

The Occult Digest

A Periodical of Reprint and Research.

AUGUST 1929

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In This Issue

Sardonic Eyes

**The Woman
Whom Thou Gavest
to Be with Me**

**Mental
Telepathy**

Occultism Simplified

**Palmistry
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The Occult Digest

A Periodical of Reprint and Research.

EFFA DANELSON
Editor and Publisher

Trade-Mark Registered

*The Occult Digest Stands for "ONE LAW—ONE LIFE—ONE TRUTH
—Through Conscious Progress"*

The Editorial Policy of The Occult Digest

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.

Vol. V Contents—August 1929 No. 8

Editorials

WHO ARE THE SAVED? by Effa Danelson.....	5
EDITORIALS OF THE DAY by Effa Danelson.....	6

Philosophical Features

THE WOMAN WHOM THOU GAVEST TO BE WITH ME by R. N. Stewart.....	8
OCCULTISM SIMPLIFIED by Effa Danelson.....	10
THE AGE OF SCIENCE IN ASTROLOGY by Anita Olin.....	13
HOW, WHEN AND WHERE DO YOU GO INTO MEDITATION? by Nell Kerfoot.....	29
WHAT YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND MEANS TO YOU by John E. Funk.....	30

True Psychic Experiences

THREE GENUINE EXPERIENCES by Eleanor A. Scott.....	17
A CHILD OF FATE by Marion McAvoy.....	23

Science

PSYCHO-SYMBOLISM by Edward B. Jeffrey.....	14
THE LINE OF LIFE by Alice Denton Jennings.....	19
LEO (WERE YOU BORN IN AUGUST?) by J. Edmond Ryan..	20
TEACHING MENTAL TELEPATHY by D. W. Starrett.....	21

Occult Stories

SARDONIC EYES by D. C. Retsloff.....	11
SOUL MATES by George Paul Bauer.....	25

Featurettes

WHEN MAN WED A TREE by Harold C. Packard.....	16
NATURE'S MYSTIC CHARM—Poem by F. H. Ackemann.....	22
THE NEW OCCULT DICTIONARY by W. Stuart Leech, M. D..	45

Departments

Astrological Daily Guide.....	30	Psychic Revelation	38
The Way of the World.....	34	Psychic Activities	39
Current Events	35	Dreams	39
Borderlands of Science.....	36	Letters From Readers	40
Archaeology in Brief.....	37	Book Reviews	47

Published Monthly by THE OCCULT DIGEST COMPANY at 1900 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—\$3.00 a year U. S. A. and Canada; Foreign \$3.50. 25 cents the copy. Postage paid. Make all remittances payable to THE OCCULT DIGEST. When remitting by check please add five cents bank exchange.

Entered as second-class matter July 12, 1927, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Address all correspondence to THE OCCULT DIGEST and not to individuals.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Must reach us 4 weeks in advance of

next issue, giving old as well as new address. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice.

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No Fair Telling All

We are putting in the September number—spoils the surprise! But here are three features which alone are worth the trip to your newsstand. No. 1 is NUMERICAL SYMBOLOGY OF THE ZODIAC. No. 2 is WHY I BELIEVE THE SOUL LIVES ON AND RETAINS ITS IDENTITY. No. 3 is THE DARK NIGHT—an occult story that will set your bedtime back.



Who Are the Saved?

By EFFA DANELSON

SAVED are they who do not waste the precious years of youth. Saved is that man who to himself does not say, "My neighbor is richer far than I. He has houses and lands, a thriving business and high position, while I have only a poor man's lot and must toil from sunrise to sunset to keep the wolf from my door," but who thinks of himself in terms of wealth because he has loved ones and those who call him friend. Because he can say, and justly so, that he has not cheated or robbed at work or play, has always had a kind word, a friendly smile for those whose tasks were hard, and encouragement for those whose lives were bare and without the sunshine of hope or the company of loved ones or friends.

Saved indeed are they who count their blessings as rewards for tasks well done. Who, knowing that no man cares for them, can still journey on with smiling faces, their hands outstretched to help weary travelers on their way. And truly saved is he of whom it cannot be said, "Yonder goes the man who took the lion's share while others toiled without recompense and little children cried in vain for food because he robbed them of their share."

Saved indeed is he whose record shows his daily life has been spent in honest toil and who, when the hour of death draws near, can say, "I did the best I could from day to day, and I am not afraid to meet my fellow man who has preceded me into the Country of the Dead."

Effa DANELSON'S

¶ Be Strong and Steadfast

HAVE you a hard task to do—one that takes all your courage to start? Then retreat into your inner chamber where no sound can penetrate to disturb you and tell yourself to "Be strong and steadfast." It will not matter what the task is—it may be a trivial thing to the one who set it for you to do, but a hard and most disagreeable one to you. But be strong and steadfast. It will fill your very soul with impulse to do the hardest tasks, to brave the rising storm, to stem the angry tide. Do not be afraid. Your task must be done. The longer you put it off, the harder you will have to fight. Be strong and steadfast, enduring today. Today is the only day of conflict. We are too prone to pile up our conquests and burden our souls with great expectations that are never realized. We waste our time and weaken our purpose because we are not steadfast. We become weak because we have not regenerated our strength. Rather, we have depleted our powers of perception, and each little task becomes a mountain of discouragement.

Remember this, there is an inner chamber built into your mind-consciousness that can be reached by you instantly upon the approach of danger. Flee to this chamber in every time of trouble and know that vested in you is the power to act.

Arm yourself with the armor of steadfastness, and you cannot fail. Strength like a mighty torrent will fill your soul. Think the thought—it will take root, grow, and fill your universe with its profound peace. The task is not a hard one except as you make it so by telling yourself it is hard when you should keep silent, mustering all your forces to do the task.

Be strong and steadfast today and all tasks in all days will be done well.

¶ Let No One Swerve You From Your Purpose

BE not a reed swayed by every wind that blows. Have taken your life in your own hands to carve. You are tired of the old ways of thinking. You are setting out to break a new trail and you must be willing to listen to the jeering of friends, the threats of enemies and the solicitations of those who wish you well, and still remain calm and unmoved by praise or threats. You must not only be willing, but you must be *ready* to let go of every impulse that would swerve you from your purpose.

The road to a self-imposed task is not always paved with pleasure. There is hard work to be done. He who would blaze the trail must first count the cost—once you start out, there is no turning-about place on the way. You must face forward and keep stepping on, or you will be trampled under the feet of those who follow you and who are eager to reach the goal with you, for any trail-blazer attracts those who will follow where he leads.

It is most necessary that we let no one swerve us from our purpose once we know we are right and have set our feet on the trail.

¶ Onward to the Goal

WHY do so many fail? It is because they do not know the value of keeping step with progress.

Onward to the goal, should be ever the cry of him who seeks surcease from his load. We can only lay our burdens down when the goal has been gained, and we cannot win if we discourage ourselves by thinking thoughts of despair.

Onward to the goal, our inspiring slogan. Paste it on your looking glass, sear it on your brain, sing it in your sleep, if you are at all inclined to laziness.

If you are a born traveler, you will never become weary no matter how long or hard the trail. The natural-born traveler needs no coaching. His keen eye and ear catch every landmark and sound. *Onward to the goal* must be your prayer if you are not a born traveler, for without a protecting slogan, despair will overtake you before the journey is half begun.

Be insistent and determined to keep before your vision the goal won. Plan far ahead and build today for a greater future as the goal is reached. Ride the waves of adversity and criticism. Catch the gleam from the high tower of your soul's lighthouse, and sing the song of the victor at each nightfall. You cannot be vanquished if your slogan is *Onward to the goal*, even though you are not a born traveler.

¶ Are You Out of Tune with the World?

NOT all the world is bad or good, and what is good is bad, while that which we call bad is good, depending somewhat on our relation to it.

"Today a slave to custom, tomorrow its master," has been the unprecedented history of the last century, until at this time a custom is short-lived and we are well rid of the hampering slavery of what our neighbor thinks.

How can anyone be out of tune with the world when he is the world, unless he is out of tune with himself? After all, who is to blame for our shortsightedness but ourselves? Good judgment comes only through our rubbing off the edges of our self-esteem by our experiences and contact with the rest of the world. Why do we grumble? Why not count our gain and live in the rosy future, rather than in the gloom of the past?

Have you lost money? Why lament?—it won't give back the dollar. But time is money—why lose more in wasted time? Have you lost a friend? Lamenting won't restore lost confidence. Learn the lesson that experience teaches and forget the past. Hold in memory only the profit of experience and safeguard the future by increased vigilance.

Get in tune with the world by seeing that which is good in your sight and closing your eyes to the bad. Listen to the song of the cheerful and close your ears to the lament of the weeping ones. If you are forced into a false position, stand your ground until the truth of your denial releases you from your enemy. If you

—by the Editor

EDITORIALS *of the* DAY

do not shed gloom on your neighbor you do not have to accept the gloom he brings to you. Sunshine in the heart makes our lives bright and, after all, why do we worry about our neighbor who refuses our proffered sunshine? Let us seek the company of those whose light harmonizes with ours.

We can only be out of tune with the world when we are out of tune with ourselves and blind to our own shortcomings. We may differ with our neighbors, we may quarrel with our foes, but we can only be out of tune with ourselves, and our discord vibrates, rebounds—and we are caught in the discordant tones of its echo.

Harmonize your color and tone with nature, and the people who jar on your sensitive nerves will be less offensive. In time their badness will be forgotten through the power of harmony vested in you.

Don't hold a grudge, no matter what the offense has been. Every grudge you hold is taking its toll from you, and you are paying the heavy cost of revenge by the sacrifice of the true happiness you might have had.

H ¶ *It Rests With You*

HOW much good do you get out of life? Stop and ask this question of yourself. Count your assets—who is responsible for them? Consider well your liabilities—who contracted them, and why they were contracted?

Assets are the result of meditating before acting. Liabilities are the result of acting before meditating. Don't you see it all rests with you and your Master Self whether you get little or much out of life?

How much do you ask of life? Do you demand full measure, or are you satisfied with half measure? Do you think of yourself as being of no account to the world, or do you feel that you must do your part because it is given to you and not to another to carry out the plan?

Do not wait. Take stock of yourself and what and why you are living. If you do not measure up to your ideal, work harder, think more deeply. Search for the cause and buckle down to your task with renewed energy, knowing full well it is *your* job and you have no time to waste, and the scales must balance in your favor.

It all rests with you. You may profit by others' experience, but to really *know*, you must excel yourself. Stop at the signal light and take stock.

W ¶ *Command Yourself*

WHAT does it mean to command yourself? Did you ever try commanding yourself in the same tone of voice and in the same manner in which you command others? It is one of the best forms of concentration I ever tried. Are you sick? Command the afflicted member—hand or foot or internal organ. Call it by name and command it to function. Why not? Every

part and particle of our bodies is brain matter—intelligent, comprehending cells waiting to serve at our command.

It can be successfully accomplished. There is no secret to it, no ceremony—just plain common sense of speaking the word into action and commanding unity of purpose between the creative mind and its tributaries. Does your eye offend you? Pluck out the offense—not the eye—by commanding the eye to function, forcing it into action by stubborn resistance to its rebellion.

Believe in yourself and know that vested in you is the commandment of your being. Treat each part of your body as a soldier, and your whole body as an army depending on you for orders. If the commander-general is on duty, there can be no insubordination or mutiny of soldiers. Try the command system of healing your body and finances, and bring success into all departments of your life.

T ¶ *Out of the Darkness of Ignorance*

THE people of the world are slowly emerging from the darkness of ignorance, toward the light of greater understanding of the purpose of life. In every walk of life they are seeking the light of wisdom. They want to know more about life and its tributaries. What produced the manifestation called human life? From what destiny did we emerge into our present cycle and our present physical form? How did we obtain our advantage over the stronger and more ferocious beasts that roamed uncurbed on the plain and in the forest and jungle? Where are we going and what are we going to do when we leave this field of vision? What have we gained by our transit here? All these and millions of added questions are being asked daily by the awakened minds of this generation.

What does it mean? It means that in a not very far distant future the mind of the child will not be filled before it is seven years old with the fear of punishment after death. It means that the mother and father will unite in service to give the expected child a healthy body and keen intellect enabling it to grasp the situation that brought it forth. It means that people old and young will realize that the entrance into life of a newborn babe means a responsibility—not something to amuse themselves with—that has been given into their keeping.

If everyone could see the misery, feel the heartaches and comprehend what it means to the child to be handicapped at birth because of the abounding ignorance of parents on this one subject alone—that of life after death—all other ills of life would sink into oblivion. The curse of fear branded on a child may cripple him during his life and follow him through death.

All the new sciences will be used to give the unborn babe a better heritage. "We were robbed and cheated when we were children," is a cry that comes from the distant past, echoes in the present, and will carry on until men and women awaken to their duty to life and to their offspring.

The Woman whom Thou Gavest to be with Me

*Temptress
or Madonna
—Which?*

By R. N. STEWART

A COMMON practice of this age, indeed one that has been brought down through many generations of Christendom, is for mankind to blame woman for much of his weakness and wickedness. The idea that woman's influence has been the lure that has led him to destruction seems to have originated from the Biblical story of the temptation and fall of man while yet in the Garden of Eden.

Other stories of the creation, such as that of Prometheus and Pandora, in Greek mythology, and those in the sacred writings of other religions, convey a similar thought; the symbology of each story leads up to the one idea of woman's part in the debasement or degradation of mankind.

On following up each of these stories, we find that man is released from his pitiable condition—or redeemed from his sin—by and through the work of some Sun God; in the Biblical story, by the death of the Savior Jesus Christ, Son of God.

Without in any way challenging any person's belief or disbelief in these stories, their symbology may be taken and applied to the life of every individual in his battle with his temptation, his struggle to attain salvation.

At his present stage of development, man contains within himself the characteristics and attributes of the three lower kingdoms, namely, mineral, plant and animal, together with the added power of mind. The polarity or duality of the lower kingdoms, as exemplified in sex, is also carried on or manifested in the mental plane. The mind in itself presents a dual aspect. It is, as it were, two-sexed in its own nature, the feminine aspect being imagination, negative, receptive, alluring, seductive; the masculine being the positive will, dominant, forceful, driving, powerful and commanding.

Taken from this viewpoint, "the woman whom Thou gavest to be with me," the faculty or power of imagination is, and ever has been, the beginning and cause of man's downfall. Whether man, as herein used, is operating in a female physical body or in a male physical body, it is the imagination that has lured to destruction. It is the imaginative quality of the mind of either man or woman that has attracted and seduced man and woman away from the straight and narrow mode of life, from living in harmony with the law, as laid down or expounded by the Lord God, or, symbolically speaking, by his own spiritual consciousness, which walks in the garden in the cool of the day; the Lord God whose voice can only be recognized or cognized by man's mind or mental consciousness when he is free from desire or passion, when he is cool, collected, peaceful and silent. Then he may come into harmony with his own spiritual nature and commune with his own God.

The great spiritual teachers of all time have taught of this withinness of God, of the divine spark that is within each and every individual, ever waiting for the opportunity to manifest itself. In the teachings of Jesus we are told: "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven," and then, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," also, "If ye live the life, ye will know the truth and the truth shall make you free," or "Lo, I am with you always," and again, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

These passages do not refer to some outward manifestation of the deity or of the Savior, but to an inward, spiritual consciousness, or Christ spirit, that is ever waiting, ever ready and ever willing to come into manifestation.

Emerson says: "He who know

that power is inborn, etc." Browning writes: "Truth is within yourself."

Many of the battles or trials described in the sacred writings of each of the various religions symbolize the struggle which goes on in the consciousness of each individual man and woman, together with the steps that are taken to bring the warrior to the place of victory. Those who cannot see beyond the literal interpretation of the words so used, and those who would befog the mind of man so that he may be used to bring about their own temporal power or aggrandizement, have taught the doctrine of outside authority, of salvation from without, of the deity sitting on some far off throne, ruling an outside kingdom called Heaven.

This idea has been so long stressed by the modern Christian teachers that it is not only prevalent but is, apparently, firmly fixed in the minds of the followers of modern Christianity. It was the death of the man Jesus, in his exemplification of the divine Christ Spirit on the cross, which is to be responsible for their own salvation, rather than the idea that it is the release of the Christ spirit, hampered and bound and nailed to the cross of their own materialistic conceptions, from its hampering bonds, giving to it its place of Lord and Master in the life and work of each individual.

It is the Sun God of ancient mythology, working its way to the completion of its tasks, that is responsible for the salvation of each one of us. This is always the Christ spirit, the Son of God, the I am, the doer of the will of the Father.

The twelve labors of Hercules must be performed by the Christ, manifesting in the life of each individual, before that life can attain to its completion, before one can eat of the fruit of the

tree of life which stands in the midst of the garden, before Hercules can pluck the golden apples of the Hesperides.

The Christ spirit must have dominion over the creative force which comes down into manifestation. This altruistic spirit of divine love must be allowed by the mental powers of humanity to come into power, to control and govern the life. All too often it is degraded and debased, reviled and crucified by the desire nature of the individual lured on by the powers of mind through its feminine aspect of imagination.

Imagination is the supreme trickster of all mankind, when left to its own devices. Beautiful are the visions which its victim beholds, but dangerous, because he does not understand whence they come. Like a false, seductive woman, gifted with charm and beauty, it steals upon man's will and thwarts his purpose or lures him by suggestion toward some pitfall.

It is a safe proposition to state that no individual has ever committed any misdemeanor, be it trifling or be it one of the greatest atrocities the world has ever known, without having first in the realm of his own mind imagined he was justified. The action having been performed, thereby releasing the emotional tension within him, he may immediately condemn himself and suffer intense remorse; but the act has at least been momentarily justified, even though he might not be wholly cognizant of his mental processes. But as in the case of the temptation by the serpent, which we are told was more subtle than any beast of the field, there is a mental process of justification, wherein the imagination lures the individual intelligence to false conclusions.

The fact that all the elements in the situation have not been reviewed or recognized by the mind of the one tempted, does not release him from his responsibility but rather calls down upon himself or invokes that aspect of the law which he has failed to remember, so that suffering from the consequences of his neglect, it becomes more vividly impressed upon his consciousness.

Only when time after time he has been led by his imagination—the female element of his mind—and has then come to see the result of the follies and the fallacies into which he has been drawn, can he become contrite and humbled to the extent where he attains to the spirit of the publican who prayed: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Herein he reaches the state where he realizes that he and he alone is re-

sponsible for his condition, that no outside influence has or can have any effect upon him, except inasmuch as he allows his imagination to accept of its influence.

The bank clerk's imagination tells him: "You can put it back." The gambler's imagination lures him by the thought of easy money. The burglar's imagination says: "You are too clever to be caught." The imagination of the murdered suggests: "He deserves to die."

These or some other idea along similar lines lures the mind into the so-called easy ways of doing things. Everywhere along the scale, from the slightest offence to the most stupendous crime, the tempter in the shape

Explaining The Mystic

WHAT is the "mystic"? Have you found a better explanation of it than this by Helen Keller? She says:

I cannot imagine myself without religion. I could as easily fancy a living body without a heart. To one who is deaf and blind, the spiritual world is as vague, as remote from my senses, as spiritual things seem to the minds of most people. I plunge my hands deep into my large Braille volumes containing Swedenborg's teachings, and withdraw them full of secrets of the spiritual world. The inner, or "mystic," sense, if you like, gives me vision of the unseen. My mystic world is lovely with trees and clouds and stars and eddying streams I have never "seen." I am often conscious of beautiful flowers and birds and laughing children where to my seeing associates there is nothing. They skeptically declare that I see "light that never was on sea or land." But I know that their mystic sense is dormant, and that is why there are so many barren places in their lives. They prefer "facts" to vision. They want a scientific demonstration and they can have it. Science, with untiring patience traces man back to the ape, and rests content. It is out of this ape that God creates the seer, and science meets spirit as life meets death, and life and death are one.

of the imagination suggests to, or praises and flatters, the mind of the individual, so that he comes to believe that he is justified in the contemplated act.

"As a man sows, so shall he reap."
"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

There is no hinting, guessing or side-

tracking in either of these statements. The imagination evades the issue; it does not wish to go direct. It wants to travel about, to see things. It is a seeker of sensation. It tempts, teases and tortures the will of man even while it is partially under the control and guidance of the will. If it cannot overcome or seduce the will by one method of approach, it tries another. It does not do things itself; it urges to action. In its lower aspects, when working in harmony with the lower desires, it is the harlot or gold-digger par excellence. It is the "Gimme Girl," always wanting, asking, seeking, holding out inducements, making promises which it cannot fulfill.

It lures the positive active principle of will into the realms of the desire nature where it squanders its substance in riotous living, ever striving to satisfy its craving with the husks and ashes of desire.

But if, or when, this same feminine aspect of the mind has been led to seek its satisfaction in harmony with the higher promptings of the spirit, when it has conceived of the Holy Ghost, when it has become impregnated with divine love, when raised from self-seeking to a selfless altruistic purpose in life, then instead of becoming the temptress of man it becomes his helpmate, his inspiration.

Then it becomes and is the madonna. It is the veritable mother of the Savior. From this imagination, this woman aspect of the mind, when impregnated by divine wisdom, the will to do the will of the Father is brought forth. The Christ child is born or comes into manifestation in the manger of the heart, in the place where man has hitherto fed and sustained his animal propensities and desires.

Having fed and nourished the child while it is still weak and helpless, wrapped in the swaddling clothes of environment and prejudice, the will and the imagination work together to save the child from the machinations of the desire nature, symbolized by Herod, the foreign usurper or ruler of the children of Israel.

They flee to the land of Egypt where the child is hidden from the world, while it silently grows in beauty and in strength, appearing again when it has completed twelve cycles of its life, twelve cycles of unfoldment—symbolized by the twelve labors of Hercules—when it frees itself from the maternal bonds and limitations of imagination, going about its Father's business in harmony with the direct teaching of the intuition, passing on in its progress to the completion of its work as Lord and Master.

Occultism Simplified

First of A Series
of Lessons in
Applying The Law

By EFFA DANELSON

Reprinted by Request

THE GENERALLY accepted meaning of the word "occult" is—"something hidden." The subject matter does not agree with the word and its understood meaning, for the plane known as the *occult*, is not hidden.

Entering upon that plane known as the occult, one finds everything *revealed*. The open vision transports you into the very heart of all creation *known* to man in prior times, *unknown* to man today. Phases of mentality, stages of development—not the closing of doors, but the opening of windows, constitutes the study of the occult. Entering into the Silence, mastering outside influences, setting aside desires by understanding the law which governs every part and particle of your physical body—these are the first steps leading into this great realm as yet unexplored by man living in this age.

The study of the occult has many branches. These branches are known by various names that you are all familiar with. Take your Bible—it is an occult book from the beginning to the end. It has given to the present day world every characteristic that the people of today have. It has been forced upon you in a false light. The children of men have never conceived the *true* meaning of the book which has been both a guide and stumbling block to the human race since its written pages appeared as you find them today.

The books from which this history was taken, in the original writings, were books of symbols. It has been rewritten, and has had written into it a history of individuals, to make it palatable to each succeeding generation.

True occultism is an awakening of mind powers to conceptions heretofore veiled to our minds, an awakening to realities that have always seemed to you to be mysteries, a realization of things unspoken, yet heard by you in your cradle. True occultism is a process of reasoning, a weaving together of unspoken and unspeakable thoughts. It is bringing together and amalgamating all forces that

are creative, whether they be constructive or destructive, and bringing out of the chaos an evolution that creates an object into which you can throw all your resources. It may be called a crucible, out of which comes a new man and a new woman.

True occultism gives you re-creation. It does not lead you into the wilderness to wander about, hungry and naked. True occultism deals with all that is lovely and embraces all that is unlovely. It covers all things. It measures all distances. It fathoms all depths and reaches unto all heights. There is no subject of which it is not the kernel. There is no thought in which it is not the principal actor, for true occultism deals with Life itself and Life is the revelator of all things that were, all things that are, and all things that ever will be.

The occult power is the power of sight, the capacity to grasp. Every time that you grasp a new thought, regardless of whence it came, or the messenger that brought it, you are practicing occultism—you are living it—you are being it!

Beginning with the outer covering of your body, follow each consecutive layer. Do not terminate your investigation with any internal organ or any interior part of your body. Grasp the full meaning of every function and every activity of your physical body. When you have accomplished this, treat the spirit body and the soul body in the same manner. They are all vehicles of Life, treat them in the same manner. When you have encompassed and embraced these three bodies, you hold in your hand the trinity of the physical dimensions of Life. You have come into possession of the three phases of living.

