make the mind fairly blank, at the same time do not allow yourself to become sleepy or the mind to become totally blank to outside impressions.

It is inadvisable to keep this up for more than five minutes at a time at first, for if you do you will find that your eyes will become strained and will "water" after you leave off the experiment. If this is the case you may be sure you have continued gazing for too long a period. As in automatic writing it is advisable, if possible, to sit at the same time every day, while developing, and for the same length of time each day. This time may be lengthened as you progress, though it is usually found unnecessary to look into the crystal for more than a few minutes at a time, for you cannot get consistent, long-drawn-out visions, as you can Automatic-Writing.

Explanation of Crystal-Gazing

Crystal-gazing depends largely upon the ability possessed by the psychic to "visualize," or express in pictorial form, thoughts and images which arise from the subconscious mind. The majority of crystal visions are of this character. You must not assume that because you see figures in the ball that these figures are really in that place; that is, that they are objective or external and exist within the crystal. No; they are mental pictures or hallucinations, but they are expressed or externalized in this way.

For example: You may think of a friend's face and bring it up vividly before your mind's eye, as a memory picture. Now, in ordinary life, the process of externalization ends there, but if you are a good visualizer you can carry it further, and actually project into the crystal the picture of your thought, placing it *in* the ball, where you will see your friend's face clearly reflected from within its depths. But your friend is not really in the ball; it is merely your mental conception or picture of him. Nearly all crystal visions are of this character, as before said.

(Continued on page 28)

REJUVENATION for You

¶ Another myth unveiled and found—real! You who feel the weight of your years, and you young folk who would retain your springtime powers, read and learn the facts about the true “fountain of youth.”

By W. CLEAVELAND CRUMP

PONCE DE LEON'S search for the fountain of youth typifies the longing of all men who have reached the age when time seems to run past them in seven-leagued boots. When the disappointments of life weigh heavily upon us, we are apt to look back to the carefree days of youth, perhaps to that barefoot boy that knew not his joy until it had passed.

In their mad search for some magic elixir, certain medical explorers hit upon the gland-renewing method, much to the disgust of the simian race. Extravagant claims have been made for this treatment, and jokesters have seized upon the new idea with avidity. Other authorities have been equally insistent in their assertion that the method resulted in only temporary benefit. Judging by the fact that humanity seems to be wending its way much as it has for many thousands of years, it would seem that there is much to be desired in the gland-renewing method. However, the idea seems to have occasioned many extensively advertised preparations which probably bring good financial returns for their proprietors, so everybody must be happy.

How many different nostrums and methods of rejuvenation have been advocated through the ages, we may never know, and it is just as well that we do not know, since we would lose faith and search no more.

But with all this mad struggle for a renewing of the days that are gone and the pep that is slipping away, the mass of mankind has never thought that within themselves they have the secret they seek; not to the extent of visibly taking many years from the physical appearance, perhaps, but rather of filling their nerves and bodies with an abundance of energy that is really inexhaustible. During the ages a few men and women have known of this vast power, and many have turned it to practical constructive purposes. They were the leaders, the teachers, and the great ones—not always in the lime-light, it may be, still their influence for good was manifest to a great extent.

It is very probable that some men of great strength of mind and purpose

have unconsciously utilized this power in some measure. All that do use it are capable of vast accomplishment, simply because they cannot help it. It is in the body in unbelievable quantity, and if properly directed, great results will become apparent. It plays an important part in personal magnetism, in fact, in every activity of the body and mind.

What influence have the leaders of history exerted on their followers? What made Napoleon such a commanding figure and leader? Certainly not his personal appearance, for he was short and unprepossessing. How was he able to overcome this handicap and rise to such power of control over others? There must have been a wonderful mental influence about him that others recognized and obeyed. As all activities of the mind and body depend to some extent upon this unlimited energy which is latent in all healthy bodies, it is more than probable that the great leaders of all times used this force either consciously or unconsciously. Knowing what we know now about the radio, these supermen must have radiated the mental power to those they desired to control. We all know that a strong thought held in the mind is apt to translate itself into some action by those near us who have received it. How many times have we been thinking of something, only to have the subject of our thoughts mentioned by someone present who is mentally attuned to us? The writer found when a child at school that he could cause his teacher to call upon him to recite things he knew, by mentally insisting that the teacher do so, and in later life, pursuing the same method, people would often act as mentally instructed by him.

Now this shows the use of some force that can be broadcast and which is received by the mind of others. What is this power if it is not mental or nerve energy? It possesses some of the characteristics of electricity, but is much finer and more subtle. It travels more quickly without being diffused, as illustrated by the following incident. A child of a relative was run over by an automobile and severely hurt. The accident happened in California. With-

out any notification having been sent her, the grandmother of the child, who was in Palestine, had an unaccountable “feeling” that something terrible had happened to the child, and immediately sent a letter of inquiry to the parents in California. This is proof that some powerful energy—I am almost inclined to say intelligent energy, since intelligence is conveyed—traveled at immense speed from California to Palestine, found the object for which it sought and awakened a feeling of fear in the consciousness of the grandmother. The word “telepathy” will probably arise in the mind of the reader. All right, but what is telepathy? What is the force used in mind reading, if not mental energy?

Ordinarily, this energy acts through the nerves. In case of great emergency, or when the will acts strongly, the force seems to be radiated from the body, probably in a manner similar to radio broadcasting. It can be made to accomplish marvelous results in the way of self-development, or it can be exercised for the benefit of humanity. The choice lies with its possessor.

The energy is so great, one can work almost without fatigue. There is a wonderful feeling of lightness about the body that often causes one to feel as though it had no weight. Concentration is a pleasant process when this power is developed, and one requires but little sleep. Imagine how much one could accomplish if his powers were intensified a thousand-fold. Instead of being a burden, the daily toil would not begin to utilize the energy available. In fact, it would be difficult to find activities that would call for the expenditure of all this power.

Life becomes vastly intensified with the awakening of this energy; one enjoys more, but becomes quite sensitive. A beautiful view, a touching refrain in music, the suffering of others, make one experience vividly that which is the cause of our emotion. Our lives are changed; no longer can we be lazy, indolent or indifferent. We must be up and doing, must accomplish something of real worth, must continually seek to improve our minds, must lend a helping hand to others—in short, we must be what God in-

tended us to be—live, dominant minds, utilizing our bodies for the advancement of the race. We must act. We cannot help it. The cosmic urge is coursing through our nerves and will not be denied. Are we ready to really live, to consciously take the step that will hasten our development and advancement?

The method is not complicated. It requires only a few moments daily. But to control this force, some things are necessary. The body must not be weak—no organic nor mental disease. One should not be hysterical, impatient, nor unable to control the mind in the usual situations of life. Remember, a power is being developed which will assist you through life, if you live right, which means no excesses of any sort—in other words, a clean life. Exercise, diet, abstemiousness in the use of tobacco and stimulants and an even mind are essential.

To develop this power, concentration is necessary. But first, one must learn to make the mind perfectly blank by not allowing any thought or sensation to enter the consciousness. As with other worth while accomplishments, it will require daily practice to obtain the proper results. When you can hold the mind absolutely blank for a certain length of time, follow this practice by concentrating on one thing for five or ten minutes. Absolutely nothing should be allowed to disturb the concentration on one chosen thing. This also requires daily practice.

When the mind can be held to one train of thought, practice breathing rhythmically, inhaling during eight counts, holding the breath without strain for four counts, then exhaling during eight counts. This breathing exercise should be done until the rhythm is established. Sit perfectly erect with the backbone straight. Do this exercise for at least one week. The following week, after making the mind blank and breathing rhythmically, place the forefinger on the right nostril and inhale through the left; next exhale through the right nostril. Reverse the process. This should be done two or three times a day for ten days or two weeks. Take care to keep the breathing slow and regular. After some days of this, you should feel yourself becoming a little more energetic. The Hindus say this method "purifies the nerves." True it is, that

after a time the nerves seem to act more quickly, or our reactions seem more rapid.

After practicing the above for the time specified, undertake the following in its place:

Establish the breathing rhythm, then make the mind blank. Concentrate on the lower portion of the spinal column. Imagine that there is a nerve center at that point (which is actually the case). Visualize that nerve plexus, thinking of it as full of light and energy. Try to sink your consciousness down to the nerve center. Do this by shutting out everything from the mind. Then imagine that you are going down a long flight of steps, along the spine until you reach the nerve center mentioned. There stop and endeavor to "feel" with this plexus, or, in other words, think of it as becoming active and imagine that you can actually feel the energy there becoming manifest. A great deal depends upon the power of your concentration and imagination. This exercise may be practiced daily for ten or fifteen minutes at a time when quietness is assured. After about ten days, you may establish the rhythmic breathing, through the right nostril first; inhale during eight counts, and while doing so imagine the breath is in the form of a narrow ribbon that is being inhaled through this nostril and being directed down the inner spinal canal to the nerve center at the base of the spine where it is awakening the energy stored there. After this breath has been sent down to the plexus, imagine it being drawn up again through the spinal canal and expelled through the other nostril. Inhale during eight counts, then exhale during eight counts. Next inhale through the left nostril, sending down the breath to the lower spinal nerve center, then exhale through the right nostril, imagining as vividly as possible the breath being drawn up through the spinal canal and passing out the opposite nostril. Do this once or twice a day for about ten times each nostril, first one, then the other.

This should be practiced about two weeks, as mentioned, or longer if desired.

The next practice is to inhale through one nostril during eight counts; imagine that the breath is being held in the center of the head while the inhalation is being made;

then immediately and by an act of will imagine that you are sending this accumulated power down the spinal canal as rapidly as possible where it strikes the nerve center strongly. Hold the breath during four counts, at the same time holding the power down in the spinal center referred to. At the end of four counts, allow the breath or force to ascend through the opposite nostril, while you are mentally counting eight. When the breath is expelled, hold the breath out during the count of four, then go through the same process again, but through the other nostril—first one, then the other, as explained.

This exercise may seem complicated, but a little care in following directions explicitly until the habit is established will reveal the simplicity of the process.

Lest this seem mystical and illusive, let me state that when you have succeeded in awakening the nerve force in the center at the base of the spine, you will find that you have a veritable electric battery at your command, which furnishes more power than you ever dreamed existed in the body. Life will appear greatly changed. You will find it difficult to utilize all the energy that awaits your call, and if you live abstemiously, it will be an ever present help in accomplishing the daily work.

There is not the slightest doubt of the existence of this force; its presence is an absolute fact, as you will amply realize if you persevere in the practice described above.

It is only necessary to "feel" the energy in the nerve center; when you do "feel" it, it awaits your command.

However, after the energy has been "awakened," one should cease the practice and only resort to it on infrequent occasions in order to keep it fairly active. It is best not to develop its full force, as there is more power than can possibly be used. As with all energy, it can be used either constructively or otherwise. But it is a wonderful boon to those who have self-control and who desire to accomplish everything possible during their life span. One becomes more sensitive, less gross, less material. The mind is very active, and craves knowledge as a hungry child longs for foods—and in this vast energy we find the means of obtaining that knowledge.

Tune In On
"THE OCCULT DIGEST RADIO HOUR"
 Station WCFL (Chicago) 309.1 Meters Every Thursday—12:30 Noon

PSYCHO-SYMBOLISM

¶ Being the second of a Series of Treatises bearing on the Occult side of Handwriting and revealing the Origin and Meaning of each of our Alphabetical Letters or "Signs," which will be a joy to all Students of this fascinating phase of Occult Science.

By EDWARD B. JEFFREY

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AS explained in the introductory article, in this series there are twenty-six capital and twenty-six small letters and the ampersand (&).

CAPITAL LETTER A

The "end" is the beginning.

THE capital letter A is the first letter of practically all known alphabets. It was the first "sign" used by many ancient peoples, many of whom were unknown to one another and who could not, therefore, have been under one another's influence.

As the initial symbol, it is of primary importance. As a forerunner, a first type, it implies something to follow. It is therefore the first type of written or graphic expression. It is the *archetype*, the "emblem" of all other symbols. It was the Alpha, "the beginning," of the Egyptians, and is a small diagram of their Pyramid. As a first sign, it appears the first expression of life.

The capital letter A is like a pointer, symbolizing an upward "direction." It typifies an "ideal," and "uplift," like a pyramid or spire, illustrating man's intention or life aim, to *rise*. It may be variously considered as an arrowhead, a common sign of direction, a ladder, with the first step or first principle of a climb indicated—a ladder whose height is so great it fades into high heaven. It is comparable to a long narrow path which like parallel railway lines merges into the distant sky line. Always the significance is an upward and forward trend in man's life, a journey in which both time and space count.

The writers of this pointed capital letter A, as distinguished from the round shape capital letter A (like the small script letter "a," only enlarged), are the instinctive creators of "types." Their "aims" are to the *point*. They express, without question, the feelings born in them. They are the childlike idealists, with but one object in view. They see no difficulty, nor brook any, between themselves and their objective. They are the marksmen of a single aim. They have eyes for but one target. They are the genus of which others are the species, the origi-

nators where others are the copyists and perfectors. They are the phoenix-like "gesture of life," humanity renewing, recreating itself, or there would be a termination to man's existence.

The pointed capital letter A is found more frequently in the writing of the American citizen than in the writing of the Englishman. The American's ideals and purposes appear the most intense. The pioneer spirit of the Pilgrim fathers has been handed on. The American's "uplift" is very keen in its "point." In this, the first symbol, or first sign of life, there are two stages (the pointed A and the round A) symbolized. Similarly, in the beginning of both animal and plant life there were, and are now, two stages of life development in the first simple cell, and these two stages are markedly different in form.

There are, therefore, two "advance signs" both of which, however, are types in themselves, although the pointed A appears as a male parent. It is the shape of the male spermatozoa. This duality of "process" compares with the male and female in the simplest forms of life known. The one cell or "principle" produces two kinds of directions in life, namely, to reach *upward*, and to go *forward*. The *ideal* of life is to live higher; the *aim* is to live, that is, to continue the process. Both are really aims, but the first is an intellectual or spiritual urge, the latter more of an animal instinct.

All human life, in fact all phenomena, appear to be but variations with these "ends." Thus, paradoxical though it seems, it is apparently true that "The beginning includes the end." Psychologically it is correct, for the end is the first thought in mind. It controls our everyday and our whole life. It can be proved in a practical manner: A target must be first imagined, and the intervening space considered before the "arrow" is aimed; the haven must be visualized in mind before the vessel can be steered thereto; even an unknown town must be pictured in the brain before the steps can be directed to it. Life thus describes a circle or cycle.

It is this persistent looking up-

ward and looking forward that gives man the courage to live. Gravity, or the pull of earthly influences, draws him downward to some extent, but the chief motion is upwards. These dual intentions produce aspiration and ambition, and call forth purpose, effort, and accomplishment. They give hope to go on. Only the hopeless wish to take their lives, and they only because a wall of despair over or through which they cannot progress apparently, but not really, bars the way, whilst time ticks on.

Children in general are the pointed A type humans. They are full of hope, have wonderful aspirations, and possess strongly the instinct to climb. They carry the pointed A symptoms or significance usually through school life, and a few into the life after. Adults expressing this token are much less in evidence, decreasing greatly in ratio to age. "Idealism" departs from most people at an early age. They give up the idea of perfection, the one thing only and no other, and find content in cycling along with the crowd. The round A type people are therefore most prevalent. It is as if the pointed A people or "archers," staked all upon a single aim whilst the other type, or "cyclists," evolve on a do-the-best-one-can method.

Although most things in this world can be likened to others, life has apparently no complete counterpart with which to compare it, and without comparison, nothing can be understood. Hence it does not seem humanly possible to exactly define in symbolic analogy, these two aims of life. In shape one has been defined as an arrowhead, a small direction notice pointing upward, whilst the round type A resembles an "evolute", forever unfolding, and presenting new phases, as the unwinding of string from a ball. It is also something like a comet describing a wobbling cycle motion, going around, also going forward, with a nucleus, coma, and tail. Again, it is similar to a seed, an ovule, or sac, from which will emerge a bud and root, or head and tail. Anatomically, it compares with the white and red corpuscles of the blood.

(Continued on page 30)

Were You Born Between June 21 and July 21?

CANCER

By J. EDMOND RYAN

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CANCER is the first of the Maternal Trinity, the first of the Watery, and the second of the Cardinal Signs.

Since Cancer has much to do with governing domestic affairs, its natives naturally have a great love of home and family, although they are apt to be somewhat cold or reserved with strangers. The mothering instinct is especially strong in Cancer women.

Very strong attachments are formed by the Cancer people, and they can be very loyal to their friends, but often without apparent cause, or to simply better their social position, they will drop their friends entirely, rarely going back to them.

One of the strong traits of Cancer people is their tenacity of purpose. They are like the symbol of their sign, the crab, which would prefer to lose a claw rather than release its hold.

Leadership greatly appeals to the Cancer natives. Even the women like power, and they often exercise it as social leaders or as officers of clubs.

Another characteristic of Cancer natives which has been noted is that they are great "joiners." The men become Freemasons or members of occult and secret orders, and the women are drawn into the mystical and occult societies.

When Cancer people are religious, they are very sincere, and those who follow the orthodox creeds are very punctilious where the performance of rituals is concerned.

A Cancer person is often very sensitive and usually feels his surroundings very keenly. His easily hurt feelings are apt to cause him to abandon his undertakings, and his timidity in the face of poverty is liable to make him somewhat of a miser. He is inclined to live much in the past, too, and frequently is a collector of curios and souvenirs.

Cancer people like to appear well and are very neat in their dress. As Cancer rules the stomach, those of this sign often suffer greatly from stomach complaints.

Before they enter the married state, Cancer people should think very carefully and be sure that they have conquered any tendency to fickleness which they may have. Both the prospective bride and groom should have

Be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars.

—Van Dyke.

their horoscopes examined for indications of sympathy or antipathy, but in a general way, it can be said that Cancer people will find their best mates in Pisces, Scorpio, or Taurus.

The children of Cancer are such sensitive little creatures, it is rather difficult to manage them. They ought never be brought in contact with ill or suffering people or with funerals or other distressful or gloomy conditions of life. Keep them protected from harsh words; refrain entirely from scaring them.

Let Cancer children hear much music. Do not over-dress them, and allow them to sleep alone. See that they are guarded against all hugging and kissing by strangers. And above all, take care that they have plenty of rest and sleep and plain, nourishing food.

Cancer people do well as dealers in commodities that may be sold quickly for small profits. The women make splendid caterers, cooks, laundresses, dressmakers, companions, actresses, nurses, matrons, and midwives. The men make good hotel keepers, clerks, actors, dealers in secondhand clothing or books, brewers of beverages, manufacturers, and research workers. Some of the men are fond of the sea and many naval officers come from this sign.

Some of the greatest scholars and students in the world were born in Cancer, and occasionally a great public speaker. Cancer people's retentive minds and aptitude for delving into the past make them fine historians also.

The better educated and more pro-

gressive Cancer persons are indeed delightful. Frequently they are great workers for the good of humanity at large, making themselves very active in civic movements and charities.

Since the undeveloped type of Cancer people will of course have less control over the faults of the sign, they are more likely to be lazy, selfish, vain, and jealous. They will stop at little to obtain money to indulge their taste for display; the women especially are apt to over-dress and wear too much jewelry.

If Cancer people will only study themselves and make an honest effort to correct their faults they can become most lovable and accomplish a great deal.

The chief characteristic of Cancer is **TENACITY.**

Ruling Planet Moon
Day of Week Monday
Musical Tone Si
Color Violet
Stone Moonstone
Flowers.... Wallflower, Moonflower

Other Signs with Cancer Rising

Those born at other times of the year, but with the sign of Cancer rising on the ascendant at their birth hour will have a Cancer tinge to their outlook on the world.

They are likely to have a very eventful life, with many changes in fortune and position. In some cases they inherit money and property, but many obstacles may arise before they receive them. Nearly always they gain fame or notoriety.

