

# The Occult Digest

*A Periodical of Reprint and Research.*

SEPTEMBER 1929

(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office)

25c

*In This Issue*

## **Sunshine Psychology**

---

## **Numerical Symbology of The Zodiac**

---

*Two Complete Occult Stories*

## **The Dark Night House of The Damned**

---

*And Other Features*

**Astrology**  
**Graphology**  
**Palmistry**

**Philosophy**  
**Psychic**  
**Phenomena**

*Three Dollars a Year*



# The Occult Digest

*A Periodical of Reprint and Research.*

25¢ a copy

## WE WANT YOU TO READ THE NEXT 15 ISSUES of THE OCCULT DIGEST

We know that each month you will find the same high standard of authentic, scientific articles upon the many subjects of life—here and hereafter. You read its life findings of leading thinkers and world-known personalities on subjects not found in any other magazine. Give yourself the happiest surprise of your life!

The regular price of THE OCCULT DIGEST is \$3 a year in the United States and Canada. Foreign \$3.50. But you can subscribe without running the risk of your newsstand being "sold out." The coupon below will bring you 15 issues for the price of twelve, and we know you will want to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity.

*Fill in this  
Coupon NOW*

Occult Digest  
1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City..... State.....

Send THE OCCULT DIGEST to me for the next 15 months. I  
enclose \$3.00, which is the usual price for 12 issues.



# 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

**T**HE 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—September, 1929

No. 9

### Editorials

- WHAT IS SILENCE?.....by Effa Danelson 3  
EDITORIALS OF THE DAY.....by Effa Danelson 4

### Philosophical Features

- OCCULTISM SIMPLIFIED.....by Effa Danelson 11  
SUNSHINE PSYCHOLOGY.....by Ernest Windle 13  
YOUR EMOTIONAL NATURE.....by Roswell Earl Cemans 18

### True Psychic Experiences

- THE WELL.....by Muriel E. Eddy 14  
WHY I BELIEVE THE SOUL LIVES ON...by Constance Day 15

### Science

- THE NUMERICAL SYMBOLOGY OF THE ZODIAC.....  
.....by Maximillion C. Schultz 10  
VIRGO—THE VIRGIN.....by J. Edmond Ryan 17  
PSYCHO-SYMBOLISM.....by Edward B. Jeffrey 19  
THE HEAD LINE.....by Alice Denton Jennings 21

### Occult Stories

- THE DARK NIGHT.....by H. Nouredin Addis 7  
THE HOUSE OF THE DAMNED.....by Elkhorne Fiddy 23  
SOUL MATES.....by George Paul Bauer 26

### Featurettes

- FEAR.....by Edwin Baird 6  
THE NEW OCCULT DICTIONARY...by W. Stuart Leech, M. D. 47

### Departments

- |                                |    |                           |            |
|--------------------------------|----|---------------------------|------------|
| Astrological Daily Guide.....  | 30 | Archaeology in Brief..... | 37         |
| Listening in on W-O-R-L-D..... | 34 | Psychic Revelations ..... | 38         |
| Current Events .....           | 35 | Dreams .....              | 40         |
| Borderlands of Science.....    | 36 | Book Reviews .....        | Next Month |

Published Monthly by THE OCCULT DIGEST COMPANY  
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.

Copyright, 1929, by THE OCCULT DIGEST.

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

at 1900 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice.

TO WRITERS—Manuscripts and art materials submitted for publication are received only on the understanding that the publishers and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art materials are in the publisher's possession or in transit. Writers of published articles are alone responsible for statements made therein. Manuscripts should be typewritten on one side of page only, double-spaced, and with plenty of margin allowed all around copy.

ADVERTISING FORMS close on 15th of 2nd preceding month. Advertising rates on application. Telephone Diversey 5135.



# Weatherproof Circulation!

OCCULT DIGEST advertisers get full measure for every advertising dollar spent during the summer months. There is no slump in The Occult Digest's newsstand sales.

The Occult Digest sells summer and winter. Because of its large newsstand circulation it follows the crowd to the mountains, woods and seashore. In fact, no matter where you go, there you'll find The Occult Digest on sale.

The Occult Digest advertising costs are the lowest in the field. In summer, this economy is very pronounced. No other publication can do the same job for you in summer advertising. A trial insertion will convince you. Advertising rates and information cheerfully sent upon request.

**THE OCCULT DIGEST**  
**1900 NORTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO**



# What Is Silence?

By EFFA DANIELSON

**W**HAT is Silence? Where do we find it? Silence is that part of us that hears only what it desires to hear, embraces only what appeals to us in whatever mood we are in when we seek it.

SILENCE is that priceless jewel that belongs to each individual. It is not an outward adornment, but serves only the inner consciousness. It is always the constant companion of our innermost thoughts, always on duty.

SILENCE is that golden moment when we come into our real inheritance of Realization. That golden moment when we stand still and listen for the voice speaking in the inner temple, listening with the mind attuned to the silence of the universe, when the mind grasps the meaning of the unspoken word, separating the challenge from the command, and compelling action for the reward of its secret.

SILENCE—that golden moment when soul communes with soul and turmoil and travail succumb to meditation. When reason takes the throne, directing the decision in matters that perplex and vex, in problems that worry and weary the soul, at times when shipwreck seems inevitable. At such moments in life Silence, golden Silence, waves her magic wand and heals all wounds.