When you have realized the message that Life has delivered through these three embodiments, you are still in the domain of what might be termed the "mysteries" of life. You have only reached the outer gate, so to speak, of the first three dimensions of physical life.

It has been said that no man could live and look upon the face of God. The interpretation of that phrase is that no man can live in the flesh body and see beyond the dimensions of the boundary line of physical manifestation. The world had not then lived in the air age. Occultism belongs to the light age in its culmination, but its feet are embedded in the expression of Life through the physical body.

Astrology is the greatest living expounder of occultism, and occultism is the greatest theory relating the various intricate dimensions of astrology. To be a good occultist, you must be able to live in the farthest star and still function in the physical body. If you are groping for manifestations on the physical plane, you must use your fingers. If you are seeking understanding on the spirit plane, you must use your eyes and ears. If you are seeking for understanding on the soul plane, you must use your regenerated mind, and if you are seeking manifestations in the greater field of occultism, that mythical field—that mysterious place, where no man enters, I might say, and returns—you must function wholly and entirely in the Life Forces.

You have records of men who have attained the power to appear and disappear and you have records of men who disappeared and never returned. When you dissolve the flesh, spirit and soul bodies, you become an *Entity of Light* and you can travel anywhere in the universe that it pleases you to go. You can gather again these various particles that you had seemingly scattered and bring yourself back through these dimensions and stand a living, breathing person before your friends. It is a chemical law. There isn't any great danger in this, as far as you are concerned. The danger comes through those who are around you, not understanding, and we would not advise any of you to try out the law, unless you can place yourself under the protection of those who have also attained this power.

The field of occultism is as old as time.

(Continued on page 44)

Sardonic Eyes

*How Jealousy Failed and One Young Woman
Found Her Way to Happiness*

As Told By Mary Mackey to D. C. RETSLOFF

WHEN Hanson Hulburt bought the controlling interest in the Wishkah Logging Company, he also bought the old Weston home in Modeen.

A force of carpenters, painters and decorators soon changed the rambling two-story dwelling into a modern home fitted to meet the demands of his society-loving wife and four daughters, Flora and Florence, twins of twenty, Ruth, eighteen, and Madge, three years younger.

Ruth and I first met as seniors in the local high school. Almost immediately we became friends. She was tall with blue-black hair, dark brown eyes, a very straight nose and a wide mouth. In repose she passed for more than good-looking, but when excited or angry, her mouth twisted to the left side, her eyes flashed and their color seemed to change to gray-green. These changes spoiled her pretty expression and gave her a sinister cast of countenance.

It was not long before I learned that in spite of her quiet manner of speaking, she had a sharp tongue and a most unreasonable, jealous nature. However, as time passed, I became used to her faults and grew really fond of her.

After graduation we found that, without consulting each other, we had decided to take the same course at the state university. She suggested that we room together during our first year, and I was pleased with the arrangement. We secured quarters with Mrs. Flemming, an elderly woman who lived near the south entrance to the campus. Four other girls and seven young men had rooms and board in Mrs. Flemming's commodious, old-fashioned house. We were a quiet, studious group, rather formal with each other.

At Christmas time, Ruth, Rollin Hurd and myself were the only ones who did not go home for the holidays. Thus it was that in these two weeks of vacation the three of us grew very friendly.

Rollin Hurd was preparing himself to

be a mining engineer. Every evening during the vacation Ruth and I went to a show or other entertainment with him. At the end of the two weeks I knew that she was in love with our blue-eyed, fair-skinned escort. He gave no sign, that I could see, of returning her affection.

Soon after the first of January, Rollin asked me to attend a Shakespearean play with him on the last Friday night of the month. When I accepted he said that he was not asking Ruth. I thrilled with pleasure, then turned cold with fear when I thought how angry she would be when she found out that I was the favored one.

I did not tell her about my invitation and was intensely relieved when she announced that she was going to spend the last weekend of the month with Bess Clayton.

In a happy frame of mind, I entered the theatre on Friday night. Rollin had reserved seats in the fifth row at the left of the main aisle.

Soon after we were seated, I heard a familiar voice. Turning my head, I saw Ruth sitting directly behind Rollin. Her eyes seemed to flash little green sparks as they met mine, and her mouth twisted further to the left than I had ever seen it twist before.

Literally, my head swam. My throat felt parched; I tried to concentrate on what the actors were saying, but found it impossible. I felt the sardonic eyes of my roommate boring into my back. I was shaking with a nervous chill before the play was over. I spent a most miserable night and Sunday was one of the longest days I had ever experienced. I dreaded Monday morning; I was afraid of her anger when we met. But contrary to my expectations, and greatly to my relief, she met me in the classroom with a smile and a pleasant greeting.

That night as we sat, one on each side of the study table, in our room, I was impelled to raise my head. She was gazing straight at me, her eyes hard and glittering with their gray-greenish light, her mouth with its left twist, a thin line of red. Something, like a breath of wind from the Arctic,

chilled me almost to the bone.

As soon as she saw me looking at her she said, "Listen, Mazie Middleton, I want you to let Rollin Hurd alone. I am going to marry him and I won't allow you to interfere."

"He asked me to go to the theatre," I defended. "I did not know that you were engaged."

"I intended to keep it a secret until school is out in June," she said. "But under the circumstances I'm telling you. I warn you not to be seen with him again." Malevolence was mirrored in her gray-green eyes—there was not the slightest trace of brown in them.

"But if he asks me, what—" I began.

"If he asks you and you accept, you'll regret it to your dying day," her tone matched her eyes in malevolence.

Before the end of the week, sickness of my mother called me home. I did not return to the university and I did not see Rollin Hurd again until he came to Modeen in July to be present at his wedding to Ruth Hulburt.

She seemed to have forgotten the theatre incident; she asked me to be one of her bridesmaids, which honor, under the circumstances, I thought best to accept.

The grounds surrounding the Hulburt home had been decorated for the occasion. The ceremony was to take place on the lawn under a specially built canopy of ferns and roses. The matron of honor, the bridesmaids and all the minor attendants met the evening before for a rehearsal. As I stood waiting for the others to gather, Rollin came along one of the graveled paths leading from a summerhouse at the end of the garden.

"Accept my congratulations," I said as we shook hands.

"Sometimes congratulations are the hardest things in the world to accept, especially when they are given by some persons," he gave me a scrutinizing look.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Before he had time to reply, Ruth hurried up and led him away.

FOUR years passed. I was teaching in the Modeen public schools. One day I read in the local paper of the sudden death of Ruth Hurd, and a short time after, met Rollin on the street. As we stood together on one of the busiest corners of the main street, he said, "I am leaving Sidney, my two-year-old boy, with the Hulburts. I'm starting for Peru tomorrow."

"Why so far away?" I questioned.

"Good position, excellent pay, Mazie. Listen. In twelve months I'm coming back. Will you write to me while I'm away?"

The question took me by surprise. I am sure he read it on my face, for he continued, "I took a great fancy to you at the university and was quite cut-up when you sent me that message by Ruth."

"I didn't send you any message," I said. "I—." I closed my lips. Why should I speak ill of her? She was dead. She had been his wife and the mother of his child.

"You have something to explain?" his eyes searched mine.

"Some other time, maybe. Let's not talk of the past, there was some mistake, that's all."

"Very well," he said slowly, "anyway, I'm glad you are still Mazie Middleton, and you will correspond with me, won't you?"

My heart leaped at the words. I knew I loved Rollin Hurd. I nodded, for the moment not trusting my voice for fear it would betray its happy thrill.

"The coming twelve months will be long ones, Mazie. The one bright spot will be your letters. Goodbye, and may God bless and keep you."

* * *

Every two weeks I received a letter from him. He wrote wonderful descriptions of the country, the natives, and his work, and gave me detailed accounts of Sunday hikes among the mountains, but the most interesting part of each letter was the closing, which always read the same: "Don't forget, Mazie, I am coming to the states for my first vacation and if I return to Peru, I don't want to come back to bachelor quarters."

At last I received the glad news. He would arrive in San Francisco on the 25th of the month, and three days later be in Modeen. It was July, vacation time. I had no school work to occupy my mind and I thought the days would never end. The hours dragged; only when I slept did time pass in its normal manner.

His train was due in Modeen at eight o'clock in the evening. As the hour drew near, I could not sit still.

I walked from one end of the house to the other, waiting nervously for the ring of the telephone.

At last there was the sharp metallic ting-a-ling. My hand shook so, I could hardly hold the receiver and then came the music of his voice, "Mazie, may I come right up?"

"Yes, Rollin. I just cannot believe you are really here."

"I'll convince you as soon as a taxi can get me there," he replied.

I met him at the door, and almost before we were in the softly lighted hall, his arm was around me and our lips met. For a long time we sat in the living room talking over the events of the past year. Then he told me that he had only a two months' leave of absence from the mine and asked me if I would marry him. I did not hesitate. I knew I loved him and I said so.

As I lifted my lips to seal our betrothal a shiver of fear passed over me, and I heard a little rustling sound. Something compelled me to look over his shoulder and a sickening horror swept my soul. I saw the face of Ruth Hulburt surrounded by a gray misty veil. Her lips twisted, her eyes filled with envy, met mine.

I drew away from Rollin, fighting to check the surge of panic which seemed to almost shut off my breath. A few seconds the misty gray veil hung on the wall, then it faded. With all the power at my command, I bade Rollin goodnight.

Hurrying to my room, I threw myself on the bed and buried my face in the pillow. I heard the clock strike one. Its echoes had not yet died away when I felt an unmistakable presence, and a cold blast swept through the room. I sat up and switched on the light. Not a breath of air came through the open window and I knew I had locked the door.

Forcing deliberation, I undressed and retired. I must have slept immediately, but not for long. Suddenly I was wide awake. A bar of moonlight came in through the west window and made a silver path the length of the room.

I know there are many who will doubt my story and I have no way of corroborating it, but my faculties were as clear as if the hour had been high noon.

Standing at the foot of my bed in the path of light was a wraithlike gray shape. Without the slightest sound it approached my head, bent over me, and I gazed into the cruel eyes of Ruth Hulburt Hurd. I tried to cover my face with my hands but my arms refused to move. An icy numbness was creeping over my entire body. I

was not conscious of a touch, but something cold and clammy pressed my chest and Ruth's voice, clear and distinct, spoke.

"Listen, Mazie Middleton, I want you to let Rollin alone. If you do not, you will regret it to your dying day."

I saw her lips twist to the left, hate gleamed in her eyes. I felt myself slipping into unconsciousness and when I came to my senses, daylight was showing through the windows.

As I sat at a late breakfast on the outside porch, Rollin came up the steps. "Why are you so pale? What makes those dark rings around your eyes? Didn't you sleep well?" He asked the three questions without giving me an opportunity to answer them.

"I think I was so excited over seeing you, I dreamed about frightful things." I was not going to tell him of my experience.

Soon after lunch we went to the Hulburt's to see Sidney. He was a handsome child, the image of his father with the exception of his large brown eyes; they were duplicates of his mother's.

I knelt down and gathered him in my arms, as I did so, a gray misty circle blurred my vision and from it in baleful anger looked the eyes of Ruth. Then I knew the clutch of stark fear, I fell backward and for the first time in my life thought that I was dying.

Mrs. Hulburt and Rollin were bending over me when I opened my eyes. I could give no satisfactory answer to their questions; I knew Mrs. Hulburt would not believe me and I was half afraid to tell Rollin. But when we were in the taxi going to my home, my nerves gave way and I became almost hysterical. Then I clung to him and sobbed out the awful story. When I had finished, he kissed me and said that I was overworked, that we would be married at once and the change in climate would make a new person of me. He suggested that we have dinner downtown and go to the theatre.

It was almost midnight when he left me at my mother's door. I promised him that I would not have any more frightful dreams. I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. Suddenly I awoke with a start, my whole body tense and a heavy pressure on my chest.

At first I did not see anything, then I discerned a thin form crossing the room. I closed my eyes, and immediately opened them. In mortal fear, I heard the voice of Ruth. "Last night," she said, "I warned you to let Rollin alone. Again I repeat, if you marry him, you will regret it to your dying day. Never attempt to embrace my child again. You cannot

(Continued on page 41)

THE AGE OF *Science in Astrology*

*When the Extremes
of Skepticism
and Credulity Amalgamate*

By ANITA OLIN

FOR centuries astrology has claimed to be a science. It was not content with being a divine science. If it had, science would have left it to its own devices, since Divinity is not ordinarily considered a subject for research. But because astrology claimed for itself the rank of an exact science it placed itself in an anomalous position. On the one hand, scientifically minded people, trained in the exact sciences of the material world, have grown to consider astrology the most errant nonsense. To them, an exact science is exact in the same sense that mathematics is exact, and they do not see any evidence of exactness in astrology. Therefore, they have abandoned it as an exploded superstition. On the other hand, there are those who, because of a natural taste for the occult, have accepted astrology without any evidence at all, excepting a few incidents in their own lives easily explained on the basis of the so-called law of chance. These two classes of people represent the extremes: the one an extreme of skepticism, based on the fact that astrologers claim exactness for a science which is not mathematically demonstrable; the other extreme, that of credulity, a gullibility which accepts anything that sounds supernatural. And the extremes have held the fort until the present two or three decades. But today, with the vibrations from the Aquarian Age beginning to impinge upon the earth and its humanity, a great middle class of astrologers is springing up, and amazing discoveries in all fields of science are breaking down the blind skepticism of materialistic thinkers. The two extremes of credulity and skepticism are merging into one, and out of this amalgamation will come a new science for the new age.

It is interesting to speculate about this new science, especially as to the share astrology will have in it. First of all, in trying to determine what is to become of the astrology of the fu-

ture, let us take a hasty glimpse at its past history. The mother of astronomy—or the foolish daughter, as you prefer—astrology ranks as the oldest of all sciences. Its origin is lost in antiquity, for it grew up with the race. It is so ancient that its roots go down into mythology, and historians cannot disentangle the one from the other. Exoterically, we know that the astrology of ancient civilization sprang up around the personalities of kings and rulers. The earliest Egyptian chronology was based upon the years of the sovereigns. Later it became the custom to note the positions of various stars and planets at the birth of a king since, at the dawn of astronomy, they had no calendar by which to mark the event. In Egypt the star Sirius, called the Nile Star, was the chief time-marker, not only because of its conspicuous brilliancy, but because it arose with the sun at the summer solstice, thus heralding the approach of the inundation of the Nile. These records were kept for centuries, and it is easy to see how, through comparing the astronomical records of the various kings, a system of divination arose. From the esoteric side, we know that inner, secret, spiritual teachings concerning the nature of planetary forces were given out in the Temples.

The life of the common man for many centuries was not considered worth study: astrology was used only to investigate the destinies of the great and powerful ones of earth. It was not, history tells us, until the age of ancient Greece, that astrological studies were extended to include the masses, thus becoming an individualistic science. Astrology grew in popularity, and reached the height of its power in the Middle Ages, according to exoteric accounts. Esoteric students have reason to doubt this, for there can be little question but that much of the astrology taught in the ancient temples has been lost, and we are now once more groping our way up from somewhere

near the bottom of the astrological Ladder of Truth. Nevertheless, astrology has had, it would seem, every chance to become a legitimate science, for it had centuries of growth previous to any of the modern sciences (excepting astronomy), and yet it has remained one of the least accurate and dependable of all, while astronomy, with which it is so closely associated, has attained the distinction of being *exact*. Like psychology in its infancy, astrology is forced to depend upon intuition, even as the psychologist of the old school sat in his study, introspectively investigating his own consciousness. The results from this retrospection were duly recorded, and a school of psychology grew up out of it. That psychology ranked with fortune telling, and even today has not quite outgrown the stigma. (Said a student at a certain prominent teachers' college: "Heavens, I'm queer enough without being a 'Psych' Major!")

The professors of the legitimate sciences refused to recognize psychology as legitimate, and most of the old psychologists themselves considered the behavior of the human mind outside the realms of experiment and scientific deduction by empirical methods. "No two minds, no two characters are alike," they argued, "so how can it be possible to provide laboratory conditions through which we can deduce general laws?" But someone started the experimenting which the majority of hardheaded scientists said would not work, and today we have a psychology, not it is true, mathematically exact, but at least mathematically probable. It still has much—very much—to learn, but it is no longer considered a scientific pariah; it is no longer classed with metaphysics and mysticism and fortune telling, and the results of its extensive experiments are now yielding fruit in the new psychology of education, the Education Ideal of the Aquarian Age,

(Continued on page 42)

PSYCHO-SYMBOLISM

By EDWARD B. JEFFREY

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In a previous article of this series we discussed the capital letters A and B. We therefore begin the present discussion with:

CAPITAL LETTER C

The Spring of "Life."

THE letter C is a sign of a partial enclosure, cover, or guard. The capital and small "types" are similar, showing that—with a greater including a lesser—the one can be contained in, or under, the other. The principal duty it illustrates is to afford cover, defence, succor, or protection to what lies beneath or within. There is thus an outer and an inner cover or skin, and the principle may be extended.

It portrays a superficial defence, screen or security, such as a guard surrounding a monarch on ceremonial parades; the guard at a military camp; or, like the palanquin, to shelter, to shade, or to hide. The form allows authorized bodies to approach, but wards off the intruder. It attracts or repels according to the wish or interest of the occupier.

It is the form of the brooding hen sheltering her chicks. Her wings are an instinctive attraction, a cover to promote warmth, shelter and safety from enemies. It is the shape assumed by the mother cat to enclose her kittens in sleep. Her limbs form the outside flanks as the kittens nestle to her side. It is the formation of the buffalo herd, the sturdy bulls forming an outer ring within which the young and the dams are shielded. It is the resisting face of the "shield," the fire "guard," or the hand "guard" on a sword hilt.

In battle, it is the accepted basis of formation in fighting array. The flanks or wings are turned inwards as a readier means of defense or first means of attack. In the Great War, the fronts were frequently a series of scallops or letter C's end to end, the uniting flanks forming the driving wedges at intervals. Mr. Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the U. S. Navy, recently said, "If we visualize the fleet as sailing in a great circular formation . . . battle-ships inside . . . should have scouts to deflect."

The letter C describes also a "spring." The force is implied, rather than pictured, in the symbol. It typifies the law of bodies to turn inwards, to bend, to shrink, also to possess the elasticity to extend, and when extended, to rebound or recoil. Mechanically, the

Some New Thoughts About Those Symbols We Call Our Alphabet

figure illustrates the simple coil or spring. It is the shape to which engineers have given the term C spring. It is found in cross sections of the spiral; it typifies the compression, expansion or watch springs; it is the basis of the multiple coil. This principle of elasticity is found in the garter, the railway bridge, the cross sections of the body's arteries, or in a cyclist's leg movements.

In natural life, this action of change from bent to straight underlies the uncoiling of the snake to strike; the spring of the crouching tiger; the leap of the salmon trout; the lunge of the boxer; the first leap from line of the runner; the "plunge" of the financier. There could apparently be no power on earth where there are no means to extend. The principle appears to run through all matter.

Anatomically, it stands for the cuticle or outer skin of man's body. From its elasticity it gives plasticity to the parts within, at the same time holding or clothing the form. Such protection shields from heat or cold, protects from damage, screens from view, or affords distinctive outward features. The scales of the fish, fur of the rabbit, hair of the dog, barbed dress of the hedgehog or sea urchin, all act in these capacities. They also entice or repel by the skin's appeal to the sense of color, smell or touch in others. The blush of the maiden is probably a survival of the desire to hide, a screen of pleasure or of shame. The sign is repeated in the cartilage of the wind-

pipe, the lid of the eye.

The symbol is representative of the gesture of courtship—a spreading out, or display; it describes the movements of the rooster spreading his plumage before the harem; it is the action of the courtier making his bow. It is an invitation to accept protection in each case. It is the form a court usually takes, whether of sovereign or judge; the troops at a military court martial are lined up thus; the courtyard of a mansion takes the same shape. The objects in each case are the same—to give an impression of power, worth, and influence, to be the center of attraction, or repulsion, according to which way the influence is directed.

It represents that subtle outer influence which one person can exert upon another, the personal magnetism of the capable host to attract good friends, and exclude bad company. It is the outline of the simple magnet with its positive and negative poles, its lines of influence to which can be added "powers" for various purposes, "induction coils," batteries, and so on.

This simple form of C, or a broken ring, was the shape that Dr. Hertz gave to a piece of wire with which the professor received a current of electricity passed through the air, discovering the Hertzian waves on which radio work of all descriptions is based.

The "law of the elasticity" of matter is fairly clear throughout.

CAPITAL LETTER D

Circumstances—the temporary home of "life."

THE capital letter D is a symbol of restraint or confinement. It may be a house of correction, a home of rest, or a prison of hard labor. It is similar to handcuffs, a horse's curb, a stirrup, the "D" balk on a billiard table, and so on. It embodies a check, a curb, a limit, restriction, repression, bounds; it serves to circumscribe or qualify.

It confines motion—in principle, at any rate—for although there is a certain amount of freedom within its bounds, the enclosure is complete. It is, however, but a temporary arrest. The active principle or small "d" reverses the order, and promotes change.

The principal picture—the capital—is that of a ruler, to draw a line. It symbolizes a mould to model the shape. School children draw the out-

line on their playground to signify a base, den or lair. It is frequently drawn in rough diagram to indicate a spot, a place, a building. It is therefore a type of "bounds."

Again, it is the "symbol" of a naturally restricted area or habitat, the natural abode, habitation or locality of an animal or plant. These circumstances, or homes, limit the occupiers' activities. It may be typifying a purely localized spot, a depression in the soil, a hole or a cave, or it may be a hive, a nest, or a highly organized structure, plan, or arrangement.

With man, this symbol of restraint indicates "environs"—the circumstances in which he is born or reared; the hovel of the slum child, the palace of the rich man. The heavenly bodies; all terrestrial bodies, animate, and probably inanimate, have this type of home or orbit—a sphere in which they are temporarily limited by universal laws.

This restraint, however, also induces rest and recuperation, growth, and latent advancement. Hence, an animal's first home is the womb, also its bed. It is produced, but does not stop there. Its home and surroundings are constantly evolving like itself. But the "rest" or "marking time" produces renewal of life.

Rest is defined as a cessation of motion of any kind, but it is a question, raised by all the "signs"—and particularly these two—whether there is a state of absolute rest in anything at any time. A child in sleep will turn and twist bodily, and grow physically; it is seldom still, but wakes refreshed. We say it has rested. But "change" is symbolized as the practical form of rest. There is a rest marked in music—when no actual sound reaches the ear—but science tells us the waves of vibration go on. There is an infinitesimal space of time when electrical currents check or rest, but the power goes on.

On the other hand, everything that moves—and it is doubtful if there is anything in heaven or earth that does not—appears to have this equivalent of a home, a place where it stops temporarily, no matter for how short a period. Were this not so, it would be difficult, if possible at all, to compute "time" or "space," for everything would be in a perpetual state of motion, with no "bar" or "line" from which to mark off time, either as a "before" or an "after," also nothing to show where "space" began and ended. In fact, such terms could not then exist in very truth.

The symbol appears to represent as a principle, firstly, the specific space in which anything is produced; sec-

ondly, where it returns for rest and revivifying. Were the enclosure hard and fast, it would stop, not facilitate development, and the subject of such circumstances would never get away from first premises. But even the great worlds—so we are told—whilst circling in their own orbits or homes find those homes to change in "space" and "time."

The stillness, space, or void existed before the restricting factors came about. That is, the heavens, as "space," were there before this world of ours came into existence and made a certain territory of the sky its own; the world was there before man even as a seaweed came upon it; the spot was there before the beast made it a home; the plowed furrow before the plover deposited its eggs thereon. The place for the symbol was there before it could be put there.

It appears from this, that man is not so much the creature of his own circumstances as an early victim of, but possible conqueror over, the environs of his parents. They form the mould in which he, the later pattern, is cast, and theirs is the restraining influence which first fashions the "habits" of the offspring.

This symbol may therefore be termed the "standard of habits," or repetition, the small "d" being power of the mind to reverse those habits. "Thought," like mechanical processes, has a tendency to run in old channels, and much effort is required to divert it into possibly quite opposite methods. Man must change these habits in order to change his environs, and no son can make his father's habits entirely his own.

CAPITAL LETTER E

THE letter E is a symbol of a gauge. The principle is illustrated by the making of two similar marks or notes of distinction, then subdividing the intervening space into equal proportions, and continuing the process.