Voyages are almost sure to come into their life and will generally bring honors. Success through their own enterprise and daring may be achieved, but probably only after much strife has been experienced. Their affairs tend to be rather uncertain before the age of thirty-five, with their position in life becoming more assured thereafter.

The imagination of a person with Cancer rising at the birth hour is augmented and he is made more adaptable and given the power to absorb and develop other people's ideas. Also, he is more inclined to be "crabby" than the nature of his Sun sign would indicate.

A second family or an adoption is
(Continued on page 31)

Palmistry Made Scientific

The Influence Lines

By ALICE DENTON JENNINGS

Illustrated by Rose Cohn

ON the Mount of Venus and inside the Life Line, lie a group of lines, some running parallel to the Life Line, others running horizontally across the Mount. These lines are called *influence lines*, and they have particular reference to those persons or events which strongly influence the life, either for good or evil.

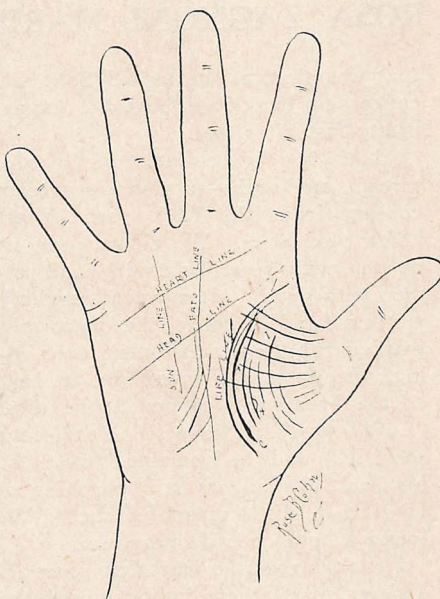
The influence lines running parallel to the Life Line represent the influence of either the parents, the wife, husband or near relatives, and the influence lines running horizontally across the Mount of Venus represent worries and harassments, caused by interference with the life. Where these horizontal lines cross and cut the Life Line at its beginning, they indicate interferences that have touched the life. Where they cut and cross the Life Line further down, they indicate outside interference with the life, usually by members of the opposite sex. (See plate.)

A line starting near the beginning of the Life Line, and either joining it or running very closely to it, represents, as a rule, the mother, as being the strongest influence in the life. The next represents the father, and is usually a deep line, as representing the male. Following the parents, other relatives are represented, the grandparents usually being represented by the fourth line. The influence of the wife or husband most often appears at about the age of twenty or thirty, the time when most marriages take place. It would be well to look for the wife's influence between eighteen and twenty-five and the husband's influence between twenty-five and thirty.

When the lines are deep, well colored and strong, the influence is strong. When thin, shallow, uneven or broken, the influence is of an intermittent character. Should the line be broken, reappearing later, the indications are that the influence passes out of the life, but later returns.

If the line begins deep and strong, but later fades away, the meaning is that the influence was strong in the beginning, gradually grew weaker, and finally disappeared altogether. (See I on plate.)

Where an influence line, which has been read as that of husband or wife, has a line rising from it to the Mount of Jupiter, the indications are that this



4. Island on Influence

C. Line of Mars

partner is the more ambitious of the two.

When the influence line representing husband or wife is strong and deep, and continues so, the indications are that the life partner has become the dominating factor in the subject's life. Often a fine line connects this influence line with the Life Line, indicating that the influence has merged into the life of the subject. On the other hand, if this line is of weak or intermittent character, and there is a strong influence line beginning early in life that has been found to represent the parent, this line continuing strong and unbroken, the indications are that the influence of the parent strengthens the marriage relation, often healing and correcting a poor marriage.

Where an influence line rises early and is later supplanted by a husband or wife influence line, the indications are that this influence has entirely supplanted that of the parents.

The influence lines, both vertical and horizontal, form what is known as the "grille" on the Mount. Where there is much criss-crossing on the mount, this often means a strong sexual appetite, especially if the lines are deep and red, and the mount itself well developed. The absence of criss-crossing denotes a calmer nature which expends its energy more often in love

for the beautiful in art, dress, and music, than in sexual desire.

The fewer the number of lines on the Mount of Venus, the more self-contained the subject. Such a one makes few close friendships, and even the claims of blood relatives do not greatly affect him.

Branches rising upward from the Life Line indicate an upward tendency in the life of the subject. When these branches are cut by horizontal lines from the Mount of Venus, they indicate interferences in the career, and as these interference lines often start from influence lines, we may read the influence causing the check. Parallel lines, while they may be weak or defective, are not impediments to the career. Horizontal lines, however, always indicate persons or events who cross the life and impede it. Where these horizontal lines cross the mount from top to bottom, they indicate continuous worries and impediments, first by well meaning relatives, later by members of the opposite sex. Where these horizontal lines cut some particular influence line repeatedly, that particular influence will be a continual source of annoyance and trouble throughout life. On the other hand, where lines rise from the influence line, run to, but do not cut the Life Line, the indications are that the influence will uplift the subject. If, however, lines droop from the influence lines, and cut or touch the Life Line, the subject's kin will continually pull him down.

By examining the lines of influence closely and discovering whom they represent in their relation to the subject, it is possible to determine the effect of these influences on the subject's life. The character of the influence line will determine whether the influence has been helpful or detrimental.

A star at the end of the influence line indicates the ceasing of the influence. Islands on the influence line indicate a delicate condition in the health of the subject, and if such a line end with a cross, dot, or dash, the indications are that this particular influence will die. If numerous small bars run from this island, cutting the Life Line, the indications are that the delicacy of the

(Continued on page 46)

WHITE SHADOWS

¶ Out-of-the-way things are naturally expected to happen in out-of-the-way places, and queer things aplenty certainly happened in and around the strange old woman Durkey's hut in the hollow. . . .

By ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

WHEN old lady Durkey, that stooped creature with her face always swaddled in a shawl, moved into the hut down in the hollow, children stopped going fishing at the tadpole pond. They went up the hill and down the hill again to the creek, walking two good miles through brambles. They did not want to pass old woman Durkey's house.

The children denied being afraid of the old woman. Yet they did not want to pass her house. I had a dog that summer at the cabin, a shepherd dog, and now that I remember, it was right after old lady Durkey moved into the shack that "Soap" began to howl at night.

He howled dismally and persistently. Oh, I was not superstitious, you understand, but that howling prevented me from sitting before my typewriter and writing the optimistic stuff I was supposed to turn out at the time.

Of course the fact that old Soap howled may not have had anything to do with old woman Durkey's moving into that part of the hills, but now in looking back, anything out of the ordinary which might have taken place that special summer I passed at the cabin has a significance.

Some of the neighbors thought old Soap howled on account of that music that the old woman played at night on her fiddle. I didn't like that music myself. It was a lament curling out of the darkness, a scream at times, high pitched, almost human, echoing through the pines, curling around those hollows in the Ozark Mountains.

I don't think it was what he heard that bothered old Soap, but rather what he *saw* for he kept staring toward the shack as if he saw something, and he did not howl holding his head up to the moon. No, he howled with his head low, staring down the hollow. It was weird, all right, and the natives whispered.

Well, one night old Soap's howling quit all of a sudden; and the next morning we found him by the old rock wall, good and dead, his abdomen slashed open. Between his teeth there was a tuft of white fur. We buried the carcass under a tree; and

that was that, as far as old Soap was concerned, but things began to happen pretty fast after that.

About two weeks later we heard a scream one night—a piercing scream, coming from the back yard of the house next door. We all ran out, we women with searchlights in hand, the men with guns. After much searching, we found old Timothy, the negro who worked for the woman next door, lying face up in the moonlight in back of the barn. He gasped as he died: "Lord, missus, ah done seen it, ah done seen it!" and he remained there on his back, his fingers still clutching at his throat, his stomach slashed. We found a butcher knife near him.

I can't forget the way that poor old darkey looked there in the moonlight, the whites of his eyes like opals, staring in the night. And what made my flesh curtain-pleat up my back was that music drifting to us from the hollow, rising into a crescendo that cleaved the air. Somehow I did not like to hear that particular music just then . . .

We all scoured the country for the murderer. A posse of men went out that very night, but old Timothy's death remained a mystery.

One night about one month later as I was looking out of my bedroom window I saw, near the tree where Timothy had been found, somebody swooping around the grass.

As I stared, I recognized old woman Durkey.

What was she doing there? She was stooping as if picking something. I leaped over the window sill and in one moment I was on the lawn near the rose hedge dividing the house next door.

"Evening, Mrs. Durkey! How are you this nice evening?" I said in a matter-of-fact tone.

The woman did not turn—she kept her head bent low as if looking for something.

"Too bad about old Timothy," I ventured.

There was silence. As I looked at her, I noticed a queer thing. The moon was high, it swaddled old woman Durkey, but on the grass . . . there was a white shadow . . . As I was trying

to give myself a reason for this, it happened, and it happened so swiftly, so suddenly, that I remained breathless, my body stiffening. Suddenly, I tell you, suddenly, old woman Durkey slanted forward, threw herself on the ground, and ran away *on all fours*.

My hands clutched at my throat, hot sand seemed to drip over my shoulders. I tell you she had ran off on all fours! And the swing of her! The swing of her!

I went indoors, my limbs swaying, my mind in a chaos.

Days passed. I could not work, I could not think, I could not sleep. In the day I saw her down there wandering around her shack, stooped, a shawl over her head, and at night I heard that violin moaning . . . I'd tap my ears and I still could hear it. The wind generally blew from the west and it brought it to me with every buff of it.

One night as I was lying in bed trying to sleep, the wind blew open the window. I switched on the light, and glanced about the room. I felt as if someone was staring at me . . . I looked over my shoulders . . . There, crouched near my typewriter I saw a cat—a cat, with pink eyes!

For a moment our eyes clinched, then my lips parted in a scream . . . The cat's back arched. His eyes flashed into mine. His head shot forward, then with one leap he cleared the window sill and dived into the night.

I ran to the window, my fingers numbed. I closed it, and pulled my bureau against it. The room had suddenly become cold.

As I walked back to bed, my foot stumbled on something. I looked down. A butcher knife was on the rug. My hand shot to my mouth. I bit into the palm, muffling a scream. A butcher knife—old Soap! Timothy!

After that night I passed a week of tortures. I did not dare tell anyone my apprehensions. You know how it is—I was afraid they would laugh at me. I became so nervous that I almost decided I would pack my grip and leave the place.

One night as I was snatching a bit
(Continued on page 42)

SUN SPOTS and Our Weather

¶ The greatest scientific minds have found sunspots a puzzle. This fascinating description of them includes a most noble view of our life and universe.

By CLARKE IRVINE

Reprinted from "Philippines Herald"

A LITTLE flight into the almost unknown heavens may be of timely interest; at least many weather experts have asked the question: "what is the matter with the world's weather?" and many farmers have asked that about local conditions. Unusual storms have visited England and America, even the Orient, and other parts of the world have been the scenes of disturbances of various kinds. There must be a reason. Many think it is sunspots.

Although a magnificent Aurora Australis was observed recently in New Zealand, and a new comet was seen, the solar whirlspots seem to receive all the blame for producing strange weather everywhere.

STRANGE COINCIDENCES?

Sunspots, frequently associated with auroras, magnetic disturbances, have puzzled science for some time, but it looks, they say, as if the direct connections were being discovered,

These huge whirling storms appear on the solar disc in 11-year cycles, regularly, in exact synchronization with the approaches of the dual suns of Alpha Centauri, our nearest star neighbor, their periods of closeness being also at 11 year intervals!

A pair of brilliant suns composes Alpha Centauri, each about the size of our own sun, which, revolving about a common center of gravity, alternately approach rather close to each other and then sheer off, appearing to coincide with the periodic passing of sunspots across our luminary's disc. This is said to suggest an interference which must mutually disturb the two suns in approaching; in fact, it may be the cause of our own sun's perturbation with the resulting spots, which astronomers are practically agreed upon as the cause of our most unusual weather. "As above, so below" may, after all, have much meteorological truth in it.

OUR OWN SPEED

Another strange coincidence is that the motion of our solar system is toward the constellation Lyra, and we are moving at the almost inconceivable speed of 11 miles per second—and our system is itself composed of 11 bodies,



CLARKE IRVINE

including the planetoids Eros and Ceres.

Still another mysterious coincidence in solar facts is the 11 month periodicity in the sun's variation of heat, the maximum and minimum, according to H. H. Clayton, succeeding each other by 11 month periods as told by Dr. C. G. Abbot in Smithsonian Institution records.

Last year the writer was in Honolulu at the time of a series of spots, and was enabled to sketch them through the telescope at the University of Hawaii. At this time the weather became "Kona", warm, muggy, moist and "earthquaky", as they term it. Then came the Florida disaster, a hurricane across the Carribean. A mild magnetic storm, reported at another Hawaiian observatory, caused a disturbance of magnetic variometers for several days, much evidence showing that the spots are associated in some manner with such happenings. At that time an earthquake was registered, while at the Kilauea volcano, a similar temblor was also recorded. That, with New Zealand, is a "sensitive" part of the world, where various geological disturbances have taken place recently.

FRACTIONAL SPOTS

It was voiced by Dr. Edwin B. Frost, director of Yerkes Observatory, that sunspots somehow produce earthly magnetic storms which affect the cable, telephone and radio systems, dis-

puting news and business affairs. They often burn out delicate instruments and are responsible for various other unusual conditions including the weather.

Back in 1905 a curious coincidence in astronomical phenomena took place as Venus was being observed when close to our home planet. On the 11th day of observation, April 11, in France, the planet Venus, then in proximity to us, caused a sensation when the maritime prefect of Cherbourg, ordered the Chasseloupe-Loubat to study the luminous phenomenon—and it continued for three months to puzzle the country.

Over the 92 millions of miles, the magnetic pulses of the solar heart form mysterious heartbeats across space and affect the little old world ever trembling, seek its pole, vibrate on its pivot. They affect the barometric pressure, and control the—including Australia, or Hawaii—just as a searchlight might affect the driving of a motor car on a distant road; enabling the driver to see his way, and the occupants to have confidence. These distant solar pulses make the small compass needle, cloud formations, causing rain, floods, and terrific storms.

ANOTHER 11 CYCLE

The compass oscillates daily, going from east to west, returning at night. Radio and electricity are also affected daily in a somewhat similar manner. This mysterious oscillation varies from day to day, astronomers point out, and from month to month, year in and year out. The strangest of all is that, if we take the means of observations of a whole year, we find that from one year to another it changes from a certain amount to double that sum, and that this annual change is regulated by a mysterious and as yet unknown law. It is periodic, however, as is everything in nature, and the average period of this needle change is 11 years!! This corresponds exactly to the state of the sun's health, or rather, sunspots, which come up every 11 years. These include the mysterious auroras and other phenomena already mentioned.

A NEW FORCE?

This shows that there is emanating

(Continued on page 44)

ALPS *for* HIMALAYAS

By RACHEL MACK WILSON

EVERYTHING in the objective universe has seven qualities—color, odor, vibration, number, name, form and flavor, but of these seven attributes we probably are more subservient to and cognizant of form.

We have undoubtedly, in the scale of evolution, lost some of the importance of color. We have been satisfied with the Alps of sense form, and have stopped there, sacrificing thereby the Himalayas of color.

To the inner eye all things take on a sacred significance, and this applies particularly to color when truths about it are first imagined into the color itself, and afterward realized in the consciousness. It can become a delightful game, a useful one and when played sincerely, a tremendously important one.

Color is intimately related to light. There is a kindred spirituality between the two. Miracle pictures in nature are unfolding on earth every day before our unseeing eyes. Through knowing and feeling the gradations in color, we may taste a cup of magic as fascinating as any tasted by the ancient alchemists, for the right understanding and use of color was a part of their stock in trade.

Every personality has its own individual color note. By this we do not mean that one should discover it for himself and then attire his body and surround himself with objects of that color. Nor is one's key-color always the one to which he responds most surely in the world of senses.

To discover one's individual key-color, he may test himself while in the silence during a moment when the conscious mind is off guard. One is apt to see a sudden flash of his own key-color at such a time, and when the same color is seen often there is no longer doubt, but certainty. At first it will not be much more than a spasmodic flash—a light, come sudden from afar.

In a number of tests by charts given to mixed groups, the colors favored by the majority have been shades of red. This is because red is the color of the physical body—the color of the blood

stream which carries life energy.

In the three primary colors—red, blue and yellow—may be detected a correspondence to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost of the Scriptures. Red is the Son, blue the Father, and yellow the Holy Ghost. These are the prime colors from which the others, orange, indigo, violet and green, emerge. These are actually the only producible colors visible to the physical eye. All colors originate in black, or, in a mystic sense, come out of the darkness into the light, for the highest peak in the scale of color is white. In tabulating the list of colors, they seem limited, but our senses only are limited, for the variety of color union is endless.

The superior attributes in red, the color of physical man, are bravery, affection, and strength; and the negative aspects are lust and war. The early cave men made their implements of combat from stones of this color. Red seems to be the first color known to attract man.

Blue is the most rare of all colors. It more infrequently embodies itself in material form, and for this reason is probably a greater study. In the world of flowers there is a conspicuous absence of blue, and the few flowers in that color are fragile and delicate. The natural function of blue, the holy color, is to inspire, to moderate and give peace to the spirit. Blue is softening to the emotions and is more difficult to use decoratively indoors than other colors. If we are to have blue we must ascend the sphere of the mystic, penetrate the heart of night or delve deeply into the hidden meanings of the seas.

The simple blue gentian, that fast disappearing symbol of beauty, grows best in high places. One finds her with twin wings outspread—wings of devotion and wisdom—on the hillside close to the sky, like a Gobelin tapestry spread out on the grass for God to see.

In blue the spirit of man goes forth into Elysian fields for sustenance. It may travel far, but in green it can return to rest in sympathy and pure affection.

Hundreds of shades of green may be located in every landscape. Green is

to nature what blue is to spirit. Green is the color of the pure human intellect. It represents achievement in the world of things. The early green of spring tells us of hope; the mature green of late summer speaks of fulfillment. But the blended green and gold of autumn sings of the Tree of Life, realizing immortality. Even the desert has its green in the cactus, the sea in the weed, yet the green of the woods is ever the same, bidding us enter the forest for rest.

Orange and red might be called twins; there is a close kinship between them. Orange is the color of energy manifesting as life in the red of the blood stream. Every part of nature is rich in this color. Fruit and flower share and share alike in their heritage for humanity. In orange, whether it be in the humble carrot or the glorious marigold, is psychic power for man. Let him use it for high purposes, as both inner and outer stimulation. Gold is the metal corresponding to orange; it too absorbs sun force. Orange is the color of the sun's children, and their name is Power.

Yellow is the treasurer in the mint of the soul. It is the medium through which the pure white light of spirit may be disclosed. Unadulterated yellow is one of the high colors. Brilliant and scintillating, it governs all powers of the mind, and is the wire over which inspiration is relayed. It is the color of the divine Androgyne, symbol of sexlessness and pure, spiritual love.

Indigo is that almost indescribable color halfway between blue and purple. It stands alone in the family of colors. It has a distinct office which is to heal humanity through spiritizing the mind over and above intellect. It is also the color of spiritual surety, the color of intuition.

Pure white is not seen on the physical plane. It is more akin to light than to color, the symbol of the fire in Divine Creation.

Through the sacramental art of seeking the truth about color, we may look with rare breaths and new soul-vision inward toward ultimate beauty and revelation.

*Life like a dome of many-colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity.*

—Shelley.

Atlantis--The Mystery Isle

By LAURA JANSEN

ATLANTIS! The very word brings to mind a flame of splendor, barbaric beauty, mysterious forces.

Ever since I can remember, I have dreamed of Atlantis. For fifteen years I was haunted by a mad desire to write a novel on Atlantis. But my mind remained a blank.