SILENCE is the Port of Safety when we are driven to despair and overwhelmed with doubt. Once it becomes the possession of him who learns of the beneficent service it renders, the magic key of Silence makes the entrance to the Castle of Success easy.



# *Effa* DANELSON'S

## **I** ¶ *Can You Hear Voices?*

INTEREST in the voices is becoming quite a fad these days, but some are vexed rather than pleased with their close proximity. If you are one who is annoyed, just take them as a matter of fact and turn a deaf ear as you would were they troublesome neighbors.

Paying too much attention to the unwelcome visitor has the same effect as too much attention paid to a child who is inclined to enjoy notice—he grows boisterous and troublesome.

The first step to take when you discover your psychic power is to set a guard to your mind. Do not accept a voice just because it comes, but determine whether your visitor is a welcome one. Set a high standard of intelligence, demanding positive identification. Never be in a hurry. Analyze and weigh every word you hear. Eliminate the idea from your mind that communicating with anyone whom we call dead is a sacred or religious act. The law governing speech with the dead is operated by an intelligent process which is fundamentally the same as the process by which we communicate with one another in this Life. It is the unreasonable and unintelligent teaching about our inheritance of a heaven or hell when we die that gives the world its erroneous ideas of communication with those we love after they have succumbed to the physical Death.

The people who know the least about that future Life are those who have robbed the world of its great heritage—the absolute knowledge of Life after Death. We do not argue with anyone on this subject. No one does who has had actual experience. The excuses put forth by the clergy and the explanations of those who love prestige or who fear to meet their neighbors after Death have no weight with a mind that is able to analyze.

Theorizing on this question is a waste of time when all one has to do to demonstrate the fact of Life after Death is to apply a little common sense in analyzing the struggle the churches are having to keep the world from knowing for a fact that which they preach as a faith.

Consider the great reward the churchmen are offering—Eternal Life. Yet they help make laws to prevent psychics from demonstrating that there is an Eternal Life. Eternal Life is absolute or nothing. And remember: It can't be bought. You enter it by the process of birth, governed by the same law that brought you into your mother's arms. When you passed through the gate of Life you were not asked for a ticket. When you pass

through the gate to your next birth you will not be asked for credentials either. You will take your chance with all that are passing the same as you did when you took your place in the busy world about you. Every arrival in the spirit world has some one to meet him and if he needs help, he has some one to help him. The newcomer is taken care of in the new birth the same as the babe is taken care of upon its arrival in this world.

It is time the question of Life after Death was cleared up and this bugaboo relegated to the scrap heap with other fallacies concerning Life. Give the subject your intelligent consideration.

## ¶ *Hold Fast That Which I Give You*

NATURE has given you the priceless jewel, if you will open your eyes and possess it—if you will open your ears and listen to its melody. Eyes to see have we. *Stop, look, and listen* is the sign at every railroad crossing. Yet every day we read about people trying to beat the train at the crossing and being crushed to death under the great locomotives. Nature's law is the master engine that drives the physical body, and when we do not *stop, look, and listen* at the warning signal, we are run down by the oncoming monster at the crossing.

The first sign of a broken law is depression. The moment you feel depressed, there is something wrong at the base. You are out of tune with nature. You may be cross with those you love best, likely to take out your grudge on the first thing your hand can reach. *Stop, look, and listen.*

Nature says, "Hold fast that which I give you." Do not waste your energy. Think, reason—then act. The blessings that bring peace and understanding to your soul will permeate your being. Your eyes will behold the workings of the universe. Your ears will hear the music of the stars singing together the praise of life in its unity.

You are one with me and I am one with you, and we are in tune with nature. Therefore all the world is akin, and we love the world and the world loves us.

"Hold fast that which I give you," and dwell under the great canopy of universal love together as befitting your commandment. Be steadfast, unswerving to the end that the harvest may fall into your hand. Greet the world with a smile when you awaken that you may receive your gift, for the great Lawgiver distributes your gift of love for each day when you awaken.



—by the Editor

EDITORIALS *of the* DAYW *Close the Door to Yesterday*

WOULD you be progressive? Then close the door to yesterday, not only the door, but the shutters at the windows. Do not remind yourself of the things that did not serve you well. Balance each day's account, bring forward only the things worth while and seal the ledger of "No Accounts" with the seal of forgetting.

Progression does not thrive on the husks of yesterday, but upon the activities of today and the promises of another day. Only the pearls gathered in the past are a part of our lives today. That which did not serve us and that which left remorse in our lives, we must blot from our memories if we would progress or be happy. The beautiful lily arose in its majesty from the mud and mire, but its flower was unsoiled because no ruthless hand uprooted it. Our lives are not like the lily's for we must search in byways and on highways for our sustenance, and oftentimes the storm overtakes us and crushes our very souls. Yet we find shelter in the very storm that overwhelms us and, knowing the power vested in us, forget the storm and remember only the good we derived from it.

Were it not for the wind and storm, there would be no giant trees, no sweet and lovely flowers to give us pleasure.

There is strength to mind and body for him who courts hard tasks to do, to him who searches for the stars and beholds their glory even though he is not able to reach the nearest one.

We must not waste the precious moments in reviewing that which has gone before. We must keep a closed ledger of all yesterday's woes if we would reap a harvest from the seeds we plant today.

Close the door to yesterday, and progress awaits you on the morrow of today.