It is a diagram of many testing tools which in principle are for measuring by degrees with literal factors. It has many variations from the simple foot-rule or tape measure, to the sea or wind gauges, the seismograph, or the thermometer. But the object of the instrument is in each case the same, namely to measure, to know, or to experience differences. In the form in which it is usually written it is similar to the mechanic's calipers.

It is a similar outline to the figure 3, but turned about face. The figure has of course a figurative value, the letter a "literal" one, but there is a similarity in process. Amongst its fel-

lows the figure 3 stands for proportion, or the rule of three. From the proportion that two values bear to a third, the fourth or unknown quantity can be gauged. The symbol when examined shows "three rules," backed by a "standard."

It is therefore a human symbol of proportion, division, selection and capacity. It is the "sign" of a literal standard in mind by which a person judges the quality or capacity of an object or person, or measures their value in relation to others of a similar nature, or estimates the differences. For instance, it is often said "we take the measure of a man." We do not actually run a tape measure over his person, nor can we see or measure the actual organ of the brain. What we mean is that we measure him either mentally or physically in imagination, as compared with others. We discover by *thought* his calibre or character.

The diagram compares with the instrument used in the army and in the police force for measuring recruits, and discarding those below standard. It is a small and condensed replica of the tailor's tape to obtain dimensions.

In an intellectual sense, it is the measuring section of the "mind," the instrument of thought afforded by the perceptive and discriminating faculties, giving preference, choice, style, and so on. It is the collection of the sublimated sense discriminations into one faculty higher than them all in process.

An anatomical counterpart of the tool appears to be the tongue in conjunction with the palate and floor of the mouth. The Greek form of E is practically a side face picture of these organs. In process, they are called "taste," "appreciation," "flavor," or sweet, bitter, salt and acid sensibilities. Before the sense of "taste" can be realized, a "test" must be made of the subject in question, in its relationship to others previously tasted, and it is liked or disliked according to a selective agency. It is thus palatable, or otherwise, "in degree."

To "test" or "taste" anything, is to try it out as an experiment. So, tasting is an experiment, swallowing a reality. Experimenting is an act or operation designed to discover some unknown truth, principle or effect, or to establish it when discovered, specifically by varying at will the combination of things and circumstances, and then observing the result. The palate does this, even as a portion of the brain does. To test or taste a thing may result in positive or negative issues, that is, even though requirements could

(Continued on page 41)

When Man Wed a Tree

A Fantasy of the Forest

By HAROLD C. PACKARD

AMINULLAH Durka was versed in the lore of the mountain forests of ancient Tibet. It was in the dim long ago that he lived in the forest and—who knows?—perhaps he lived for the forest. It is said that he knew every woodland fastness, every dell, every gently tinkling stream. People called him mad. For did he not shun his fellow creatures? Did he not live alone, high up on a mountain top? And was it not whispered of him that he daily held communion with the daughter of the forest god? Strange tales indeed. Incredible, perhaps, and yet, so the story goes—

One day Aminullah Durka was passing through the forest in quest of the wild goat. He walked leisurely, a tall lithe young man, stalwart as the trees which towered above him to interlace their boughs towards the heavens. His falcon eye roved from right to left, up and down, drinking in the unsurpassable beauty about him. He loved the forest—understood it in all its changing moods, sometimes wished that even he could become one with it.

At length his piercing glance chanced upon a slender young tree. He was about to pass on, but something drew him back. He was puzzled. What held him? Again he looked at the young tree. Haiyah! What was that. He looked steadily at the tree and underwent a strange transformation. Before, he had been standing in the midst of the dense forest, but it seemingly faded away, leaving nothing but himself and the tree.

And now even the tree seemed to melt away. In its place stood a beautiful maiden with hair black as the raven, lips red like the deep red rose, a body even more supple than his own. He felt drawn to her—irresistibly. He touched her, felt a tendril of her hair, or was it a branch of the tree, blow across his cheek caressingly, looked into the yearning blue-green depth of the sea of her eyes, clasped her to him—became one with the soul of the tree as she clasped him to her.

For a long while did the goddess and the man stand there. Then was the silence broken as the man stood erect once more and looked upon the goddess. "Oh, Thou Beautiful One! Thou Light Of My Life! Thou hast

locked my heart in thy fair breast, a prisoner forever. Become one with me. Live with me always."

The goddess of the tree lifted up her head and smiled at him, with swelling breast, as she made reply, "Oh, Thou Son Of The Forest! Long have I watched thee, waited for thee to come to me, and now thou art my own. I will keep the form of a maiden and live with thee always!"

So saying, she stepped towards him from out the tree. At once the forest again surrounded him, but now he was no longer alone. Beside him stood the maiden goddess. Softly they stepped away together. After they had gone a little way, the maiden turned and looked at the tree from which she had sprung. To the man her look seemed strange. He wondered. What was it in her eyes—longing or sorrow or joy? He did not know. Only hoped.

Many seasons came and went. Looked in upon the happy home of the man and the goddess. But, as more summers rolled over them, and the winters came with their strong winds blowing through the forest, pressing savagely at the treetops, the goddess longed to do battle herself with the ruthless winds. Then the winters would pass and give way to spring with its gentle breezes, and the goddess would walk beneath the giants of the forest and long to wave her branches to and fro in the passing zephyrs. But she would think of her Aminullah and return to their mountain home, always to find him waiting for her in the doorway. He would clasp her to him again, as if she had been lost to him and had come back. For when she walked alone in the forest, Aminullah, understanding the lure of the forest for her, always had a fear that she would not come back to him and his love. But because of his understanding, always he said nothing, just loved her the more. The goddess comprehended him in his kindness and love. The thought of his great love made a lump well up in her. Because now, when the storms came, she longed all the more to become rooted fast to the earth and to rear her stately height into the skies and wave her defiance to the elements. And, weighed against this was her love

for the man. Had she not desired him? Had she not secured him unto herself? Had she not clasped him to her and said, "Now thou art my own"? Had she not promised to live with him always? She had to admit to herself all these things, but the wind, passing slowly by, caressed her cheek suggestively. She was stretched upon the ground before their hut as this tumult raged within her. Upon their doorstep sat Aminullah, seemingly gazing into nothingness. But although his eyes did not see her, he sensed the struggle going on within her. The goddess turned to look at him. Ah, but he was beautiful! So tall and lithe and clean of limb! But, she thought as she turned her gaze upwards to the treetops far above her, so were the trees. They were even taller than he. They were stronger too, and even more clean of limb. Yes, and she was of them, one with them, of the very forest itself. As she gazed into the immeasurable heights above her, she slowly arose, and walked unseeing down the slope. Her footsteps, so apparently aimless, nevertheless led her straight towards the tree, now grown to a tremendous height, from which she had originally stepped when Aminullah had made love to her on that spring day so long ago and far away. Aminullah knew! He too arose and followed her softly, but without any attempt to hide himself from her should she turn about.

Soon the goddess stood before THE tree! She threw out her arms and lifted them upwards in a gesture towards the heavens, as if she would clasp the whole world to her breast. Ah, but it was good to be back here again. Aminullah approached to within a few feet of her and stopped, at the very spot on which, he on a spring day now long gone by, had been compelled by an unseen force to turn about to gaze at this very tree. On this day, it was the same as it had been on that other day so long ago and yet so close to him now. Everything about him seemed to fade away, leaving just him and the goddess and the tree.

With agony coupled with understanding in his eyes, he looked stead-

(Continued on page 40)

Three Genuine Experiences

By ELEANOR A. SCOTT

IT is unfortunate that psychic phenomena should be regarded as out of the ordinary. In the majority of instances a psychic experience is but the extension of faculties the individual has always possessed, and if regarded with common sense the phenomena may prove to be not only enlightening but helpful.

From earliest childhood I have been "psychic." The severe Puritanism of my family precluded any discussion of such a gift. Their idea was that it came not from the Powers of Light, but from the nether region. I have never been a student of the occult, nor delved into the mysteries of the mediumistic circle, nor have I even associated with people interested in these things. But when I became old enough to select my own books I did peruse several by well-known authorities in psychic research, finding them, I must admit, very unsatisfactory. I read them only to check up on experiences which revealed certain points tallying with my own. Space forbids the narration of them all, for they have been more or less continuous. While never sought, they are not unwelcome. Nor do I regard myself as queer or different from other mortals. We all have the psychic faculty, but abuse, materialism, and wrong thinking harden us. Like a deaf person proclaiming he hears no bird song, the insensible person denies the possibility of perceiving anything beyond the veil.

THE ANGELIC CHIMES

I WAS a patient in a hospital in Santa Barbara, California. My nurse, a beautiful, robust girl, represented physically all I longed to become some day. Although we were strangers, a bond of sympathy and mutual affection was established between us. She sometimes called me her "funny little tike."

A curio on my stand attracted her attention one evening and Miss D— expressed admiration for the trifle. "If you like it, you may have it," I said. Miss D— hesitated. We both had the same idea. It pervaded the space between us—"This is farewell."

I was the one that was seemingly

fated. "I shall keep this in remembrance," she said affectionately.

"Good-bye, Dewey," I called after her retreating figure. (Dewey was a pet name.)

After she was gone I scolded myself for saying "good-bye." Why had I said it? Was I not going to see her early the next morning? Reared in an environment where the least breach of etiquette was almost a crime, the mistake bothered me. How silly to have said "good-bye"!

Next morning Miss D— did not come on duty. A cold-visaged stranger took her place with the information, "Miss D— is not well. No! It is nothing serious, just a cold. She will be back on duty in a short time."

Two days passed. I longed for my first nurse. The hard-faced blonde was short-tempered, and not much enthused over her work. "How is Miss D—?" I asked wistfully.

"Much better."

From under my pillow I extracted a black wire hairpin. It had belonged to Miss D—, and for that reason was a cherished object. Pressing it against my cheek, I gave myself over to thought of her. I hoped she was getting well.

Then an odd feeling possessed my body, penetrated my very being. I was tingling all over, the physical atoms were radiating from the center of self instead of focusing upon it. I was going back to the beginning, the physical self was disintegrating.

That was the message of the hairpin, *disintegration!* The shock to me was terrific—Miss D— was dying.

In the night I was awakened by high screams. I listened, too numb and weak to be frightened. "Beautiful screams," I thought. "That girl must possess a lovely singing voice."

Then filtering into the room by degrees came the sound of exquisite chimes. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. There was a perceptible pause, then one, two, three, four, five strokes. Two or more groups of these five-seven rhythms had passed me before I realized they were drawing closer. Nearer

and nearer they came. Louder and louder swelled the marvelous melody. My room became a ringing, swinging carillon.

"They are angel chimes, angel chimes." Joy inexpressible, assurance of a future life swelled my heart.

As in a dream I saw, in an oblong above the bed, a low brick building. The colors glowed as though painted in oils. I beheld a tower on the left hand of the picture, covered with ivy. Knowledge of this place vibrated through me, "This is a convent, from which bells rang long ago." Even at the time of this writing I can truthfully say I have never seen the place. The bells continued ringing with undiminished sweetness long after the picture disappeared. I counted twenty-two groups of the seven-five rhythms.

A little Irish nurse came hurrying in. Everyone loved Mrs. C—. "I thought I heard you call!" she said in alarmed accents.

"No, I didn't call. But oh, Mrs. C—, if you had come sooner you too would have heard the silver chimes that filled the room. They were calling either the girl who screamed, or me. One of us will go."

Quickly she turned on the light. I noted the hour, twelve-thirty.

Although a Protestant, unfamiliar with, I might even say abysmally ignorant of, Catholic belief and ritual at that time, I related the experience to the chaplain.

"That is a coincidence," he remarked. "Matins are said at that hour and the rhythm of the bells is not unlike the prayers." He recited one in Latin.

On the afternoon of the second day after the bell episode, I sat up in bed as though moved by an invisible power. "Miss D— is all right now!" I announced aloud. The nurse was so startled, professional secrecy was forgotten. "Miss D— is *dead!*" she cried.

"My heart told me so," I replied. But she looked at me curiously, believing some of the staff had broken faith.

A sister of the order who was at my bedside a great deal completed the story.

"You heard the chimes a little after midnight," she reflected. "Miss D—, hours later, in a moment of consciousness, pointed to the picture of Saint Therese on her dressing table and said, 'Saint Therese has told me I must die, not now but soon.'"

She died the second day thereafter, of typhoid fever.

Weeks later, when convalescent, I was sitting in the solarium reading a book my mother had brought me from the public library. It was an interesting story of the author's journey through Spain. What was my surprise to come across the lines quoted below, the only lines of the kind in the book. The scene was a convent in Spain where the famous Therese de Cepeda, known to the world as Saint Therese, died in 1582.

"While dying Saint Therese heard her death bells.

"What is that?" she asked of her attendants.

"Those are for matins," they told her soothingly.

"I will say them in Heaven," she answered. Those were her last words."

For a few minutes I was so overcome at the discovery of the passage that the chimes which before had been a delightful reality to recall, became linked with the unreality of past ages. The entire experience was uncanny, yet I was thankful for it.

I know nothing of Miss D—'s history, her beliefs, other than that she was a good Catholic. But I hope the news of her approaching end came as it did to me that memorable night, for the chimes were harbingers of hope and life eternal.

Death was robbed of its fearfulness in that melodious summons.

THE MYSTERIOUS NIGHT NURSE

I HAD been a patient in the Saint Francis Hospital in Santa Barbara for three months, during which period I made the acquaintance of most of the nursing staff. One nurse was a particular favorite. Miss H— possessed a whimsical smile, ready wit, besides being extremely capable.

I was removed to the desert town of Banning where I lived in a tent-house, one of a forlorn colony. Cold, dreary, depressing, a place in which the realities of life and death were plainly etched. Certainly not the surroundings one would select for phe-

nomenal manifestations of a pleasant order.

Haunted by a premonition of evil tidings, I gave way to tears, crying for two days and nights. In vain the physician tried to quiet me. I explained that I expected a telegram from Santa Barbara conveying ill news of some member of my family.

The third day I saw, materialized as plainly as a painted miniature, a scene in the hospital I had left. A sister, whom I recognized as one who had charge of the second floor, stood by a bed. Near her was the chaplain, and also a doctor unknown to me. Fear for my mother was dominant. The tiny scene faded, the thing I most wanted to know was unrevealed.

Then, that night I was awakened from profound slumber by the rustling of starched skirts. It was brilliant moonlight, almost bright as day. Peering through the screening, I tried to identify the oncoming visitor.

As I sat up in bed expectantly, the doorknob turned, the door swung open. In the illumined square was framed an immaculate, decisive figure. I recognized her instantly. It was Miss H—. Approaching the bed, she laid her left hand on my feet, smiling pleasantly the while. Her eyes gazed meaningly into mine. "Frances!" I implored, "What do you want?" Without reply she turned her back. Walking with a great swishing of skirts to the entrance, she grasped the handle of the door and slammed it behind her with such violence that it shook the entire structure.

Switching on the light, I noted the fact that it was two-twenty A. M.

"Whatever the trouble, it is past now," I happily assured my physician the next day.

Relatives arrived on a visit, telling me that my step-father had met with a serious accident. Taken to the Saint Francis Hospital, he was for a while expected to succumb. He was attended by the people seen in my vision, being on the floor in charge of the sister who was shown me. Some discussion had taken place as to whether a telegram should be sent me or not. They decided against it, fearing the shock would be dangerous, in my condition.

Returning to the institution a few weeks later, I detailed my experience to Miss H—.

"That is strange! Do you know, I was transferred to night duty after your departure. I nursed your step-father three days before being made aware of his relation to you. I came on duty at two in the morning."

Then, with typical Irish wit she added, "Why didn't you call, 'Frances, come back and shut the door properly!'"

THE SCARLET SLIPPER

ANOTHER experience which impressed me deeply came to me. A girl I thought much of (for, never having had brothers or sisters, I constantly tried to fill the void with intimate friends), was staying with us for the weekend. She was the daughter of a minister. Her beauty, quiet reserve and musical and social accomplishments made Edith a charming companion. Her taste was literary. Her love for children and all small helpless things was an appealing characteristic to those who knew her.

"Oh, tell me, what is going to happen?" she teased, gaily tossing a pink and blue silk garter in my lap. I took it up laughingly. Instantly the scene changed. I was in a place of mist and cold. Everything was so hopeless! I walked through it, stumbling over small rocks, to some vague destination. Through the fog wreaths I discerned a pyramid of carefully arranged stones. It was about four feet in height, and perched on the apex of this queer object was a tiny high-heeled slipper.

Anguish and dread filled my heart for this girl so like a sister to me. "Edith!" I cried. "Be careful of the company you keep for one year. Oh, be careful, or soon you will wear . . . the scarlet slipper."

Seizing the garter from me, she exclaimed, "You are too good!" and ran from the room.

Edith obeyed my behest for six months. Then, persuaded that she could be of assistance to a girl of ill repute, she consented to accompany her on a business errand. Through this girl she met on that trip a young man who proved to be an unhealthy influence. Before the year was out Edith attempted suicide by shooting, and at the same time shot and accidentally killed him.

Was not the vision correct? I have pondered it since. I knew the meaning of the scarlet slipper, or at least inferred it was an ill omen, but not until after the tragedy did I realize the pyramidal heap of stones was a *cairn*—the mark of a grave.

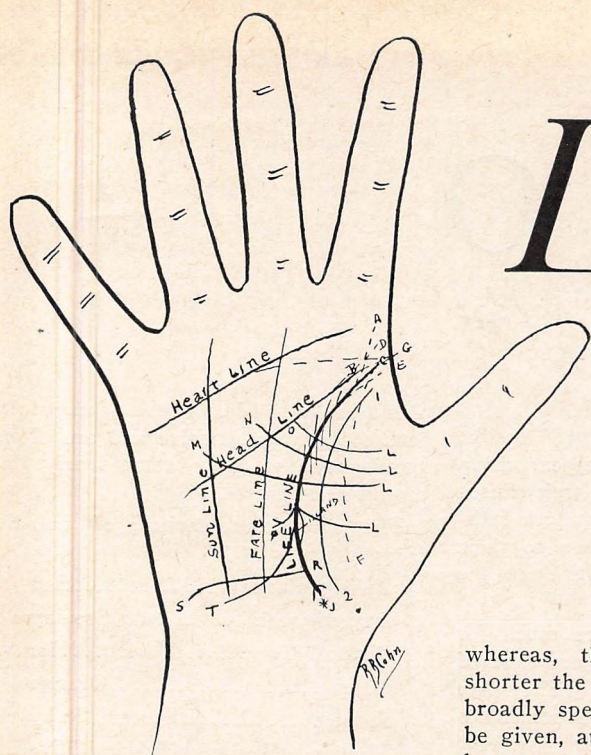
I do not consider the prophecy supernatural in the way the word is generally used. It was not telepathy, for the actors in the drama did not know each other, but simply the exercise of a faculty we share in common—the gift of prevision.

The Line of Life

*Study Your Hand
Learn to Make the Most
of Your Talents*

By ALICE DENTON JENNINGS

Illustrated by ROSE COHN



A. Life Line beginning from Jupiter
C. Closely connected with Head Line
1-2. Sister line
L-O. Worry line to Head
L-N. Worry line to Fate
L-M. Worry line to Sun

THE Line of Life is that line which rises from beneath the Mount of Jupiter and encircles the ball of the thumb. In most cases it ends under the Mount of Venus at the base of the hand. (See plate.)

This line indicates the general course of one's life, his physical strength and vitality, and shows whether the trend of his life is upward or downward. It also reveals the time when the zenith of one's powers is reached and confirms important indications found in other parts of the hand.

The perfect Line of Life is one which is long, handsome, well shaped, free from blemishes, well colored, and completely encircles the Mount of Venus. Such a line foretells a good character, robust health and a well balanced organism. The Line of Life is subject to many variations, but in very few cases is it entirely absent. Where it appears to be absent, there will nearly always be found a remnant showing that life in some form has existed. In such a case the person will have to husband his strength and avoid excitement of all kinds. A big thumb and a good Line of Head often overcome this condition, prolonging life through determination and will power far past the natural ending of the life as indicated by the Line of Life.

In general, the longer the Line of Life, the longer the life of the subject,

whereas, the shorter the line, the shorter the life of the subject. While, broadly speaking, these meanings may be given, at the same time experience has proven that the line is subject to considerable variation, and if taken absolutely as stated above, may lead to error.

The character of the Line of Life is most important. The line that is deep and well cut indicates health, ardor, self-confidence, and energy. The narrow, thin line indicates less vitality and robustness and a decreased resistance to illness. The thin line does not necessarily show that one is sickly, but it does indicate that he cannot endure as much exposure or resist disease as effectually as one with a deep line. One with a thin line ought therefore to be careful never to go beyond his strength.

The broad, shallow Line of Life indicates an utter lack of vitality. Those with such a line have weak constitutions, have no endurance, no confidence in themselves. From this kind of a line we get the chronic complainers—those who never feel well. They do not often achieve great success, for they lack aggressiveness and the strength to breast the tide of competition.

The Line of Life that is broken in the beginning indicates a sickly infancy. Where the line is formed like a chain, this indicates a sickly existence and a poor state of health during the period covered by the chain. Where the Line of Life is unequal in shape throughout its length, it indicates a character capricious and uncertain. Where broken into small spaces, the indications are that one is delicate and subject to frequent illnesses throughout life.

Color plays an important part in the interpretation of the Line of Life. White diminishes the strength of the deep, well cut line. Red adds ardor and intensity as well as a liability to febrile diseases. Blue indicates poor circulation and sometimes heart weakness. Yellow indicates inertia as well as weakness and pettiness. Pink is the best color for the Line of Life.

Always observe the proportion of the Line of Life to the other lines. If the Line of Life be deep and the other lines thin or shallow, one will go through life with less worry and fewer indications of nervousness. If the Line of Life be thin and the other lines of the hand deep and well cut, one will be apprehensive of coming evils, will be continually overstrained and his health will suffer accordingly.

When the Line of Life starts from Jupiter instead of the side of the hand, it indicates that ambition has guided the life from the beginning. When the Line of Life is closely connected with the Line of the Head, the head rules and the life is guided by reason. One will be extremely sensitive about everything which affects himself, and more or less cautious in enterprises for himself. (See plate A-C.)

If there is a medium-sized space between the Line of Life and the Line of Head, one is more free to carry out his plans and ideas. This is the marking found in the hands of many successful business men. (See plate D-C.) Where this spacing is too wide, hasty and ill-advised action is indicated. (Plate D-E.)

When the Line of Life, Head and Heart are joined together in the beginning, it is an unfortunate sign, as one will be inclined to rush blindly into dangers of any sort, not only per-

(Continued on page 43)

The Lion

Were You Born Between
July 22 and August 22?

Leo

By J. EDMOND RYAN

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LEO is the middle sign of the fire triplicity. It is ruled by the Sun, and its subjects are naturally kind-hearted, generous and sympathetic.

The higher types of Leo people are very magnetic, with remarkable conversational powers, including the gift of repartee. As a rule they are fearless, which quality, added to their strong will power, equips them for leadership in many paths of life. They are intuitive and have lofty ideals to which they cling tenaciously. Their emotional natures are very deep and they form very strong attachments to those they love.

Leo women are good home-makers and usually excellent cooks. They are especially affectionate and become very unhappy when their mates fail to show them daily attentions. They are exceedingly wise in their management of their children, but will brook no criticism of them by others, and will allow no one to hurt or reprove them. These women demand the same consideration for those of their family that is given to themselves and will not stand for their dear ones being slighted or abused.

Leo people are generally of commanding stature and have strong, wiry bodies, broad shoulders, large heads, light or ruddy complexions, with large, beautiful eyes, and strong, deep voices. But they are often not as strong as they look, although they could avoid many ills by paying strict attention to the laws of health and hygiene.

It is very important that Leo people learn to control their impulses and curb their hot tempers. They must cultivate patience and tolerance and avoid jumping at conclusions too much. Let them also be on guard against all excesses that will deplete their systems, and especially those which put any undue strain on the heart. They are inclined to be very passionate, and must learn to direct their energies into the channels of music, art, and the drama, for they have so much that is beautiful within their own natures that can be developed.

Natives of Leo are somewhat fond of ostentation. They greatly dislike cheapness in others or to appear cheap themselves in public, which trait causes them to pay many a dinner check rather than have attention drawn to their party because of quibbling over the amount.