People to whom I talked of Atlantis—and the subject is being widely discussed these days—saw the mystic island with different eyes. Some envisioned it as a Greek country, with people in flowing white robes, Grecian in type and customs; others saw it as the age of mechanical perfection, when man had tamed all the elements through machines; still others saw it as a place where mind dominated matter, where people killed with a glance or the motion of their uplifted arm—a country where mind ruled supreme, with man and beast and the elements subservient to certain minds. Most scientists claim that Atlantis is a myth; they refuse to acknowledge the fact that such a continent existed, using many arguments that may convince some.

Fiction written about the famed isle is mostly fantastic or stupid. The few facts given in documentary books are not concrete. All seems to be hearsay or mere guesswork.

I know that Atlantis existed. I know because I have lived its life and have written what I saw and heard.

* * *

IN December, 1925, I consulted Mary Buck, a noted psychic of Los Angeles. She told me that in a year and a half's time, I would start a novel with a foreign background, a story whose basis would be given to me through spirit control. I told her that while I had always been tremendously interested in spiritualism, I had never developed mediumistic tendencies and that I always faced a wall of nonunderstanding. Of course, I often felt certain forces about me, but somehow they could never penetrate the crust of my consciousness.

There the matter rested. At no time did I ever get a message; the spiritualistic seances I attended were always a great disappointment—usually I was the only one who did not get a message. As months went by, I began to doubt Mary Buck, since nothing concrete was forming in my mind. Dur-

ing this time I was occupied with other writing.

In April, 1927, through a friend of mine with whom I was working on screen stories, I met Gladys du Bois, a young girl of startling beauty, a wonderful actress and dancer. My friend had spoken to me several times about a young lady psychic whom he knew, but I never dreamed she was so young and attractive.

Intrigued, unwilling to believe that so beautiful and vital a girl had mediumistic powers, especially since she was not a professional, I accepted a dinner invitation to meet her at my friend's house.

After dinner we sat around the open fire, watching the flames. The lights were low; electricity was dispensed with and a tall black candle was lit in a queer shaped Persian jar. No sooner had this candle started to illumine the room, than it began to develop a peculiar shadow that was not bred of its odd shape. This shadow always remained and its source was never solved, even afterwards. It would grow and diminish and was not related to the flame at all.

We were five people about the fire, talking idly, mostly about motion pictures, a subject which vitally interested us all.

Gladys du Bois seemed lost in some inner contemplation; her eyes became vague, almost unseeing. Then she spoke in a low voice, a voice of a peculiarly haunting quality, that once heard could not be forgotten.

"Have you ever had your hair done?" she asked me.

What an odd question in the midst of a discussion of the latest motion picture! I told her that I particularly disliked having anyone touch my hair, because my head was very sensitive, that I avoided, as much as possible, going to a beauty parlor for a shampoo or marcel.

"I see you on a white marble pier, you look—now, you have disappeared and I see a dark woman instead."

For an hour, the girl spoke while we four sat entranced. She spoke in French many times, although she did not know the language (I am of French birth), she used Latin words, which had to be explained to her, and other words she uttered were strange and she had to spell them. As she spoke, I realized that she was talking

of Atlantis, and that life, as it had been lived there thousands of years ago, was being pictured before her eyes.

"These are bona fide glimpses of a lost world—*mais passé*," she said.

As if to make matters more concrete, we heard a flute and ancient drums played. All of us heard them distinctly.

I was athrill with excitement. Here was my long-wished-for novel coming to life before my very eyes, pictured by this beautiful young girl who took paper and pencil and, half blindfolded, on account of the light which bothered her, drew sketches of the people she saw. The names of the people were given her, sometimes by automatic writing, and sometimes, she said, she saw them written before her eyes in letters of fire; at other times she flung a bit of string on the table and it made symbols and letters.

Mary Buck had been right! Someone on the other side of life was telling me how people had lived in Atlantis—how we, ourselves, had once lived, for both Gladys du Bois and I felt that we had once shared the beauty and the joys of Atlantis.

For three months our seances lasted. Sometimes Miss du Bois would sing weird songs in a minor key, in a strange language, which she afterwards translated. She danced the most esthetic dances I have ever beheld. The plot of the story was jumbled, part of it given, then color, backgrounds, people. It took me months to unravel the real thread of the story, which amounts to a prophecy.

Strange things happened during our seances. Usually we were alone in the house, preferring not to be disturbed by other influences. Once I saw a shadow glide back of the davenport and vanish; another time all the doors of the house were closed after the seance, although they had been left open when we started; we both felt that the room was full of people, crowding, demanding to be heard; we both experienced icy chills; and we were both languorous or gay according to the mood of our leading character.

During the days that we held our seances, Gladys du Bois tried to give seances with other friends, but whenever I was present, she got nothing but Atlantis. Once I had been copying the

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MEDITATION—The TRUE PRAYER

Secrets of the Ages

By URIEL BUCHANAN

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SIT in meditation for a few moments every day and wait in an open spirit of receptiveness. Opening the receptive, passive side of your mental nature toward the invisible world of thought is in reality the true, the highest and most effective form of prayer. Within the passive, patient mind there is voiceless longing and tranquil waiting in full faith and silence to receive the help and guidance needed. The elements of power in the invisible world must be attracted and controlled through sympathy and insight and a magnetic will.

Banish from your mind every thought of material things. Concentrate upon the center of your body and strive mentally to find the position of the heart. At first you will discover only darkness and unyielding density; but if you persevere you will enjoy unspeakable happiness, for the soul will perceive what it never saw before, the radiance in which Divinity resides; a spiritual light within the heart and soul.

There is an earthy sun which is the cause of all heat, and all who are able to see may see this sun; and those who are blind and cannot see it may feel its heat. There is an Eternal Sun, which is the source of all wisdom, and those whose spiritual senses have awakened will see that sun, and be conscious of its existence; but those who have not obtained spiritual consciousness may yet feel its power by an inner faculty which is called intuition.

What is meditation as compared with concentration? In real meditation you are not conscious of yourself at all. You become absorbed in the universal; but in concentration you are drawing in your rays so you are all there in the center. In meditation you can fix your mind on the state of consciousness expressed in AUM, and you will get back into the Divine Center within yourself into the Absolute, which is always invisible and must remain so.

There are two kinds of meditation: concrete and abstract. You have unfolded your consciousness, your mind, your worldly knowledge, little by little, from the center, and must now begin to draw in yourself by concentration and meditation. It is not sleep, or drowsiness; but closing yourself into the center and being wide awake in that center. Take the unfolding of a

MEDITATION

I LOOK upward. Life is richer, love is stronger, truth more beautiful, nature more wonderful, music sweeter, art diviner, than I have ever dreamed. An eternal unfolding is going on, which shows infinite wisdom, order, foresight and beneficence. I am pressing toward the supreme ideal, which includes wholeness on every plane. I go into the silence and open my inner hearing to the "still small voice." The sanctuary of the soul is the holy of holies, the trysting place of the divine and human. I hereby bury my negation, weakness, fear, selfishness, and all doubt, under a mountain of positive, intense living truth. I am perfectly sound in mind and body. Nothing in the universe can hinder my progress. I am in loving relation to the universal order. I am peace in all my environment. I am love, and radiate it everywhere. Goodness is flowing into me. I walk in the spirit and in truth.

rose as an illustration. How does it unfold? From the center, petal by petal. Suppose it wanted to close itself up in the form of a bud; it would have to draw itself in petal by petal, beginning at the center and wrapping all the other petals up close about it, until they are all gradually rolled up into the tiny bud from which they came. When you meditate, think of the rose and you will know how to get back to the creative center. The nearer you get to the center within, the nearer you will get to the great center of the Infinite. The moment you get back into the center you will have perfect peace. Nothing can touch you as long as you hold yourself actively and positively centered.

Let us try to cast off the needless ideals that cling to the imaginings of the physical sense mind, preparatory to entering the atmosphere and feeling the quickenings of the cause life, and become accustomed to the inviting radiations which flow from the source of all life. Let us make preparations to step over the threshold, leaving the outer world for a background to reflect a superior state of existence, never to return to the old haunts of vanity and vexation of mind; they have

served their use. Let the soul be dominant, which if followed without reserve will in time open our now limited consciousness to the All Consciousness.

Before this can be attained, every vestige of the outer man must have lost its claim to dominate the soul, and not until then shall we be able to inspire fully the spirit essence and transmute it into thoughts worthy of holding as a beacon light to hungry souls.

As we take a mental survey of the possibilities open to each individual, do you not see that it requires decision of character, first to lay aside all broken idols, all mistakes of the past committed ignorantly or otherwise? Have we not learned a lesson from them? If so, they were a necessity to the soul's unfoldment. To have our present state of being attuned to obtain a consciousness of the Fountain of Life, pure as crystal, needs a decision on our part that cannot be swayed by other minds; and this condition cannot be maintained without giving time and attention to living and underlying principles. Whatever we desire to accomplish requires us to make a special effort, and the soul always rejoices when the victory is attained over the outward manifestations of life.

To arise at the dawn of day, placing yourself in an erect attitude of mind and body, with the thought active of waking out of darkness into spiritual light will open the eyes of the soul to unexpected visions, saying nothing of the holy calm in the mental atmosphere at that hour.

There is also great help derived from having your mind concentrated on your highest ideal of the Fountain of Life as the twilight shades come stealing on; the gentleness with which the light is blended with the shade will bring to you a deep spirit of adoration.

Never speak of yourself without listening to the inner voice to be convinced whether you are speaking from the soul or from the sensation. By so doing you will find that you are being introduced to your inner self; you will come into a consciousness of that self which does not need to be trained, but is already perfect and acts

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SOUL MATES

¶ A new installment of this amazing story, wherein Jo-oh-n of Earth becomes acquainted with more of the architectural and other wonders of Solaris, under the guidance of the beautiful and sympathetic Dee-a-a.

By GEORGE PAUL BAUER

“**B**UT how do you get the things you want?” I inquired wonderingly. “How do you pay for them, and with what?”

Dee-a-a laughed softly. “Come, you shall see! We will now build our home.”

When we had again arrived at the little glade, where our home was to be, I was in a fever of expectancy. Nowhere about had I seen the slightest signs of building material. At the edge of the clearing my charming companion remained standing, with her radiant azure eyes fixed before her in an attitude of dreamy contemplation.

Then, while I watched her wonderingly, she raised her perfectly modelled arms, and began to wave them before her with a sort of undulating rhythmic motion.

And then—wonder of wonders! Gradually before us, in the middle of the clearing, there appeared the ethereal image of a very pretty Solarian home. While I still gazed in awe upon this demonstration of Dee-a-a’s magical powers, she turned to me and smiled.

“How do you like the model of our house, beloved?”

I expressed my enthusiastic approval. “It is just like some of the fairy castles I used to read about, when a boy,” I told her.

She was delighted. “Since you like the model so much, how much more will you like the completed structure. I shall now get the building substance. Watch!”

She crossed her hands over her perfectly rounded bosom, and closed her eyes, facing in a certain direction. Her marvellously beautiful face assumed a certain statuelike rigidity; and I sensed that she was concentrating intensely. Intensely expectant, I awaited results; not knowing what was about to happen. It could not have been more than one hundred heartbeats later, when, with the speed of light itself a great cloud of white glittering substance rushed towards us from the direction in which Dee-a-a was facing, and stopped directly above the quivering, nearly transparent model.

She now had her eyes open, and

concentrated her gaze upon the great mass overhead. And again her arms performed that peculiar undulating rhythmic motion.

Quickly the cloud phenomenon drew together, became rapidly denser, and at the same time sank down, until it completely enveloped the model.

More and more it assumed definite shape— And then suddenly, before my incredulous vision, there stood, in concrete form, perfect in every detail the fairylike home of my twin soul and I.

Unable to credit the testimony of my eyes, I impulsively ran forward, and with my hands touched the high, somewhat sloping foundation below the colonnade of delicate graceful columns, which ran all around the marvellous circular structure.

I was convinced of its reality all right enough. For the shimmering silvery-colored material had all the solidity of the best of granite on the Earth. But even then, with my earthly narrow conception of matters, I could not grasp the wonder of it, and stood there shaking my head in awe-struck silence.

The amused laugh of Dee-a-a behind me aroused me from my contemplation.

I swung around toward her, and begged her to explain the marvel.

She smiled at me tenderly, and her wonderful eyes of blue flame expressed deep sympathy and understanding with my mental condition. She took me gently by the hand.

“Come!” she invited, “let us view our home. There I shall tell you everything you desire to learn.”

CHAPTER VII.

Hand in hand we passed up the broad low steps of the beautiful stairway, which was in the form of a capital A with a blunt apex, and whose sides curved gracefully outward; terminating at the bottom in two short symmetrical columns, topped by golden colored spheres.

On the wide colonnade I stopped to admire the garlands and festoons of roseline climbing flowers, whose varicolored petals were almost transparent

and inhaled with delight their exquisite perfume.

Then we entered into the cozy magnificence of the interior.

It was a single, large, perfectly round chamber, whose lofty dome of colored translucency diffused a beautiful magic radiance over everything. The entire color scheme was a marvellous combination of violet and green. With the awe, the rapture, and the worshipful attitude of a devotee entering the holy of holies of his supreme diety, I stepped softly across the shining mosaic floor of colored crystal with my bare feet, as if fearing to disturb the silence of the hallowed place.

Tolerantly and understandingly, like a devoted mother toward her child, Dee-a-a observed me, and gently led me towards one of the two low couches in the middle of the magnificent royal apartment, which, with the white marblelike small table between them, seemed to comprise the entire furniture.

Making myself comfortable upon my couch of white, downlike softness, I gazed about me with eager interest. Exquisite graceful vases, of different sizes and gorgeous coloring, adorned the magnificently panelled walls everywhere, arranged in an extremely artistic manner. And from the marvellous polychromatic flowers they contained rose a perfume which filled the place with a delicate fragrance fit for gods.

And once again, like in that green chamber of Ala-aa-e-e’s palace, I was fascinated by the unceasing wonderful play of colors upon the wall panels, adorned with exquisite floral designs.

Bewildered and delighted by the magic of it all, I turned to my companion, who had occupied the couch opposite, and was regarding me with a loving, contemplative smile.

Her crystal-clear, yet wondrously soft and melodious voice caressed my ears like music.

“You seem to like our home, Jo-oh-n.”

“Like it!” my voice rose in a sudden crescendo of enthusiasm. “Why, I think it is unspeakably lovely—and—and—absolutely wonderful!”

Her silvery laugh, and the light radiating from her azure eyes assured me that my praise delighted her. I waved my hand toward all the magnificence surrounding us.

"To fashion a home and things a hundred times less beautiful, would require on Earth a very great deal of time, and the effort of many people. Yet, with your wonderful magic you created it all in a few heartbeats."

I gazed at her worshipfully. "Surely you are at least a demigoddess!"

She laughed amusedly and shook her head. "You rate me far too high, beloved. There are those, compared to whom, I am as nothing. And after all, the things you have seen me do are quite simple. It is merely a matter of knowing and using the finer forces of Nature."

"Here on Solaris," she continued, "everybody must learn these things, and I am merely a senior student. And now I will tell you how the building was done."

When I had settled myself comfortably, she explained: "You must know that there are upon Solaris those who are called the 'Keepers of Substance' and whose abode is located among building material of all kinds.

"Therefore, when one has created a model from the local atmospherical substance, as you saw me do, and has arranged it to his satisfaction, he mentally puts himself in touch with one of the Keepers.

"The Keeper, who is sometimes a man and sometimes a woman, receives the message, raises the vibration of whatever substance is required to sufficient degree to partially overcome the force of gravity, and sends it on by volitional force.

"The high vibration of its molecules causes the substance to expand and become light and cloudlike, as you noted. That is all!"

I gazed at her in wonder and admiration. "Yes, no doubt the matter seems simple to you wonderful Solarians. But to anyone from Earth it is the most marvellous magic. In fact I doubt if there could be found one in a million of earth dwellers who would even believe such things possible."

I grinned shamefacedly, and continued: "Why, even myself—you no doubt noted that I could not even believe what I saw with my own eyes; and that I had to call upon all my senses to verify the fact of this house as a fact to my own consciousness."

She nodded thoughtfully. "It seems to be a matter of soul development. The more we learn the more we understand, and the more we understand the more we are able to grasp of the mysteries of wonderful Nature."

For a time we were silent. It was the understanding silence of perfect companionship. Then I remembered what Nal-a-m, the gentle birth helper, had told me about souls incarnating upon Solaris.

"Tell me, Dee-a-a," I questioned, "how do people get to Solaris?"

She was delighted with my eagerness to learn, and explained readily:

"It is all a matter of evolution. All souls in this, our planetary system, begin their evolution upon the farthest planet of the eight, the one you Earth men call Neptune, and finish here upon this father-mother world, our beautiful Solaris."

"But, Dee-a-a," I objected, "our scientists on Earth claim that they have proven almost conclusively that, with the possible exception of Mars and Venus, the other planets of our system cannot sustain life, on account of the conditions prevailing upon them."

Dee-a-a smiled tolerantly. "Have any of your scientists ever been on any one of the planets beside their own?"

I shook my head. "Of course not, beloved girl. They have not the means to get there. But they have their telescopes and other astronomical instruments, and by means of them have learned a wonderful lot about the universe."

She nodded. "That may be true. But what your scientists do not know is that below and above that octave of vibrations to which their organs of perception are sensitive, are endless other octaves of motion, to which the inhabitants of other worlds are sensitive."

She threw out her hand in a graceful gesture. "Do you not understand—You Earth men can see only that on the other planets which corresponds to your own scale of vibrations, the rest you cannot perceive even with your finest instruments, because these, after all, are merely helps to your five organs of sense, and subject of course to the same laws."

"You mean," I said tentatively, "that it is impossible for instance, for an Earth man to see a Martian because the latter is below his perceptive powers; and one on Venus because this one is above them?"

"Yes, something like that. But we, here on Solaris, have the power to see all the things on all the planets in the system, because we are taught how to assume the conditions in the worlds below us, and thus attune our senses to their vibrations at any time we care to visit them."

I sighed with longing. "I wish I could visit the planets! It must be wonderfully interesting."

"And you shall visit them," she promised.

I stared at her in amazement. "But how is that possible, Dee-a-a? I cannot attune my senses, which is necessary, as you have just now pointed out."

She laughed indulgently. "You cannot travel through the atmosphere either unaided; yet, you have travelled with the two birth helpers and with myself. Do you not understand, it is possible for a Solarian to transmit his vibrations to another Solarian—as you are temporarily, in body—by means of physical contact?"

"But, come!" she cried gaily, "I forget my duty as hostess. Let us get some fruit, and have some music afterwards."

I jumped up suddenly from my couch. The thought of food interested me greatly. "Fruit?" I cried in astonishment. "Why, I understood that Solarians needed no food of any kind. That the energizing bath is sufficient for all purposes."

She reached for my hand and laughed. "So it is, beloved, Jo-oh-n! We Solarians require no food like you men on Earth do, but we do eat occasionally, for pleasure, to gratify our senses of taste and smell."

Holding hands, we ran down the stairway, laughing from sheer joy, like two children, and sped to the edge of the glade under the great flower trees. Dimly I wondered where the fruit trees were. And just then Dee-a-a stopped at an enormous red tree, and stretched up her hands toward it, as if she were going to catch something.

To my amazement one of the gorgeous red blossoms high up in the tree detached itself from its branch, and floated down into her hands.

Then, while I watched her in speechless wonderment, she quickly removed the seven scarlet petals from the great flower, and smilingly handed me the oval heart of it. Several times she repeated the process, until I had about half a dozen. Then she led the way to one of the startlingly beautiful violet colored trees, and helped herself in the same manner to two blossoms of a very light color.

When we had returned to the house, and placed the flower hearts upon the white table, they appeared like great uncut gems from some ancient Earth king's crown, glowing, shimmering—*alive!*

"Taste them, Jo-oh-n!" my charming hostess invited smilingly; while she herself took up one of the two violet hearts.