¶ *Does God Want Us to Suffer?*

SO MANY have the erroneous idea that God wants us to suffer. That He causes people to die. That He takes certain of His children home to Him. What a strange idea of an omnipotent God, a God who loves and in whose hands lies the power to give of His abundance for every need, that He should want one of His children to suffer from hunger and cold, to be neglected, to be filled with sorrow and to have fear! What a strange opinion to have, that a God who is a Creator should desire

to take a loved one from those who needed him!

Whence came all these strange fancies that men have about God? Nature belies man's idea of a Creator. Science decries it and man is beginning to realize that in Nature's law individual man is only a unit in the great cosmic whole. Humanity is now establishing the fact that all the theories that have been handed down from one generation to another, including our own, are erroneous and will not stand an analysis by an intelligent process of reasoning.

The acceptance by scientific researchers of the fact of communication with the individual dead has thrown into the discard practically every theory heretofore sustained by the churches. And now the churches are beginning to see daylight and are struggling to rearrange their creeds to suit the facts as they now exist. Under the microscope of recent inventions and discoveries Hell has burned itself out and Heaven is rapidly becoming just a state of mind to be reached through the processes of reason and illumination. And joyously let it be known that the God who has been so maligned is a God of Love who duly desires the happiness of the people of Earth and who provides each person with the power to reason and the will to overcome that he may live in harmony with himself and his neighbor and be honored even after Death.

T ¶ *The "I Will" Spirit*

THE "I will" spirit indwelling in man is born anew with each successive experience. It is not an element waiting to be drawn upon or commanded—it is created by the driving force of experience. At times we are pushed to extreme measures and act involuntarily under the lash of emotion or ambition, often succeeding beyond our power to comprehend our strength or ability. If our action proves beneficial we are praised and if we have averted a calamity we are toasted for our bravery or our foresight.

The "I will" spirit can be cultivated in a measure by concentrating on the thought of success. People are more prone to wait for opportunity to knock at the door than they are to enter the field of the unexplored and create for themselves circumstances which will force them into the "I will" class. The "I will" class is made up of the successful men and women in every age. We will say without reservation that the one who says "I will do it" is successful every time while the one who says "I will do it if I have the opportunity" fails nine times out of ten.



*An INSPIRED EDITORIAL Reprinted by  
The Courtesy of "Real Detective Tales"*

# FEAR

By EDWIN BAIRD

66 **I**N the night, imagining some fear, how easy is a bush supposed a bear!" Thus Shakespeare.

But it isn't only in the night that fear is imagined. Most of us, night or day, have imaginary fears that haunt us—the fear of poverty, or the fear of old age, or some dread disease, or the fear of losing our money or losing our friends, or the fear of secret enemies, or business failure, or the opposite sex, or the fear of hell fire and the wrath of God.

And, finally, the fear of death. This is the King of Fears. Of all fears this is the most tyrannical—and the most fallacious. Since death is nothing more than a sleep, why fear it?

With few exceptions, **all** our fears are imaginary. They exist only in our minds, and if you analyze them they disappear. Strangely enough, the most illogical fears are the most firmly rooted. Is it because they are throw-backs to our remote ancestry?

We smile at the child who fears the dark, but we who smile have fears just as childish.

We laugh at the savage with his superstitious fears, but are they any more laughable than our fear of Friday the Thirteenth?

Fear plays queer tricks. Any person will tread a ten-inch plank if it rests on the ground, but how many will attempt to cross the same plank if it is suspended ninety feet in the air? The man who breathes calmly in a germ-laden room will shudder at sight of a harmless snake. The man who talks fearlessly to another, so long as he thinks they are equals, will stammer with fear if he thinks the other is his superior.

Every person, say the psychologists, is born with an inferiority complex; and this complex is a senseless fear—the fear that others are better than we. Men fail in life because of this fear.

I know a woman of wealth and vocal talent who has always wanted to sing in public; but, until quite recently, she could never overcome the fear of facing an audience. Alone, or among intimate friends, she sang well enough, but when she was booked for a public concert she became paralyzed with fear and refused to go on the stage. At last, by sheer courage, she forced herself before an audience, and forced herself to sing. She had no trouble after that. She had killed the ghost that haunted her—the **ghost of fear**.

After all, most of our fears are nothing but ghosts.



# The DARK Night

## Earth and Mars Restore a Mad Universe to Equilibrium

By H. NOUREDDIN ADDIS

IN THE far distant heavens a new activity was manifest. Astronomers said little for publication, but now and then news leaked out grudgingly. Some new and mighty cosmic force was seeping in. A plane of force, rather than a zone, it seemed; for Sirius, Canopus, Castor, and Pollux, of all the better known fixed stars, most showed its influence.

Then, suddenly, Neptune and Uranus began to behave strangely. Scientific men were puzzled. A host of theories, hypotheses, tentative and vague for the greater part, had been advanced. This alien force was making itself felt now within the Solar System—was coming home to men. The dark star theory seemed the favored explanation. Some mighty unseen wanderer of the heavenly spaces. Fortune Ray, the meteoric prodigy of science, blazed forth one day with the announcement that Neptune's leisured pace had been accelerated vastly overnight, and Uranus had actually moved backward in his orbit.

"It is not a dark star," Ray insisted, explaining that there was no sense of movement in the phenomenon, no time-equation, strictly speaking.