Leo persons do not care much for the details of work. They are fond of amusements and comforts. They like to take their ease and are sometimes lazy. If they would climb to high places in life, they must develop their natural capabilities and learn not to scatter their forces.

Generally Leo people succeed best when they can have command of some enterprise or are placed in a position of authority, for they are very independent and resent being commanded by others.

Mental labor suits Leo people better than manual labor, and many good lawyers, judges, brokers, public speakers, actors, ministers and politicians come from their sign. They also make good chemists and both Leo men and women seem to have a natural aptitude for cooking, or catering. They usually do well in the amusement field, or in managing hotels, places of amusement, resorts, restaurants, etc.

When thinking of marriage, Leo people should exercise the greatest care in the choice of their mate. They will find their best marriage partner in Sagittarius (November 22 to December 21), and Aries (March 21 to April 19), although for an accurate judgment of harmony in marriage, the birth charts of the two parties should be compared. Leo people should take especial care not to marry below themselves socially or intellectually.

The parents or guardians of Leo children must be on guard against doing anything which will give them an example of duplicity or inconstancy, for they are very keen of perception. Leo children need to be trained to be honest and sincere, and a strong but gentle rule should be exercised over them or they are likely to develop traits which will prove disastrous to

them in later life. These young folk tend to be very sensitive and are often passionate, so they must early be taught self-control.

The chief characteristic of Leo is compassion.

Ruling planet	Sun
Day of week	Sunday
Musical Tone	Re
Color	Orange
Stone	Diamond, Ruby
Flower ..	Marigold, Peony, Olive

Other Signs With Leo Rising

Persons born with Leo rising on the eastern horizon at birth are capable of attaining high positions through their own merits. Also, if the Sun is not seriously afflicted at their birth, they receive favors from those in authority. The Leo ascendant adds pride and frankness to their natures. They will be masterful and at times somewhat presumptuous. Many of their virtues and faults will be similar to those of the Leo native as given in the above reading.

Losses are likely through servants and inferiors, ill health or family troubles. Gain may come through food, clothing and other commodities. Dealings with neighbors or relatives, especially brothers and sisters, should be harmonious. The early home conditions are not always of the best, however, and the father may die while the native is young, or be the cause of strife.

If an inheritance should come, it is likely to be accompanied by legal disputes. Troubles may arise on long voyages or in foreign countries. Accidents while traveling should be guarded against.

There may be numerous children, but the oldest may be lost in early life. More than one marriage is likely and there will probably be children by both mates.

The usual illnesses are heart affections, spinal complaints, rheumatism and chronic ailments of the bones and blood. The wife or husband may suffer from long standing complaints.

Method of Teaching Mental Telepathy

By D. W. STARRETT

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IT is but fair to state that all known natural laws have been preceded by occult vibrations giving hints of hidden things that later disclosed them to the world. There is the old saying, events cast their shadows before. The truth of this saying is somewhat confirmed by reasoning in this wise: There is only one force in the universe, speaking ultimately; this force fills all space completely; it is all-intelligence; and it is everywhere all of the time. Nearly all Christians accept this reasoning as basic fact. They variously name this force God, the Absolute, the Infinite, the One, Divine Presence, and so on.

The fact that this Force is all-intelligence, and that it is everywhere all of the time, has led many to the belief that nothing *is to be*, but that everything *is*. Since commercial radio has become so prominent all over the earth, man has found that all impressions are universal. Man reasons that if all vibrations of the human voice in music and otherwise are universal, all vibrations must be universal. If all knowledge is everywhere and man has a human mechanism with which to pick up these vibrations, then mental telepathy is not so abstruse a science as many people think.

Mental telepathy does not necessarily mean conscious audible communications when one is far from another. It means, as the name implies, inaudible mental communications between persons.

Audibility, from the highest to the lowest sound wave-lengths, means sound produced by forcing air between the vocal cords. These audible vibrations pass outward in all directions with a velocity of 1,100 feet per second.

Inaudible vibrations are never produced by the vocal cords. They are set up by the thyroid glands, which organs are located about one and one-half inches below the vocal cords. One finds proof of this statement by considering what science has demonstrated, namely, that to be intelligent one must have a code by which he

can communicate with another. One may lose the vocal cords and still be intelligent because one has not lost one's mechanism for producing a code; but if the thyroid glands and their accessories are completely extirpated, cretinism or idiocy will develop. But this fact would not be convincing proof to many if other evidence were not at hand. For instance, speak a word, say "good," in an audible tone and continue to repeat it in a lower and lower key until it becomes the lowest possible to make by thinking it, through the use of the vocal cords, and when this point is reached, hold the breath completely but continue to repeat the word. One will be surprised to know that the word has been pronounced all the time by an organ in the throat other than the vocal cords. Next, consider what has been written, that one must have a code with which to prove one's intelligence, yet though he retains the vocal cords in perfect order, if he loses the thyroid glands and their accessories, he will surely become non-intelligent. This is the instrument used in mental telepathy, and the fact scientifically accounts for one's being more powerful when thinking inaudibly than audibly. The writer made this great discovery in 1915.*

Man has been taught through the ages that one must understand all vibrations through human audibility of sounds; that consciousness alone depends upon audible thinking, which is probably true at the present time. But the fact is that one may become more conscious through inaudible thinking than through the use of audible sounds. To prove this, hold the breath as long as possible and consider an abstruse problem while doing so, and for contrast consider the same problem while breathing. With very little practice, you will be convinced. The reason for this fact is that the inaudible waves are of shorter wave-lengths, and the science of radio teaches that such waves are the more powerful.

All impressions must come in from the outside world and cosmos. They are known as afferent waves. The outgoing vibrations are known as efferent waves. One can never think or set up an original impression. Human beings are like Aeolian harps, they are always played upon by the vibrations that sweep through them from the cosmos. The only difference between the two lies in the fact that the human machine, through its little intelligent cells, has the power to shut off this cosmic inflow at will.

One has one's being surrounded by all impressions. They impinge upon the great sympathetic nervous system that acts as a wireless antenna. The vibrations pass through the solar plexus, thence through the cerebellum, which organ is comparable to a telephone station, thence to one or all of the three departments, seeing, hearing, and sensory, thence to the forebrain if they are to be reasoned about, thence through Broca's area, down to the thyroid glands. If they are to be amplified, they pass to the vocal cords. Thus one may readily grasp the fact that the present radio mechanism is merely a duplication of that which human beings possess with so little appreciation and which has been presented to them straight from the hands of the Infinite.

To teach mental telepathy under the writer's system, one must realize that it means to communicate directly with the cells of one or all of the three departments of the brain mentioned. In this work one must remember that in audible communications, the cells in the forebrain have to draw all information from these three departments. In the work of silent communications with these departments, the forebrain reasons about those communications in the same manner that it would were one doing so audibly. From this scientific knowledge one may fully realize that the silent communications are exactly the same as the sound or audible ones. In this regard, when one realizes the stupendous amount of rea-

*See page 115, "The Last Lap," by D. W. Starrett, published by Sherman, French & Co.

soning carried on in the construction of one's body, the statement will seem quite mild.

Nearly everyone knows that he can speak to a hypnotized person and receive reasonable answers. But the present system in its entirety is much more simple than merely speaking to another's cells of the departments mentioned. There are two methods of accomplishing this work. The first is to speak to another's cells of these departments, which vibrations are but the afferent flow to them. They always respond, under law, with a return vibration, known as the efferent flow. They can refuse to return an answer, just as one always has to listen when spoken to, yet may refuse to answer.

The second method is to realize fully, meaning consciously, that all knowledge as soon as it is vibrated forth, becomes public property. It does not matter whether this knowledge is mental or objective, it all passes to all spaces of the earth, within it and without it, under the guise of wave-lengths. Thus to secure anything that has been broadcast by anyone, audibly or inaudibly, from any point of the earth, one merely has to speak to the cells of one's three departments, one or all of them, not considering how far away the wave may have come with the knowledge. There are eight senses, according to William Hanna Thompson (see his "Brain and Personality"), as follows: Taste, touch, and odor in the general sensory area, seeing words and objects in the seeing area, and hearing words, music and objects in the hearing area. As already said, one should become conscious of these areas, so that when picking up the wave-lengths already broadcast, if it is in the seeing-words area, one should know where that is and speak consciously to those cells, demanding that they send through that knowledge to the forebrain. In this method, it is plain that the other party no longer has control of the wave-lengths of which he is the author.

But where the wave-lengths have not yet been broadcast, one depends upon the law of the afferent flow to force an answer from another's brain departments. It is plain to be seen that if one can make a request of another and receive an answer at once, any and all conversations may be carried on with another, no matter how far distant.

On the 29th of January, 1929, in Oakland, California, at 9:30 A. M., the writer received a telephone call from a lady who was eight miles away, asking him to communicate with her son, who had had an operation in the Lexington Hospital, New York City, to find out how he was getting along. It

is obvious that the condition was already common property, meaning that the impressions of it were everywhere, hence in the writer's brain. His object-seeing cells returned to the cells of the forebrain, that he was doing well, that the operation was a success, as far as

Nature's Mystic Charm

By FREDERICK H. ACKEMANN

Hast ever been inspired with awe
By Nature's mystic charm,
The fury of her elements,
The glory of her calm?

Didst ever hear a bubbling brook,
Didst hear a roaring sea,
A howling wind or thunderclap,
And felt God spoke to thee?

Didst ever come, within some woods,
Upon a bubbling spring
Whose bubbling, rhythmic flow bade thee
To pause and hear it sing?

Didst stand in silence for awhile,
Didst ponder, and ere long
Within the silence of thy soul,
Didst hear its glorious song?

Didst hear it sing the fullness of
Life's grand eternal scope,
Sing of life's blessed goal for man,
A wondrous song of Hope?

Didst feel enraptured by its charm,
As if on wings of thought
Wert borne thru all the Universe,
Wert shown how all is wrought?

Wert shown that one great Law of
laws,
Immutable, sublime,
In righteousness doth govern all
Thruout e'erlasting time?

Didst feel as one in ecstasy,
Freed from thy mortal clod,
Feel that thou listened to the voice
Of the eternal God?

Feel since creation's dawn began,
Thruout e'erlasting time,
That Nature is God manifest—
Is the grand truth sublime?

could be determined then. Next the writer asked the cells of the general sensory department of the boy how he felt. This answer had to come from that particular area, because it was

purely a certain class of sensations that were requested. Almost instantly the answer came, "I am feeling fine, but tired." In a few minutes thereafter, a wire came from the boy stating the above facts in almost the same language. Probably the boy had been thinking of wiring when the sensory cells were receiving the wave-lengths from the writer. This made it easier to have a correct response.

The writer performs work of this kind every day. To teach this work one must explain the brain anatomy, then the more subtle part follows surely.

Sound vibrations of the audible type never pass through the brain. It is obvious that the telephone is an exact duplicate of the human mechanism. In the telephone the sounds only strike the comparatively thick steel disc. The indentions that they set up pass through the wires and the vibrating diaphragm of the ear-piece duplicates the silent indentions by sound vibrations. One may only receive the answer by these methods as seeing or sensory impressions.

For instance, say the word "good" and listen to its return carefully, and you will realize that the sound returns like an echo. Next think the same word and with a little practice you will realize that the wave-lengths only bring seeing and sensory impressions.

It takes some months to teach one so that he will know for a certainty that the principle is correct. Then it is merely a matter of practice, practice, to gain confidence that the correct answer is received.

Even in everyday thinking, one very often receives the wrong answer to some problem. The correctness of the answer had to come from the cells of the three brain departments, depending upon the nature of the problem. If the brain becomes diseased, these cells become very inefficient. When this condition increases to too great an extent, one is said to be insane.

We may realize fully the almost divine intelligence of the cells in the three brain departments by the fact that it is they, without measuring rods or rules or books, which construct the most wonderful mechanism known to man—the human machine.

Who taught these cells this lost art? We may only answer, "The Infinite." Blind Tom, the idiot Negro musician, could play the most difficult music ever written, after he had once the afferent flow of it. Think of the years it took the old masters to do what was here done without a teacher.

It was Christ who demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that audible human life had superseded the real *human life*. And this problem is one that deserves our serious study.

A Child of Fate

The Story of a Vision and Its Fulfillment

By MARION McAVOY

(Continued from July Issue)

WITH the light of undying love in her eyes, Martha spoke reassuringly:

"Tom dear, I am not going away. I have had the most beautiful visit—a dream I suppose. Do you recall the manuscript we read on the Atlantic and have never mentioned since, because you wished it so? I have seen that great princess, 'Singing Voice,' and she bade me live. Our life together is not done. Dear husband, do as your father would have done—communicate with your spiritual leader.

"Go out where nature meant you to go, to receive counsel and help. God made a place for man to meet Him. Under the great spreading trees is just such a place. Go, and we will abide by your spiritual inspiration."

Tom was loath to leave her, fearing that she might slip away from him.

"No, darling, go. I will sleep. When the sun colors the west I will receive the same colors in my veins. Let me sleep and feel the peace that God alone can send me."

With bowed head Tom walked out under the trees. They were swayed by a gentle gulf breeze and nuts fell about him, all unheeded. When the dawn was purpling the east and the sun was pushing her rays ahead of her to light the sky, Tom Smith was startled by a strange sound. Halting in his melancholy walk, he perceived that he was not alone, yet was unable to discern the person he felt must be near him.

"Why feel that the Great Spirit has deserted you? Can you not feel the presence of Him who has been the guardian of your people always? Your mission on earth is not done. Take your family and go to the table-lands. There you will find health, wealth and happiness—and there the vision which I gave to your sires in the Tennessee Hills will be lived by you and yours.

"Go now, and be undismayed, for I am watching over you."

A feeling of great loss came to Tom Smith as the apparition passed away from him. He felt as though some-

thing that he should have said had been left unsaid. So deeply did he feel this that for the first time in his life he knelt and humbly asked God to guide him. And he abided by the feeling he received in answer to his prayer.

* * *

IN a few years after Tom Smith had settled in the "panhandle" section of Texas, life was so much changed for him that he often paused to wonder if he were deserving of it all.

His prosperity was the marvel of his neighbors, but that did not make him as happy as the presence of his bride of twenty years riding with him over the pastures, the color once more in

in the house, but poor Tom could only sit by Martha and plead with the Great Spirit to spare her this one more time.

At last Tom held a baby daughter in his arms, and he knew she was the child that Ardelle of the Tennessee Hills had told them about.

When the precious little body had been placed by the mother's side and night had come with rest to all but Tom Smith, he mounted his horse and rode far away to be alone with the Great Spirit. He dared not talk with Martha until he had done that.

"Martha darling, we will name her Ardelle, but we must never let her know about that manuscript. I could not bear her becoming a public singer, as they are now. She is too precious to us. She must never know."

From the day of Ardelle's birth Martha never once mentioned the manuscript. No one knew of it but those two in all the Southland.

When Ardelle was two years old there was a gathering at the Smith ranch for a grand Thanksgiving feast and dance.

The nurse missed Ardelle, and thinking she was with her father, went to his office. Tom helped in the search. Finally Ardelle was found standing by the old colored violinist, helping him sing "Listen to the Mocking Bird."

Tom Smith had not known that his "Baby" could sing. He turned pale and hastily took her to her mother, saying: "Never let Ardelle go into the ballroom again. She was singing with old Jube."

When Ardelle was twelve, a governess who was very musical came to the ranch, and soon Ardelle was singing and playing for all her friends. At twilight she would climb to the top of the highest fencepost, or to a shed roof and sing to the cowboys and any children who might be around. She could mimic all the wild birds and animals of the plains. She rode horseback with her brothers at every opportunity, but never let it interfere with her music lessons.

When she was fourteen, she begged her father to let her dance with the



ARDELLE

her cheeks, her voice often heard again in song.

Their home was the social center of all the ranch people for miles around. Tom was so proud of the gracious manner which distinguished his young wife.

Yet there came a time when his heart was torn anew by anxiety, for Martha's life again hung in the balance.

A physician and a trained nurse were

"grownups." She said, "See, I am as tall as Mother. Please, Daddy Dear, let me, just this once."

"When you have had proper dancing lessons," Tom replied, "you may dance with the grown people, if you like, but not until then, Baby Dear." At this, Ardelle gave a peal of laughter and began doing some intricate dance steps which her governess had taught her. Tom Smith was too bewildered to say a word. "Now, Daddy Dear, I can dance tonight, may I not, please?"

In a few months the governess was replaced by one who did not know any music. Ardelle did not complain. She did her home duties, rode with her brothers, but did not smile, and she never sang any more at twilight. The old cowboys pleaded with her all in vain. She said singing hurt her throat.

When she was fifteen, her older brother did what not many of the family or friends ever attempted to do—advise Tom Smith. Taking his mother with him, he went to his father's office. "Dad, I found Ardelle sitting on the ground on the banks of the Paladuro today, holding a nest of young mocking birds in her hand and singing to them and crying by turns. The parent birds seemed to know her. They were not frightened, for the father bird was singing lustily.

"When I spoke to her she said she had been coming there each day since the eggs were laid, to sing to the mother to cheer her up. 'For she can raise her babies to sing and not be blamed for it by anyone,' was the way Ardelle explained it to me.

"I know you do not approve of her singing, but I do not approve of her looking as she looks now. If she wants to sing, let her sing. It will not go to her head—Ardelle is not like other girls and will always be able to walk alone. Mr. Goodnight spoke to me about it the other day and asked why Ardelle never came to sit on his old pet buffalo and sing to him any more. I cannot come home again and see her suffering this way." And with that, the boy left his father's office.

Martha sat in silence, for she knew the battle Tom was fighting. She knew that the chastity of its women had been the family pride—even more than the integrity of the men. But her heart cried out for the life of her child that was slowly ebbing away because she was denied the thing that was life to her.

"Tom dear, we have been so happy. Such a blessing does not come to many people as our Baby has been to us. God has been so good to us, can we not trust him to guide her aright? Come, dear, do we not owe it to Him to carry out the plans of Ardelle's

vision as they were given to her in the far away Tennessee Hills?"

"My dear wife, it is late. Go to bed, and when the sun has risen I will be with you. Then I will tell you what I can do. Baby is more than my own life to me, but I cannot be sure of the future for her if she follows her desires."

Ardelle resumed her music lessons, but in an entirely different spirit. There was no more play—it was serious study with her. In a year she was the leading spirit in all musical affairs.

When she was sixteen the family attended the Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans. It was while they were there that Ardelle met a young man so different from all she had seen that the family felt sure Ardelle was not teasing as she had been before. This young man had been left an orphan at fourteen and had educated himself. He first taught school for four years and was now taking postgraduate work after which he would go west to teach again.

Tom Smith felt that if Ardelle loved Leslie as she thought she did, all worry of a career for her would be over with, and that the fate he so dreaded would be avoided. But fate is stronger than any force of life, as Tom found out in the April of 1917.

Ardelle and Leslie had been married just two months when the call to arms came and Leslie answered. Ardelle joined the Red Cross, which sent her to San Antonio for training and to await orders.

Leslie and her brother were at Camp Stanley nearby. Soon Ardelle was sent to the entertainment committee under the supervision of the musical genius D. D. Nye—son of the famous Bill Nye.

Dressed in her Indian costume, Ardelle sang Indian songs, as well as Negro melodies for the boys from Dixie. One day someone remarked that it was the biggest audience they had ever had. Ardelle replied, "But I want to sing to all of my friends at once. I feel that I must perfect my voice until it will reach all of them. That sounds like bragging—does it not?—but it must be possible some way, for the thought keeps coming to me, 'Be ready, be ready, your hour is coming.' You see, I am one-eighth Cherokee and I see life a little differently from most folks."

* * *

WHEN the joyous sound of the Armistice rang across the world, Ardelle and Leslie and her brother came home. But Leslie and Ardelle stayed there only a few days, going on to Arizona. Leslie found work in a village near Prescott and

bought a small farm to work off the discontent that had come over him in the army, so he said, when he was not teaching school.

It was there that Laddie Boy came to make their lives more complete. One day when the garden was at its best, Ardelle went out to husk corn, wheeling Laddie Boy in his buggy out with her.

Some tourists saw the place and stopped to buy food for their camp. Ardelle was not aware of their presence, so busy was she singing "Boys Coming Marching Home" to Laddie Boy as she husked the corn. Her unseen audience listened until she had sung a Negro melody, then made themselves known to her.

When they had finished buying their vegetables and berries, the man in the party spoke the thought nearest his heart.

"Please pardon me, but I heard you singing as we came up, and to be truthful, we listened to three of the songs you sang to your baby. Have you had voice training?"

Ardelle's eyes took on a far away expression, but the words just tumbled from her lips.

"Yes, I have had training at different times most of my life, but not so intensely as when I was with D. D. Nye in Camp Stanley during the war. I have always wanted to do more work along that line, but my father objects bitterly. Dad is the best man in the world to his family, but he cannot consent to my singing except to my friends, and of course I want to sing to the world."

The man gave her his card and told her that he was to be in Tucson for some time at the University of Arizona, also that he had a former voice pupil living in Prescott, Mrs. Luella Martin.

"Mrs. Martin is my benefactor. How she has helped me, I alone know. She says I must not slip back, that I have work laid out for me, and I hope so.

"My husband is principal of the school up the highway there and likes living here. He is well, but not as well as he was before he went to war. So we are content for the time being."

Ardelle kept up her daily voice exercises and sang to Laddie Boy and at the neighborhood entertainments at the schoolhouse. Then Mrs. Martin invited her to sing before the Woman's Club in Prescott, dressed in her Indian costume.

Not long after this Ardelle was beginning to wish that life held a little more of her desires for her just then. That wish was almost gratified, for

(Continued on page 32)

SOUL MATES

Now to follow our friend Jo-oh-n of Earth, accompanied by his beloved Dee-a-a, on still more thrilling adventures in a higher world as the guest of the great Ala-aa-e-e, supreme lord of Solaris.

By GEORGE PAUL BAUER

HERE was a universe of universes of electrons and atoms, of a million colors, shades and tints—a billion trillion gyrating, oscillating, sparkling diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds in a mad carnival of motion.

With inconceivable velocity this titanic fountain of energy shot upward in an endless stream, hurled by the unthinkable inner forces of the great solar world—up—up—a hundred thousand miles into interplanetary space, until the mind ceased to function in contemplation of a miracle, and the senses reeled.

Suddenly I felt the steady, firm hand of Dee-a-a upon my arm.

She motioned toward the wonder before us. "It is one of the many great ducts of life force which supply your planet and the other seven, and without which nothing could grow nor live on any of them. Thus Solaris, our father-mother world, supplies the substance of life to its satellites, like a mother in your world nurses her babies. Is it not beautiful?"

In silent awe I nodded; lost in contemplation of this additional marvelous manifestation of the Great Creative Intelligence.

"But come, beloved!" Dee-a-a cried gaily. "Let us have our pleasure!" With that she took me by the hand, and led me to the extreme edge of the abyss in front of us.

Alarmed, I drew back, and gazed at her. "What are we going to do, Dee-a-a?"

With an almost negligent gesture she waved her hand at the column of roaring brilliance. "We are going to jump down into it, and allow ourselves to be carried up into space. It is wonderfully exciting!"

Aghast, I stared into her shining azure eyes, fearing that she had suddenly become insane.

"But it is fire—!" I cried. "We shall be burned to—!" And then I stopped. For suddenly a most inexplicable fact had presented itself to my consciousness:

Despite the circumstance that Dee-a-a and I were standing in close proximity to the stupendous, radiant col-

umn of energy, yet I suddenly realized that *there was not the slightest heat!*

My charming companion laughed with amused tolerance. "Of course you do not feel heat. It is not fire, but energy! There is no fire on Solaris such as you Earth men know. It is not necessary. But look yonder!"

And now, following her pointing finger with my gaze, I noted for the first time that we were not alone. For at some distance at either side of us the sport lovers of Solaris were having a wonderful time of it. Jumping into the great fountain of energy in pairs, they allowed themselves to be carried upward to great heights, almost immediately descending again through their volitional force. And even through the deep basso roar of the great geyser their carefree laughter came to us.

Suddenly all fear left me. We jumped. . . .

And the next moment, tightly clasped in each others' arms so that Dee-a-a's vibrations should be transmitted to my body, we formed a pair of atoms, as it were, of that immeasurable, luminous fountain of polychromatic vibrant force.

Sublime ecstasy! Nothing else could describe adequately the intense delight, and rapture of the ensuing period of time. All the combined sensuous pleasures I had ever experienced on Earth were as a thousand times less than nothing, compared to the pure sublime happiness that was mine during that unforgettable trip into the unknown abysses of interstellar space, in the loving embrace of my beloved twin soul.