Tentatively I bit into a ruby-colored oval. The next minute I could have

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

News Notes of Interest to Occultists

"Fellowship of Faiths" In Mass Meeting

Persons of many different faiths are taking part in the "Threefold Movement," an international organization which has just opened headquarters in Chicago under the name of Fellowship of Faiths. The executive president is Charles Frederick Weller, former Chicago social worker. The first mass meeting was scheduled for May 17, the theme to be "Peace and Brotherhood are taught by the World's Great Living Religions."

Buddhism was to be represented by Kenso Kawakami, Japanese Buddhist priest; Christianity by Dr. Graham Taylor, of Chicago Commons; Confucianism by Dji-Hian Yap of China; Hinduism by Dr. Balebail Dasannacharya, a Brahmin of India; Judaism by Dr. Louis L. Mannof of Sinai temple and Mohammedanism by Sufi Mutiur Rahman, Bengali, of India.

The Moslem call to prayer was to be given, also ancient Hindu chants. The call for the meeting was signed by Rabbi Freehof and Dr. John Thompson, pastor of the Chicago Temple, and chairman of the Chicago committee, which includes Miss Jane Adams, Dean Shailer Mathews, Dr. Charles W. Gilkey, Fred Moore, Prof. E. W. Burgess, Horace J. Bridges, Gertrude How Britton, Joel D. Hunter and others.

"The aim of the Fellowship of Faiths, also the League of Neighbors and the Union of East and West, which compose the threefold movement," according to Mr. Weller, "is to build bridges of mutual appreciation across the chasms of prejudice. It takes more than just toleration, which implies a slight superiority on the part of the tolerant person. It means real understanding and appreciation of all that is good in all faiths and customs."

Georgia Boasts World's Only Musical Well

"The world's only singing well," according to a news item clipped by two of our readers from the *Etowah* (Tenn.) *Enterprise*, "is attracting hordes of visitors to Mrs. Cora Lunsford's farm in Webster county, Ga., where daily concerts are given by this musical hole in the ground." It goes on:

"The well is not limited in its repertoire. It renders vocal, instrumental and orchestral pieces, and at times offers distinct tunes, but for the most part it plays

music that seems to be of its own composition.

"The well is nothing much to look at. It is probably 65 feet deep, has a conventional wooden shelter, a moss-covered bucket and clear, cool water. But not a negro farmhand in the community will drink a drop from it. They say the place is haunted, and stick by this belief as the only reasonable explanation for the uncanny sounds that issue from the hole dug into the Georgia clay.

"Others of a more scientific turn of mind suggest that veins of metal at the bottom or along the sides enable the well in some mysterious way to capture radio waves and to broadcast them. But the nearest radio set to the well is at the little town of Parrott, Ga., six miles distant. However, granting radio is at the bottom of the mystery, how is it that the well is able to reproduce radio waves? What serves as a transmitter? What is the well's loud speaker?

"It was on January 15 that the well turned to music, and since that day its mood has been lyrical. Mrs. Cora Lunsford, owner of the farm, has refused to commercialize the well and insists that the concerts be free. An offer of \$1,000 for the musical hole in the ground has been refused."

Members of A. M. O. R. C. On Egyptian Tour

One rather envies members of the A. M. O. R. C. their trip through Egypt as reported in the *May Mystic Triangle*.

What a whirl of experiences within a few days! Among them morning drives through Cairo in comfortable automobiles, their chief guide a Sheik in charge of over six thousand Arab tribesmen.

Indian Mystic Abandons Intended Tour of U. S.

Sir Rabinandrath Tagore, Indian poet, playwright, and mystic, has abandoned his plans for a tour of the U. S., and sailed for home from San Francisco. According to reports, he became disgusted with "the prejudiced and despicable American view of things and people Asiatic."

Theosophists to Gather In Chicago This Summer

Theosophical publications are announcing a great Theosophical World Congress to be held in the Hotel Stevens, "World's Largest Hotel," at Chicago, August 24-29, 1929.

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• Soul Mates (Continued from page 24)

shouted with rapture. For the strange fruit was surpassingly delicious. Never, while on Earth, had I ever experienced an epicurean delight even faintly approaching that.

The meat of the fruit, although firm, was yet of such a fineness of particle that it fairly melted in my mouth. And its delicate flavor seemed like the combined essence of everything good I had ever eaten.

Dee-a-a was delighted that the fruit found such favor with me. But seeing her nibble delicately on the violet flower heart in her hand, raised another question in my mind. I wondered what the difference between the fruits of different colors might be.

But before I could voice my question she had read my mind and by way of answer handed me the violet oval still on the table beside her. Eagerly I took a huge bite, and almost spit it out again. It was disgustingly insipid.

Because of my thwarted expectation of still greater epicurean delights, my facial expression must have been quite ridiculous. For Dee-a-a broke into hearty laughter.

Thinking that perhaps she had mischievously played a trick on me, I quickly swallowed the tasteless mess in my mouth, and wholeheartedly joined in her merriment.

Then, still dimpling, she explained the mystery.

"The difference is in the rate of vibration. Your sense of taste is of too low a rate to perceive the flavor in my fruit, which is really most delicious. In the selection of fruit each individual must be guided by his development, which, as you already know, expresses itself visibly in the color of his garment. And, the higher the shade of any color, the more delicate the flavor.

"But I shall recompense you for your disappointment."

We were sitting facing each other over the little table. And now she leaned over to me, told me to do the same, and placed a hand over each of my ears. She closed her eyes in concentration.

Then, at first faintly, but with ever increasing volume, I heard a grand symphony of marvelous music.

And thus through the vibrational contact with my beloved twin soul I enjoyed the most wonderful musical orchestral treat I have ever listened to. And the music ever changed in character. Now it was a fantasia of most fascinating variations, raising the soul to sublime flights of fancy, now a graceful nocturne, whispering of tran-

scendental love, again it was a grand oratorio, depicting the infinite beauty of creation. . . .

For hours we must have been sitting there, bathed in symphonic vibrations. Then Dee-a-a removed her hands from my ears, and immediately the music ceased.

She rose to her feet, and smiled down at me. "Would you care to see a grand spectacle, my Jo-oh-n?"

From the effect of the music I felt as if slightly intoxicated. But of course I rose at once.

"Certainly!" I replied acquiescently. "But tell me, dear girl, how were you able to create such wonderful music?"

Dee-a-a laughed greatly amused. "You surely think me all-powerful, beloved. But the fact is, I did *not* create the music. I merely put myself into mental contact with one of our great musical academies, and through my hands attuned your sense of hearing to the right preceptive vibration."

"It sounds very simple," I admitted. "But that does not in the least detract from the wonder of it."

"Where are we going now?" I questioned as we passed down the stairway again.

Dee-a-a's face indicated joyous anticipation as she informed me: "We are going to witness the arrival of the eight planetary rulers, who are coming for their periodic conference with Ala-aa-e-e. It is a most wonderful spectacle—you shall see!"

"But who *are* those eight planetary rulers?" I asked, completely mystified.

She explained patiently: "They are chosen from among the most highly advanced of men here on Solaris, each of them to rule one of the planets, in conformance with the wishes of Ala-aa-e-e and their own exalted wisdom, until, in the course of evolution, they are ready to pass on to the next higher world beyond Solaris, when others are chosen in their places.

"In the same manner Ala-aa-e-e, our Lord, who belongs to a higher world, and others like him, are chosen to rule the centers of planetary systems throughout the universe. And there are those who rule higher centers yet."

"But how far does all this amazing evolution go?" I cried. "Is there no end anywhere?"

Dee-a-a smiled. "If I knew that, I would be the wisest of the wise in the universe. But so far I have heard of no one who has the faintest idea what the end of it all is—if there is an *end*."

Then, as once before, she passed her right arm about me, and we shot up

high above the flower forest, on our way back to the ruler's palace.

CHAPTER VIII.

An immense crowd of Solarians had gathered in the vast courtyard of Ala-aa-e-e's palace, to welcome the expected planetary princes, and I sensed an atmosphere of joyous expectancy.

In all those thousands of beautiful faces was not a single shadow, no reflection of darkness from their souls—nothing but youthful joy.

Dee-a-a and I had barely found a place of vantage for us, when the great harp of Ome-lo-a-a, which until now had been silent, raised its mighty voice in a grand paean of welcome.

And once again I witnessed the miraculous appearance of Ala-aa-e-e. From the great frustum dais in the center he blessed the gathering, and his transcendently beautiful smile warmed our hearts. Then, with a serene smile of expectancy, he raised his eyes of bright violet flame up to the chromosphere overhead, and everybody followed his example.

The music of Ome-lo-a-a swelled immensely in volume. And now suddenly a great circular opening appeared in the chromosphere, through which the deep blackness of interplanetary space was visible with startling contrast against all the brightness of Solaris.

It was like a bottomless ebony-hued abyss into infinity. But only for a few moments the opening yawned emptily. Then down through it shot a meteor-like phenomenon of dazzling light.

Amidst the welcoming cries from the assembly, and the grand voice of the harp, the phenomenon descended with the speed of thought, and resolved itself into a lateral broad ring of intense brightness—and yet not fire—shot through with gleamings of iridescence, which whirled with a speed so rapid that it appeared motionless.

A fraction of time it appeared to remain stationary just above the head of Ala-aa-e-e. Then it descended, whirled about the dais, slowed its motion—

And gradually the shapes of eight men appeared within its radiance, growing rapidly more distinct.

Then with breath-taking suddenness the eight governors of the planets stood before the ruler of Solaris in all their celestial glory, fully revealed. At the same time the ring of iridescent light in which they had been enveloped disappeared.

One by one Ala-aa-e-e embraced them with fraternal tenderness, as they

all stood upon the shining dais. It was an indescribably grand and touching scene.

If I had expected to see old men, I was agreeably disappointed. Vast age of soul, and great wisdom one sensed about those eight planetary princes. But their faces of radiant beauty, and the parts of their bodies exposed proclaimed their eternal soul youth.

And suddenly it came to me that the soul, being immortal, is ever young, growing older in wisdom only.

A grand sublime symphony now began to vibrate through the court. Grouped before their overlord in a semicircle, and accompanied by the harp of Ome-lo-a-a, the eight princes were singing to him.

It was a song of worship, praising his wisdom, and love, and glory. At first it was a soft overture, like the gentle whispering of a spring zephyr through a forest of stately pines; then with ever increasing volume it swelled to a tremendous oratorio, occasionally descending to a cadence sweet and soothing like a mother's lullaby.

Then again it tapered to an aria, carried to supreme heights of celestial fantasy by a baritone voice of marvelous power and timbre; until by some marvelous alchemy of tone the single voice melted almost imperceptibly into a perfect sublime symphony of eight.

Thus the planetary ruler worshiped. And in vain I, the soul of Earth, tried to grasp, and interpret, and reduce to coherent thought that divine melody. Suddenly, with a grand, glorious finale, it came to an end.

"Come, beloved!" Dee-a-a whispered into my ear. "They are about to pass into secret session."

Presently, when we were outside of the palace, she passed her arm about me in preparation for another flight.

"I am going to show you the greatest sport we Solarians indulge in!" she promised smilingly.

A moment later we were hurtling through the solar atmosphere. And once more, as several times before, I wondered why it was that, with the frightful speed we were traveling, I sensed not the slightest atmospherical friction. I was subtly conscious that we passed over many cities of the immense world.

And then we had arrived at our destination, and I forgot everything else in the contemplation of the stupendous, majestic, awe-inspiring spectacle before us.

(To be continued)

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How to Talk With the Dead

(Continued from page 12)

Crystal-visions, however, often contain information and messages which the sitter could not possibly have known naturally, and which are conveyed to him by this means. For instance, you may look into the ball one day and see, acted before you in the crystal-vision, a tragedy in which some friend of yours plays a part. You know nothing whatever about this, yet later on you receive from this friend a letter, telling you of the details of the tragedy in question. Your vision has proved correct. It is authentic and "supernormal" in character. Thus you will see that crystal-visions are more than mere empty visions or hallucinations. The character and content of these pictures often convey striking information and they may be telepathic, clairvoyant or premonitory,—just as dreams are,—or they may represent genuine spirit messages.

How to Develop the Power

You may develop the power of visualizing in yourself, which is extremely important, by such simple imagination-exercises as the following: Ask yourself a question, such as "What was the color of Mother Hubbard's dog?" "Was Jack the Giant-killer, dark or fair?" "Was Helen of Troy tall, or small and slender?" Such questions as these should bring up before your mind's eye an immediate answer in the form of a mental picture of the person or event in question, and if they do *not* do so you may be sure that your power of visualizing is not good and will have to be developed before you can have clear crystal visions. If your power of visualizing is extremely good you will probably be enabled, after a certain length of time, to dispense with the ball altogether, and see your visions upon a white or black background, by concentrating upon it, and finally anywhere in space that you may choose to induce them.

When you have arrived at this stage of development, however, you are very far along the path of successful mediumship!

Clouding and Visualization

If you are to obtain crystal visions you will probably notice that, just before the vision appears, the ball will cloud over as though a blackish grey mist were filling it, or were interposed between your eyes and it. This "clouding," as it is called, is well known and is a symptom of oncoming visions.

If, after sitting for five minutes every day for a couple of weeks you do not obtain any visions at all, you may rest assured that you are a very poor visualizer, and will probably not succeed in this direction.

You might try, however, one simple experiment for a few days longer. Gaze at a bright and highly colored object, upon which the light is falling, for about a minute; then close your eyes for a few seconds, and then look at the ball. If you are ever to see anything you should, after a few attempts, see within the ball a duplicate of the object you have been looking at, in its complementary colors.

The Human Aura

Each individual has his own peculiarly constituted and personal vital magnetism, and this differs from all others in quality and properties. A fully developed psychic is enabled to distinguish these one from another and a medium in trance may be enabled to get into communication with a deceased person through or by means of this fluidic impression left upon it, as explained in the lesson devoted to trance. One or two practical examples or exercises may serve to show the student the reality of this fluidic emanation, and he may employ these to convince his sceptical friends also of its reality.

How To Prove the Existence of the Fluid

(1) A very simple test is the following: Hang a dead black cloth over the back of a chair and see that no light falls directly on the cloth. The light in the room should be somewhat subdued and you should stand between it and the cloth, so as to throw your hands, held against the latter, into shadow. Now approach your two hands one to another and touch the finger-tips together, the hands being otherwise opened wide, palms turned toward yourself and thumbs pointing toward the ceiling. In this condition you will probably find that, as the first and fourth finger-tips touch, the second and third fingers have to be bent considerably to touch one another. The hands should be at a distance of about three inches from the black cloth and about 15 inches from your face. Hold the finger-tips together for about 30 seconds; then very gradually pull them apart and you will see, coming from and joining your fingers, streams of whitish, misty vapor, which is the vital connection between the hands, which you have established by the previous contact. If you move the fingers slightly up and down, after they have been separated an inch or so, you will find that the streams or bands of light follow the fingers, still connecting them, which will prove that it is not due to hallucination or to what is called "persistence of vision."

How to Magnetize Water

(2) Place two glasses of water side

by side on the table. Over one of these place the tips of your fingers, held together so as to form a point as much as possible. Hold these over the water in one glass for four or five minutes, *willing* that your vital magnetism should pass into the water and *affect* it. If now you ask a sensitive person, who has not seen you perform the experiment, to pick out the glass of water which has been treated magnetically, he will be able to do so almost invariably, and will tell you that the water sparkles as though charged with some effervescent gas.

Self-Projection

By "self-projection" is meant the faculty or ability to send out or cause to travel to a distance the etheric self or "double," by an effort or will. This seems to be, to some extent, inherent in some individuals, and occurs with them spontaneously and almost against their will. They go into trance and, at the end of a certain time, find that they have left their bodies and traveled to some distant scene! This, however, is rare; in the majority of cases the power has to be developed by long and assiduous cultivation.

Instructions for Self-Projection

This inner, etheric body, which is expelled to a distance by the power of will, in cases of self-projection, may be released and projected by the student after a certain amount of practice. He should go about this cautiously, feeling his way, as it were, but proceeding more or less along the following lines:

Place yourself in a perfectly composed attitude either on a couch or in a large chair. Close the eyes and breathe deeply for a few minutes, all the time holding the mind on a central point of concentration. Travel over your body in thought, and at each point or spot dwelt upon by you, *will* that your etheric body becomes detached or loosened from its connection with the physical body. As you begin to gain control of this process you may hear or rather "sense" a process of separation taking place, resembling a "click," and inwardly feeling like the disconnection of an electric current. When this has been completed at one point, travel to another. Do not try too many on any one occasion, and always be sure to restore by an effort of will the original connected condition before you rise from the experiment at the end of the sitting.

Further Directions and Advice

After you have gone round your body in this way and have succeeded in disconnecting it more or less completely, you should then call up before you, in space, a certain distant locality,

(Continued on page 46)

Discovering The Law Of MENTAL TELEPATHY

By D. W. STARRETT

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THERE seems to be no doubt in the minds of eminent scientists that there is a means of communication between human beings when far apart.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, in a Cleveland (Ohio) paper, on September 5, 1915, gave the world a message regarding thought transmission. Here are some of his opinions:

"Psychic forces are merely words for perfectly natural things which as yet we do not understand.

"Wireless messages, known only to the sender and receiver, may be big with portent, riding on the very air we breathe, and yet unknown to us.

"The human brain, without doubt, will do in the future many things which it is incapable of doing now.

"Great forces are already at work, existing right around us, which we cannot discern with our five senses."

To find out whether an electric current would assist the transmission of thought, Mr. Edison connected the heads of several men with wires through which he passed an electric current. But this did not seem to have any effect insofar as the transmission of thought waves was concerned.

Nearly every boy of the present time understands the workings of wireless telegraphy. Briefly, it is merely an intelligent operator in that line of business, that opens and closes a circuit. The time of making and breaking the circuit in each instance and their relations to each other, constitute the Morse code used in ordinary telegraphy. The difference between the two systems is merely a gap or a short separation of the wire for the purpose of producing forceful sound waves.

All sound waves are duplicated by ether or Hertzian waves. Therefore, when one sets up sound waves through the use of his vocal cords, he causes electric or Hertzian waves to pass out-

ward in all directions.

Few persons realize that each one has a wireless sending and receiving instrument always with him.

The cells within the vocal cords (or the muscles that control them, or the nerves that control the muscles) are taught in mental telepathy to stretch the cords in accordance with a code. The sound issues at the gap—the mouth—and the electric waves or Hertzian waves carry them outward in all directions. It makes no difference whether the sounds are audible or inaudible—they are *all* sounds. This is the wireless sending instrument with which everyone is equipped.

Each man or woman has about five thousand miles of nerves stretched from the sole of his feet to the top of his head. It is known today that the most efficient way to hang the receiving wires in wireless telegraphy is perpendicular to the surface of the earth. Nature or "something" did this in the human receiving instrument.

The commercial wireless rarely has over one thousand feet of receiving wires hanging from poles not over two hundred feet high, on an average. Nature planned and constructed an instrument with over five thousand miles of "wires" hanging tautly from a pole on an average of something less than six feet high.

The messages are sent out through the use of the vocal cords and they at once impinge upon the five thousand miles of nerves, to send them through to the prefrontal area of the brain. If the receiving operator in the commercial wireless had not been taught to read the message, the instrument could click all day and mean nothing to him.

The writer has discovered the law of mental telepathy and can perform the work with great accuracy with reference to certain classes of waves. Furthermore, it is possible for any student to be taught this work.

R H Y T H M

By SIGMUND SPAETH

LISTEN to the ticking of your watch, or to water dripping from a faucet. Take your pulse, or feel your heart beating after you have stirred your circulation. Notice the regularity of your breathing, or, better still, that of a sleeping child . . . These are all examples of rhythmic time in nature. Similarly the rush of Niagara Falls, the flow of a babbling brook, the surge on the edge of the ocean, all have a certain rhythmic regularity. It is normal and logical for time to divide itself into equal parts.—Harmony Magazine.