Newspaper headlines everywhere blared out this fresh development, and scientific men around the globe joined in the issue. Fortune Ray was merely a top-heavy mind, they said—an

ultra-brilliant youth, but conceited and credulous. A boy of promise, others said, unbalanced by premature publicity. "A popularizer of science," the professors announced scornfully. "A self-advertiser, a seeker after sensation!" And the wise men were silent. A final gesture of dismissal.

But tireless, without rest, Fortune Ray worked in his huge tower of unmagnetic steel. Like a madman—the madman which his peers had dubbed

him, he and Ruth Helm, his fiancée and co-worker, with all their corps of brilliant lieutenants, brought the vast resources of the world's research (and more) to bear upon this new and startling thing. Old Orton Ray, the multi-billionaire, had built and equipped this marvel station of investigation for his talented grandson. A square mile in extent, piercing the clouds, the steel-ribbed edifice towered high above the Valley of Paradise.

The same afternoon at the long-wave radio instrument Ruth Helm heard from Paris the announcement: "Jacques Ribbert reports that Uranus does seem to have retrograded within the past few hours."

Jacques Ribbert was the world's foremost astronomer.

"Get Kanu Zo!" Fortune Ray exclaimed when Ruth reported to him.

"Kanu Zo! I've been trying for hours to call him," the girl replied.

A trace of tenseness in her voice, a slight unwonted blanching of the lips was all that betrayed Ruth Helm's emotion as her eyes met his and smiled. "Perhaps the vibrations are changed or broken up, perhaps . . ."

As she spoke there came a loud metallic crash, and Ruth turned to a strange mechanism that stood there perched on tall glass columns near the cen-

tre of the apex. It was in the form of a huge drum, silvered over, its sides displaying a series of minutely graduated dials and indicators. On the top was an oval glass shell, an inverted bowl, under which was a network of black antennae, resembling a spider's web.

"It's Kanu Zo now," she said after a moment's fevered working with the dials and levers. Kanu Zo was the name they had given to the Martian

*A DAM no doubt knew the other planets for they could be seen with the naked eye under the right conditions. But Uranus and Neptune—farthest of all from the Sun—were not discovered until within the last one hundred and fifty years, thanks to the invention of the telescope and the development of astronomical mathematics. Our scientists know comparatively little about Uranus and Neptune, although fictionists delight to romance about them. Now read MR. ADDIS' entertaining story in which they play "stellar" roles.*



sage and scientist with whom Fortune Ray had long since established communication, and worked out an intelligible code unknown to anyone except Ruth Helm and their most trusted helpers.

"He says the earth is doomed," she translated the rasping whir and groan of sound that boomed forth hollow and reverberating from the instrument's interior.

"Doomed!" Ray smiled and slipped one arm about the girl's slim waist. "Doomed! I could have told him that . . . unless . . ."

"Unless this force can be averted, the Martian says. Listen!"

Both were silent as the huge machine went on:

"You know how metals are transmuted; how free electrons uniting with the atoms make new and different combinations, new substances. That is what is taking place now, in the macrocosm. Altered rates of vibration, new orbits and new planets. Lead becomes gold; crystal, diamond! If we could stand out away from Mars, the earth, beyond the Solar System and the stars, we might behold a universe of iron becoming tin, of tin becoming silver! As things are, though, we must remain a part of it; we must change with it unless we can avert the change. We must go back into the universal flux, and fire-cloud, and out of it again, through countless myriads of ages, mute, helpless, the blind playthings of blind force until a brain evolves. The sun is dark red now as I behold it; before your side of the earth is turned to it again the sun will be black. There are but two individuals who understand the law of vibration, you on the earth, and I, on Mars. No one else could save the situation if he understood; for we have the only machines capable of controlling it. The stream of force is strongest between Neptune and Uranus, almost in line with Saturn from the earth; Jupiter is near its outer edge and moving from it. Focus upon Saturn; let the vibrations accelerate slowly; then——"

The machine was silent. An ear-splitting crash, and all was over.

"That's all!" Fortune Ray exclaimed. "The force has cut our radio to Mars!"

He called, and two assistants ran quickly up the crystal stairway to the insulated chamber at the apex of the tower.

"Help me with the vibrostat!" he said, and the three went to work on a great barrel-shaped mechanism which resembled a reflecting telescope.

It was just nine-thirty on the one hundred and twentieth meridian that night when Saturn suddenly was blotted out. Three minutes later Jupiter leapt backward full seven degrees in his orbit. Millions of anxious watchers witnessed the phenomenon all over the Americas; for the whole world stood breathlessly aghast at this cosmic calamity which was upon it. Millions of ears, straining with eagerness to catch the next dread tidings by radio, heard Ruth Helm's voice an-

nounce that the new force had made itself felt, registering with leaping intensity upon the instruments in Fortune Ray's laboratories, mounting with a rapidity unprecedented in all dynamic progression. And as Ruth Helm spoke, the reproducing instruments blared louder and louder. Their roars became deafening, then ceased. The thunderous vibrations had leapt in volume; then passed beyond the zone of sound.

In the observatories of the world scarcely a telescope but was sweeping the heavens, seeking some visible sign of the supposed intruder.

In Fortune Ray's giant tower the instruments for the first few moments behaved madly, then went dead; all but those within the insulated crystal room at the apex.