Up—up—and still higher we rose, hundreds of thousands of miles perhaps, at a speed which seemed that of light itself. Seemingly we were quite alone; for long since we had not glimpsed anyone else in our vicinity.

"We shall go to the limit," Dee-a-a said. "For I want to show you something very beautiful."

Suddenly, having arrived at its very tip, we leaped clear from the roaring fountain of energy; and, as if hurled from a catapult of limitless force, we continued our ascent to unthinkable heights.

"Look, beloved!" Dee-a-a was point-

ing downward.

A spontaneous cry of amazement and joyous admiration escaped me. For below us, spread out like a colossal golden-colored disc, lay Solaris, the wonderful, beautiful father-mother world in all its glory.

It was a sight never to be forgotten! In all directions from its rim, as from an unutterably vast pinwheel of white fire, it hurled forth into space the luminous, dazzlingly bright flames, and lances, and jagged and forked lightnings of its geysers and fountains of limitless energy, like titanic celestial fireworks of indescribable grandeur, magnificence, and beauty.

It was too grand, too exalted and sublime a spectacle for the soul of an Earth man to comprehend or grasp. I could only stare in awe-struck silence and worship. Then suddenly I became conscious of the fact that we seemed stationary in the great void.

But even as I wondered about this, Dee-a-a explained that each advanced Solarian was able to neutralize himself against the attractive force of Solaris to whatever degree was necessary for his purposes.

"But how is it that we can breathe out here, away from the atmosphere of Solaris?" I wondered.

"To understand that, you must first know that we Solarians do not breathe air, as you Earth men understand it. We breathe energy instead. We have neither air, nor water, nor fire, as you men on Earth know these elements. Energy in different forms supplants these things on Solaris."

She laughed amusedly, because no doubt my expression must have been anything but intelligent. "Do you not see, beloved," she continued, "the further the evolution of a world, the simpler are the conditions in it, and the less complex."

Dimly I grasped what she meant to convey. But the understanding of it made it seem even more wonderful.

"Let us now return," Dee-a-a suggested. "For I have still a great deal to show you, and we do not know when those who have sent you might call you back to Earth."

Of course I consented readily. And

even the thought of having to return from all this glorious condition to life on Earth was nauseating in extreme.

But the return trip we made direct, instead of by way of the geyser.

CHAPTER IX

We landed softly in front of an immense building of purple color, passed up a broad stair, and found ourselves in an immense lecture hall. The vast auditorium was shaped like a perfectly circular amphitheatre, with one small sector at the innermost side taken out, and formed into a sort of stage.

As we entered, three men, dressed in dazzling white garments, appeared upon the stage from a semicircular door at the back of it. Quickly Dee-a-a and I found seats, and gazed down at them. The dresses and bodies of the three appeared as if illuminated by an intense light within them. And ignorant of Solarian conditions as I was, I instinctively knew that those men were far above the ordinary Solarians about me.

Dee-a-a leaned toward me, and put her lips close to my ear. "We are fortunate!" she whispered exultingly. "One of those three illuminated ones, he in the middle, is about to leave Solaris for Zaa, the next higher world, the real home of Ala-aa-e-e."

The low murmur of the assembled thousands in the vast auditorium had now given place to a deathlike silence. All eyes were concentrated upon that youthful, shining centre figure upon the stage.

He faced the audience, swept out his hands in an all-embracing giving gesture, and addressed us.

"Farewell, Solarians!" his sonorous baritone-like voice rang out. "See to it that soon you may follow where I lead!—Farewell!"

A great harmonious cry from the vast assembly answered him. From somewhere out of the void above music began to sound, soft and sweet, with a joyous, lilting rhythm like the song of happy children.

The passing illuminated one now elevated his hands in a supplicating gesture, and gazed upward with an expression of expectant joy in every lineament of his noble, radiant features.

And then I stared in utter incredulous amazement. For right there before all of us he began to disappear bodily as if he were formed of vapor. His entire body seemed to become more brilliant, expanded rapidly, turned transparent, lost its outlines—and was gone from sight!

Unable to believe my own eyes, I rubbed them vigorously, and looked again. But I had not been mistaken. It had actually happened.

The other two illuminated ones were gazing upward, as if they were ob-

serving some wonderful sight, hidden from those about me.

"The best passing I ever witnessed!" I heard a very handsome Solarian close to me declare to his beautiful companion.

The music changed to a sort of grand march, and to its accompaniment the great assemblage sang a rousing song of godspeed to the passing one's honor.

"I will explain it all to you." Dee-a-a promised, understanding my puzzlement.

The singing had terminated. And now one of the two remaining illuminated ones addressed the audience:

"Word has been received from our beloved Lord Ala-aa-e-e, that all those qualified shall be permitted to witness the demonstrations of himself and the exalted eight. The usual sign shall be given."

He spread his hands over us in blessing. "Go! And may the Grand Spirit of the Universe be with you!"

The meeting was over. And as we were slowly passing out of the auditorium, Dee-a-a gave me the promised explanation about the passing of the illuminated one.

"As you perhaps already know," she began, "all bodies of any kind are held together, or adhere, by means of affinity or magnetism. But, whenever this adhesive force is withdrawn, the component particles of a body lose their affinity for each other, fly apart, and, the body is no more.

"For instance, at the incarnation of a soul the process is reversed, and a body is formed. Do you now understand, beloved?"

I nodded, still a trifle uncertain, however. "Then I am to understand that the passing illuminated one simply withdrew the adhesive force from his own Solarian body, and thereby caused it to resolve itself into its original natural substance?"

She smiled approvingly. "You have grasped the matter very well indeed, my Jo-oh-n."

"But there is a great deal more to explain," I insisted, as we were passing down the stairs of the auditorium. "What became of the one who passed, after he disappeared from our sight?"

"That also is very simple! He already had formed the finer body underneath the coarser one he discarded. That finer body is of a substance of such high motion that to ordinary vision it is invisible because of the velocity of its atoms. But you noticed that the other two illuminated ones were able to see him perfectly, because they have learned how to attune their vision to the higher vibration. It is as if an Earth man were to cover himself with a body of pure electricity. He would thereby become in-

visible to others."

"But how far does all this refining process go?" I asked, a trifle exasperated. "How many times does a soul incarnate?"

Dee-a-a laughed amusedly, and patted my arm. "Do not allow those matters to worry you, beloved! When the right period in your evolution arrives, you shall know. But as far as we know, the last actual incarnation occurs upon arrival on Solaris. Beyond that it is a matter of the advancing soul voluntarily assuming those coverings, or bodies, which are consistent with whatever conditions it passes into. As, for instance, in the case of him whose passing we have just now witnessed."

And with that I had to be content temporarily.

We were now in a vast circular space adorned with marvelous, brilliantly hued vegetation and tree forms, upon which fronted many public buildings.

But as we walked along, I stopped several times to watch the—to me—fascinating spectacle of "taking off" and landing of Solarian citizens of both sexes.

It was an ever amazing, miraculous sight to me.

One moment I saw them rise, then, with the speed of thought almost, they were gone.

And the landings were sometimes quite startling. As we sauntered through an avenue of splendid flower trees, a beautiful girl landed at my side with a suddenness that caused me to jump, almost upsetting Dee-a-a. The newcomer laughed mischievously like an innocent frolicsome schoolgirl, saluted both of us in the charming Solarian fashion, and tripped along rapidly ahead of us, glancing back several times with a merry smile.

The incident had amused Dee-a-a immensely. And she accepted my apology for my clumsiness with a forgiving caress.

"Where are we going now?" I questioned curiously.

She stopped and assumed a musing attitude. "Let me see, there is a meeting of choirs at the Central Hall of Music, a competition of orchestras at Symphony Temple, a dance at the Theatre of Art, a scientific lecture at—"

"Dee-a-a!" I interrupted her, scandalized. "You are surely jesting! A dance! Why—why—I did not dream there were such things on Solaris!"

Her radiant eyes of azure light were large with astonishment. "But, why not?"

Under the analytic scrutiny of her clear eyes I suddenly felt very foolish. "Because, because—" I stammered con-

fusedly, "I just cannot imagine anything so—so frivolous in this wonderful world!"

She laughed softly. "Frivolous!—dancing! Poor ignorant twin soul of mine! Do you not know that pure rhythmic dancing is merely one of the means of expressing the soul's emotions—its hopes, longings, aspirations and joys?"

Lovingly she put her arms about my body. "But come! We shall go to the Theatre of Arts, and you shall judge."

The Theatre of Arts was like an immense circus—a great flat arena of mirrorlike shining crystal, surrounded on all sides by thousands of terracelike continuous seats, with downlike upholstery.

The topmost seats were quite a distance and height away from the glittering stage. But Dee-a-a pointed out that it did not matter; since each Solarian was able to adjust the focus of his vision as required, and also his hearing. It was, therefore, immaterial where one sat. But for my convenience Dee-a-a selected seats fairly close to the stage.

When we had entered the theatre a performance was just being concluded. But another one was to begin immediately. Music sounded, a splendid overture that made it hard for one's feet to behave. Presently, from each one of the four arched doorways under the elevated first circle of seats, which were spaced at right angles to each other, there emerged simultaneously a double row of shining Solarians in pairs—each pair a handsome man and a very beautiful woman.

With arms about each other, maintaining a perfect line, the dancers advanced towards the center of the stage; their supple, symmetrically perfect bodies swaying with a rhythmic motion that was extremely pleasant to follow with the eyes. Like animated glittering jewels they appeared in their colored robes, each of a different hue and tint, according to their degree of evolution.

The four swaying waving lines of performers met in the exact center of the arena, at exactly the same moment. They converged, radiated out into eight mathematically straight lines, the pairs divided, turned inward to the center, and formed a beautiful, iridescent, eight-pointed star.

Then, as the music swelled in volume, and its tempo increased, the gigantic human star began to revolve. At first slowly, then with the increase of the musical tempo ever faster, increased its speed, whirled at last with dizzying velocity—and rose up into the atmosphere! High above the crystal

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stage rose the whirling phenomenon and gradually it assumed a vertical position. At first it rolled like a wheel, then spun like a coin is spun.

And then suddenly, with a grand crash of musical thunder, the star broke in midair and resolved itself into a multitude of laughing men and women. They intermingled, entangled and disentangled, whirled about and past each other, forming the most bewildering, marvelous and beautiful geometrical patterns, a bewitching, charming medley of motion and grace. Until, like a shower of scintillating iridescent flower petals, they dropped back to the mirror-like arena, lightly as snowflakes.

Like magic, the four double lines formed again, in reverse order, and amidst the enthusiastic applause, in which I joined vigorously, the flushed, happily laughing dancers disappeared quickly whence they had come.

My enthusiasm amused Dee-a-a greatly. "Do you think the dancing was *frivolous*?" she asked, and her fine eyes twinkled.

"It was *not*!" I declared emphatically. "It would be sacrilegious to call that splendid, marvelous performance anything but the highest sort of art!"

She nodded, satisfied. "I knew that you would feel that way about it," she declared loyally.

Then, as we rose to go out, a peculiar circumstance struck me. "Where in the name of marvels did that wonderful music come from, Dee-a-a? I see no instruments anywhere."

She smiled. "Of course you see no instruments—it was synthetic music!"

Her answer naturally astonished me greatly. "Synthetic music! What other marvelous magic is this?"

Patiently she proceeded to explain: "Synthetic creation of music is one of the amusements of the illuminated ones. You see, there exist in the universe countless vibrations of sound, or sound waves, if you understand that better, just as there are waves of color, or light. The illuminated ones delight in taking these universal sound waves, and combining them into harmonious sound. The result is the music we have just heard."

Evidently it was an old story to her. But, as far as I was concerned, I was speechless because of this additional manifestation of Solar wisdom.

Just outside of the theatre Dee-a-a prepared for another flight. "We have

to hurry to our bath, and make ourselves ready for the call of our beloved Lord Ala-aa-e-e," she explained.

I stared at her wonderingly. "Surely you are not referring to what the illuminated one in the auditorium said, about the witnessing of Ala-aa-e-e's demonstration, and that of the eight planetary princes?"

She inclined her queenly golden head. "Of course, beloved!"

"But, my dear girl, I am *not* qualified!" I cried in amazement. "I had no idea that I possibly could go along, among such exalted company."

"You forget that you are the guest of Ala-aa-e-e, my Jo-oh-n," she pointed out. "And I *am* one of the qualified ones!"

We quickly reached the bathhouse close to our little home. And once again I experienced the delightful sensation of having each cell of my Solarian body cleansed and invigorated.

A few minutes later, pulsating with vitality and joyous life, I accompanied Dee-a-a to our charming house. On the way we gathered several of the flower hearts, and then passed up the beautiful stairway to the cosy chamber which had already become dear to me.

"I cannot help thinking about the lack of water upon Solaris," I mused aloud, as we lay upon the soft couches, facing each other, and munched the delectable fruit.

My charming companion gazed at me dreamily. "I suppose it is just another proof that wonderful Nature had a way of eliminating the unnecessary things along the road of evolution," she commented thoughtfully.

"But could you produce water, if you so desired?" I questioned.

"Of course, beloved Jo-oh-n. As an advanced student of the mysteries of Nature, I have acquired a certain control over the ultimate substance of which everything is fashioned."

She stretched out her right hand toward a beautiful empty vase which stood on the floor, close to a wall panel. As if carried by unseen hands the graceful vessel rose into the atmosphere, floated toward us, and landed upon the table without the least jar.

Dee-a-a sat up, touched the sides of the vase with the tips of her rosy fingers, and concentrated her gaze upon it. A few moments went by in absolute silence.

Then a gentle gurgling sounded within the vessel. Eagerly I rose and gazed into it. It was filled nearly to the brim with a clear, cool-looking liquid. I leaned over, and, inclining the vase gently, took an experimental sip of the water. It tasted unlike any water I had ever drunk on the Earth. There was an effervescent, tingling, lifelike quality about it which had me guessing.

But I experienced something strange! Much as I had anticipated the delights of a cool drink of water, now that I had it I sensed not the slightest desire to partake of any of it. I could not understand the matter at all.

Puzzled, I gazed at my charming magician, and saw amusement in her clear blue eyes. She had easily interpreted my feelings.

"Do you not understand, beloved," her voice held motherly patience and sympathy, "by means of that strange connecting link, which is on your Earth called the 'Magnetic Cord' you are still connected with your Earthly body, and therefore sense at times Earthly desires."

"But your temporary body of Solar material, being of infinitely finer substance and vibration requires no element like water. That is the reason why now you feel no desire to partake of it."

I sensed a feeling akin to worship toward her. "How wonderfully wise you are, beloved Dee-a-a!" I cried impulsively. "I wonder—wonder if I shall ever be able to rise to your level, and claim you as my very own."

I was suddenly acutely conscious of my inferiority in comparison to her, and for a few moments was sick at heart with doubt.

But immediately she was tenderness and helpful sympathy personified. "Do not fear, beloved!" she consoled. "Those who earnestly desire to evolve to a higher condition of life, are always helped by Nature's law of compensation. But of course each soul must work out its own development. Others can teach you, but you must do your own work. For that also is Nature's law."

She reached out both her hands to me across the table, and grasped mine. And from those delicate, and yet so strong hands I felt new strength flow into me.

Impulsively I bent down and pressed my lips upon one of them.

(To be concluded)

[**READ YOUR HOME PAPER** If you find anything of occult significance clip it and send it in to us, addressed to the Digest Department, giving name of periodical. Address The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

How, When and Where Do You Go Into Meditation?

By NELL KERFOOT

Reprinted from "Reality"

IT is only through meditation one communicates with the soul.

The word meditation means to plan or to visualize.

First consideration given to the proper condition essential in clear visualization, is relaxation. It is through relaxation one builds the spiritual body and stimulates the nerve force as well as brain cells. The finest creation of God's force in the physical structure is the little piece of machinery we call mind and the most sensitive parts comprising the mind we call brain cells.

As each soul is a separate and distinct spark within the great plan of life, each has to travel the same road in development, however at a different time; like unto the grasses, no two blades alike on the planet at one time.

A high-back comfortable chair with arms should be used while in meditation. This chair should be kept intact in order that only the magnetism of the owner be permitted to sensitize it. In so doing there will be an accumulation of strong electrical force which tends one quicker relaxation. This electrical force is commonly known as aura and surrounds every form of life. It is best described as a halo.

The aura begins on the negative side at the left foot and continues up over head, then down right side and over to left foot again. It is conducive to one's physical as well as spiritual welfare to know how, when and where to open the door of this aura and when to close it. While in meditation one should always leave the door open by keeping the arms on the arms of the chair and feet flat on the floor. While sitting in this position one is receptive to greater electrical force and naturally the spiritual, mental and physical forces are all brought into finer equilibrium, quicker vibration and greater strength becomes the result. To close this door is to cross the hands which only permits the current to flow to the left hand and back to the left side, or by crossing the ankles which keeps the current to the foot. When one is about strange people or conditions it is al-

ways best to keep this door closed. In so doing others who are in need of strength waves cannot come into your aura and drain you of vitality. Frequently one attending the theatre or a musicale will feel fatigued because of the lack in understanding just this very knowledge of opening and closing the door in meditation, and become drawn upon by the masses present.

It is best to meditate when one feels the need of strength, either spiritual, mental or physical. Inspiration is ever present and awaiting you in meditation. One should place the chair facing the Sun's rays. In the forenoon to the East, in the noontide directly in the center of the room and in the afternoon and night facing West. Thus you are bringing into contact the electrical forces from the center of earth, Sun's and your own aura. This is essential to be successful in all undertakings of any nature while in meditation.

Place the chair in a room where there are colors in keeping with those you enjoy most. Eliminate any colors that are obnoxious to your finer sensibilities. Color is the foundation upon which we build harmony. To know the colors predominating in one's aura is to study the colors that you love best. Colors all have their meanings and below is a brief scale given after many years of study upon the subject.

COLOR SCALE

Ultra blue	Spirituality, Fineness
Lemon yellow	Intellectuality
Emerald green	Spiritual thirst
Shell pink	Affection
Lavender	Delicacy
Crimson	Energy
Copper brown	Sadness
Gray	Etheric
White	Purity
Black	Carbon, Resourceful
Deep blue	Spiritual Development
Orange	Intellectual development
Blue green	Universal sympathy
Old rose	Universal love
Purple	Wisdom
Ruby red	Capability
Bronze	Mercy
Deep gray	Astral development

The world is full of hungry hearts—love hungry, every one. They are little brooklets that can no longer sing, Their throats are dry from too much wandering; They lie fainting under the hot August sun. Fear not, little brooklets. You will sing, like the bird awing, When the waterfall opens its heart in the Spring!

—Jay Dietz.

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Astrological DAILY GUIDE For August

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. Unfavorable; avoid rashness and disputes.
2. Same as yesterday.
3. The P. M. good for business matters, social affairs.
4. Evening adverse, avoid disputes.
5. Good for all mental affairs, correspondence, etc.
6. Make friends; good for occult matters.
7. Good for debates or sports.
8. Uncertain.
9. Deal with employers.
10. Good for correspondence, interviews.
11. Avoid impulsive speech and action.
12. Guard against accident; adverse.
13. Guard against deceit and fraud.
14. Be careful in money matters and speculation.
15. Remain quiet as possible; adverse.
16. Adverse for love affairs and travel.
17. Not a good day.
18. Read and rest.
19. Avoid travel; good for money.
20. Adverse for most business.
21. Bad for financial affairs.
22. Avoid deals in land or houses.
23. Adverse for changes or journeys.
24. Beware of combines against you.
25. Visit the sick and old people.
26. Ordinary day.
27. Push your business affairs.
28. Good for finance in morning.
29. Exercise care with inferiors; avoid law.
30. Be guarded in attractions; avoid strangers.
31. Good day for most things.

FORECAST FOR AUGUST

By GRACE ELLERY WILLIAMS
In "Astrological Student-Adept"

MANY conferences, conventions and pageants will stimulate business during the summer. This will be a good month for all resorts. Sports and contests will be well patronized and enthusiasm will run high.

Warm, humid weather will benefit the corn, wheat and fruit crops of the middle west.

The death of a criminal judge is indicated around the 8th. Some governor is likely to become involved in a labor controversy and will be severely criticized by the public.

Intestinal troubles, abdominal operations, pneumonia and fractures will be common around the 12th. Progressive reforms regulating conditions in hospitals and prisons will be advanced.

A remarkable discovery coming from Germany or France will create widespread interest. A strong bull market is indicated for the last week.

What Your Subconscious Mind Means to You

By JOHN E. FUNK

THE subconscious mind is the instinctive mind or the middle phase of the One Great Mind. Seemingly it lies between the conscious mind which contacts it readily, and the higher superconscious and spiritual mind phases. The subconscious mind holds knowledge which the conscious mind either does not know or knows without your being consciously aware of it at the moment. Remember that the conscious mind can hold but one thing at a time.

Sometimes the subconscious mind is called the habit or the emotional mind because it acts automatically according to an innate pattern or according to some emotional stimulus furnished it which readily changes the pattern and action of trillions of intelligent cells. Actual changes take place in the little cells in their vibrating worlds, and new effects become new causes for mental, emotional and physical expression.

The subconscious mind can only reason deductively. You must give it the thought stimuli you want built into your being. When speaking of this mind, we often say it "jumps at conclusions." Your conscious mind is the mind that must decide on and furnish all suggestions, emotional sensations, and stimuli.

Thoughts are things. Emotional thoughts are most effective things. Violent emotions from within your being or from without it cause violent emotional and mental acts which tend toward violent physical acts, readily changing the structure of the cells, building either for discord and disease or for health and happiness. Your greatest treasure is your being. Watch and guard your mental, emotional, and physical worlds. This is your great triangle for harmonious development, for becoming a strong radiating personality.

The subconscious mind is on the job day and night. It never sleeps; it never takes a vacation, never asks for a raise in wages. It is continually arranging and rearranging emotional sensations, ideas, thoughts and facts, as affected by your acts, by your conscious mind direction, by stimuli from some organ or part of the body, and by stimuli furnished by the superconscious and the Universal Mind, these latter stimuli coming in through the fine etheric nerve fibers and cells of the radiating aura.

About ninety per cent of all the knowledge of civilized races comes through the subconscious mind and its higher connections. The subconscious mind forms a very prominent part or phase of the higher mind. Taking all the tribes and races of the earth together, perhaps ninety-six per cent of their knowledge is gained through the subconscious mind and its connection with the Universal Mind.

The subconscious vibrations coming from their various sources seem to imprint on scrolls which are rolled up similarly to motion picture reels, after which they are used at once or are filed away for future use.

The subconscious mind manifests as habit, memory, feeling, and suggestion. The ideas and thoughts we entertain and the actions we perform every day without conscious thinking constitute our habits. This is automatic thinking, much of which we do while consciously thinking of something else, such as dressing, lacing our shoes, walking, simple addition, and hundreds of other little things. When the conscious mind wants a name, date, scene or any kind of idea which has been registered on a memory scroll, it asks for it. That particular wish, desire, or demand is then reproduced on the screen of consciousness. Sometimes a scroll has been made so long and has been so seldom used that it takes quite a while before it is found and made to reproduce. However, if there was enough emotion to impress a scroll, it is somewhere in the storehouse of memory. It *can* be and *will* be produced some time, probably after much wishing and urging of the conscious mind; or again, it may be produced by suggestion some time when we least expect it.

Perhaps while in school you studied a lesson and thought you had it well learned, but when the time came to recite, you could not recall it at all. This was because not enough emotion was exercised when you were learning your lesson to register it in the subconscious mind and produce a scroll. Yours was simply a conscious mind learning, which never lasts without sufficient emotion back of it to produce a scroll. To impress the subconscious mind, you must *feel* and *absorb* what you are studying. You must make it a part of your being, then you can permanently retain it.

The negative emotions are fear—mankind's greatest enemy, hate, anger,

envy, grief, discouragement, jealousy, worry, anxiety, cowardice, pessimism and selfishness. These sap the energy, make pygmies out of possible giants, and cause many mental and physical diseases.

We also have the positive emotions, faith, confidence, generosity, love, trust, optimism, cheerfulness, and good will to all. Few realize the effect which the subconscious mind working over and through the sympathetic nervous system has upon body and mind functioning. The positive emotions are the cause back of all growth and upbuilding. They are the leaders in that advancement which we call civilization.