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Psycho-Symbolism (Continued from page 15)

The process "symbolized" is regular, but not truly regular, any more than the cycles of the heavenly bodies in their orbits; the terrestrial seasons with their variations; epochs in history not quite but nearly repeating themselves; or cycles in heredity with occasional "sports" as known to breeders of pedigreed stock.

CAPITAL LETTER B

When we shut our eyes to see; or looking, see nothing.

THE capital letter B is a very small diagram of vision. It consists of two "orbs" supported on a stem or stalk. Orbs are "eyes." They are also globes or circular bodies. In the type or "ideal symbol", the top orb is smaller than the bottom, but the two bodies are joined or articulated. In this they differ from the simple cell or body of the round A.

All nature tends to specialize for its very existence, that is, to make functional processes more peculiar, hence although at one time in our evolution our outer skin or "surface sensation" was an equivalent to "all eyes," our physical eyes are now specialized for seeing only. Safety demanded that the seat of sensation be protected, and it was accordingly enclosed deeply in the brain, and farthest from injury. The protruding orbs, however, like the superceded papilla of the skin, remained as outward agents of sensation.

Just as in the sign the two orbs are united, yet quite separate, joined, yet apart, so with the human eyes the connection is very subtle. A blow to one will bring tears to the other, yet one orb can be removed entirely, the other continuing to function as well, or to common intents and purposes, better.

Should we close, say, the right eye, an object is not seen in quite the same spot as with both eyes open, and if the left is closed, and the right eye kept open, the same object appears to have moved again. A whole landscape can take on quite a different aspect by this small change of angle or viewpoint. A shiny stained table may turn from a light brown to a dead black in color in the inch or so of division between eye and eye. The determining factor or referee is the nose. The difference in beliefs or faiths of any two persons appears to hinge on this viewpoint, sublimated from physical into mental sight. This explains the great variety

of capital B's written by the people at large.

In ordinary conversation we often say, "fresh light has been thrown upon the subject." What we mean is that we are looking at the matter in question from a different angle. But as a matter of fact, neither body, head, nor eyes themselves need have changed position. A half-closed eyelid could have produced the result.

The last thought naturally introduces vision as used in the intellectual sense, but how often are the terms *vision*, *sight*, and *observation* confused. Reference to the capital letter B shows the two sights and sensitive plates to be joined together, yet capable of separate processes, that is, if one took pen to form the symbol, it could be formed in various ways, yet result in the same diagram exactly.

There are men, so-called "men of vision," who are nearly as blind in actual sight as the proverbial bat. They are usually the men with high power spectacles or pince nez. The excessive use of the internal sight, the straining to examine mental pictures, has apparently robbed the relative actual sight. On the other hand, many people choose to, or indeed have to, close their eyes, to see the picture in memory or imagination. Many abstract thinkers have actually lost the visible function. The complete blind have almost invariably keen insight, and an uncanny knack of arriving at deep conclusions. They are usually keen readers of character from voice or handshake.

Inversely, most people have experienced themselves, or seen others experiencing, a person looking very hard at someone opposite, say in a railway car. On a disturbance of the "brown study", however, it was apparent to both parties that the one gazing, even staring, was not even conscious of the other's existence.

From the foregoing it is obvious that there are various sights or visions or observations common to all people, which have nothing to do with good or bad, or short or long, sights, but are just normal changes in processes. It also seems clear that each eye can function alone; or as one unit out of the two; or as part of the mental process or mechanism within. The stream of the nerve force can run in different directions yet give the same result *in toto*.

Ideally the diagram B shows the orbs or eyes to face "right" and in this position the top orb represents the "left" eye, the smaller of the two. Thus the mind shows a narrowing down or contraction of the "sphere" of that optic, a "concentration," which in turn means that all light reaching the eye, or in mental terms, all knowledge reaching the brain, is focused to a smaller point. In this connection it does not seem mere coincidence that in deep-thinking people, the left eye is usually half covered by its lid, as if shutting out the outside light or too much side light, for fear of losing the main idea in mind.

Proof of the above is readily obtained by taking all one's photos of friends, and noting how in nearly every case the left eye is the smaller, more intelligent looking, or sharper in expression, than the more open right. In some cases, however, the exact opposite is seen. Seldom, if ever, are glasses to aid the sight made with just the same strength for each eye.

This leads to the conclusion that when one focuses ideas, that is, takes two single thoughts, and mixes them, or fertilizes one with the other, and forms what is called a "view" or an "opinion," firstly, that "comparison" would be impossible were there not two distinct orbs; secondly, there could be no focus or culminating point were there no nose. The nose, then, appears the divisor between the metaphysical and physical visions, between fiction and fact, imagination and reality, theory and practice, or *vice versa*. It appears that people with Roman noses and headstrong opinions, are no mere accident or coincidence, but that there is a scientific significance therein. It also seems to show that there is a very real connection between weak physical sight and mental vision whether directly or in inverse ratio.

As there is an infinitesimal difference in period of time between light striking upon the two convex surfaces of the eyes, the adjustment between them may in part account for that peculiar phenomenon experienced by many people, of seeing a place for the first time, well knowing such to be a fact, yet having an impression, amounting almost to a conviction, that the same place in every detail has been looked upon previously.

(To be continued)

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Cancer

(Continued from page 16)

possible. Some delay in marriage may arise, or there may be unhappiness in the married life. Trouble through children is probable. However, the eldest may succeed in the medical, chemical, or military profession, and some one or more of the children may be a great protection in old age.

Friends will be one of the great blessings in life to people with Cancer on the ascendant, especially to the women.

Dangers may come through secret enemies, cliques, traps, and trouble is to be guarded against in foreign lands. At some time in the life suffering may be caused by the publication of slanderous letters put out by secret enemies.

All with Cancer rising at the birth hour should be very careful of their diet, as they are liable to disorders of the stomach. They must also try to overcome all tendencies to irritability, for this is the road to nervousness.

There is some danger of sciatica and rheumatism, and perhaps some illness involving the chest. Falls or hurts from large animals must be avoided, especially when away from home or traveling, and there is likelihood of wounds from human hands if other positions in the horoscope concur.

The latter part of the life of one with Cancer rising at the birth hour is more apt to be productive and prosperous than the early part.

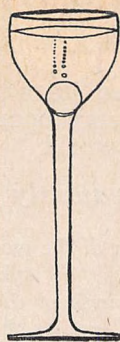
Atlantis

(Continued from page 21)

notes taken at one of our seances and, being tired, did not finish the work, but went from my den to the living room to rest. To my utter amazement, I found myself starting to dance one of the Atlantean dances. Even when I forced myself to sit down, my feet kept beating rhythmically on the floor!

Of course, Gladys du Bois and I spoke of our experience to friends. We found many doubters. Some people claimed that we imagined the shadows and the music, that Miss du Bois read my subconscious mind, taking from it experiences I had lived through or witnessed in a previous incarnation; many think it is just a lot of nonsense, the product of an over-active imagination.

The experience of getting and writing this novel has been the most thrilling and the most difficult of my life. I have all the original drawings made by Miss du Bois and besides the novel, illustrated with copies of these drawings, I have the record of our seances, day by day, which are positive proof of what really happened. Besides,—there is Mary Buck.



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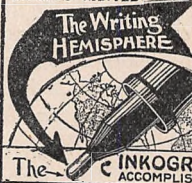
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THE MANTLE OF FEAR

"Zonia" of the Stars tells of the influence of undeveloped and earthbound spirits on many minds in the material world.

Received Clairaudiently By V. MAY COTTRELL

THE pain and anguish of the world tends ever to crush the spirits and enfeeble the minds of those sensitives whose seership enables them to come into mental contact with it.

Darkness and despair enfold all such as they contemplate the sufferings of their fellow humans all down the ages. Upon these folk is thereby laid a burden almost greater than they can bear. They must needs find some escape from the misery of the thoughts and impressions which they contact so readily, or perish. Some surcease of this mental darkness is imperative or they lose all hope themselves and become utterly submerged in that thick fog of gloom and sadness which encircles the earth like a pall.

This mantle of fear is a dark legacy of the ages, for it is formed by the mental emanations of countless numbers of poor souls to whom hope and joy have long been strangers. It is as real and tangible to us as are any of those things which the physical senses of earth folk make them readily aware of. It is immensely destructive also in its influence on the lives of all ages and conditions of people. Its power to injure increases in ratio to the mental sensitiveness of the individual. The great majority of human beings contact it in part. It is only to those whose spiritual eyes and ears are more fully opened, however, that it becomes a consciously distressing feature. Our sympathy goes out to all such, and they are the ones for whom special effort is made on this side.

When mental phenomena are better understood by earth folks, they will clearly see what a large part these dark thoughts play in the lives of people of all lands.

The real cause of the continuance of utter savagery, crime, and war in an otherwise civilized world will then be readily understood also. That madness which invades people's minds, robbing them of their most precious possession—reason—will be revealed for what it really is, obsession by dark, fearing or hate-filled minds on this side of life.

Sometimes this obsession of another's mind is conscious and deliberate on the part of evil-doers here, at other times it is totally unconscious and unintentional. In the latter instance, it is just the darkness and misery of minds on this side finding lodg-

ment, either temporary, or otherwise, in responsive minds on the material side of life.

The barriers between the two states of existence are often broken or weakened by physical injury or debility of one kind or another. The great majority of human beings become dispirited as physical health declines and thus they automatically contact, in widely varying degrees, the misery which fills the minds of earthbound spirits. Knowing not their dark, helpless condition, millions of these entities use such mind power as they possess to impose their wills upon folk still in the flesh. That they succeed in very many instances is only too apparent, judging by the deeds of violence committed so frequently in all parts of the world.

Large cities are the prolific breeders of crime but the open spaces add their quota also. Poverty, disease and dirt are contributing factors, especially in the former instance, where folk are herded together like animals in filthy hovels unfit for human habitation. No light or hope is possible to such as these, unless an inherent nobility of character counteracts the dirt and misfortune of their lot in life.

That saints are found living under such abominable conditions as to bring shame upon the country which permits such conditions to exist, alters the case not at all. These folk have contacted the best in themselves and so have become impervious to their surroundings. This is not possible, however, for millions of their fellow beings who grovel in filth and lead lives which would bring shame to the most degraded savages. Is it any wonder, then, that children born into such conditions, and subjected as they are to the evil influences about them, join forces early with that evil and eventually identify themselves with it altogether? Then, when earthly life ends for them, they are lost in the outer darkness of a complete lack of knowledge of spiritual realities. These folk, who are here in millions, have nothing save their old life to cling to. This they do, tasting its joys and pleasures and excesses to the very best of their ability by means of those still in the flesh. They are *dark angels* who poison folks' thoughts as opportunity offers, and bring untold harm to those who listen to their evil promptings.

Astrological DAILY GUIDE For July

This Daily Guide covers from sunrise to sunset unless otherwise stated. When the influence is over during the day the hour is generally given.

1. Good for plans and business.
2. Deal with superiors, seek employment, avoid elders.
3. Bad day for love affairs; avoid cliques.
4. Good for finance.
5. Bad day, exercise care.
6. Very uncertain, avoid impulsive changes.
7. Make friends and visit.
8. Remain quiet, avoid transacting unnecessary business.
9. Good for letters, writings and documents.
10. Bad for finance, avoid excesses.
11. Good for business and health.
12. Buy clothes, finery; good for pleasure.
13. Bad day for business.
14. Rest and visit friends.
15. Ordinary day.
16. Exercise care on journeys; employ help.
17. Avoid unnecessary financial transactions.
18. Avoid all unnecessary activities; adverse.
19. Visit sick; start medical treatment.
20. Exercise care on journeys; not a good day.
21. Curb envious tendencies.
22. Bad for property and land.
23. Push all affairs.
24. Bad day; be careful.
25. Exercise care around fire; protect valuables.
26. Good for documents, papers, contracts and correspondence.
27. Uncertain day.
28. Deal with old people; good for domestic affairs.
29. Bad for most affairs.
30. Avoid impulsive actions in evening.
31. P. M. good for business.

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.—Stowe.

The weakest creature by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; whereas the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything—Carlyle.

I go at what I am about as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard working men.—Charles Kingsley.

A Child of Fate

(Continued from page 10)

years to unfold. Nor did they know how Martha's soul would be tried before she again knew peace. Or how Tom would be called on to give up ideals that were almost his very life, but which he would finally be happy to give up.

When they were starting away on their tour of Europe, visiting Ireland first, of course, the president of the college said to them:

"I have a parcel here that has been sent to me to deliver to you two young people when you are ready to depart from us, and which is to be read when you are in midocean. It is intimated that it is of great value to you. May it and all things else that come into your lives bring you as much pleasure as I anticipate you will receive from reading this."

How everyone there wished that he might know the contents of that package! Martha and Tom read the manuscript midway in the Atlantic. Tom was too puzzled to be happy for several minutes—Martha was the one to understand it.

"My darling," said Tom, "what have I done? Brought you into something from which it is impossible to escape, according to our family traditions. I did not know this. My mother passed on when I was quite small, a victim of yellow fever at New Orleans, as I have told you before. Still she did not know, because this message was given for us alone. Stranger than fate is fatality, they say. As you know, my mother was from Ireland and a blond. I always said my wife must be a native of Ireland and a blond. Therefore, when I met you I knew you were to be mine. My father passed on when I was young and I knew little of my family history until I went to Peabody and traced its genealogy."

And Martha answered, "I do not feel that there is anything coming to us about which we need worry. This revelation only tells us that we are to be the parents of a child who will be a great comfort to us in middle life and old age."

"There is one prediction of suffering. That cannot be avoided in life, dear Tom. It is just as natural as love, joy, or peace."

"I recall hearing my grandmother tell of the Black Famine and of how Lord Tennyson sat by Lake Killarney reading his 'Bugle Song.' I am not any weakling. I have lived and suffered. I heard the 'bugle blow,' and I followed its sound. Now I have cast

anchor beside you; we will learn to say with Lord Tennyson, 'Our love will grow forever'."

Tom could but hold his bride's hand and become more and more astonished at the courage of her who was so small of body, so unlike any of his family's women.

Their honeymoon over, life for Tom and Martha retained a rosy glow that carried them through half a score of years. Their two sons and one daughter were all that their hearts could desire. Their home was the mecca of all people like them or of those who wanted to know how they might prosper, as Martha and Tom had prospered, in that beautiful land of the southing pine trees, where nuts blanketed the ground in autumn and the music of the falling water, aided by the swish of the trout and the call of the brilliant-plumaged song birds, lulled the tired to rest.

Then the bugle sound called Tom and Martha to arms, to test them. The years of peace fled, the shadow of a black famine hovered near.

The drouth of 1887-1890 will always be remembered as the greatest disaster of the livestock people of the nineteenth century. Tom Smith was called on for a heavy toll. His prosperity had come so easily that he had helped many to advance in business, and there were securities to pay, losses and depreciation in values to meet, but all this was as nothing compared with the sorrow he knew when he saw the roses fading from Martha's cheeks, felt her step becoming less elastic, and heard her voice no more in song as before.

Upon returning from a long trip north to market his cattle and to fulfill his promises to pay if his neighbors did not, Tom was horror stricken at the changed appearance of his wife. Then he knew that this was the way Singing Voice—the grandmother that he had always revered as a prophetess—had gone.

That night, as the hour of twelve approached, Tom Smith felt the angel of death hovering near. He could only hold Martha's hand and wait and pray in his silent way to the Great Spirit of his people not to take his bride of fifteen years. She must not leave him, he could not survive without his mate. Friends and family had all gone and left them alone—none could bear to see her drifting out or to watch his suffering.

(To be concluded next month)

It pays to pay attention to the ads appearing in the
THE OCCULT DIGEST

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

"Let the great world spin for every down the ringing grooves of change."
—Tennyson.

Psychologist Finds Untrue Many Beliefs About the Mind

In his research work, Donald A. Laird, Director of the Colgate Psychological Laboratory, Colgate University, has found many popular theories about the human mind to be without any basis of fact.

As spokesman for the advocates of a new branch of mind study variously called "type psychology," "differential psychology," "variational psychology," etc., Mr. Laird reports the following findings, among others, in *The Scientific American*:

"The slow worker is *not* the accurate worker. The old adage of 'Slow but sure,' or 'Haste makes waste' has been found untrue—although it may be an excellent admonition for us individually when we are excited and attempt to work faster than usual.

"The person with a good memory almost always has good reasoning powers also.

"The hearing of the blind man is no more acute than that of the average person.

"The best time for learning is from about 16 to 25, but learning capacity at 40 is but little less than at 20.

"Some people are able to hear perfectly, except notes of certain pitches.

"Genius is *not* a close relative of insanity.

"Age of parents does not appear to have a determining part in the abilities their children possess.

"Almost anyone can make an average success in any occupation."

China's Sons Claim Her Fount of Western Medical Practice

Well established records reveal that medicine was practiced in China as early as B. C. 1892. And many members of the Chinese medical profession today are of the opinion that western medical practitioners might do better to study Chinese medicine than to belittle it.

Dr. K. Chemin Wong, chief medical officer of the Shanghai-Hangchow railway, has been quoted recently as saying that such things as the circulation of the blood, x-ray, anaesthetics, inoculation, vaccination and even prohibition were known in China before America was dreamed of.

And Dr. Tu Ching-sien, one of the oldest native practitioners, said the other day: "How many diseases are there which Chinese medicine has been treating for hundreds of years which have not yet been discovered by foreign doctors

and which cannot be treated by foreign medicine? I am sure that the foreign trained doctors would learn much if they were to make a study of Chinese medicine. Indeed, I even go so far as to say that they would be amazed at their own lack of knowledge of diseases and their treatment."

The Governor of New York Passes Spiritualists' Bill

"During the Summer of 1928 the Editor of *The National Spiritualist* (so she writes in a recent issue of that periodical) received information which she has every reason to believe authentic to the effect that Gov. Alfred E. Smith had twice vetoed the Spiritualists' Bill for the Protection of Mediums and Healers, after said Bill had twice passed both Houses."

The succeeding governor of New York, however, has now placed his signature on the bill, and the good lady Editor expresses her pleasure as follows:

"Now,—O, joy! O, JOY!! Governor Roosevelt has signed the Bill! A genuine Medium, working under a recognized Church or Organized Body, can no longer be persecuted as a fortune-teller in the great Empire State! A tolerant Governor, thus early in his administration, has so ordered. We compliment and thank him!"

Phantom Guides Alaskan Travelers

One northwest Alaska trail has a strange guardian angel, according to a weird tale by travelers returning from a region over the Sawtooth Mountains. In a valley across the range, they say, storms occur every day. The best dog teams are often bewildered. But when the visibility is exceptionally bad, so goes the story, drivers and their passengers are guided safely along the way by some well outlined form, resembling a hooded monk, which is always accompanied by a huge dog.

The Magyar Race Now Disappearing?

According to press reports, Prof. Wilhelm Tauber, a leading gynecologist of Hungary, has announced his opinion that the Magyar race will be extinct in fifty years if the present rate of decline in the national birth rate is continued.

Said the doctor, "Hungarian homes today are cradleless. Society seeks by every possible means to remain childless. The birth rate of last year was the lowest in the history of the country."

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"I am satisfied on one thing at last; I found where my husband spends his evenings," remarked Mrs. Gadabout.

"You don't say so, dear; how did you find out?" questioned Mrs. Gossip.

"I stayed at home one evening last week, and found him there," answered the satisfied lady.—*Arkansas Utility News.*

* * *

Plumber (about to start job for titled lady): "Now-er-let me see, m'lady! When's yer bath night? I suppose you'd like it done by then!"—*Passing Show London.*

* * *

Patient: "I say, doctor, don't you think it would be a good idea if I were to pack up and go to some place where the climate is warmer?"

Doctor: "Good Heavens! Isn't that just what I've been trying to prevent?"—*Tit-Bits, London.*

* * *

"I recently heard a pianist who had only one hand."

"That is nothing. I recently heard a singer who had no voice at all."—*Der Brummer, Berlin.*

* * *

"Since yer 'usband 'as been out of work he seems to spend a lot of time reading the paper."