Human beings everywhere experienced a certain unknown nervous thrill. First, it was a species of delirium, a mad intoxication. Heart action speeded up incredibly and many died as a result; but those who lived were soon adjusted to the changed conditions. Things became normal, outwardly, but all living was speeded up beyond all calculation.

In his crystal workroom Fortune Ray and his assistants worked like madmen. Ruth Helm was at his side; calm, keen, alert, like a goddess of the North, she swung the giant instruments that pierced the night with their great eyes of sombre light. This dark light, called the ombrascope, was an invention of her own, hers and Fortune Ray's; and as it swept the earth for miles around the landscape stood reflected upon a huge screen of specially prepared glass. Folk stood, men, women, and children, for the most part in huddled groups, speaking little, their awed faces turned heavenward, waiting . . . Domestic animals, too, had left their grazing to gather in little herds, sensing their peril, waiting . . . In the City of Paradise it seemed the entire population had sought the streets. Cars tore madly up and down, heedless, apparently, of immediate dangers. Accidents were rife, and the mad careering vehicles crashed into and through the wreckage of the less fortunate, over and over the mangled bodies of the dead, and every avenue leading from the city was thronged with the outpouring of the populace, seeking escape in a doomed world which promised no escape.

The night dragged on interminably. Normal activities were at a standstill. Usual means of communication were broken off. No radio worked perceptibly; although it was later determined that the vibratory rates alone were changed. But no human ear was tuned to its perception. In ten hours men and women, and every living thing, aged ten years. The aged grew feeble and died, the young grew middle-aged, children reached adulthood in that dark night.

At ten a. m. next day the sun had not appeared. The earth grew cold, and water froze where ice had not been seen within the memory of man.



Freezing winds arose and carried stinging masses of sleet and hail howling across the earth's dark face.

For seven hours Fortune Ray's great vibrostat had been in operation. Swinging imperceptibly to the impulse of the clockwork timing mechanism it held on Saturn, or the point where Saturn had been. From positive to negative, and back again, through the octave of color, its oscillations ranged.

"Look!" Ruth Helm cried, and turned to beckon Fortune Ray to the crystal wall through which she had been peering.

The air outside was thronged with people, it seemed. Unreal, unlife-like, some clad in rich robes streaming in the mad wind, some in rags, some nude, a sea of beings human in form, floated there. Most of them slept, apparently. But here and there one moved, volitionless and dull, as in a dream, with staring eyes, some peaceful, others tortured.

"Do you understand?" the girl cried.

"Yes. Do you?"

"The cosmic rate is being lowered." It was Furniss who spoke, one of the two assistants present. "The astral worlds are coming into visibility."

Ruth laughed almost hysterically. "Both wrong and right!" she said; then hesitated breathlessly, and almost screamed: "There! There! Look!"

A face had floated close against the crystal. It hovered there with wide open eyes as though searching for someone or something inside the insulated room. Pain, horror, surprise, were stamped upon the features, and on the terror-widened eyes was the glaze of oblivion.

"Sam Barnes!" Furniss exclaimed. "Old Sam! I saw him there last night working on his dynamos. Alive, he was then . . . last night . . . last night! My God! Yesterday . . . or was there any yesterday? Good old Sam!"

"He died three hours ago," Ruth Helm spoke quietly. "I saw—was watching through the umbrascopes. A ten-ton driving shaft snapped and

crushed him!"

"Old Sam! My best friend! My God! I'll bring him in! Shan't hang about out in that awful storm, like a damned ghost! I'll——"

And before anyone could speak, before a hand could be raised to prevent him, Furniss had unfastened and thrown open the window in the crystal insulating wall.

"Sam!" he cried, and as he spoke the single monosyllable was swallowed up. Silence absolute and complete was in that room, in all the world. Furniss' arm went out amid that sea of floating human semblances, groping toward its wraithlike objective, and with the impulse his body followed.

Ruth caught his foot, and like a ball upon a rubber string he swung back at her touch, but in his hand he grasped the astral shell of Sam Barnes, the electrician.

Ray closed and secured the window. He tried to speak, but his voice was soundless. With the breaking of the insulation their feeble lights had gone. Suddenly there came a crash, and Kanu Zo was communicating again from Mars.. The Martian sage, the greatest intellect perhaps in the whole universe, had already solved the problem of the new intru-

## FOUR FIRES—Epic of An Artist

By JO HARTMAN

He built his first fire under northern skies,  
Where stars seemed like far twinkling icicles,  
And moonlight frosted breath of boreal gods.  
With heavy boots he crunched down frozen snow  
And piled his boughs of tamarack there. Night-long  
These crackled, leapt and danced—his body's warmth  
A tingling radiance until the dawn.  
. . . Yet with the Spring, no cinder marked the spot.

Again, this time within a bronze-hued grate,  
He lit a blaze of driftwood from the sea.  
Stretched languidly upon a tiger skin  
Of tawny-black luxuriousness, whose fur  
Was secret-pregnant as some old prayer rug,  
He watched the lurid, darting tongues of flame.  
He dreamed, Romance soft-armed beside him,  
To all their weird and fitful fantasies . . .  
Unknowing that his dreams should someday be  
Yon little lifeless ash-heap in the wind.