We have different kinds of suggestive emotions which come either through the physical senses or through the subconscious mind and its higher connections and which call up other emotions, ideas, scenes and incidents, many of which we had perhaps not thought of for years. There are also suggestive emotional stimuli from either the physical or the mental side which arouse new and different emotions, causing different actions. These suggestive emotions, playing over the sympathetic nervous system, affect all internal organs and glands, and the functioning of the mind. The subconscious mind is behind all body building and functioning and does much of our mental and spiritual building as well.

If you are not satisfied with your present mode of expression, change your thought attitude, your emotional thinking, your eating, and some of your actions. And bear in mind, you must make *constructive* changes.

The subconscious mind may be compared to a storage reservoir: It has been receiving muddy water instead of clear, sparkling water. The reservoir cannot choose the kind of water it wants to flow into it, and neither can the subconscious mind choose what it wants put into it. Your conscious mind must direct and give the right emotional stimuli. Better still, establish a positive radiating aura around you, then only good, constructive emotions and thoughts can reach you.

When you do not know what you want, emotionally desire and ask the subconscious mind to reveal, guide and direct your innate nature, your conscious mind, your superconscious mind, and your body for a higher expression. When you know what you want, clearly picture, feelingly desire, and radiate faith and expectant, receptive thoughts. Your subconscious mind and its higher connections will bring the desire, whatever it may be, naturally to pass.

Faith and works must go together.

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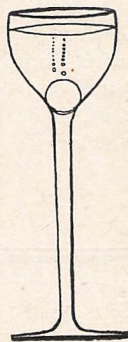
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A Child of Fate

(Continued from page 24)

Mrs. Martin came to tell her that when she sang before the Woman's Club it was to see whether she would be able to enter the broadcasting contest for scholarships at the University of Arizona.

"So now you are to go with me to Tucson in May and compete with about twenty-five others. I know you will win, so be ready. Just two months to train in! Come in each week and I'll help you."

Those tense weeks! Only eight of them, but they went so quickly. Mother and Daddy Dear knew nothing of Ardelle's plans until their fulfillment.

Mother and Daddy Dear:

Please be ready to hear me sing to you by radio, May 30th, from Tucson, Arizona. If I win I am to represent Arizona at the Young Artist Concert in Portland, Oregon, next year, also I will be given a year's scholarship. Help me to win.

—Ardelle.

Never was there a night letter that aroused more surprise, hope, joy and sorrow all combined than this one. It was like the bursting of a bomb for a moment in the Smith home when it arrived.

Tom Smith came nearer being able to forget his losses by the shrinking of values and his cattle dying of the drouth, than he had been since the crash in 1921.

What did it all matter—his "Baby" was going to sing to him from Arizona! All else was forgotten in the rush to invite all the friends, summon all the cowboys to hear Ardelle sing.

At last all was in readiness. Tom Smith and Martha had seats nearest the loud speaker. The announcer began:

"Mrs. Ardelle Smith George, who is one of the contesting students, will sing for you next. Her song will be an old Southern melody, 'Oh Carry Me Home.' We will appreciate it if all who approve of this song and believe it is a winning number will wire or write us. Mrs. George is a wild flower from the plains of Texas. May you enjoy hearing her sing. Mrs. Ardelle Smith George, Tucson, Arizona."

One little old wizened cowboy sat almost under the table that held the radio. He had known Ardelle since her first days in the world. When Ardelle's voice floated out to them, this little old fellow nearly upset the table. He peered into the loud speaker, then planted his hands on his hips, braced himself as though he were holding a "bronc" and never winked until the song was done. Then he rushed over to Martha Smith and embraced her, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"I taught her to sing the fust song

she evah sung—'Old Black Joe.' I allays knowed she'd win. I'm proud of that child!"

There were a few more numbers, then: "Mrs. Ardelle Smith George, the wild prairie flower from the plains of Texas, has been prevailed upon by telephone to sing again. This number will be an old Negro melody, 'Oh! Dry Yoh Teahs,' by Mrs. Ardelle Smith George."

When that song was finished Tom Smith stepped to the radio and stood as if he would not let that voice leave him. He was assisted to his chair, where he sat as if he could not speak. Martha leaned on his shoulder, crying quietly from pure joy at hearing her child's voice. Finally Tom spoke:

"Mother, we must wire Ardelle tonight. Get it off by phone at once to

his "Baby's" voice from Berkeley. Next morning there was no further delay.

"Mother, we are going to the Pacific coast. Ardelle needs us. That contest last night has convinced me that she has found her life work and we must not hinder her, but help her all we can."

As usual, Martha only smiled when Tom found that he was wrong and changed his mind.

While they were rushing across plains and deserts to be with their "child of fate," she was receiving the greatest ovation that had ever been given to a young radio singer on the Pacific coast. Letters and wires came from cow camps in Mexico, from farms in Idaho, from mining towns in Arizona, from club women, and from schools far and near.

Ardelle accepted a regular engagement with a church in Oakland, also some radio engagements, which, along with taking lessons in voice and languages and caring for Laddie Boy, gave her more than most mothers can do, but superhuman strength seemed to be with her.

Then one night, on Ardelle's one evening at home, the phone rang. Ardelle answered it.

"This is from the Berkeley Taxi Office. There are some people here wanting directions out to your place, please. All right, they will be right out."

Of course, Ardelle was impatient to know who their guests were to be, but as she waited she played the piano.

Leslie answered the knock at the door and had admitted the guests before Ardelle knew they had arrived.

"Mother! Daddy Dear! How could you come without letting me know? But how happy I am, I cannot tell you." And Ardelle threw herself into her father's arms, then reaching for her mother, she clung to both of them, sobbing for pure joy.

Her father disentangled her arms and gathered Laddie Boy to his bosom, while Ardelle kept telling her mother how much she loved her and how happy she was.

Tom Smith had a duty to perform and would allow no delay. "Baby, Leslie and Laddie Boy and I are going to talk awhile now. You and Mother look this over. Then come on in where we are. You will know yourself better after reading this."

Ardelle drew a low seat over near her mother, as Martha began removing many wrappings from a package. At last she drew out a piece of old

(Continued on page 40)

A Thought

WE short-sighted folk want Truth—when it is beautiful, and Love—when it is lovely. Purity must ever be presented to us in a crystalline goblet, or it escapes our wandering vision. Oh for eyes to see the Good however it is dressed, to know Life as it is, as it came from its source, as it will be in Eternity, a stream that flows, flows, flows—untouched by thought or word or deed of ours.

J. D.

The Western Union. She needs us, Mother, and we must help her."

That message was an enigma to Ardelle, yet it brought great joy to her soul, for it had been with fear and trembling that she ventured to sing.

Dear Baby:

Your voice brought us more pleasure than anything in this world could, except your presence. All objections are removed. We will help you all we can. Everyone in Panhandle heard you and sends love to you. Will explain later.

—Mother and Dad.

Ardelle remarked to Leslie, "Just like Daddy Dear—never said a word too much in his life. What will he explain, I wonder." Little she knew how much he would have to explain.

Ardelle won the scholarship and the right to enter the contest at Portland. After this stroke of good luck she settled down to real work in Berkeley, where life was all new to her.

In a short time Tom Smith heard

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—Bacon.

No soul can soar too loftily whose aim is God-given truth and brother love of man.

—J. Bayard Taylor.

There is only one way of seeing things rightly, and that is, seeing the whole of them.

—Ruskin

Truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

—Shakespeare.

Plough deep, while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell or keep.

—Franklin.

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.

—Fuller.

"Labor is worship"—the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship"—the wild bee is ringing.

Listen; that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to the soul out of nature's great heart.

—Mrs. Osgood.

To the timid and hesitating everything is impossible because it seems so.

—Scott.

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that."

—Burns.

Insults are like bad coins; we can not help their being offered to us, but we need not take them.

—Spurgeon.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

—Pope.

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THE WAY OF THE WORLD

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

"Lindy" of the Bird World Establishes New Flight Record

The arctic tern, dubbed by scientists the "Lindy" of the bird world, makes the longest migration of any bird, summering in the arctic and wintering in the antarctic. But it has always been a puzzle how it found its way back and forth.

The recent finding of the body of one of this species on a beach in South Africa may answer this question, it is hoped by American naturalists.

This bird carried a small metal band on one leg with the number 548,138 and, in abbreviated form, the address of the bureau of biological survey, United States department of agriculture.

O. L. Austin banded the tern at Turnevik bay, Labrador, on July 28, 1928. Four months later it was found in South Africa.

The circumstances of the find have been reported to the National Geographic society by H. J. S. Heather of Durban, Natal. Mr. Heather says:

"The tern was picked up by Mr. Wackrill of Johannesburg, a few miles south of Port Shepstone. His discovery, the biological survey wrote the finder, was the most remarkable case that has been reported in any country. It suggests that the arctic tern leaves the northern reaches of North America, flies to Portugal, crosses the length of Africa and then 'hops' to the antarctic continent."

The new evidence adds about 2,000 miles to the previous 11,000 miles estimated airline flight of the species.

Jews Plan New Court To Review Christ's Trial

Prominent Denver, Colo., Jews are planning the retrial of a heresy case 2,000 years old—that of Jesus of Nazareth before the Sanhedrin of Jerusalem—according to recent press reports.

Seventy-one Jewish laymen, scholars and rabbis would occupy the judicial bench, and the entire Christian world would be called as witnesses.

The immediate sponsor of the retrial is Solomon Shwayder, Denver manufacturer. Under tentative plans it would require from four to seven years and would codify all existing ideas about the life and death of the Nazarene carpenter.

Shwayder, who visited Jerusalem last year, contends that the Sanhedrin, Jewish religious court, was immediately responsible for the death of Jesus.

The Jewish people, other than the Sadducees and Pharisees (regarded by scholars as the "liberals" and "conservatives,"

respectively, of Jewish religious-political life of the time), did not want the Great Teacher to die, he believes.

In keeping, therefore, with the attempt to purge the Jewish people of the accusation, he proposes another "Great Sanhedrin," self-perpetuating once it is established, to sit on the question, receiving testimony from all walks of religious life in the world.

Big Hole in Pacific Discovered by Scientists

A hole in the Pacific Ocean, in some spots as much as 18,000 feet deep (4,000 feet more than Pike's Peak) has just lately been discovered off the Peruvian coast, according to the announcements of scientists aboard the ship Carnegie who are mapping the contours of the ocean bed on their way to Papeete, Tahiti.

The depression, which extends for a distance of fifty miles, has been given the name "Bauer deep," in honor of Dr. Louis A. Bauer, director of the department of terrestrial magnetism of the Carnegie institution, which is sponsoring a three-year cruise of the vessel.

The ship, which has been out since May 1, 1928, now is on its way to Japan. In July it will enter port at San Francisco to touch the United States for the first time since the expedition started.

Mapping the ocean bottom, a single item in a broad program of investigation covering the phenomena of the earth's magnetism, ocean circulation, deep-sea life and other studies is carried on with the latest type of sonic depth finder of the United States navy.

Einstein Not Atheist Says Rabbi Goldstein

In a radio message made public by Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein, its recipient, Prof. Albert Einstein has revealed himself as a believer in the God of Spinoza. The celebrated scientist had been accused by Cardinal O'Connell (Boston) of using his theory of relativity as a cloak for atheism.

The message, which was a reply to a question from Rabbi Goldstein as to his belief in God, reads:

"I believe in Spinoza's God, who reveals Himself in the orderly harmony in being, not in a God who deals with the fates and actions of men."

"Spinoza saw God manifest in all nature," Rabbi Goldstein explains. "He certainly could not be called an atheist. Einstein in his positive acceptance of God surely cannot be classified as an atheist or even as an agnostic."

CURRENT EVENTS

Little Items of Especial Interest to Occultists

Journal of the N. A. A. Makes First Appearance

The *Journal of the National Astrological Association*, official organ of that body, has commenced this year as a quarterly. The first number shows that great care has been exercised in the selection of the subject matter. The editor is Caryl Burton, and the publisher Llewellyn George.

Mr. Llewellyn George has a splendid article, "Code of Ethics of the N. A. A.," beginning in the first number (for January, February and March) which every astrologer and would-be astrologer would do well to read. One thing is certain, the science of astrology would make rapid strides were every astrologer to follow Mr. George's recommendations.

Turks Being Taught New Alphabet by Radio

President Kemal's new hobby of teaching all Turks the use of the Latin alphabet instead of the old complicated Turkish, or Arabian system of letters has resulted in the country's two radio stations at Angora and Constantinople devoting much of their time and effort in furthering the work. Only a small proportion of the people have receiving sets but they are well scattered and the new knowledge is planted simultaneously in many parts of the republic.

The radio stations were also instructed to give lectures against suicide—a national evil that has grown to such an extent as to seriously affect the nation's morale. The wholesale changing of old institutions and the outlawing of ancient practices brought on the wave of self-destruction.—*The Pathfinder*.

Effect of Anxiety on Body Revealed by Hypnosis

Evidence that anxiety has a decidedly adverse effect on the body as well as on the mind has been obtained recently at Atlanta, Ga., by the use of hypnosis. The tests were made by Dr. J. C. Whitehorn,

Dr. Helge Lundholm and G. E. Gardner of McLain hospital, Waverly, Mass., and were reported before the American Psychiatric association.

The experiments indicate that when an individual becomes extremely anxious and fearful his body engine may race like a motor under pressure and strain. On the other hand, moods of depression, elation, or irritability do not appear to produce any certain increase in the metabolic rate, that is, the rate at which the body engine converts food into tissues and energy.

Obtaining data on bodily processes during an emotional state is difficult because an excited individual is not likely to remain sufficiently quiet to permit the making of accurate tests with apparatus. A psychologist who consented to be hypnotized was used for the tests.

Inspirer of "Peace Ship" Denied U. S. Citizenship

Madame Rosika Schwimmer, Hungarian woman who inspired Henry Ford to send his "peace ship" to Europe in 1915, has been barred from United States citizenship, because of her being "an uncompromising pacifist," by the Supreme Court, upholding the decision of the Federal District Court of Illinois. Commenting on the case, the *New York Times* says: "The law is the law, but it is a little anomalous that a country which has renounced war should exclude from its citizenship a person whose chief offense is her opposition to war."

Indiana Spiritualists Announce Camp Meeting

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will hold their thirty-ninth annual Camp Meeting at Chesterfield, Indiana, from July 13 to August 25. The camp grounds are five miles east of Anderson, Indiana. Write for details to the Secretary, Mable Riffle, 204 W. 14th St., Anderson, Indiana.

DID YOU ASK THIS?

Since our last issue we have received an unusually large number of inquiries, "Where can I learn how to gain PSYCHIC KNOWLEDGE?" We take this method to answer all. Our editor, Effa Danelson tells HOW, very clearly and concisely in articles published only in the 1923 *Psychic Power Magazine* (the forerunner of the *Occult Digest*). We have a small supply on hand. You may obtain the complete series—10 copies—unbound for \$3.00. Bound volumes \$7.00.

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SMILING THRU

She lived in a neighbouring town and was the daughter of fairly well-to-do parents.

They met one night at the pictures and a friendship began. He told her he was a clerk.

One day, as she was passing his place of employment about noon, she lingered in the hope of seeing him.

That morning he had been engaged in cleaning out boilers, and presented a grimy appearance as he left the factory for his midday meal.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, catching sight of him as he tried to pass unnoticed. "I thought you told me you were a clerk."

"So I am," was his calm reply, "but this is my day for mixing the ink.—*Tid-Bits, London.*

* * *

Fritz (at mother's tea party): "Mum-my, were you called 'Savoy' before you were married?"

Mother: "Of course not, dear."

Fritz: "Then why is that name on all our towels?"—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung, Cologne.*

* *

"I'd like to get a lawn-mower."

"I'm sorry sir, we haven't any."

"Well, this is a fine drug-store."—*Schenectady Union Star.*

* * *

Bride: "Men are brutes. My husband promised me a surprise if I learnt to cook, so I took lessons."

Friend: "How thrilling. What was the surprise?"

Bride: "He dismissed our cook."—*Passing Show, London.*

* * *

After a hurried rush through the night the doctor found his patient in a very bad way. "My dear sir," he said slowly, "I have been attending you for nine weeks, and have done my best, but I'm afraid that your end is near. Have you any last wish to express?" The patient drew a long breath. "Yes, doctor," he replied in a faint voice, "I wish I had had another doctor."—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

* * *

Mistress (after engaging maid): "I'm sure you won't find me an unreasonable mistress. As regards evenings out, I'm quite prepared to meet you."

Maid: "That'll be all right, Mum, I got a boy friend who'll see me 'ome."—*Bul-litin, Sidney.*

* * *

She: "Did you see in the papers that some people were poisoned through eating chocolates?"

He: "I fancy I did, but what about it?"

"Nothing, except that I was thinking—er—how safe we are!"—*Tit-Bits, London.*

BORDER LANDS OF SCIENCE

A Record of Scientists' Approach Towards the Occult

Small Gas Flame Supports Great Weight

The energy created by a small gas flame, says the writer of an article in *Popular Mechanics*, will support six hundred pounds hanging in mid-air. One end of a copper bar is heated by the flame, while the other end of the bar is immersed in cold water, the result being an extremely powerful electric current. Quoting:

"Dr. Paul E. Klopsteg is responsible for the most powerful thermo-magnet ever built. That temperature changes can produce electrical energy in metal is not new, for that is the theory on which the electric thermometers used in so many industries is based. But the energy produced is minute. In Dr. Klopsteg's new apparatus, with about one-fourteen-thousandth of a volt, a current of approximately 150 amperes has been measured.

"The apparatus consists of a circular magnet of soft iron and an armature of the same shape, each fitted with a strong steel hook. A groove is cut in the face of the magnet to take a loop of copper bar about half an inch square, the ends of the bar projecting through slots in the side. The result is an electro-magnet with a single turn, the copper bar. To the ends of the bar, larger copper plates are soldered, one to be heated by the burner and the other immersed in water, and between the ends is a bar of copper-nickel alloy. In testing apparatus, weights up to 600 pounds have been piled on before the armature pulled free from the magnet.

"Whether the heat magnet eventually will find some practical application, or whether it will remain a scientific curiosity, the future only can reveal. German experimenters with thermo-piles have demonstrated it is possible to charge a storage battery with the current generated by heat."

Moon Very Much Alive Says Astronomer

In the opinion of Dr. Edward G. Davis, president of the Astronomical Society of Kansas City, it is not the Martians, but the moon men who are responsible for the recent meteoric phenomena in France.

The mysterious luminous bodies that roared downward at the same hour of three successive nights on the same general spot in the Rodez Mountains in France were sent by Sellenites, or moon men, in an attempt to chat with the inhabitants of Mother Earth, Dr. Davis believes. It is more reasonable to suppose, he points out, that the moon inhab-

itants, who are only 240,000 miles away, shot the "meteors" than that they were sent by hypothetical Martians millions of miles distant.

Dr. Davis, who has devoted years of study to the moon, is prepared to convince M. Pensa, French astronomer, who observed the phenomena, or any one else, that the moon, far from being a "dead one," as is commonly believed, is really very much alive, that it has a charming Summer resort climate, is adapted to wheat growing and is the seat of animal and human life.

Mysterious Pulsation of Stars Being Studied by Astronomers

New studies of the mysterious phenomenon of "pulsation" by which some stars swell rapidly and then contract as quickly, repeating with clock-like regularity, have been made public at the Fuertes observatory of Cornell university.

One star in which this phenomenon occurs, and which has been singled out for special study by the Fuertes observatory, is Beta Cephei. This star (it shines nightly near the north pole star), from a size of about 10,000,000 miles in diameter, swells in a fraction more than four hours to a body of fire estimated at 11,000,000 to 12,000,000 in diameter.

What started the pulsations is not even guessed, but the principle that keeps the flaming gas in motion is that of a pendulum. Somewhere between its smallest and greatest diameters is the limit where the surging fire may some day come to comparative rest.

S. L. Boothroyd, professor in charge of the Fuertes observatory, says a new test of the nature of pulsations now is possible by the use of the radiometer, which measures the heat of the stars, and he adds that heat experiments probably will be undertaken.

Huge "Palace of Science" To Be Built in East

Dr. Harlow Shapley, the Harvard astronomer who discovered the center of the universe, recently announced at the annual general conference of the American Philosophical Society its plans for building a \$1,000,000 palace of science at Philadelphia for the guidance of man in pursuit of his destiny.

Authoritative news of forward steps in all branches of learning, and the views of leaders in charting the way for the future will come from this new Philosophical Hall, Dr. Shapley said.

ARCHAEOLOGY IN BRIEF

What the Reverent Spade is Revealing of the Past

New Discoveries in Sahara Announced by Scientist

The finding of a skeleton in the north Sahara, which indicates that in the late paleolithic times ancestors of the present Mediterranean race entered north Africa while the Cro-Magnon race ruled western Europe, has just recently been announced by Paul H. Nesbitt of the University of Chicago at the opening session of the eighth annual meeting of the central section of the American Anthropological association in Harris hall at Northwestern university.

On the 1927-28 expedition of the Logan museum in Algeria and Tunisia, under the coleadership of Dr. G. L. Collie, curator of the museum, and Mr. Nesbitt, five skeletons were found, three at the prehistoric site of Mechta El Arbi and two at El Oubira. Of the two found at El Oubira one was that of a man and the other of a woman.

"The male skeleton, which is about 90 per cent complete," said Mr. Nesbitt, "was found at a depth of a little more than five feet, along with flint and bone tools. Intentional burial was evident. A study of the skeleton indicates a long and narrow headed individual who appears quite modern in type, with a long and narrow nose. No heavy ridges are over the eyes, as in the Cro-Magnon skeletons of western Europe. The stature indicates a people of 5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 5 inches. The face is long and massive. The skull reveals an extremely large cranial capacity, more than moderns, and the chin is well developed.

"It appears on the basis of measurements that the inhabitants of the El Oubira shell heap were not closely related to the Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon races of Europe. A survey of the measurements would rather indicate that they are ancestors of the modern races, especially of the Mediterranean race. The finds of Mechta El Arbi as well as El Oubira would fall within the latter group. It appears that in the late paleolithic times a group ancestral to the present Mediterranean race entered north Africa while the Cro-Magnon race ruled over western Europe."

Expedition to New Mexico Planned by Scientists

This summer an expedition from the Smithsonian institution will explore a great bed of bones of animals which roamed in New Mexico 150,000,000 years ago.

The territory to be covered, which is 100 miles wide and seventy miles long, is

expected to yield precious remains of horned, armored, duck-bill and flesh-eating dinosauria.

Animals averaging twenty-five feet in length are promised from bones unearthed in incomplete research. The character of the fossils, rather than their size, is believed to hold the most for science, however.

No remains similar to those indicated by bones taken from the field ever have been found and scientists may discover new facts from which the evolutionary development of the animals may be unraveled.

Dr. Charles W. Gilmore, curator of vertebrate paleontology of the National museum, will head the expedition.

Mr. Ichthyosaurus Living in Tropics?

According to newspaper reports, hunters have lately discovered the body of a strange beast, believed to be an ichthyosaurus, at the port of La Union, Salvador. It was lying half outside the water and half in the sea, and apparently the beast had not been dead long. The body, so the hunters said, was like that of a bull, with the head like a horse's, but fitted with four jaws.

This discovery has led to the belief that similar monsters may yet be alive in the jungles of Central and South America.

Hungarian Tribes Found By Exploration In India

Just returned to Hungary from a twelve-month exploratory trip in India, Prof. Stephan Gujard announces that he discovered two Hungarian tribes in the heart of that country. He said they were named Madar and Madvara.

He also says that he found ruins of an ancient palace, together with manuscripts, statues and ceramics, which proved that the place belonged to Huns.

3 Pre-Roman Tombs Uncovered at Lovere

When excavating to lower the principal square at Lovere, Italy, workmen unearthed three pre-Roman tombs containing weapons and kitchen utensils. Prof. Patroni, archaeologist of the Royal University of Milan, decided that the tombs had also been used for burials in the Roman period itself.

New York to Receive Bones of Huge Mammoth

The petrified bones of a mammoth about 500,000 years old have been found near Pignatora, Italy, and will soon be sent to New York.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW

ABOUT FOODS?

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

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"Mental Television" or Psychic Sight?