"Yes, he goes through every bit of it except the 'Situations Vacant.'"—*Passing Show, London.*

* * *

Lilly: "I want a donkey ride—I want a donkey ride."

Mother: "John, just take her on your shoulder so that we can have some peace."—*Le Rire, Paris.*

* * *

Martian (watching Spring Cleaning disturbances on Earth): "This happens every year regularly—at the same time. Wonder what it can be."—*Passing Show London.*

* * *

Slow-paying Customer: "I've brought in that last pair of trousers to be re-seated. You know I sit a lot."

Tailor: "Yes, and perhaps you've brought the bill to be receipted. You know I've stood a lot."—*Frivol, Iowa.*

* * *

Patient (to nerve specialist): "And is your treatment completely successful?"

Nerve Specialist: "Absolutely. Only last week one of my patients tried to borrow a fiver from me!"—*Birmingham Dispatch.*

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is no rascal less in the world.—Carlyle.

The Time to Protect

By W. P. McCLASKEY

SOME time ago, there appeared in a California newspaper a report of the discovery of the body of a newborn babe lying near the Los Angeles River. To all appearances, the babe had been strangled to death.

This seems very bad, and it is. But how terrible must have been the shame facing the mother which would force her to commit such a crime!

Now, when something like this happens, the law, as represented by the police, sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, and all the rest, probe every bit of evidence of every kind, in the attempt to find the mother to bring her to justice, so-called. In other words, the police see that a crime has been committed, then endeavor to bring to punishment the one who did it. We commonly say, bring a man or woman to justice, but we mean *punishment*.

In reality, is it not as great a crime to bring an unwanted child into the world as it is to kill it after it comes? And when that child must carry through life society's stigma of illegitimacy, it is to our mind the *greater* crime, for a brand has been placed upon it which it has not earned and which it was unable to prevent.

We would not belittle child murder in the least, but would like to call attention to a fact or two. The first is, this thing which the child murder emphasizes has been happening as far back as man can remember. The other is, only one thing in the world constitutes a marriage—a man and woman taking each other and she becoming his wife. That is all the Bible says of marriage; it is all there is to say. Nothing is said anywhere about God frowning upon any union of man or woman from lack of ceremony. Every sensible man in the world knows that this is all there is to marriage.

Why doesn't society recognize this

to be the fact and so declare it? Why does so-called civilization impute shame to the riteless marriage, often forcing the parties to such a marriage to resort to crime in their attempt to hide it? If it were not for society's ban, crimes of this nature, which destroy the life of one, and ruin the lives of two others, would be unknown.

Do we molest that ever-growing multitude, both under the cover of a ceremony and out, who destroy life all the way along to the normal birth period? We do not. However, there is no difference in the turpitude, for there is not a minute of time from its beginning when the child is not alive—a living being. O Law, thou art a strange thing!

To punish an unwed mother after her child is dead does not protect the child. It protects no one, and prevents nothing; it only punishes.

Let there be a place where the unwed mother can go, no questions asked, where none need know. Let the state take the child and protect it, if the parents do not wish to own it.

Science has demonstrated the truth so thoroughly, every high school student of today knows that there is only one life. All life is the same and there is only one source. If any life is divine, then all life is. Where, then, is the shame?

How silly to say, one child is good because it comes with the sanction of a certain part of society, and the other child is bad that comes without this sanction. We build thereby a heredity of wrong that must constantly arise to devil and torment us.

If God be the author of life, and he surely is, there can be no circumstances under which life is wrong or sinful, for the Creator makes no mistakes.



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NEWS EVENTS

Mennonites Establish Colony In Distant Paraguay

In a peaceful spot not far from the line of forts where Paraguay and Bolivia clashed last December, Mennonites from Canada who went to South America to escape wars and other earthly evils are struggling to build their *Utopia*.

The Mennonite colony, made up of 14 villages of 100 persons each, was established in the Chaco region two years ago. Its charter from the Paraguayan government accorded local autonomy in government. The Mennonite system of town meetings is about as near to pure democracy as anything in modern government.

There are no police, sheriffs, or civil courts in the ordinary sense of the word. The Mennonites consider them superfluous. Religious feeling is so strong that the action of a church meeting is as powerful as the mandates of a court would be elsewhere.

Their religious organization is simple, consisting of ministers and the bishop, the latter being the most influential person in the colony.

Free from obligation to bear arms, the Mennonites were never worried by the threat of border troubles. It was even possible that they did not know of brewing troubles, so cut off are they by swampy, untraversed lands from the scene of native activities. Puerto Casado, the nearest town of any size, is 43 miles by ox cart and then 84 miles by railroad. In the rainy season roads are impassable for motor vehicles.—*Grit*.

Scientist Acknowledges Influence of Planets

"Little by little," says the *Astrological Bulletin*, "the physical scientists are discovering and admitting the truths taught by Astrology throughout the ages. In the Los Angeles *Examiner* of Sunday, Sept. 2, 1928, Dr. Edison Pettit, noted astronomer at Mt. Wilson Observatory, says: 'The Sun and sky bestow upon the earth the gift of the ultra-violet rays which are of great importance for man. Not only do they have a profound effect upon his health and vigor, but also affect the growth of plants and animals upon which he is dependent'. In time, Astronomy itself will validate all the claims of Astrology. Thanks, Dr. Pettit!"

Faith and Science Work Together Asserts Briton

Facing 3,000 scientists, gathered at Glasgow, Scotland, Sir William Bragg, Nobel prize winner, not long ago made his first address as president of the British Association for Advancement of Science.

"Science is not setting forth to destroy the soul, but to keep body and soul together," said Sir William. "There are some who think that science is inhuman. They speak as though students of modern science would destroy reverence and faith. I do not know how that can be said of the student who stands daily in the presence of what seems to him to be the infinite.

"Science is not so foolish as to throw away that in which the slowly gathered wisdom of the ages is stored."

Slave Trade Flourishing Openly in Arabia

Dr. Saul Mezan, president of the Jewish association of the league of nations, is authority for the statement that slavery is still flourishing in some countries of the near east. "Importation of Negro slaves is officially permitted by the Hedjaz kingdom, which collects a custom duty of about \$10 a head," Dr. Mezan says. "At Jeddah, seaport of Mecca, the slave market is held almost before the very door of the British consulate. A male Negro slave costs between \$100 and \$200 and a girl brings about \$500." Dr. Mezan also asserts that 40,000 Jews are held in slavery in the Arabian state of Yemen.

Secret Chemical Solution Makes Town Invisible

While flying over the town of Bobblington, near Stuttgart, Germany, an aviator was surprised to see the houses and factories disappear before his eyes. It was during a test being made by German air ministry officials and a party of engineers, of the new gas invented by Dr. Reddeman, the German gas expert, which enables a city to protect itself against air attacks by rendering it invisible. Ten vessels, containing a secret chemical solution, had been placed about the buildings, and by pressing an electric button Dr. Reddeman ignited the chemical, and clouds of smoke 300 feet high covered an area of 500 square yards.

Perfection Never Reached Says Scientific Journal

"How futile is the assumption occasionally made," *The Scientific American* recently asserted editorially, "that we have at last reached the summit of perfection in cutting edges or anything."

The comment is made in the light of the discovery of the new cobalt-carbon-tungsten alloy called Carboloy, which is almost diamond-hard and provides a cutting edge which technicians are predicting may work amazing changes in the industrial world.

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Moon Study Made Easy

The largest model of the moon ever made is in the Field Museum, Chicago. Although obtained about 35 years ago, no larger or more elaborate representation of this planet has since been made.

Dr. Oliver C. Farrington, curator of geology, has predicted some interesting experiences for tourists should travel to the moon ever become a reality, which seems more likely today than at any time in the past.

"Assuming that man's inventive genius finally overcame the difficulties presented by the journey of more than 237,000 miles," said Dr. Farrington, "the moon tourist would experience many novel sensations after arriving at his destination.

"He would need air-producing apparatus constantly while on the moon, as that body has no atmosphere. However, he could easily carry such apparatus even of a weight which would be inconvenient or impossible on the earth, because the force of gravity on the moon is only one-sixth that on the earth, and a burden of say ninety pounds on earth would there be equal to only fifteen pounds.

"This difference in the force of gravity would reduce the weight of a man who tipped the scales at 150 pounds on earth to only twenty-five pounds on the moon, and therefore with the same muscular energy by which he could jump six feet at home he could go a distance of thirty-six feet in one leap on the moon.

"A great advantage of travel on the moon over that on earth would be the extreme privacy offered when desired. If a man wished to get away from his fellow tourists, or his wife, or a picture postcard peddler, he would need but to step into the shadow of a lunar crag. He would then instantly become invisible, because the lack of atmosphere on the moon prevents diffusion of light, and nothing can be seen on it except where the sun's rays shine directly. His escape would be complete because he would not only disappear from sight, but the voices of the others could not reach him, as, also due to the lack of an atmosphere, no sound, however loud, can be heard on the moon.

"The tourist would have to be prepared for extreme changes in temperature, as the climate of the moon ranges from a temperature about that of boiling water where the sun's rays strike, to about 100 degrees below zero in the illuminated parts."

The museum's model was a gift to the museum from the late Lewis Reese of Chicago.

The world is a looking glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.—Thackeray.

PSYCHIC REVELATION

Your Personal Problems Solved by The Psychic Editor.

No charge is made for answering personal problems in these columns, but each person is limited to two questions. Be brief—write plainly. 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 1st of 2nd preceding month. Positively no questions answered by mail unless accompanied by three dollars. Address the PSYCHIC EDITOR, The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

W. R. N., N. D.—The rut widens and gives room for your escape.

J. C. H., Ohio.—Several months hence. Legacy very distant. Stick to present occupation.

F. D., McL., N. J.—Yes to your several questions.

R. J. J., N. Y.—Will sell but not soon. Great opportunity in nursing for you.

M. L., Iowa.—Yes. Somewhat, yes, but will get stronger.

O. M., Wis.—The change will come.

L. A. B., Calif.—Do not look for help. Other question not permissible.

G. J. H., N. Y.—You will not marry. Aviation is your opportunity.

L. G. R., Canada.—Money will come to you through two legacies, one from a very aged person, and the other one very much younger. Your sister is at present traveling in the interior.

A. B., N. Y.—Your experience was the result of partially suspended animation. You were physically unconscious but mentally contacting future events, not past ones. It could be classed as a psychic experience but not an astral adventure, although you have very strong psychic rays.

M. S. R., Pa.—Not at this time. Business slow for several months and then steady success for many years.

R. A. P., Canada.—Investment is very slow bringing returns. You have not as yet met your future husband.

M. M. J., Calif.—You will make many changes and many new friends before you settle down. Keep your holdings until the boom.

J. B., Canada.—Use your occult powers to help others as opportunity offers and financial success will follow. Concentrate on money for needs every day at noon.

Z. Z., N. Y.—You will travel westward after a few months, resulting in better conditions and opportunities for your success.

S. B., Calif.—Success in writing continues as is for some time, then more success.

J. D. J., S. D.—Concerning patent, you will sell on royalty basis and make good. Marriage comes later.

C. R., N. M.—Do not worry about the future. You will be well provided for. Life will be peaceful.

F. G., Fla.—Party will return.

M. S., Ala.—You are not incurable. You are your own worst enemy. Your system is filled with poison from lack

of circulation of the digestive glands. First of all, cleanse your system through abstaining for three months from eating solid starch or meat foods. Use plenty of fruit juices and olive oil. Stretch your muscles every day.

J. S., N. J.—Estate settled satisfactorily. Travel dream materializes.

E. Y. H., Okla.—The duplex is the best plan. Employment steady.

D. M. N., Ala.—Postpone marriage. You are not ready for that responsibility.

E. H. D., Texas.—Hold for better prices. On the low land, yes.

A. M., Canada.—Success in business, yes.

F. D. McL., N. J.—You are very psychic. Turn a deaf ear to criticism but do not let your mind run away with your judgment and you will gather all knowledge from the air or silence, as you term it.

M. W., Colo.—Lots' worth holding. Son adapted to music or aviation.

A. F., Fla.—Lady referred to not located. Marriage indicated but reconciliation must be effected by exerting a strong will power.

W. S., Mich.—You do not have tuberculosis. You need to work in the soil under the sun's rays in the open air both for your financial and physical improvement.

T. C. N., Ala.—Illness caused by a leakage of the heart. Primary cause excess excitement. Better at hospital both for him and family.

M. S., Wis.—Letter lost in the mail. Early marriage not indicated.

D. K., Ill.—To one versed in psychic matters, your experience is easily explained and is known as dematerialization. You must be careful to demand that your psychic power be used only in a constructive manner and for purposes that are useful to you and a blessing to mankind.

J. W., Pa.—Success in spirit photography is the result of an abundance of raw material, known as psychic power, in which you are lacking. It cannot be developed. It is created. Do not get discouraged. Some of our very successful mediums waited twenty years, others received it instantly. Your type creates the power very slowly.

L. E., Fla.—The work which you desire will be offered you about the middle of July. Marriage not far off, either. Be careful of your health.

NEWS OF PSYCHIC ACTIVITIES

Psychical Research, Spirit Philosophy and Phenomena

Swedenborg Revealed As Great Psychic

"One of the greatest psychics in history was Emanuel Swedenborg, the celebrated scientist, mystic and theologian," says J. P. Glass, in one of a series of very interesting articles running in the *St. Paul Dispatch*.

Mr. Glass gives as a good example of Swedenborg's accomplishments the following: In September, 1759, at 4 o'clock of a Saturday afternoon, Swedenborg arrived at Gottenburg from England, being greeted by William Castel, a well known citizen, who invited him to be one of a party of fifteen persons at his house. About 6 o'clock Swedenborg went into the garden for a time, but soon returned pale and alarmed.

"Fire has broken out in Stockholm at the Soderdalm and is spreading very fast," he said.

Now Gottenburg is about 300 miles from Stockholm. The company stared in astonishment. How could Swedenborg know about a fire which had "just broken out" there?

This, remember, was in the eighteenth century. There was no radio, no telephone, no telegraph to flash such news about. The company perceived that the great Swedenborg was having one of his supernatural experiences. He was restless and frequently left the company to go outside. He announced

that the house of a friend, whom he named, had been destroyed, while his own was in danger. At 8 o'clock he rejoined the party, beaming.

"Thank God! The fire is extinguished the third door from my house," he exclaimed.

It may be imagined how much of awed speculation this performance occasioned among those assembled in William Castel's house. But matters did not end there. It was related to the governor of the city that very evening and of course was quickly repeated to all Gottenburg. On Sunday morning the governor summoned him. He gave the dignitary an exact account of the fire, its origin, how long it continued and how it was brought to an end. Throughout Gottenburg a great commotion arose, the people being alarmed for the safety of relatives, friends and property in Stockholm. Hours of anxiety passed slowly while word was awaited from the scene of the reported conflagration. It came on Monday evening with the arrival of a messenger dispatched by Stockholm Board of Trade not long after the fire started. An amplified report was received Tuesday morning when a royal courier reached the governor's mansion. The story he told was identical in every detail to that of Swedenborg, divulged while the fire was proceeding. He said that the flames had been extinguished at 8 o'clock.

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. Dreams must be in the editor's hands by the 1st day of second preceding month. Positively no dreams interpreted by mail unless accompanied by three dollars. Address THE DREAM EDITOR, The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

R. D. S., Okla.—Your dream was for the purpose of teaching you to let old things fade from your mind. Do not hug to yourself old memories or grouches, but constantly look for new and bright things, as, when you awakened, the old house faded.

B. H. M., Canada—Your dream is a warning to you to be exceedingly careful not to get too careless or you will meet extreme difficulties in extricating yourself from an unpleasant situation. Dream also shows deceit and betrayal of

a friend. Watch closely the actions of the suspected one.

R. E. C., Calif.—Your dream is very symbolical of your present situation. As you dreamed, the situation will clear up. You will be given great wisdom and protection—also a new life.

G. T., Ky.—Your dream is so incomplete, it carries very little meaning outside of the fact that some little difficulty hard to meet will appear and be quickly disposed of by your prompt awakening to the deceit.

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FORECAST FOR JULY

By GRACE ELLERY WILLIAMS
In "Astrological Student-Adept"

OUT-OF-DOORS amusement concessions would do well to be insured over the 4th as there will be bad weather with squalls. Forest fires, crime and incendiarism will be rampant. Large hotels, hospitals and sumptuous homes on high ground are in danger. Severe storms threaten open air theatres and circuses on the 7th. Illinois, Iowa and places along the 90th meridian extending into Canada are likely to suffer from tornadoes on the 9th. Earthquakes and storms will prevail between Denver and Los Angeles.

An undermining influence with explosions causes riots in the Pennsylvania coal fields; the labor classes will be militant in Virginia and Boston. Unreliable reports will develop plots against authority between the 8th and 15th.

Many pools will be created to manipulate stocks. Mergers between the allied lines of hotels, gas stations, chain stores, chemical companies and amalgamated stock interests to safeguard the small investor, will be formed.

Employment will consolidate its interests with a tendency toward a 5-day week and shorter hours. For the forthcoming year the U. S. will be greatly benefited by Jupiter's transit through Gemini, which will increase our revenue and make it possible for many international difficulties to be ironed out.

A ghastly crime wave with Bolshevich development will be noted in St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, New York and Washington, bringing confusion, corruption and sedition to those in high places.

Call money should stand at a much lower rate of interest on the 14th as the vaults will be filled.

LETTERS

From Friends and Foes

A reader-friend, MISS ARBAUGH, of Miss Arbaugh's School for Deaf Children (Macon, Ga.), sends two questions:

There is much being said about the coming "deaf race," possibly within a hundred years. Is there any occult information to be given out concerning this and the cause of it? Or is it just the forerunner of the age when hearing with the physical ear will not be necessary?

The following paragraphs were clipped by Miss Arbaugh from the *New York Times*:

Geoffrey Shaw, Inspector in Music in Training Colleges, lecturing at Oxford the other day, said that, while most of our senses had developed, the sense of hearing had dropped behind and had become somewhat blunted.

Mr. A. J. Storey, Secretary of the National Institute for the Deaf, agrees with this statement. "I was told by a well-known medical man," he says, "that one-third of the population of this country is suffering more or less from deafness. There is no doubt that the noise of everyday life has affected the hearing of many of us. Edison's assertion that in about a hundred years' time we shall be deaf is somewhat of an exaggeration but Edison was on the right track."

Dear Editor:

I enjoy your journal, your editorials and the general contents. You have good writers and you select well.

Montpelier, Vt.

JAMES B. ESTES, Atty.

BORDER LANDS OF SCIENCE

A Record of Scientists' Approach Towards the Occult

Sir Oliver Lodge Says
World Really Progressing

The views of Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the great thinkers of the day, are always interesting. In a contribution to a recent issue of *The Scientific American*, he writes:

"Whenever we encounter, or seem to encounter, an insoluble discrepancy between reality and reason, we may assume that not the universe but either our apprehension or our reasoning is at fault. It is but an act of faith so to assume; but it is a faith that has been justified in particular instances time and again. If we could solve all our difficulties while we tramp along, existence would be duller and less stimulating than it is.

"The immediate problem of the future is to weld together the newer and the older discoveries into an all-embracing system. We must transcend matter and formulate entity which fills space and endures in time. The mind is stretched to the utmost, but we do not despair. The universe is in harmony with the human mind, when that is sufficiently informed and enlightened to perceive the grandeur of truth.

"Experience has consistently shown that there is a rational process behind everything. It is the privilege of science to realize what is happening and to dive down as far as we can to the innermost core of the mystery.

"Humanity is in its infancy. Yet we are making progress. Men of genius as great as any in the past are working among us. Some great generalization is approaching; and mathematical physicists all over the world are contributing to its arrival. Through the haze and mists of the twilight we catch a glimpse of a rosy and hopeful dawn."

New Ray Acclaimed
As A Modern Miracle

Two brothers, John T. Martin and E. E. M. Martin, of San Francisco (Calif.), have taken out world-wide patents on a mysterious electrical device capable of a "death ray" of 3,000,000 volts.