Next, passion's torch ignited in his hands—  
Desire and Youth both pulsing in his blood:  
He kissed seductive, ripe-pomegranate lips  
That simulated virgin sweetness, and  
The whole world whirled into a riotous  
And coloured maze . . . the air turned heady wine.  
Alas, it too grew cold, he cannot stir  
The faintest spark of it to glow. But ah,

The fire of Art, the fever to create,  
Has stayed with him, feeding upon itself.  
Forever at white heat—tho' chilled his flesh—  
This licks into his soul, consuming yet  
Revitalizing. Nor have gusts of tears—  
Such searing gall-drops as a baffled lust  
For self-expressing Beauty can unleash—  
Quenched meagerly its burning.

Maybe Death

Will find his fingers' cool extinguishing—  
A futile gesture . . . with that hidden flame  
As potent as a newly-living sun?

sive vibratory rate.

"Your vibrostat is making itself felt," he said in the unearthly but concise and explicit jargon they had evolved. "It penetrates the universe. But you have used too great a range of wave-lengths. The intruder is negative; negative electrons will neutralize it . . . the positive tend first to invite, then overcome. Try negative vibrations for two hours of your time; then rest two hours. I will go on alone. If at the end of your period of rest I have not spoken to you, start with the positive."

Little by little the lights began again to glow within the crystal room. Furniss still lay upon the floor where he had fallen, clutching at the form of Sam Barnes. Fortune Ray, Ruth Helm, and Holmes, the other assistant, worked feverishly,

(Turn to page 43)



# Numerical Symbolology of the ZODIAC

As Interpreted

By MAXIMILLION C. SCHULTZ

**T**HE zodiac is a circle of 360 degrees. Number 3 is the number of generation or increase; 6 is the number that symbolizes LOVE. The 3 plus 6 makes 9—the symbol of material completeness.

The circle of 360 degrees is divided into twelve signs of 30 degrees each. Here we find the number 12, which is composed of 1—the positive, creative force, and 2—the negative, receptive vessel. The 1 plus 2 gives us 3, this being the number of increase from the activity of the 1 and 2, or Sun, Moon and Jupiter.

The sum of 1 and 3 is 6, symbolizing Venus or LOVE. Inasmuch as these numbers each represent a divine principle of creation, so does the zodiac when considered as applying to the above. "As above, so below," but for below, our numbers must contain a 9 or Mars—something material.

In astrology we use the term "aspects," meaning the angle formed between any two zodiacal points. When planets occupy terminal points of aspects, their symbology becomes important.

First we will notice the harmonious aspect of 60 degrees or "sextile." This position brings them two signs apart, that is, one positive and one negative, or one masculine and one feminine. Two times 3 equals 6, the 2 being represented by the two 1's. One is the active and positive principle while 2 is the negative, attractive principle. The 2 is also retentive and acts as an incubator for the 1. From the combination or co-mixing of the 1 and 2 we have 3—the reproduction number.

Number 3 stands for Jehovah or the religious principle, and 6 stands for Love. Therefore 2 times 3, or 6, symbolizes true reproduction by the union of two souls who are divine mates. The result is the crystallization of divine will and creative power producing harmony, the same as the sextile aspect.

Consider the "trine" aspect of 120 degrees. It is found by dividing the circle by 3—the generative

number. The points are four signs apart, or 3 times 4, equaling 12.

The 4 represents the elements and the 12 represents the complete circle of unification. Any planets at these terminals bring to a harmonious completion anything that they symbolize.

Number 1 as the creative, positive, active force plus 2 as the receptive, attractive force, plus 3 as the neutral creative or reproductive principle, plus 4 as the transitional from one sphere to another, gives us 10, which is the complete spiritual cycle.

Let us analyze the discordant or 90-degree aspect of the square. The word "square" signifies material earth. Now, the aspect of 90 degrees is made up of three signs of 30 degrees each.

Number 3 is the neutral, generative, expansive and reproductive number. And 3 times 3 is 9 or Mars, which symbolizes sex, passion, contention, anger and strife.

Another aspect is the opposition or 180 degrees, called malefic. Here we find the number 1 representing creative force or the Sun, and the number 8 representing the double square or Saturn, the planet of darkness, depression and death. Number 1 plus 8 equals 9, this being the Mars number signifying material completion.

Another important aspect is the semi-square or 45 degrees. The 4 represents the four elements of material earth, while 5 represents the material laws of the country in which a person happens to live. Number 4 plus 5 equals 9, the number of material completion or Mars.

In summing up, we see that the divine numbers are only found in the good or harmonious aspects. In the discordant aspects we find only the material numbers or a mixed vibration the units of which when added together give a total of a material number, showing the transition from the divine into the material planes.



# Occultism Simplified

## *Second of a Series of Lessons in Applying the Law*

By EFFA DANELSON

REPRINTED BY REQUEST

**W**HAT IS MIND? Where is it? With all our research, we have never been able to define or place it. It cannot be the organism of the body. If it were, it would be subject to death the same as every other cell of the body. It cannot be a brain function, for brain dies when body dies.

If mind cannot be confined in the physical body, it must be outside of and independent of the body, using brain and body-matter through which to express itself. If it is not part of the physical organism, where does it dwell? What holds it together? What causes it to come in contact with matter? What holds it intact? What causes it to scatter? Your experience must answer. Yesterday your mind was cloudy. Today it is clear. Why so, and what clears your mind? Sometimes thoughts are concrete, again you can't put two and two thoughts together. Is the physical body the culprit? Or is mind itself in error?