We are indebted to a reader friend for sending us a news item, clipped from the *Toledo Blade*, relative to a series of experiments in what the originator, A. M. Sheppard, practical psychologist, calls "voluntary mental television" and which, he says, overcomes the handicap to direct vision such as is imposed by a blindfold. We read:

"In a series of demonstrations given under test conditions for a committee from the *Blade* editorial staff, Mr. Sheppard and his associate, Maude E. Twombly, illustrated some of the phenomena of "voluntary mental television." Esther Sheppard, 14, Mr. Sheppard's grand-daughter, and Rex Coy, 16, were the subjects.

Esther Sheppard, her eyes covered with chamois skin and a thick blindfold of dark silk, did these things: Named playing cards as to color, suit and denomination; read numbers written on slips of white paper; read serial numbers and print on U. S. currency, including the tiny, so-called "secret" identification numbers.

With pads of cotton wool over the eye balls in addition to the chamois-silk blindfold, she named cards and numbers, somewhat less readily, and partially described clothing worn by a stranger brought without previous warning into the room.

Rex Coy, blindfolded with chamois and dark silk, named cards, numbers and colors, and described the composition and coloration of magazine illustrations handed to him at random from publications.

A more spectacular demonstration of the lad's alleged power to "see" while blindfolded was the outstanding feature of a latter session which, however, was not conducted under test conditions.

In this instance, Rex continued to name cards in a deck of pasteboards when a hand was thrust directly between the object of vision and what would be the line of normal eyesight.

At this session Rex also apparently "saw" well enough to add a column of figures written upon a blackboard in Mr. Sheppard's home.

Mr. Sheppard and Mrs. Twombly now claim for Esther Sheppard the power to "see" ordinary book print, although there has been no demonstration of this under test conditions. Her ability to read cards and numbers through envelopes now is being tested and developed, Mr. Sheppard and Mrs. Twombly say.

Mr. Sheppard professes to believe that the power to "see" through, past or over a physical barrier within reasonable limitation can be developed in any healthy person. He claims his principles of "voluntary mental television" were evolved after a long study of the human physical and nervous system, and of the human mind.

Pale famine and frightful pestilence cannot equal the evils and the diversity of troubles which misunderstandings scatter throughout the universe.—De Rulhieres.

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.

E. S. (Pa.) Marriage not indicated; future looks successful.

C. W. S. (Ill.) Convulsions caused from gas pressure around heart. Careful eating is the remedy.

E. G. (Ill.) 1929 leaves you in a position to become self-supporting throughout the remainder of your life. Marriage not indicated soon.

H. L. T. (Calif.) Land rich in mineral. Marriage indicated for 1932.

A. L. (Tex.) Well has been drained by a tap.

E. S. D. (N. Y.) Your literary field is short, true-to-life stories.

B. A. J. (Ore.) You are executive and should seek such positions. Royalties staple, but do not bring returns soon.

F. A. C. (Mass.) Your vision was a lesson in psychic development and you became disturbed before the whole picture was revealed. Do not sell; content yourself.

L. M. (L. I.) Obstruction can be removed through absorption. Condition of husband will improve greatly after the first of October and change will be permanent.

J. T. (Wis.) You are passing through lunar cycle, and Tuesday is the negative pole when your vitality is low. The law of opposites holds good in your case.

O. C. D. (Mont.) Sister improves greatly during the last few months of this year and eventually becomes normal. September is a better month.

J. J. R. (Ill.) Marriage takes place as desired and trip will be realized.

A. K. (Mich.) Take a course of treatments from an osteopath, and diet. Forget marriage for at least three years.

J. J. H. (Ohio) Set the thought into vibration and opportunity will come. Health will improve if you watch diet. Exercise in open air.

E. E. L. (Calif.) Bank stock safe. Marriage partner not known to you.

H. P. J. (Calif.) Continue in business. A happy marriage indicated within a year.

R. J. J. (Canada) Learn to fly. Uncle was killed in woods.

F. H. R. (Calif.) You will be more successful than before. A happy marriage indicated for you.

A. R. T. (Tex.) If you stay away from both, you will be better off, but Al would be the best.

D. C. C. (Ill.) Financial independence comes with success in writing.

A. S. (Wash.) Finance will come from an unexpected source. Several changes will take place in home this year.

B. S. Your next position will be permanent and a good one. Marriage indicated.

M. P. (N. Y.) Small returns from island but worth holding. You do not know future mate.

A. A. S. (Mass.) Position secured very soon and will do very well.

N. S. (Calif.) Your first question not permissible. Will see party; his opinion is good.

P. L. A. (Ill.) Not until fall, then position is assured. Marriage indicated later in life.

F. B., (Calif.) Horoscope incorrect. You need a good reliable osteopathic physician who will straighten your back.

E. B. (Calif.) You will not lose by selling if you invest properly.

L. B. (Okla.) Give thanks to your psychic intuition that the friendship was broken up, and forget it.

G. G. W. (Mass.) Forget the false and look for a true one.

A. G. G. (N. Y.) Your cousin lost his life crossing the plains.

W. C. McCa. (Tex.) No oil on old home farm—good stock land.

F. M. (Calif.) You will marry but not the one you refer to. Will live in present place about four years.

S. W. (Wis.) Marriage postponed, consummated later. Will not sell this year.

E. R. (Calif.) Success seen for daughter. You will marry again.

A. K. D. (Cuba) Divorce was granted. Business picks up very soon.

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

NEWS OF PSYCHIC ACTIVITIES

Psychical Research, Spirit Philosophy and Phenomena

Swiss Priest Reads Secrets Of Earth by Second Sight

According to newspaper reports, Abbe Mermet, cure of Sait-Prex, a tiny Swiss village close to the French frontier, is rapidly gaining fame through his ability to read the hidden secrets of the earth by means of his "second sight," aided by a divining pendulum.

The Abbe, so the reports go, attributes his power to what may be regarded as a modern development of the traditional hazel divining rod used by pioneers seeking subterranean streams of water. The abbe's instrument is a movable rod swinging from within a box.

Holding the box in his hands, the abbe has shown his astounding ability to locate minerals beneath the ground, and even to search out hidden elements in the human frame.

The scope of the abbe's powers, according to report, already has extended to uncovering new finds in Rome for puzzled archaeologists and to locating and describing internal lesions to the astonishment of expert surgeons.

Physiologists Discover Human Body Has Aura

Although the ancient idea of a surrounding influence or "aura" emanating from the human body has been rejected by modern science, says Dr. E. E. Free in *The Week's Science*, the most modern sciences of all have located something almost the same. Working with the newest methods of radio and of experimental physiology, Prof. Ferdinand Sauerbruch and Prof. W. O. Schumann of the Technical College of Munich, Germany, have discovered that the human body emits an electric field which suitably delicate instruments will detect at distances of at least six feet. Physiologists have long known that the action of living muscles is accompanied by electric impulses. Measured by the electrocardiograph, these aid in diagnosing heart disease. The electric charges newly discovered by Professor Sauerbruch and Professor Schumann differ from these electric effects of heart or muscles and seem to reside chiefly in the skin. The skin is electrically charged, the Munich experts report, as though it were connected to a concealed battery or dynamo.—*American Medicine*.

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.

S. W. (Wis.) Your dream is symbolical of treachery on the part of one you trust who will try to humiliate you. It is a warning to you to be prepared and defend yourself.

O. C. D. (Mont.) Your dream was a warning that you should not be carried away by false teachers. Your slow approach is your key. Where others rush in, you deliberate. That was the lesson you learned from your dream. Masters are known by their influence, not by their dress.

J. J. H. (N. Y.) Your dream was for the purpose of warning you to be on your guard by taking double precautions in regards to personal matters.

M. R. (N. Y.) Your dream is a very vivid one and reveals the true circumstances and relationship. It is quite

significant of the fact that no understanding can be had, also the progress taken symbolizes that time heals all wounds.

M. D. (Canada) Your dream is a prophecy and means success in all your undertakings as you now have them planned. It also promises great assistance in the things you lack knowledge in, with clear sight and an insight into secret things. Your dreams should be encouraged for they are real psychic experiences.

A. K. D. (Cuba) Your dream is symbolical of your life. So many things just almost come to you and you just escape dangers. Take it as a symbol of protection for that is just what it is. You are privileged to earn your possessions and no others will you have, as your dream shows.

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Can You—?

CAN you look into another man's mind and watch his changing moods, and know exactly when and why they changed?

Can you look into another man's mind and put your finger on that moment when impulse becomes act, or act crystallizes into habit?

Can you look into another man's mind and know how many of his failures are due to his own weaknesses, how many to his lack of opportunity or other handicaps for which he is not responsible?

If you can do these things, you know just why the drunkard drinks, the gambler gambles—why any sinner sins, and you may have some right to judge, for "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

But if you look too critically into another man's mind, don't be surprised if you find him thinking: "I'm no worse than you—you've plenty faults of your own. Clean up your own house first." Not a wonderful thought, certainly, but quite as constructive as your judgment.

Can you look into another man's mind? You can? Very good, but *dare* you?—J. D.

LETTERS

From Our Friends

Dear Editor:

Your Editorials for May are even more than usually impressive. "Ask Yourself The Way" carries a message that should reach to the ultimate confines of the earth, although, when all are so fine, it is perhaps not in good taste to specify one.

MRS. STELLA GRENFELL FLORENCE.
New York City.

Dear Editor:

We very much appreciate having in America a magazine such as yours which explains some of the Occult Mysteries in a way that should awaken the *thinking* minds.

ETHEL LYNWOODE.

Glendale, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Will you allow me to thank you for your glorious editorial in the May issue. It found an echo in my soul, and at the same time has opened my inner eyes to a truth that was still clouded in ignorance; now I *see*.

MRS. E. GREEFF.

New York City.

A Child of Fate

parchment and handed it to Ardelle.

"Your father and I read that on our wedding tour. It has cost him many heartaches to keep it and to abide by its advice, but at last you have conquered him. Read it, dear child."

Before Ardelle left her low seat beside her mother, she had read all of the parchment manuscript once and some of it twice and three times. When she rose, she had an expression of peace, understanding and love, such as her mother had never seen on her face before.

"Mother! How could Daddy keep this from me—I know it was not your wish. How much trouble I have been to you two! I can never forgive myself for being so selfish, Mother. But I had to sing; something drove me on to voice my feelings in song. My friends everywhere were urging me to do my bit for the pleasure of the world and I could not refuse. Now that Daddy Dear has removed his objections to my singing, I will try to be worthy of all the love and kindness you have given me."

"Baby Dear, Ardelle of the Tennessee Hills saved my life by appearing to me in spirit when I was so ill before we went to the plains. I never realized the supernatural power that your father's people have until then, and since, I have been worried because he would not consent to your following the life that was given to you before you came here.

"He was so prejudiced that he thought he might change fate; but you are a true "child of fate" and cannot be changed.

(Continued from page 32)

"You have been no burden, Baby Dear. You have been a constant joy to me, and now our old age is to be doubly blessed by having you to cheer us. No matter where we are, you will always be with us. The blessed twilight hour will always bring you to us now."

"Mother, I can never sing another frivolous song. It shall be my life work to make my family happy and to prove to the world that the Cherokees are not Indians, but true, loyal Americans.

"I know music, Mother, that will fit the words of Ardelle's song. Let me try it a few seconds." Soon her voice came lilting out to her father, carrying to him the message that had been given to his ancestors so many years before.

Tom Smith knew every word of that song, and every word thrilled his soul. He sat with bowed head until she came to the chorus for the last time. Then he made a complete surrender.

"Baby, could you sing that for the radio next week? I'll write to our people about it. I want them to hear it and to know that the spirit of Ardelle of the Tennessee Hills is with us yet."

Ardelle was so happy, she sang song after song for her parents, many of them Indian songs that they did not know. She just had to let her voice express the love and happiness in her heart.

Now, when we hear the charming voice of this "child of fate" over the radio, it is pleasant to know how she found her life work and fulfilled her destiny.

THE END

Man Who Wed a Tree

(Continued from page 16)

fastly at the goddess. Slowly she was growing into the tree. Soon she was completely one with it. He seemed to see her face ascending slowly inside the now towering giant of the forest. It seemed to him that once she smiled sadly down at him. He thought he heard her whisper to him gently, "Oh, Thou Son of the Forest, our love was beautiful, but it was not meant to be, with thou a man and me a tree. Again thou must come to me."

And as the man looked at her, as she completely became possessed of the tree, as she stood there so proudly in the forest flaunting her branches to the skies, seemingly encompassing him and drawing him with her again, a full understanding came to him at last.

His love, mingling with his comprehension of this ethereal transformation, swelled upon him, overwhelmed him.

It became so great and all-powerful that, under her divine gaze, he felt himself become gradually but surely rooted to the spot. Slowly at first, then more swiftly, he too soared high into the air. His arms became many branches that entwined themselves with those of the forest goddess. The wind increased in velocity and howled about the trees, the rain came and flooded their leaves, the very earth beneath them trembled for the man that wed a tree. But it was all to no avail to the two majestic lovers. Together they defied the elements. The wind died down, the earth beneath them ceased its trembling and grumbling, the rain rolled away and the sun came out and dried the leaves of the two trees, standing so proudly together there in the forest on the mountain-side of ancient Tibet.



Sardonic Eyes

escape me, I will follow you to the ends of the earth." The greenish light in her eyes seemed brighter than ever, her lips, twisting to the left, disfigured her face terribly. The pressure on my chest was becoming intense. Summoning every ounce of strength at my command, I threw back the blankets, ran from the room and did not stop until I stood on the lawn in front of the house.

The damp fog of night brushed my face but it felt warmer than the chill of my body. The wet grass slapped my bare feet and the pebbles hurt them. Something compelled me to look at my bedroom window. Pressed against the glass was the face of Ruth Hulburt, her eyes burning sardonically.

Although not a leaf stirred, a blast of cold wind flapped my nightgown around my body and I heard a sarcastic laugh as a misty gray-white shape floated past me. I turned, but it disappeared quickly.

A hammock hung on the side porch. In it was a blanket and several pillows. I occupied it until dawn streaked the eastern sky. I calmed myself as best I could and as soon as I thought it proper telephoned for Rollin to come to me at once.

I was shaking like a leaf by the time I had related my experience of the night before. His face went white and with a stern, set expression about his lips he said, "My days with Ruth were hell. She was so jealous I did not have one hour of peace. I am sorry to tell this but it is necessary. I will not allow her ghost to spoil the remainder of my life. She threatened to

(Continued from page 12)

haunt me if I ever thought of marrying in case she died first. If you are game, we will be married today and start for Peru. I need you, I love you."

Tears welled in my eyes, they ran down my cheeks and splashed his hands as they gripped mine. "I am afraid something terrible will happen to both of us. Rollin, you do not know the awfulness of the past two nights."

He pulled me down in the hammock and told me many things that I could scarcely believe about my one time roommate. He said that soon after they were married he discovered that she would use every method in her power to accomplish her ends. He said that a few months before her death, an eminent medical authority had told him that the only way to cure her of her unreasonable demands was to cure her with the iron hand of refusal. He convinced me that in our case it was best to marry at once and refuse to recognize her ghost if it should appear again. That afternoon at three o'clock we went to the Hall of Justice and were made man and wife. At five we took the train for San Francisco and in three days were on the high seas bound for the Peru mines.

* * *

Two years of happiness have been mine, each month more delightful than the last. Sometimes I awake in the middle of the night and see a path of moonlight on the floor of our sleeping room. It does not strike a chill to my heart now, for never since my wedding day has its soft beauty been marred by a misty white figure with twisted lips and sardonic eyes.

Psycho-Symbolism

(Continued from page 15)

accept more in bulk, the sample may create a sense of "distaste." The readiness to accept or refuse anything presented to body or mind depends on the amount of discrimination present in the person. Apparently only practice with intelligence can give this. The efficiency of the test lies in whether the "appetite," "craving" and "longing" for bulk is overcome by the power to specialize. It is dependent on the capacity to discard readily and easily, with least emotion, the thing that a few moments ago was considered perfect if now there is presented something more perfect still.

In the same way, however, that if the calipers are extended they may pass things of finer dimensions—im-

perfect though they be—so a strong "taste" or "preference" or a tired one, by overindulgence, will for the time being—until rested by D—neutralize the sensibility of the finer faults, flavors, or tones.

Tea and beer tasters cannot discriminate the degree of superiority of one grade over another once they have swallowed the test portion. They must but sip, and then emit, each time. The reason, of course, is that the sense of odor, taste, and other factors, soon tire. A person can sit down and consume a large quantity of variable edibles in a seven course dinner, but could not, even if he willed to do so, eat the same quantity if the whole was but one kind of dish.

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Age of Science in Astrology

(Continued from page 13)

represented by the fifth sign Leo, the sign opposite Aquarius.

The case of astrology furnishes a close parallel to that of psychology. Astrology has for centuries been handicapped by the blind devotion of its adherents, who thought it their religious duty to defend even its defects. Instead of admitting frankly that the beloved science is not exact, and that, like psychology, the most we can ever hope for it is a mathematical probability, they have insisted that astrology ranks with mathematics and astronomy for exactitude, because the movements of the heavenly bodies are mathematically demonstrable. Let us say in the beginning that *all* sciences are *potentially* exact, astrology among them; but, at our present stage of evolution, and using the word in its accepted sense, we have no right to claim that astrology is an exact science, for the world understands by that term, "mathematically exact"; that just as 2 times 2 equals 4 anywhere in our three dimensions—if not the fourth!—so Mercury squared by the moon *always* indicates a poor memory or hysteria. Now, *even granting that the rest of the chart might accentuate the condition*, the moon squaring Mercury does not *always* indicate either a poor memory or hysteria. The reason is that the Ego is an X quantity in the horoscope: we cannot measure the WILL of the individual. Now obviously, when we have one factor constant (the astronomical processes of the chart) and one factor variable, and not even constantly variable (the evolution of the Ego) the result of the two factors cannot be exact. At the most, it can be mathematically *probable*. It will aid astrology tremendously for its adherents to face this issue squarely, and, when speaking of astrology as an exact science, to speak of it cautiously as a *potentially* exact science, if the word exact must be used. It is better, however, not to use it, and to say instead, a mathematically probable science. This is all that can be claimed for psychology, yet psychology is increasing rapidly in value to the race. Is it not logical to assume the same process for astrology, its sister-science? And after all, we must not forget that exact sciences are few and far between. It is indeed open to question whether or not there is an exact science anywhere except in the omniscience of Godhood. But, it is a sure thing, that our nearest approach to exactitude, is in mathematics and astronomy and possibly physics and chemistry. Outside of these we have no exact sciences. Therefore, it is nothing to lament over, when we say astrology is not exact—it is by no

means alone in that status, and its value to the race is not thereby eliminated.

Our first outlook, then, on the astrology of the future, judging by the previously discussed considerations, is that it will be the psychology of the future, mathematically probable in its deductions and predictions. At this point, we are confronted by another problem:

Students of astrology know that there are instances in the "progressed" chart which cannot be verified by actual events; they know that many important events which occur in the native's life are not foreshown in the birth chart. Now if astrology is to be a science, its laws must furnish a high degree of accuracy in prediction, and if the established laws do not furnish this basis, they are not laws but theories and as such must be investigated until proved reliable. To justify its existence every science must by such formulation of laws be able to predict occurrences relative to its subject matter. These predictions may, as in astronomy, be mathematically exact, or, as in psychology, be mathematically probable. Astrology and its predictions lie partly in the astronomical category, and partly in the mathematical. The astronomical features would include the mathematical details of erecting the chart and progressing it, and it would seem that at least this phase of astrology were accurate. This is not the case, however, for astronomy is accurate to seconds and fractions of seconds, whereas astrology often deals with estimates even in degrees.

Now psychological laws of human behavior point out to us that we are more alike than different, and that accordingly a minute difference in the elements affecting the personality may create a very radical difference in behavior. It is this difference in behavior, varying from one individual to another, that the astrologer must analyze, and it is therefore in the field of interpretation of charts that we find the field of psychology—a science of probabilities.

This leads us to suppose that one of the results of empiricism in astrology will be *an increased accuracy in the mathematics of astrology*, for the probabilities will not be even probabilities unless our basis of calculation is accurate enough to catch the minute differences in those astrological factors which influence the elements of the personality. Therefore, the astrology of the future will involve a mathematical accuracy hitherto unknown to its adherents, and will doubtless re-

quire special training to set up the charts for use. Fortunately, the psychological elements involved in the interpretation are not dependent upon the mechanics of setting up the chart, and so a highly mathematical astrology will not automatically eliminate non-mathematical practitioners who have the innate psychological bent necessary to good reading. And as to the methods by which this scientific growth is to be attained, it is highly probable that astrology will advance hand in hand with psychology, up to a certain point, after which the latter will be incorporated in the former. At the present time, astrologers can do no better than to take advantage of the modern psychological research methods, thus standardizing their science.

In discussing the possibility of applying psychological methods of research to astrology, I was confronted with the following statement: "But it can't be done; no two individuals are alike so you can't formulate a general law. There are always exceptions." Yes, that is true. But at the present time, all horoscopes are exceptions. Each horoscope is a law unto itself, as any astrologer will admit. *The astrology of the future will consist of general laws with probable exceptions, not general exceptions with probable laws.*

In conclusion, let me point out one more condition, by no means the least, which occultists agree that present conditioning seem to indicate concerning the science of the new age, and especially the humanitarian science of astrology:

The world is now entering upon a period of altruistic science such as it has never before experienced, but which will continue to grow with amazing rapidity. Science has won its present pre-eminence justly, through its very admirable rectitude and unswerving devotion to truth; nevertheless, it has become crystallized to a degree, and those of its adherents who lack the master mind of reason are bound by the pettiest of professional jealousies, and attack bitterly all questionable sciences with a personal animosity of which only a young soul is capable. It is significant that the world's greatest scientists are more broad-minded, though, being human, they, too, have their faults. When personalities and prejudices enter into a science its value as a medium for Truth ceases, and this was the stage at which much of our modern science had arrived in the past century. The marvelous recent discoveries, however, are breaking up that crystallization of intellect, and astrology and mysticism, with their intense devotion to an ideal

will gradually become incorporated in legitimate science. Then, when the union of careful, scientific intellect with the deep insight of the occultist has been accomplished, the New Science of the New Age will have become a reality.

The Line of Life (Continued from page 19)

sonal dangers, but dangers arising through dealings with others. (Plate G.)

When the Line of Life has the appearance of clinging closely to the ball of the thumb, making this spacing appear narrow, the vital forces are never robust. One then has little or no passion, is generally sterile, seldom having children. The contrary is the case when the line sweeps well out into the palm. (Plate C-F.)

When one or more rising lines from the Line of Life climb to Jupiter, it indicates great ambition constantly urging the subject on towards wealth, success and fame. When such lines climb towards Saturn, the ambition impels to success in physics, chemistry, or farming. Towards Apollo, the ambition is for success and fame along artistic and literary lines. Towards Mercury, success along commercial lines.

When fine hair-lines rise from the Line of Life, they indicate the years of one's greatest earning capacity. During these years one is filled with ambition and the desire to achieve success. It is the period during which he should accomplish the most important part of his life's work. At the time when these lines cease to rise, but droop downward, the turning point comes, and one will never be able to accomplish as much afterward as he was before this point is reached. In some hands, these drooping lines are seen early in life. In other hands they are seen later, but wherever they occur, they mark a turning point in the life.

When the Line of Life is short, but accompanied by a double inside line on the Mount of Venus which extends below the Line of Life itself, this double or sister line takes the place of the Line of Life, giving an indication of a longer life to the subject.

When the Line of Life is broken into two pieces in one hand, it is an indication of serious illness or accident. When it is broken into two pieces in both hands, it generally indicates a fatal illness by death or accident. When the broken places are repaired by either a sister line or a square, it is always a sign of preservation.

When the Line of Life is composed of several fine lines close together, in-

stead of a single line, the indications are that the subject is intensely nervous and suffers great delicacy of health. These fine lines diminish the vigor of the single line and render the subject less likely to be vigorous and healthy.

The termination of the Line of Life is most important, for it indicates the manner in which the life will end.

If the line stops short, without special marks or indications of any kind, the subject will remain active until the end of life. If the line begins deep and strong and gradually grows thinner until it fades or is broken up into a number of fine, drooping lines, the indications are that one will become weak, nerveless and feeble. Death will not be from sudden illness or accident, but from exhaustion. One will perhaps develop some chronic ailment as the Line of Life advances. If this ending be seen on a short line, the subject will begin to decline early in life. If the line forks at its termination, and these forks are close together, it is a better indication than if they are widely separated.

If the line terminates in a cross, the life will terminate at that age. The fork indicates the sudden ending of life, and there will be no lingering illness. The same meaning may be given if the cross bars cut the end of the Line of Life. (Plate 2-H.)