Their spokesman, C. H. Melsome-Smith, accentuates the good that this ray may do for the world, rather than the destruction it might mean in the hands of unscrupulous persons.

"In the field of medical science," says Mr. Melsome-Smith, "an apparatus capable of developing 3,000,000 volts can be applied wherever radium and x-ray equipment is used, either for curative purposes or diagnosis.

"Directed at ore or a piece of refined metal, the ray will transmute it into its elements. The Martin brothers expect to be able to bring the transmutation process itself entirely under control, sorting and arranging the elements according to a stated formula as desired. It is expected also that application of 3,000,000 volts will make it possible to turn gases into solids and solids into gases where it has never before been done. New solids, metals, and new gases may be the result."

Mr. Melsome-Smith also stated that there was a possibility that the new ray might be developed to the point where it could be used in warfare to make airplanes and battleships absolutely powerless.

Science Declares Sun Old
And Stars Mere Infants

According to Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science*, the universe of stars is but a babe, compared to our solar system. It continues:

"This does not mean that the solar system is older in years than the universe of stars; for it may take longer to grow an adult universe than to make a mature solar system, just as a fifteen-year-old boy might own an already aged dog of twelve. What matters is degree of maturity, and that the universe is much less mature than our solar system is the conclusion of the French mathematician Véronnet, who reported his calculations recently to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. Beginning with theorems originated years ago by two French mathematicians, Mr. Véronnet proceeded to examine the mathematical signs of age and maturity in planets, nebulae, and star clouds. Among the planets of the solar system he finds equilibrium; a state in which the same things keep happening over and over again without change, as the planets revolve around the sun. For the universe as a whole the mathematical picture is different. This stable state is still far in the future."

Magnificent Gift
To Aid Research

Maintenance of the research projects of the University of Chicago's oriental institute, for the next 10 years has been assured.

This, Dr. James Henry Breasted, recently announced, has been made possible through a \$9,500,000 endowment that also will enable the university to erect a new building and "call to its ranks a group of the leading orientalists and historians of the world."

Revelations of Archaeology

What the Reverent Spade Is Finding in the Past

RARE FIND IN GOBI DESERT

Recently returned from service with the Central Asiatic expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, Alonzo W. Pond, archaeologist, has given out the statement that the expedition, in its exploration of over 4,500 square miles in the Gobi Desert, has established the existence of a prehistoric civilization there between 10,000 and 20,000 years ago.

"The population was extremely dense and of a homogeneous culture that probably was spread over Asia and moved out eventually into America," said Pond. "The inhabitants apparently were agriculturists to a great extent, and tilled the soil with stone implements. They had perfected a gouge for making bowls, presumably, or some article of that sort which has not been found in relics of other old civilizations.

"Bone was the principal tool material. They used it to point their weapons and for many other purposes. They made pottery and used reed baskets of some sort, but the latter, of course, have not been preserved. They made their pottery by forcing the clay into reed baskets, marks on the pottery show."

Mr. Pond also stated that the term "Gobi Desert" is even now a misnomer, since there are flowers and grass in many parts.

ANOTHER STRANGE FIND IN GOBI DESERT

Shortly after the return of Mr. Pond to the U. S. A., two members of the Roy Chapman Andrews Central Asiatic expedition arrived, bringing with them the skull of a "bloke." They were Leslie E. Spock, geologist, and James B. Shackelford, photographer.

The "bloke" has not been named by science, but it is the largest land mammal ever found, its discoverers said. According to estimates, it stood 25 feet, and roamed the Gobi Desert ten or fifteen million years ago.

IMAGE OF SNAKE GOD UN-EARTHED

The prize of his recent archaeological expedition in Asia Minor is a limestone idol of the serpent god of the Canaanites, Dr. Melvin G. Kyle, president of Xenia Seminary at St. Louis, Mo., has stated. The idol had been buried for more than two thousand four hundred years when Dr. Kyle's

Arabian diggers came upon it. They had to remove many strata of markedly differing cultures from the site of Kirjath Sepher, the walled city captured by Othniel, as told in the book of Joshua, before they found it.

"Underneath all these layers of Israelite culture, we found a blanket of cinders and charcoal," Dr. Kyle said. "It covered everything. Its meaning was, of course, obvious. The Israelites not only sacked the town, they set it on fire, destroyed it in order to build it anew for themselves.

"Everything above the blanket was of the iron age. Everything below of the bronze age. With precious pieces of Canaanite pottery we found the serpent idol. The upper part of it is gone. Doubtless it was destroyed by angry Israelites. But the lower part shows the feet of a human figure, about which is entwined the serpent god."

SERVANTS BURIED ALIVE WITH ANCIENT KINGS

Between 4000 and 5000 B. C. in ancient Mesopotamia, custom decreed that the attendants of a dead ruler be buried alive in his tomb, according to Prof. S. H. Langdon, leader of the Field Museum-Oxford University expedition which has been excavating on the site of Kish, seat of the earliest civilization known.

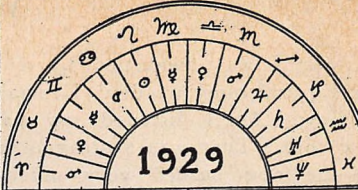
In a report to Stephen C. Simms, director of Field Museum, Professor Langdon states that in one royal tomb penetrated by the expedition were found four human skeletons, with an almost complete four-wheeled chariot and the skeletons of the four oxen which drew it. Indications were that the slaves and oxen had been sacrificed alive.

SUPERIOR ESKIMO CIVILIZATION REVEALED

Harry B. Collins, ethnologist and archaeologist for the Smithsonian Institution, recently announced his discovery of traces of an old Eskimo civilization far richer than that of the present, upon his return from an expedition in Alaska.

He found that the carvings, implements and frozen bodies and skeletons bore an Asiatic resemblance, but was unable to find any clue to the origin of the Eskimo.

"The finds do not prove that the Eskimos came from Siberia," Collins said. "The Asiatics may have migrated from Alaska in the beginning."



1929

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White Shadows

(Continued from page 18)

of sleep I was awakened by a dog howling under my window. I remained listening. As I listened my hands grew cold. That was a strange barking—the dog barked very much as old Soap had barked in time past. But Soap was dead . . .

I got up and went to the window. I looked out into the moonlight and—I saw old Soap standing on the rock wall howling, his head low, staring down by the hollow. As I looked at him I saw him leap into the night and disappear among the pines. I stumbled back to bed, and I remember that although the night was hot, I kept the window closed. I heard the clock strike the hours one by one and no matter how I tried, my eyes would not close. I can't forget the way dawn came stabbing through the cracks in the shade . . .

The next morning the old cook came rushing into my room. Her arms flung high, her eyes like grains of pepper staring out of her orbits.

"Mercy me, Missus!" she cried,

I leaped from my bed. "What is it?" I asked.

"Old widow Durkey has been strangled!" stammered the old woman breathlessly.

Hurriedly I dressed, went down

stairs, and rushed where everyone was rushing, down to the shack. Once there I stood in the doorway looking in. There she was on a cot, her neck disfigured. I saw what they found near her bed. A dog, a big dog that looked very much like old Soap to me, but of course it could not be, for Soap was dead weeks before.

The dog had his abdomen split by a butcher knife which was found there on the floor beside the cot.

But the strange thing about it all was all this: Hanging from the ceiling, over the backs of chairs, over the bed, there were guts, twisted ones and fresh ones, hung up to dry and there was a box of them on the table beside an old violin, a queer thing with but one string, a strange string, a thick string.

We could not make it all out. Don't think anyone can, anyway. Some thought the old woman had tried to defend herself and killed the dog who was assaulting her. I don't know. Some of the men said the old woman must have been crazy and had the mania for killing animals to make strings for her violin out of their guts.

But when they went to take the corpse of old lady Durkey to bury it, they found in her room a cat, a white cat, sitting by the bed eating the guts.

When the men entered it leaped as

high as the ceiling and dashed out the door.

They never could catch it and I think no one tried very hard.

It was after the incident of finding that cat that old Mammy Caro, my cook, who had been a friend to Timothy for years, told me just what she had thought all along. She never had dared mention it before, when the thing we called old woman Durkey swooped around, but now since the thing was gone, she told me what she thought.

According to Caro, old woman Durkey must have been a vampire who changed into a cat, and when she had the cat complex she killed and ripped live things to make those guts for her instrument, taking her revenge for all the tunes that are fiddled on cats' guts. Why did she play that music? Well, that was her way of summoning spooks, I guess.

This summer when I went back to the cabin I found that no one lives down at the old woman Durkey's shack, and weeds grow thick and tall about it and the natives say that often in the moonlight nights a cat haunts the place, a huge white cat—but naturally that must be just imagination or something.

Meditation

(Continued from page 22)

spontaneously. The physical condition is what we need to train, that it may become awakened from its mental dream.

On retiring at night, YOU, the spirit, may quicken the power of the mind by holding the suggestion that YOU never sleep, that while your body is taking the necessary rest for your present condition, YOU are in conscious touch with the universal realm of thought, and are gathering the knowledge you most desire, knowledge which will awaken you to your rightful inheritance, your eternal day. The method of ensphering yourself with the thought, "I AM SPIRIT," encloses you in a globelike sphere of mental motion which enables you, after shutting out every thought of care and seeming duty, to sense the mighty vibratory energies, which if understood and used rightly, will drive out the physical sensations of discontent, selfishness, hate and passion in all their varied forms. Let us unite as students of natural law to unfetter the bonds which hold the mind enslaved; let us become masters, not servants. It is

not the law of being that is out of tune; but our own benighted intellects struggling with the five senses without a conscious link to the cause-life.

We will present another method of unfolding the soul's consciousness. Directly after the morning meal, go by yourself and sit where the sun will shine upon your face from fifteen minutes to half an hour, with your mind concentrated on your highest ideal. If this is followed while the chemical action in the digestive function is faithfully performing its part in building thought, you will soon see the thought reflected upon the temple in which you dwell.

The meditative state is the highest state of existence. The animal has its happiness in the senses; but man has his happiness in his intellect and in spiritual contemplation. It is only to the one who has attained the contemplative state that the world really becomes beautiful. By the fixed habit of meditation and concentration, discerning powers can be developed.

When the mind has overcome the material tendency to consider diverse objects and begins to be intent upon a single thing, it has attained meditation. By prolonged meditation you can gain the power to understand the mind of any sentient human being. The training of the soul consciousness begins with perception, continues with attention and ends with meditation.

Perception is at first from within outward; and then it is from without inward. All external perception fixes your mind on gross matter. All internal perception attracts the Ego to the invisible world, the world of cause. The mind loosens its hold on the outer world. Spiritual perception indraws the consciousness and fixes it upon an immovable center, and through that the mind becomes illuminated.

Meditation enables the highest quality in every individual to hold communion with the highest quality in the universe.

The Sculptor

By MINNIE FLAGG RISLEY

TWILIGHT fell softly.
The twittering of the birds, as they settled for the night,
came through the open window.
Then all was still.

WITHIN his studio, the Sculptor sat gazing
at the marble figure of Life he had just finished.
It was the figure of a beautiful maiden,
daintily poised, as if ready for flight.
With a brow that spoke of noble thoughts.
Eyes wide open, as if she could see
the Past, Present and Future.
A garland of flowers lovingly caressed the curls.
There was a charming smile upon the lips.
The arms outstretched were graceful to the finger tips.
The hands spoke plainly of music,
or, perchance of noble deeds.
The feet, so daintily arched, could run swiftly
where'er the heart might lead.

LONG the Sculptor sat and mused.
On his brow was a frown, he was plainly discontent.
At last, he said bitterly:
"O Life, even with all your beauty
you do not express what I meant
that you should!
I wanted you to tell of Joy,
Victory, Triumph, and Laurels won;
of deeds that are finished,
of deeds to be done!
But alas! All my labor gone for naught,
for you are not what I thought
you would be!"

ASILVERY moonbeam crept in through the window,
and with it came the shadowy form of an Angel.
In one hand she carried a bright red Rose,
in the other, a lighted Candle.
"You again!" the startled Sculptor exclaimed.
"Yes, I again. But why do you grieve?" she tenderly asked.
"Why do I grieve?" he quickly repeated. "See, the Task
that you set me to do is completed—yet, not complete!"
The Angel smiled and softly said, "Nay, my Son,
do not say your Task is completed,
it is only just begun."
Pointing to the beautiful figure of Life, she said:
"The Temple you have built, is truly worthy
of its two Guests. When Light and Love shall
dwell within, then shall your dreams be realized."
Placing the lighted Candle and the Rose in Life's
outstretched hands, she whispered the word, "Watch,"
and floated through the window.

ACLOUD covered the moon, leaving the room in darkness.
Moment after moment passed, as the Sculptor sat
and watched the transformation taking place
before his very eyes.
Little by little, the Light from the Candle crept upward
until at last, the entire figure was bathed
in its mellow glow.
As if borne on the gentle zephyrs, the fragrance
from the Rose was wafted over all.
The beautiful lips seemed to move, as a sound like a
sweet benediction came faintly to his ears,
"Peace Profound!"

THE Sculptor awakened from his reverie and said bitterly:
"Twas only a dream!"
Then as he listened, from out the silence seemed to come
once more the sweet voice of the Angel saying:
"Nay, my Son,—not a dream,—but a vision,
to show you that your dreams may come true!"

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What Is a Friend?

A friend, mark you, is he and he alone who is "for you" always under all circumstances.

He never investigates you.

He likes you just as you are. He does not attempt to alter you.

Whatever clothes you are wearing, whether it be a dress suit or a hickory shirt with no collar, he thinks it's fine.

He likes your moods and enjoys your pessimism as much as your optimism.

He likes your success and your failure endears him more.

He is better than a lover because he is never jealous.

He wants nothing from you, except that you be yourself.

He is the one thing with whom you can feel safe. With him you can utter your heart, its badness and its goodness. You do not have to be careful.

In his presence you need not be discreet. Which means that you can rest.

There are many faithful wives and husbands; there are few friends.

Friendship is the most admirable, amazing and rare article among human beings.

Anyone stands by you when you are right; a friend stands by you even when you are wrong.

Like the shade of a great tree in the noonday heat is a friend.

Like a home-port, with your country's flag flying, after a long journey is a friend.

A friend is an impregnable citadel of refuge in the strife of existence.

It is he who keeps alive your faith in human nature and who makes you realize that this is a good old world.

He is the antidote to despair; the elixir of hope, the tonic for depression and the medicine to prevent suicide.

You give to him without reluctance and you borrow from him without embarrassment.

When you are vigorous and spirited you like to take your pleasures with him; when you are sick you want to see him; and when you are dying you want him near to close your eyes and utter a silent prayer to Almighty God that your soul may forever rest in peace.

Let us think on these things.—*Masonic Sun*.

Sun Spots

(Continued from page 19)

from our sun a force entirely different from the five great powers already catalogued by science.

It is different from light and heat! It is not electricity or magnetism! And it is not gravity! It is none of those forces which we use in daily life, but a mysterious, unknown thing which grips us and pulls us about the ether at the rate of a few million miles every 24 hours. It is puzzling the great scientists of the day!

This new force is something we do not perceive with our senses—consciously at least—and which places our little speeding globe in constant touch with our sun, which is over a million times greater in volume. Like all new things, it has a hard struggle for recognition.

Flammarion, the grand old student of the heavens and things mystic, says in one of his books that he discovered this in 1906, and was severely ridiculed for the idea! He attributed that puzzling interruption of telephonic and telegraphic communication of September 25, 1909, to this unknown force. Mechanics were blamed, but he knew the truth, for on that day the intensity of earth currents which caused the breakdown, was *fifty million amperes*, the instruments working normally on only ten or twelve millions!

A GREATER POWER!

Our puny globe had been absorbed into a sort of magnetic field of great intensity, shot out from our sun, a large group of spots having been seen developing on the eastern limb of the solar disc on September 17, and had quickly advanced toward the central meridian and turned towards us by the sun's rotation. They were much larger by the 19th. Violent eruptions were indicated by the spectroscope, and photographs showed the formations, which were also visible to the naked eye. The spots passed the meridian on the morning of September 24, and continued across, disappearing to the west on the first of October.

Exactly 30 hours after the meridian passage of this group, the disturbances occurred, showing that this powerful magnetic link, invisible, terrible, and speedy, joins our tiny earth with a vise-like grip to the central sun of our own universe, and he holds us in the "hollow of his hand" at a distance of ninety-two millions of miles.

The startling conclusion at the end of this invisible rainbow is that a peculiar fact exists, as yet undiscovered in detail, and incontrovertible, that this force is not one of the "big five", and

that it undoubtedly permeates all creation and solids, and holds each world and sun particle of matter in its intelligent control and in a sort of geometrical progression, and could we but know, speak with our fellow planets: Venus, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter and use this strange force, we might rest—even with outer worlds—and we also might be able to quickly unlock the tremendous energy of the atom and use it for greater good on earth.

POWER OF LOVE?

Perhaps this little known force is the mysterious power of Love, that elusive thing in human affairs today, the lack of which causes wars and pestilences. Or mayhap it is the force behind Dr. Millikan's "creative ray", that can penetrate 120 feet of water, which is equal to 11 feet of lead.

At any rate what we know and have proof of is a mere nothing in comparison with that which we are yet to learn when the Light is shed farther upon our Path through the mighty Heavens.

As Dr. Caroline Furness, who pointed out many of these rather astonishing comparisons, said to the writer, "the forces between worlds can only be likened to the universal force of love, which attracts souls toward each other". Love, explains the dictionary, is affinity or attraction, which simply means that a force named love brings objects together or in proximity and holds them there.

Love! The greatest thing in the world, said Henry Drummond.

Love! "Love one another", was the simple admonition of the early Christians, following the advice of the carpenter who 1900 years ago proclaimed it and was killed for telling them to love instead of hate—to "attract" instead of to repel, for that is the opposite of love.

Even the tiny yellow dust grain of pollen humbly but most intricately illustrates the law of love and attraction when it brings into life the birth of a flower, when one sees this amazing spectacle through a high powered microscope which reveals millions of tiny cell lives within the grain. It is indeed "as above so below", for, looking into the Pleiades through the 100-inch telescope is just as thrilling as looking into the constellations within a tiny dustgrain of pollen.





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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(Continued from last month)

Egbo, or The Esik Means tiger, and is the name of a secret spiritualistic society of Calabar, near the Niger delta.

Egg An emblem of the universe. Egg rolling was a Druidic ceremony. It was called paste- (pasche) or pace-egg. The egg symbolizes crystallization of the spirit. The white represents the light and the yellow the dark, according to the Chinese; thus darkness was wedded to light, and as the spirit brooded over the deep, darkness became crystallized into matter.

Eglamour of Artoys, Sir Eglamour was the hero in the English-French legend, who married Christabell after performing herculean tasks.

Eglinton, William (1876) An English medium who became successor to Slade as a slate writer.

Ego (Latin and Eng.) I; myself; self. Isis. A spark of the Divine Flame in manifestations; the virgin spirit clothed with matter. The "I" functions directly in the substance of the region of abstract thought "which we have specialized within the periphery of the individual aura." Note that as atoms of the physical body are never idle, neither is the Ego.

Egopta Greek word for seer.

Egotism Speaking, writing, thinking much of one's self. The big "I."

Egypt To the ancients and to the modern world, Egypt is a land of magic. A few Atlanteans, versed in all the lore of white and black magic of their continent, escaped, prior to its sinking, into Egypt. The esoteric side of the ancient priesthood of Egypt was very difficult, and if the initiate violated his oath, the punishment was death.

Egyptian Wisdom Teaching The Western Wisdom Teaching, or Rosicrucianism, which is so called to distinguish it from the Hindu teachings. The Egyptian Wisdom Teaching includes the white magic of the Egyptians and is scientific, religious, and philosophical, while the Hindu teachings are mainly passive occultism.