Some minds are great, and some are not so great. There are many classes of humanity, although each individual is a different example of acting mind. There is a certain class of people who say mind is all there is. Do they speak of individuals and mind-function as confined in the physical brain? If mind were everything, how do we account for many we meet daily who seemingly have no mind at all, who cannot think, read or write—deaf, dumb and blind to self-expression? The physical body may be perfect in its functioning, but where is this mind that should act on this body? If mind is everything, why this condition? Is it a brain capacity that brings forth clear thinkers, or is it an independent creature of elements like the wind that blows, sometimes gently and sometimes in a tempest, where it will, as silently as it chooses?

As far as our analysis and research have decided,

the body, with its attributes, mentality, brain action, all combined, simple or complex, is not Life. And may we not assume that mind is not Life either? Can we not also say that mind is not a part of the physical body? Mind is an acting force, but the physical body is a separate vehicle. It can function without mentality, but it cannot function without Life. Life itself can function without mentality and without a physical body. What is this thing, then, that causes you to think, enables you

to analyze and to classify? Is this great power that gives you your individuality the same entity that takes care of your body, tells you when you are cold, or too warm, when you are hungry, when you have eaten enough, where you want to go—in fact, acts for you?

Every part of your body is brain matter, but every part of your body is not mind matter, nor will matter, and no part of your body is Life matter. Life is an entirely separate thing and functions independently. If you would act wisely, you would not cater to the physical body, nor to the mental body, only in so far as they are vehicles upon which Life acts. These vehicles enable your Life to express itself, that those

with whom you associate may understand you, may know what you want, and that you may know what they want. But Life, that force which makes man what he is in his greatness, in his perfectness, is the power that must be cultivated, is the force with which you as an individual must come in contact if you would understand even in part this great question of mind, of will, of the individual functioning of the Life Force. With this connection made, you could govern your thinking, and say to the waves of adversity, "I am Master."

When you awaken in the morning feeling dull and dreary, unless you bring your body into har-

*TRUTH is eternal growth.  
A fire that burneth low, yet lighteth  
all the world.*

*Truth is all and in all.*

*The height and depth, the length and  
breadth.*

*Buried in yesterday, alive in today,  
Yet revealed in the rays of tomorrow's  
sun.*

*Truth is everlasting, can not be swayed.  
TURMOIL is its strong current direct-  
ing the stream,*

*Overflowing the banks, even to destruc-  
tion,*

*Carrying the fragments, broadening the  
channel as it increases in its on-  
ward march.*

*And HARMONY is the sun's bright  
rays*

*Drawing together*

*The scattered pearls of Truth.*

EFFA DANELSON.



monious activity through the power of will, you could never arise from your bed. When you have brought your body into this harmonious activity, and you arise, you seem to feel that you have accomplished all that can be accomplished for the day, and then you pass into what is known as the waking, active state of caring for your body and going to your place of business, performing your duties without realizing that you haven't brought into being this great, dominating will of yours, which must be aroused every morning. It is the *manna* of life. You haven't brought into being this great mind of yours that gathers together, as it were, from all the universes, the scattered portions of the day before. You do not think about that great journey into the activities of Life itself, crowning your day, and you go to your bed at night, the self-same, unconscious being that you were when you awakened in the morning.

When you begin the day, bring what we would call the physical elements of the brain into action, and then bring the mind activity which consciously directs your every action into being. The unconsciousness of these activities of the human body keeps you deaf, dumb and blind to the wonderful possibilities that are yours. Think about what you are doing. You can think about many things at the same time, just as easily as you think about one, if you practice it until you make an art of it. When you have gathered together all the particles of the physical elements of your mind, then bring into activity your will by giving yourself a little push and move out of the accustomed way of "one—two—three." You will be surprised to see what vim and vigor will be created.

The man who has to force himself into action all day has really never awakened from slumber. To force yourself into activity after the death of the night is quite necessary, but to keep forcing yourself all day would be like feeding yourself all day. After you have given yourself this push into a new activity, into a new rhythm, if you please, then go into the deeper recesses of your being, and ask yourself a question that requires an effort to answer, that will bring your mind into equilibrium and give it activity and an incentive. You are just like your clock that has to be wound every day to keep it counting time. When you have succeeded in answering this question, take the subject of Life itself, and you will be surprised to see how far your vision will travel.

Life does not reside in the brain. You don't carry it around in your hands. It is that part of the great universal urge that separated you from the Whole. It is that thing that brought you into being and it only acts in conjunction with you when there is something that calls upon it. If you would have service from Life, you must constantly and continually call upon it.

Your life is individual, and is in association with many other lives. If you would be a representative

of a great life, you must seek the association of those who have become great, not in the eyes of men, but in the perfection of the Law. The physical body may be old. It may be crippled. It may have to be carried around, but it can't hinder Life, no matter what condition it is in. This physical body can be acted upon by other lives, but each individual has within himself a sentinel, known sometimes as the conscience, sometimes as the "still, small voice," sometimes as an urge. It has many names, but it has one function and that is to keep guard over the physical body as long as the physical body responds to the Life Force. This particular entity can and is in many instances pushed aside. Therefore it is very necessary for each one to develop a pronounced individuality, that he may keep his hold on the physical body and use it to carry out his own purposes.