If the line terminates in a dot, an acute attack of illness will likely terminate one's life. A star is an indication of sudden death. (Plate J.)

A group of small hair-lines on the inside of the Line of Life, where it begins at the thumb, indicates quarrels with relatives.

Dots on the Line of Life indicate either illnesses or wounds. If the dot is deeply sunken and black, it may be given the reading of a wound. Crosses on the line itself indicate illness or accidents. A cross at the beginning of the Line of Life indicates either an arduous life, or some mystery connected with the birth.

An island on the Line of Life indicates illness, loss of strength and vitality during the period that the island lasts. The period known as the change of life in women is often indicated by an island at about the age from 45 to

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50 on a woman's hand. The island indicates weakness and suffering during the period that the island lasts.

A line or lines leaving the Mount of Venus and cutting the Line of Life are known as worry lines. (Plate L.) Such a line or lines, leaving the Mount of Venus, cutting the Line of Life, crossing the Line of Head in the direction of the Line of Sun, indicate a change in position or destiny, brought about either by love or family reasons. Such a line or lines cutting the Line of Life and running into the Line of Fate, indicate misfortune caused by an attack on fortune or position. A worry line ending at the Line of Head indicates that the worry has troubled the reason.

When the Line of Life shows a small

fork at about the center of the line, and this fork is cut by a worry line from the Mount of Venus, it indicates either litigation or (but more often) separation and divorce. (Plate L-P.)

When a star at about the center of the Mount of Venus is the point of departure for a worry line, it indicates lawsuit with either relatives or business associates, caused either by an inheritance or liquidation of a partnership. If this line continues and cuts the Line of Sun, the lawsuits will be unsuccessful.

Worry lines cutting the Line of Life from the ball of the thumb indicate interference of other people with one's plans, more especially persons of one's own sex.

Occultism Simplified (Continued from page 10)

Its working law has never been understood. The law has never been put into general practice and very rarely has it been put into isolated practice, because of the interferences of the questions that arise here and there and everywhere among men and women who do not, who will not, who dare not, *forget the misrepresentative teachings that have been handed down to the human race.*

We who can see back in history can bear witness to these things. The practice of occultism has recorded very few scientific results. The wonders and the miracles of men's minds that are being enacted every day, are bringing again the time when occult feats will be common, and they will be as readily understood and as easily enacted as the ordinary walking to and from your business.

Some time ago we prophesied for you that the time was coming when men would have overcome flesh and blood to the extent that they could rise as the birds and could travel as the wind. We were not speaking to you about the flying machine, nor any invention made by man. We were speaking to you about the time when man would control the elements, together with the physical body, gathering together the elements from the air and from the light and make for himself a vehicle in which he could encase himself and travel at will.

In the field of occultism, among a very, very few people, this law is known. To simplify these things, shall be the privilege of the present generation. Bringing these laws into operation, teaching them in the public schools, thereby wresting these great Truths of Nature from the fakers, if you please, shall be the duty of those thus privileged.

The *Silence* is the vehicle into which you must enter. You need not make your mind a blank. Neither your physical mind nor your mental mind controls these elements, but there is a mind, and it shall be known as the psychic mind, that eliminates the interference of both the

physical and the mental minds. In other words, it separates itself from these two minds and acts upon the finer forces in Nature, creating for itself its own body. When you function in the physical mind in the Silence, you are being acted upon by an entity out of the flesh body, commonly known as a spirit, which is a misnomer. This entity is one who has given up the flesh body and has not as yet clothed itself in the finer forces of what is known as the soul body. It is dwelling, so to speak, in the earth environment and in the planes in close relationship to the earth, or the physical elements. When you are functioning in the mental mind, you are being acted upon by an entity who has gained the soul body, and who, it might be said, has passed through the second death. But when you are acting in the psychic brain, you are an independent entity, dependent only on the elements of your own creative forces. You can build for yourself a vehicle in which you can travel the length and breadth of the universe without interference, and you can associate with every other mind that has thus freed itself.

Death is not a necessary factor. There is not a single individual who, if he had the patience, the time and right environment, could not make this demonstration. The time is rapidly nearing when all of these conditions will have been overcome, for the striving of humanity for things beyond the physical vision and comprehension will overcome these conditions that now hinder men and women from rising above the mundane conditions of life. This striving of the inner urge to see beyond the physical dimension will be the one thing that will bring the world back to equilibrium. Man can make laws and more laws, and every law thus made will be broken. *Not until man makes a law within himself will he keep that law.* All other laws are broken laws. The law under which the occultist operates is the law of change, and when you come to

When a line shoots from the Line of Life straight across the hand towards the opposite base of the palm, especially with a weak looking Line of Head, the indications are that there is a decided leaning towards intemperance. It also indicates a craving for excitement of every kind. (Plate R-S.)

A sloping line leaving the Line of Life, and marking its way across the palm, ending on the Mount of Luna, indicates travel and sea voyages, but if the main line continues on its course around the Mount of Venus, the subject will always return to his own country. If, however, the Line of Life itself bends outward, ending on the Mount of Luna, one's last days will be spent in a foreign land. (Plate T.)

realize this, you will come into the possession of colors. The vibration of colors is the first token that attracts your attention. There are many gates through which you enter this field—one is the dream gate. When you have come to the stage of vision, you are on the conscious mental plane. When you come to the stage of creation, you are in the psychic plane.

To gain the first step, you must shut yourself up with yourself. You must be merciless with yourself. You must criticize yourself. You must not overlook any part or particle of your being, if you would enter into the occult investigation and be protected from the ravaging wolves stalking about through the mentalities of men.

Do not attempt to explore beyond the physical range of being until you have mastered every part and particle of your physical body, until you can say to your hand, "Do this, or do that," until you can say to your feet, "Walk here or there," to your tongue, "Say this or that," and be obeyed. Without this protection, one may lose his equilibrium and be carried into oblivion.

Before going deeper into the occult investigation, you must eliminate from your mind every vestige of desire, other than the desire to rise above all hindrances. You must, if you want to succeed, be the master and make every part and particle of your body subservient to your will, which is true relaxation, true concentration. Just to relax or fix your mind on one thing is the most dangerous thing that the average person can do. You must be ever on the alert. Have every part and particle of your body vibrating with your desire to rise supreme to all and everything.

The mystery in which this subject is involved has caused it to be the most sought, and the most dangerous of all subjects that man deals with.

(To be continued)



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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Emanations Often defined as psychic force, physical effluence, magnetism, radiations, or vibrations. They signify the spirit of the thing.

Emerald Supposed to preserve against decay, and to arrest enteric troubles.

Emerald Tablet, The Said to contain all magic on a single page, supposed to have been written by Hermes by means of a diamond. Legends state that this emerald plate or tablet was found by Alexander the Great at the tomb of Hermes which the Egyptian priests had hidden in the pyramid of Gizeh.

Enchantment Hypnotic or trance influence.

Enchiridion A Grimore or occult ritual of black magic ascribed by Eliphas Levi to Pope Leo III and presented to the emperor Charlemagne. Waite pronounces the work worthless.

Energumen A term used for one obsessed with an evil spirit.

Engastrimy Name given by the ancient Greeks to the divine men who articulated the oracles of God. The Tutelary or household gods were also called by this name, which is synonymous with Eurycles, seers, prophets, doves, and pythons.

Ennemoser, Joseph A German philosopher (1789-1854) of magnetism and the author of many treatises.

Enoch Identified with Thoth of the Egyptians, Palemedes of the Greeks, and Cadmus of the Phoenicians. Said to be the author of the Kabbala and Book of the Tarot.

Enoch, Book of An apocryphal book supposed to have been written in Hebrew 100 years prior to the Christian era. It is referred to in the 14th and 15th verses of Jude. Clement Alexandrinus agrees with Enoch's testimony, and Tertullian, another church father, quotes from it. Enoch was the great-grandfather of Noah, and according to Sura, 19th, was versed in the sciences of astronomy and arithmetic and the first to write with the pen. He described some of the considerations of the archangels prior to the destruction of Atlantis and made a world-peace prophecy.

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

Ephesian Letters Any magic symbols. (Shakespeare: Merry Wives of Windsor.)

Ephialtes (G) Nightmares.

Epigenesis That part of ourselves which is free or which pertains to new acts independent of planetary production. The means of devising improvements in constructing forms. Forms are built by evolution, the spirit enters by involution, but the improvement is by epigenesis. Caspas Wohl demonstrated it in 1759. Haeckel says it is a fact. Heindel also taught it.

Epiphany According to Schure, a vision from above.

Epiphany Guild of America A highly constructive astrological school of Episcopal persuasion, supervised by Arthur W. Brooks.

Epochs Any definite period of history. The word is often used interchangeably with periods, although it generally relates to unusual events of time.

Epoptae "I look upon." A name given to the initiates of the Greater Mysteries of Eleusis to distinguish them from the initiates of the Lesser Mysteries. The Illuminati used the name in referring to those of the sixth degree.

Epworth Noises. A term given to spiritual or supernatural noises heard in the parental home of John Wesley (founder of Methodism) about 1716 or 1717. The noises were of a poltergeistic nature and were heard at intervals for two months.

Equilibrium Occult harmony depends upon one's mental equilibrium.

Eric of the Windy Hat An ancient king of Sweden reputed to have been able to control the winds by the direction in which he turned his cap.

Eromancy Divination by air among Persians.

Eros A planetoid concerning which there has been much speculation. It is said by astrologers to be irregular in shape, or without form, in fact, a huge mountain floating in space. On January 24, 1894, it came very close to the earth before it was recognized.

Esoteric Language, The A symbolical, classical language, or a language of a hidden meaning in use by the Egyptian priests and others.

(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
(v)..... verb
(W.W.S.)..... Western Wisdom School

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Esoteric Training Inner or occult training. Becoming conscious or waking up the divine spark. Receiving life. None of the occult schools have as yet made public their esoteric training. The Rosicrucians have given for general use a morning and an evening exercise, and the Theosophical branch, under the late Rudolph Steiner published a number of its exercises. The object of all occult schools is to aid the soul so that it can function naturally in the inner worlds while still able to hold on to the dense body. After the fundamentals have been established, the memory is given a subtle training. There are many good schools, and four in the New Testament. Each school has separate methods of training, but all have altruistic love as their foundation stone. These stepping stones with their Scriptural references are used by some: Concentration (Prov. 23-7; Luke 11-18; Phil. 4-8). Meditation (Luke 12-20; Phil. 4-8; 2 Esdras 4-31; Luke 12-26). Observation (Luke 12-35 to 49; Matt. 28-20; Prov. 23-26). Discrimination (Joshua 24-15; Matt. 7-6; Luke 12-1). Contemplation (Luke 12-6). Adoration (Math. 4-10; Psalms 19-14; Luke 11-1; Mark 6-33; Mark 5-20).

Esplanadian In a Spanish legend a hero given a magic sword with which he killed a dragon and dispatched Archelous.

Essence, Elemental The kundalini or super solar force.

Essenes A mystical Jewish sect which flourished in Palestine and Upper Egypt before and immediately after the Christian era. No women were admitted to their meetings. Their initiatory ceremony required at least three years. Many believe Christ was an initiate of this order. The Therapeutae admitted women to their meetings and lived all over the known world.

Etain Of Irish legendary fame. The second wife of Minder the Proud. She was transformed into a butterfly and blown from the palace by a magical storm.

Ether Astral light; akasa; kailon. An all-pervading medium which has been recognized by the occultist as chemical ether, life ether, light ether, and reflected ether. Fluids are volatile in proportion to the amount of ether they contain. When water is evaporated its molecules are all cushioned with ether. The chemical ether is necessary to assimilation. Life ether concerns growth and reproduction. Light is the medium of sense perception. Reflecting is the storehouse of memory. When the desire body travels during ordinary sleep it takes with it the two higher ethers, the light and the reflected; the chemical and the life ethers remain with the dense body.

Etheric Body This is the fine body which to the eye of the clairvoyant appears as a kind of wraith of the physical body. To some extent it is a medium between the physical and the astral bodies. It corresponds to the desire body of the Rosicrucians and is said to have the size and form of the dense body which it interpenetrates. Its color resembles that of a fresh peach blossom.

Ether Double The higher body com-

posed of ether and called double on account of its being a replica of the dense or physical body. It is the desire body and is nourished through the desire vortices or chakrams. It gradually decays after physical death.

Ether Vision The power of sight peculiar to the etheric sensations. It is unlike clairvoyant sight, nor is it like psychometric sight. See Double Sight, also Second Sight.

Etheric Shell The ether double. To the psychically developed, hundreds of these misty forms can be seen over the cemetery. The etheric shell does not drift aimlessly about like a shell, but hovers a few yards from the decaying physical body. It accounts for many churchyard stories. The etheric shell can be found in various stages of decomposition.

Ethlinn In Irish magical legends she was the daughter of Balor, king of the Formorians. Balor stole a magic cow and for revenge the suitor, disguised as a woman, gained access to the daughter.

Etteilla A profound student of the Tarot, who unveiled many of its secrets. He claimed to have revised the book of Thoth during the 19th century.

Euclid A man of Egypt and a pupil of

*Truth from his lips
prevailed with
double sway,
And fools, who came
to scoff, re-
mained to pray.
—Goldsmith.*

Abraham. He measured the land of the Nile, gave Masonry the name of Geometry, and established a Lodge of Masons. He was granted permission to take care of the unlawful sons of the lords of Egypt.

Eudemon A good angel.

Everitt (Mrs.) of England A medium who gave private seances as early as 1835. Mr. Morell Theobald, a spiritualist, was a friend of hers who was attracted to her by her reputation.

Evil The opposite of good. Something that harms or hurts. De-evolution. The destructive principle of nature. A retrogression. In the higher regions of the desire world, the forces of attraction are stronger than those of repulsion, while in the lower regions repulsion dominates. All would be anarchy here, but instead of harmonious union of the vibrations, there is mutual destruction—evil against evil, until harmony prevails. The tendency of every form in the desire world is to attract to itself all it can of like nature and thereby grow.

Evocation A calling forth as in Necromancy.

Evohoe (E:Vau:He) A name used in chants and which was made the sacred cry of all the initiates of

Greece, Asia Minor, Judea, and Egypt. Evohoe represented God in his eternal fusion with nature, embracing the totality of his Being. He also represented the eternal masculine and the eternal feminine under every form visible and invisible.

Evolution The active results of the constructive principle in nature. All visible nature is apparently going up toward the Father. The mineral becomes the plant, the plant becomes the lower animal, with the higher animal, as the god, becoming man. Of course, our common humanity evolved from a different fauna and flora than that of the present physical world. The best occult authorities claim that man never evolved from the monkey but that he may regress to the anthropoid ape.

Exemplars As used by Eusebius and other ancients, the term designated no others than the Elder Brothers. Read Eusebius' "Panegyrics on the Splendor of Affairs."

Exorcise To command by an oath, formula, or other means for the purpose of casting out evils, demons, or devils. "Certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them that had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus." Shakespeare calls exorcists "conjurers." The Romish church has an order of exorcists. They have a compiled Thesaurus of 1300 pages on this one topic.

Exoteric Teaching Open or public teaching, unconcealed from the simplest.

Exispiey (or Extispieum) Divination by inspection of sacrificed animals' entrails, practiced by the Etrurian priests of Rome and Greece.

Eye, The One of the organs of sense perception. It was built by light. There appeared during the Lemurian epoch two sensitive spots which by the latter part of the Atlantean epoch had evolved to eyes as we now see them.

Eye Symbol Found in many Masonic halls and also in many of the older churches as a symbol of the all-pervading and ever present eye of the Omnipotent. To the Egyptian, the sun behind the sun was known as Osiris and his name was written by the hieroglyph of the eye, and also by that of the scarabeus. Of the latter species of beetle, no female is known to exist. The male produces the elements of life, rolls it in a ball of earth, and leaves it to be brought to birth by the warmth and living force of the sun. Hence the scarabeus becomes the fitting symbol of the Divine Eye or the solar spark in man, placed in the earth's sphere that it may be regenerated and brought to birth from above by the the rays of the solar force.

F

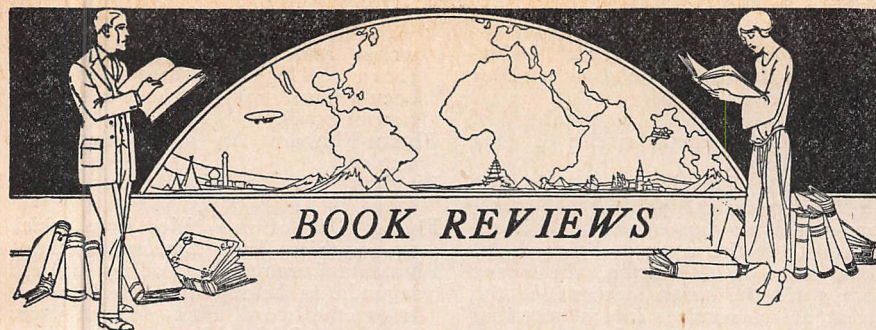
Fabre, Pierre Charles A French author (1632) who wrote "Alchimista Christianus" and "Hercules Pischymicus."

Fagail The pleasant or unpleasant parting adieu of the fairies. The premonition word.

Fairfax, Edward An Englishman who wrote a work treating of demonology during the 16th century.

Fairy (1) One of a class of superphysical beings beneath the angels.

(Continued on page 48)



JACQUES HEUGEL, ESSAYS ON LIFE AND DEATH. Translated by Fred Rothwell, B.A. (Rider, London.) 7/6.

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The New Occult Dictionary

(Continued from page 46)

- in intelligence. The origin is very likely animistic. (2) An enchantress. Name of a special kind of favorable nature spirits. Germans classed them good and bad. The word itself is derived from Fay (low Latin, Fata—French, Fee) and meant the god of fate.
- Faker** One who deceives; a deceiving street vendor.
- Fakir** A religious (Mohammedan) beggar.
- Falconet, Noel** An M.D. (1734), who was the author of "Letters and Remarks on the So-called Potable Gold."
- Falgae** A name given by Paracelsus to one of the groups of creative hierarchies.
- Familiars** The common or ever-ready spirits common to a good many mediums of a negative nature. They are mostly very familiar and irresponsible. The Greeks called them "Paredrii"; the Romans called them "Martinilli" or "family spirits." The term "familiar" is used in Scripture to express the antithesis of the Masters' source of knowledge (Isaiah 8:19).
- Fantasmagoriana.** A work, translated into the French from the German during the year 1812, which dealt with apparitions and spectres. Traditional stories.
- Fascination** To fascinate or enchant, as to bewitch or hypnotize. An animal or person may be "spellbound" or obsessed when there is a weak connecting link between some of the physical vehicles and the mind.
- Fasting** Abstinence from food. Our present custom of gormandizing makes voluntary fasting or fasting enforced by disease absolutely necessary for our well being. Living properly each day makes fasting unnecessary for soul growth. The fasting spoken of by Conte de Gabalis and some others is an abstaining from spiritual food (solar force). See Esdras 5:13 and Ch. 6:31.
- Fat of the Sorcerers** It is related that sorcerers in mediaeval times anointed themselves with human fat before attending the "Sabbath."
- Father, The** According to the Fellowship and other occult schools, he is the Great God of our solar system, but not the Supreme Architect of the universe. By revelation he is the highest initiate of the Saturn period; the rest of humanity in that long gone period are now the Lords of Mind. In our system, next to the Father comes the Christ, and next to the Christ comes the Holy Spirit, the highest initiate or the First Begotten of the Moon period.
- Fatimites** A secret religio-political party of the tenth century in Arabia. They are closely affiliated with the assassins of hashish fame.
- Faust** A famous magician of the 16th century who became a character in history, tradition and fiction. Spence claims there is sound proof that Faust really existed. Trithemius speaks of him in a letter as a fool and a mountebank. A canon of the German church alludes to him as a charlatan, and Weir says that he studied magic at Cracow.
- Faust Book, The** A story in English by Christopher Marlow, unsurpassed as drama. Goethe's psychological drama, which proved Faust's salvation, is said to be the greatest ever given to the world.
- Fendeurs** Name of a number of French Rosicrucian circles of the 17th century.
- Fennel Stalk** This is none other than the superphysical part of the cerebro-spinal nervous system. It is referred to in the myth of Prometheus. The bowl is the brain, the seven lamps are the seven sleepers, or the great desire vortices interpenetrating the visible ganglia. See Scripture, Zech. 3, 1 to 4.
- Ferarius** An Italian alchemist of the 13th century who was the author of "Theatrum Chemicum" and other works.
- Fern** The seed of the common fern was anciently supposed to render one invisible.
- Ferrier, Susan** Co-investigator of vampirism in 1706 with Ferdinand de Schertz, the latter the author of a treatise on the subject.
- Fetch** In Irish parlance, the wraith of a living person. The apparition of the person may be seen by more than one person at a time. Some have claimed it betokened long life for the original. In his "Legendary Fiction of the Irish Celt" Patrick
- writer and professor of chemistry (born (1819) whose most important occult work was on the transmigration of souls.
- Figure-Flinger** An astrological pretender.
- Fingitas** A traditional transparent stone.
- Finias** One of five cities from which the mythical Irish Danaans sprung.
- Finn, MacCummal** According to Irish legends, he belonged to the Ossianic tales, the word Finn derived from the fact of his skin being so clear. One of his great exploits was slaying the fire-blowing demon that annually set Tara in flames.
- Fiorvanti, Leonardi** An Italian physician and chemist of the 16th century who was the author of "Summary of the Arcana of Medicine, Surgery, and Alchemy." He gave an account of the philosopher's stone.
- Fire** The element of the salamanders. Combustion.
- Fire, Continual Burning of** The wax tapers of the Roman and Greek Catholic churches, ancient Capitol of Rome and Temple of the Vestal Virgins, pagodas of the Brahmans, Sanctuaries of Jupiter Ammon, Druidic Temple of Kildare (Ireland), and Temple of the Gaditanian Hercules at Tyre symbolized the eternal consuming fire (spirit) underlying all things. The Egyptians' use of lamps, and their torchlight procession down the Nile to the Temple of Isis at Sais were likewise symbolical.
- Fire, Handling of** Fakirs heat porous stones, and some anoint the soles of their feet with oil. The feat is accomplished in an occult manner by covering the physical with a concentrated layer of ether, the ether then being impervious.
- Fire-Mist, Children of** Mankind as it existed on the earth during the fire-mist stage. Man was then in form like that of our present embryo in utero prior to its fourth week of existence.
- Fire Ordeal** A court procedure among The Hindus and many other nations. The victim was called upon to prove his innocence by walking over red-hot irons. If innocent, he would not be burned. Recently D. D. Home and other spiritualists have handled live coals without being burned. Mrs. S. C. Hall relates that Home placed a glowing coal on the head of Mr. Hall whose white hair was then drawn over the glowing coal without damage to the hair. Home also placed his face in the burning coals without damage.
- Five (5)** Symbol of a crest of a mountain in flames. An emblem of fire and struggle. The number of rebirth. Its vibrations are mercurial.
- Five Points of Masonry, The** These belong to the secret work of speculative Masonry and symbolize or have reference to the manner of locating and developing the vortices of the desire body. Same as the "Five points of Fellowship."
- Flamel, Nicholas** A metuallurgist born at Pontoise who lived mostly in France and Spain. He took up astrology as a means of livelihood and later searched for and claimed to have found and partaken of the elixir of life. He lived 116 years; died 1414 A. D.

*For Truth has such
a face and such
a mien
As to be lov'd
needs only to
be seen.*

—Dryden.

Kennedy gives a very good description of the Fetch.

Fetichism The worship of stones, sticks, feathers, idols or other superstitious devotion to either things or animals. It is the lowest form of savage religion and evolves into idol worship. A dog may be chewing on a long bone when the distal end of the bone flies up and strikes the dog on the head; the dog yelps, jumps and looks at the bone in surprise, attributing life to the bone. Thus we see a form of fetichism in a lower animal. It is an inferior form of animism.

Fey Having occult or second sight.

Fiction, English Occult During the Renaissance a strong taste arose not only with the English but with all the Western Europeans for tales of terror, magic, and Rosicrucian literature. William Godwin, Mathew Lewis, Bulwer-Lytton, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Charles Reade, Robert Stevenson, Lafcadio Hearn, and a host of others can be mentioned in this connection. After a brief interval following the '60's, fiction of an occult nature is again coming to the fore.

Figuier, Guillamume Louis A French

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