Eidolon The same in origin as "idea." It is animal perception through the ether, and the reflection of the real object.

Eidophone An instrument invented by Mrs. Watts Hughes. Various ma-

terials placed on its sound receiving disk are arranged in a methodical manner by the vibrations of the notes of the singer. For example, Mrs. Hughes places moist colors on the disk and builds them up into pansies, daisies, or other flowers, as she may elect, by sounding certain notes. She demonstrated it before the Camera Club of London, by way of proof that sounds have colors.

Eight (8) Composed of two circles. The number of justice and fullness, symbolized by a figure of justice seated on a throne. Its vibrations are Saturnine.

Eirene Of Hebraic derivation. Means calm, or peace; the essential perfect characteristics of Divinity.

Elah A prophet, the divine astrologer who called the people to Shiloam, although his call was ignored.

Elbegast Dwarf mentioned in ancient saga-cycle.

Elder An elder on which the sun had never shone was considered a magical remedy for erysipelas.

Elder Brother An invisible leader of humanity who is far beyond us in progress; a Master. The Christian occult schools hold that Christ is the chief of the Elder Brothers, but many occult writers use the term for any of the invisible leaders of humanity.

Elder Tree In the Middle Ages there was a superstitious belief that where the elder trees grew, no witches could be. Many gardens were surrounded by elder trees or had one planted at the entrance to ward off evil influences.

Eleazer A Jewish magician and exorcist.

Eleazer of Garniza The Hebrew author of a treatise on the Soul, and a kabbalistic commentary on the Pentateuch.

Electric Girls Girls with some especial electric phenomena about their persons, generally poltergeistic. One of the most widely known was a Normandy girl named Angelique Cottin (1846).

Electricity At best, says Leo, it is a reflection of the sun's energy through Uranus.

Electrobiology Hypnosis induced by gazing at metallic disks.

Electrons Units of which atoms are built.

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

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WE LEARN BY READING

—That there are six other Bibles besides ours—the Koran of the Moham-medans, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Chinese "Five Kings," the "Three Vedas" of the Hindus, the Eddas (Scandinavian), and the Tri Pitikes (Buddhists).

—That the science of mathematics is very ancient and was first recorded by the Egyptians. The most elaborate of the mathematical papyri (papers or treatises) is that transcribed by Ahnes, about 1700 B. C., from one written probably about six or eight centuries earlier. However, the real beginning of mathematics is to be found in Greece, particularly in the works of Thales, Pythagoras (known to all numerologists), Hippocrates, and Euclid.

—That if 23 alphabet letters were used to make every conceivable word in every language, the total number of words would exceed 25 with 21 ciphers after it.

—That Dr. Andre Tours, a Frenchman, has found a way to make the human body transparent, so that all the organs will be seen working as in a mirror.

—That it is a breach of etiquette to take off one's hat when entering a Chinese home. A visitor does not shake hands with his host on arriving or departing, but shakes hands with himself, to show proper courtesy.

—That there is one place where Christmas is celebrated three times a year—the Church of Nativity at Bethlehem, the supposed site of the Stable of the Inn. The Roman, Greek, and Armenian bodies have each their own section of the church, but do not keep Christmas on the same day. The Roman Catholics celebrate Christmas on December 25. Thirteen days later the Greek rites are performed, and another 13 days later come the Armenian ceremonies.

—That because the Arab is lazy, owing no doubt to the hot climate, his religion (Mohammedanism) compels him to do his "daily dozen" in the form of prayers five times a day. Because he is naturally dirty, he must wash before each prayer hour, using sand if he can find no water. The first hour of prayer comes before sunrise, to make him rise early, and so that he would not nap too long after lunch, prayers were ordained for the middle of the day.

The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies.—Steele.

Electrum A species of amber.

Elemental (1) A word often indiscriminately used to express all non-human spirits, from the elementary essence to the godlike devas. An elemental is so named on account of its body's being composed of one element only. Elementals may assume any form in the desire world, snake, or what not. They are easily frightened away from one's self. (2) any of the nature spirits such as those presiding over the element of fire; or the undines over water. They are centers of force in the higher plane adjoining the physical.

Elements Occultists tell us that heat (incipient fire) was the only element in the Saturnian epoch. In the Sun period, the only elements were fire and air. In the third or Moon period, fire, air, and water. In the fourth period, earth was added. In the next or Jupiterian period, a spiritual element will be added.

Eleusinian Mysteries A secret Greek and Egyptian society whose initiates were required to be pure in morals, elevated in soul, and of irreproachable characters and spotless reputations. After murdering his mother, Nero did not dare to attend the celebration of these mysteries, and Anthony presented himself to be initiated as evidence of his innocence of the murder of Avidius Cassius.

Elf-Arrows So the ordinary flint arrows were once superstitiously called.

Elf Fire The ignis fatuus or Jack-o'-lantern hovering over swamps.

Eliphas Levi Alias Alphonse Louis Constant, born in Paris, son of a shoemaker. Author of the "History of Magic," a wonderful work in spite of its many historical inaccuracies. He being a Romanist, Levi's writings are strongly tinged in spots with his religion. He claimed to be an initiate, adept, and master, but there are many lines in his work indicating otherwise, although he undoubtedly had much spiritual experience of an occult nature.

Elixir of Life (1) The philosopher's stone, the elixir which, if found, would enable alchemists to transmute the baser metals into the higher. (2) Human service or altruistic love—love, not passion.

Ellide In an Icelandic legend, a dragon-shaped ship.

Elogede l'Enfer A Dutch moral and historical writer of 1759.

Elongation A spiritualistic phenomena wherein the medium's body becomes elongated. Increases in height from three to eight inches have been recorded, and it is written that the medium Home was elongated in height eleven inches.

El-Shaddai As used in the Hebrew Scripture, it signifies the breasted God.

Emanate To flow forth, as from an original source. In emanation, the force or principle goes forth by directivity or design which may be due to mental processes within or without.

Talk With the Dead

(Continued from page 28)

such as the room of a friend, and, throwing the whole force of your being into a single determined effort of will, force yourself mentally to leave your body and travel to the locality before you. If you feel that you are losing consciousness, or that everything is "going black" before you, discontinue the experiment at once and return to your physical body. If you can keep your self-consciousness active you may safely travel to any distance, feeling assured that you will be able to return whenever you want to and re-animate your own physical frame. All this, of course, takes time and persistence of development, and cannot be acquired in

a few days. Moreover, we would advise the student not to attempt this process until he has progressed further in his studies.

Should he, however, make up his mind to do so, he should proceed along the above lines, advancing cautiously all the time and never allowing himself to lose consciousness at any stage of the proceedings. When he has acquired this power, he will have in his possession a wonderful knowledge, and a means of acquiring information and spiritual insight which others, who have not developed it, are totally unable to comprehend.

(The End)

The Influence Lines

(Continued from page 17)

influence will prove a constant worry to the subject.

Sometimes there is found a line running just inside the Life Line and parallel to it. This is known as the Line

of Mars, which should not be confused with the influence lines. The Line of Mars is a strengthening or "sister" line to the Life Line, and is not often found in a hand. (See C in plate.)

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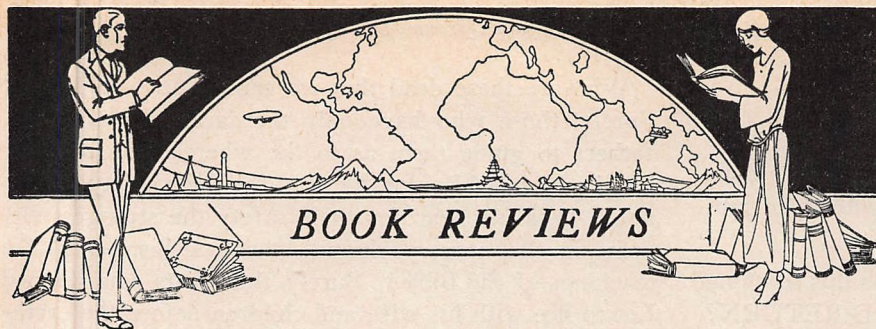
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"Truth in fiction" is what this distinguished author of ghost stories vouchsafes in this unique collection of weird experiences in haunted houses. Her fearless grappling with the most terrifying problems of psychical research give us insight into the astral denizens of that world just one step beyond.

THE POSSIBILITY OF MIRACLES. By Anna Maria Roos. (Rider—London) \$2.25.

How would you like to discover that you possessed "healing hands," and could cure various diseases? This authoress, a Swedish lady, "explains the real causes of successful magnetic treatment." She considers soul-qualities the most important object of magnetism, and gives unique answers to religious questions afforded by the study of somnambulism and trance.

THE GREAT KNOWN. By J. E. Richardson (TK). (Pioneer Press) \$3.00.

Psychics may talk, mystics may mystify, occultists may explain, but just exactly what science really KNOWS and has actually demonstrated concerning Life after Death is simply and concisely given in this Vol. 4 of "The Harmonic Series."

If you have read "The Great Psychological Crime" or "The Great Work" and agreed or disagreed with them, as the case may be, you will want to read this contribution to occult thought.

SIBYLS AND SEERS. By Edwyn Bevan. (Harvard University Press) \$2.50.

It may be argued, though disputed by some, that there is as much "superstition" today as in olden times, the only difference being that the superstitions of modern times have become more refined and more cultured—and that they have changed hands from the "lowly" to the "intellectual" classes.

The subconscious mind "believes" and "acts" upon any idea if singly concentrated. This survey of some ancient theories of revelation and inspiration will open the eyes of thinkers to facts—instead of beliefs—in many things concerning the occult which hitherto have been innocently accepted. It is a welcome item to everyman's library.

JAMES H. HYSLOP-X (His Book: A Cross Reference Record). Edited by Gertrude Ogden Tubby, B.S. (York).

Few books devoted to psychical research and intelligent inquiry into so-called supernatural manifestations are as complete as this monumental tribute to the eminent James H. Hyslop, who helped pioneer the way to modern research into life's greatest question, "Is there a life after death?"

Infinite painstaking research, complete diagrams and simplified tables, accurate reports of scientific findings of seances, all testify for the completeness of this work. We commend it most heartily.

ESSAYS ON THE GITA. By Sri Aurobindo Ghose. (1st Series and 2nd Series.) (Arya Publishing House, Calcutta, and Rowney Press, U. S. A.) 15 sh. each.

Aurobindo Ghose, yogi, patriot, scholar, and philosopher, practices what he preaches. As a seer he seeks to religiously present the study of the Gita. He expounds to the core and central light the real living message of these great poems—a really brilliant exposition of the synthesis of the Gita, the process of unification of the three fundamental systems of philosophy.

In his second series, Sankhya, Yoga and Vedanta, he portrays with dazzling brilliance the luminous life of a prophet's message. If you desire inspiration for the culture of your emotions from this source, read these works which explain the main psychological principles on which the Indians base their scheme of education.

BEHIND YOUR FRONT. By James Oppenheim. (Harper's.) \$2.00.

Psychoanalyze yourself! It's as easily done as said, for Mr. Oppenheim has invented a joyous and original method of conveying the new psychology; he has written a book primarily about yourself. By means of questions at the end of chapters the reader discovers his own type, talents and shortcomings. He is also taken through a psychoanalytic picture gallery of living notables.

YOUR FORTUNE. (Character-Reading in Happiness and Sorrow.) By Ewald Kleist, Milwaukee. (Alois Auberchek.)

A curious astrological-numerological system that "offers a general and daily outlook with an individual constellation and analysis of character, based on the exact date of birth."

THE BIBLE OF BIBLES. (Compiler.) Frank L. Riley, M.D. (Rowney Press.) \$7.50.

"A source book of religions demonstrating the unity of the sacred books of the world." The writer's object is to prove by this volume that the healing and unifying truth has been revealed to all mankind through all ages. There are 693 passages from the Bible and the reader will observe these excerpts agree closely with the 795 passages from other "sacred books."

Beautifully printed in deckle-edged paper, unusually well bound, this guide, source and reference book is comprehensive, fascinating, an amazing resume (stripped of exaggeration and unconfirmed traditions) that will ever remain a favorite treasure-book with occult students.

THE SEEKERS. (Talks by Dr. Lascelles.) Edited by Rosa M. Barrett. (Daniel, London.) 6/—.

Talks by a master mind from the "other world" that are inspirational, informative, educational and convincing as being based upon fact. Many religious revelations, not to the liking of dogmatic minds, seem rationally logical when one applies reason to an analytical study of the occult.

THE CHURCH AND BODILY HEALING.

By R. L. Langford-James, D.D. (Daniel, London.) 3/6.

This volume is an attempt to deal with the attitude of the Christian church toward healing of the body and to show the lead which the church has taken through history in all modes of healing—physical, mental and spiritual.

FOUR GREAT INITIATIONS. By Ellen Conroy, M.A. (Rider, London.) 3/6.

Initiation? What is it, how may one find it, and when and where can it be brought to me? This is the eternal question asked by every seeker upon the path. In this book the author has tried to give a concise, definite understanding of the four main awakenings in the "spiritual" life of man: 1. The great emotional awakening when the ego feels the God-Within. 2. The intuitional mind of man (the Nous) must be awakened. 3. The awakening of the Spirit-Fire, the energizing all spiritual realization there is nothing in life but "Spirit." 4. The awakening when man knows that "matter" is but the garment of spirit, ever changing as the spirit commands.

Astrological in origin, these truths were taught by practically all priesthoods, ancient and modern, whose fundamentals were later symbolically incorporated (though their real meanings were lost) by Christianity.

THE BOOK OF PERPETUAL LIFE. By David Kohn. (Curio Bookshop.) \$0.50.

An inspirational booklet that discourses upon many things of interest in everyday life.

BIG THOUGHTS FOR LITTLE THINKERS. By Ruth C. P. Stevenson. (Badger.)

This little work as an inspirational exponent of the new psychology discourses interestingly upon God, birth, life, death, cosmic forces and the power of attraction.

TELEPATHY AND SPIRIT COMMUNICATION. By L. Margery Bazett. (Rider, London.) 2/6.

Is telepathy the explanation of spirit communication? To what extent is thought transference involved in psychic messages? Through divers tests and experiments this noted authoress convincingly shows telepathy is not the answer, but may explain some cases.

Her work has convinced her of the survival of the individual personality after death, of spirit intercourse, of the rare occurrences of prophecy, with occasional glimpses of lives lived before.

Not since Charles Henry McDermott's work on "Psychometry" (mind-measurement) was published has an attempt been so intelligently made to throw needed light on this difficult subject.

THE MYSTERIES OF BRITAIN. By Lewis Spence. (Mackay.) \$3.50.

The secret rites and traditions of ancient Britain restored! In this volume is revealed the former existence within British Islands of a very ancient native mystical tradition, fragments and memories some of which still exist that tend to prove Britain was regarded among nations as a "sacred" isle, the home and nucleus of a faith and an occult tradition regarded with peculiar sanctity on the Continent. The author will long be remembered for his works on "The Ancient Atlantis."

MALLEUS MALEFICARUM. Translated with introduction, Bibliography and Notes by the Rev. Montague Summers. (Rokker, London, also Maurice Inman, Inc.) \$12.00.

This famous work, of greatest psychological and historical importance to every occultist, is now for the first time translated into English in a limited edition, beautifully illustrated, printed and bound in super-average style.

Written by two Dominican Inquisitors, Henry Kramer and James Sprenger, who were accredited by Pope Innocent VIII in his bull Summis desiderantes, 9 December 1484, this encyclopedic volume deals with witchcraft in all phases, discussing in detail the most curious and fantastic by-paths of this so-called dark and very esoteric cult.

Scores of demonologists, including Jean Bodin, Boguet, Del Rio, Guazzao, de Lancre, the Capuchine Girolamo Mengo, and many others have drawn from its pages. The influence of this work was unbounded, as it was appealed to times beyond number by pointiffs, kings, bishops, and judges, as supremely authoritative and complete. The first edition was published in old Cologne (1489) and at least four issues appeared before the end of the century, one of the latest, if not the last edition, being in four volumes, published at Lyons in 1669.

Occultists will delight in a paradise of revelry when they turn its pages of knowledge, so long kept secret from the public.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES. By Ruth Halcyone. (Author.)

Spirit messages purporting to come from notables including the late F. L. Rawson, Swami Vivekananda, Thomas H. Ince, and others.

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THE OCCULT DIGEST

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Editorials of the Day

(Continued from page 7)

A PROMINENT minister of a New York church asks the following six questions, with their subtitles, in the year 1929!

CAN THE DEAD BE LOCATED? Is this teaching startling or Scriptural? CAN THE DEAD RETURN? Is this belief fiction or fact? CAN WE SPEAK WITH THE DEAD? Is this idea harmful or helpful? CAN WE PRAY FOR THE DEAD? Is this doctrine sentimental or sensible? CAN THE DEAD BE CONSCIOUS? Is this tenet confusing or comforting? CAN THE DEAD BE HELPFUL? Is this hope irrational or inspiring?

This, after nearly one hundred years of absolute proof that the so-called dead have located themselves, after they have demonstrated their presence beyond a doubt. All these questions are answered in the Bible. See I Samuel 28.

The so-called dead have located themselves by making use of every means and method at their command to attract the attention of their loved ones. Humanity, always under the bondage of the churches, has called them ghosts, teaching the children from generation to generation to fear them. They were called goblins in nursery rhymes, and familiar spirits or devils in books for the matured mind—a difference without a distinction, for whether goblin, familiar spirit or devil, in the reaction on the lives of men there is formed no line of demarcation. The destruction to the brain cells started in infancy merely completed its orgy in the brain of the matured man or woman.

One cannot read the Bible, no matter how sincere one may be, and not realize (though he may not admit it) that life after death is a fact. It is left to the responsible reader to correlate the many chronicles of the Bible and make comparison with the individual experiences of the average person to know that the psychic experiences of today do not differ from those that took place in the early days of Christianity, and the still more ancient days of Adam and Eve, Moses, or Paul. The Lord walking in the Garden of Eden, the materialization produced for Moses on Mount Sinai, the transfiguration in the presence of Jesus on the mountain, which is recorded in St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke, and the appearance of the angel to Paul on the road to Damascus, are all evidence of psychic power in the chemical laboratory of these gentlemen.

Who are these dead that we cannot pray for them? Surely, those who have only the faith of their forefathers to guide them as to the whereabouts of their loved ones would naturally pray for their safety. Why not? Was not fear for their safety the strongest element in the nursery rhymes, the catechism, and the teachings of the Bible? Surely, the spirits who warned Lot to flee with his wife and children before the earthquake at Sodom were both conscious and helpful, and in our own good day, when communicating with the dead is both a parlor game and a religious ceremony, we cannot help but feel that the learned gentleman who is going to elucidate these questions at this late hour may be likened to the man who locked his barn after his horse was stolen.

66 **P** ¶ Put The Sunshine In Your Eyes

UT the sunshine in your eyes and throw away your glasses," the slogan now being passed around the world, means more to the health of the body than a mere eye curative. Put the sunshine in your eyes and change your outlook on life. We are told to take sun baths, which are very helpful, though few are able to do this. But to sun your eyes! Who ever heard of that?

From early childhood the sun has been kept out of our eyes. That is probably why all the world looks through dark glasses. If you are in a gloomy mood, hurry to the sunny window and blink at old Sol. Then close your eyes tightly and see how rosy the world outside is. What makes gloom, anyway? Shutting out the brightness, of course. Sunshine in your eyes! And all it costs is a few blinks at old Sol. You will wonder why you never knew it before.

It may seem like a hard thing to say, but it is true that our forefathers were too busy fighting and praying to realize the vastness of Nature's own remedies for the ills of humankind. Salvation must be bought, was the war cry, when a little sunshine in the eyes would have healed the troubled mind, killed the war germs in our hearts and brought the peace of Heaven to our souls. After all, the "milk of human kindness" flows in our veins, but we must have the sunshine in our eyes or it can never fill our hearts.

Blink at Old Sol every day he shows his face, and gloom will move out of your soul.

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