If this law were better understood, there would be more harmonious activity, better association, closer affiliation and greater brotherhood among men. The voice of one crying in the wilderness doesn't reach many people, and cannot be heard above the babble of the throng. As long as men and women do believe, *will* believe that life holds a mystery that cannot be fathomed, there is very little hope of bringing this understanding to more than a handful of people in one generation.

If we could study the physical body just a little more closely than the medical fraternity studies it, if we could go just a little farther than the psychologists do, if we could get a little deeper understanding than the religionists have, we would realize that all mystery is only a lack of knowledge of the simple laws governing life. If we could be made to understand that life after death is *continued life* after death, not another individuality, but a succeeding embodiment of the same life, we could establish a working basis for all classes and sects.

The body in which the individual functions after death is a *created* body. It was *not* created *after* death. It was *created before birth*, and that is why we use the phrase "successive embodiments," which does not mean reincarnation. The seed germ is held within a body, and in this same seed the egg is confined. The egg is a successive embodiment of the seed and in that egg the physical body of the creature is encased. The physical body that comes forth from the egg was reposing in the seed. Each one of these expressions is carried through successive embodiments, and we cannot think for a moment that this omniscient light called Life is going to leave itself without other encasements upon which to act.

There is no cessation for Life. There is only cessation for these acting agents. The egg absorbs the seed, and the physical body absorbs the egg. The physical body is superseded by the spirit body and the spirit body gives place to the soul body. Every other body is absorbed as advancement is

(Turn to page 39)



When *LIGHT* Appears Gloom Perforce Goes  
Let Us Cheer Ourselves With

# Sunshine Psychology

By ERNEST WINDLE

Reprinted from "The Catalina Islander"

**P**ERNICIOUS motives and emotions are the forerunners of vicious and impulsive acts. Impulsive conduct—acts done without a moment's reflection—often brings sorrow and suffering to the sensitive mind. The mechanism of emotion, breathing and motive is now occupying considerable attention. How do human beings "injure the mind?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The motivationist, tracing out the laws that function in mental activities, should not lose sight of the emotional attitudes and personal interests that group or knit ideas together. When motive is regarded as a vibrating, moving mental force, that plays an important part in connecting the mind with the manual or physical expression, motive becomes a "silent force" that is very remarkable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did you ever stop to think that "mind power" has not yet been expanded or condensed, and that, not being "generated" in the mind using the power, it must be of a flowing, electrical nature? Great mental power is found in sympathy and human understanding. One of the recent outstanding discoveries is that genius, in whatever line of human effort it manifests itself, is the result of patience, sympathy and human understanding. A mind that continually attempts to overstrain or force its expressions frequently becomes unbalanced, lopsided and "emotionally explosive."

\* \* \* \* \*

Quite recently the noted psychoanalyst, Dr. Ameen U. Fareed, M.D., said: "Psychology and particularly the findings of psychoanalysis have brought to light the *motives* back of our thoughts. They have exposed, as it were, the soil in which our thinking is rooted. Just as etymology traces a word to its root, the new psychology exposes the *motive* back of the thought."

\* \* \* \* \*

"When individuals look others in the eye, does that always indicate honesty of purpose?" Answer: Not always. To analyze this activity from the viewpoint of Motivation and its expression, the student is well within the bounds of possibility if it is stated that "fixed glances" often indicate physical tenseness and a type of conscious aggressive-

ness, of superiority, of toleration and of suspicion. Expressions emanating from the human eye are sometimes very difficult to interpret.

\* \* \* \* \*

Egotistical, cold and "brazen-faced" individuals, and also persons guilty of crime, frequently attempt to "battle with the eyes" when they try to out-stare, intimidate or subdue their questioners. Self-conscious—but honest individuals—often become emotionally disturbed when others stare rudely at them. They seem to resent with dulled and downcast eyes, the unspoken attempt to a challenge which would force them to enter an argument.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is as yet, no fixed standard of interpretation for eye and eye-brow movements. Much of the expression from the eye is largely determined by the mental residue back of the activity.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is said that man studied the art of expression, not to express his feelings, but to conceal his emotions and motives. In sincere honesty, the body is seldom rigid and tense, unless the individual has been falsely accused, misquoted, maligned, mistreated and challenged. An actor who goes through the physical movements of honesty and innocence, does not always portray the feeling and motive back of the expression; hence his portrayal is insincere and flat.

\* \* \* \* \*

When philosophers regard the human body with its silent mental forces, as they regard any other piece of machinery, and attempt to trace out the different mechanisms, the problem of "too much mental power," often confronts the research worker. History reveals that many great men and women *might have been greater*, had they not been overwhelmed by pernicious emotions and motives. They had too much mental power, which they did not know how to use!

\* \* \* \* \*

"What is the correlation of motive, emotion, intelligence and character?" Answer: We have not the space in this column to answer this question fully. The correlation between motive and emotion offers some very interesting speculations.



————— *Every Month We Are Publishing Two*

# THE WELL

## A Study in Psychic Phenomena

By MURIEL E. EDDY

**W**HILE on my vacation in a remote little New England village this past summer, I chanced to observe in my ramblings one day an old deserted well at the end of a long barren strip of land upon which stood a decrepit old farmhouse, fast falling into ruin.

Although evidently no longer in use, the rusted chain and mossgrown bucket marked it definitely as having been the source of water supply for the occupants of the farmhouse in palmier days.

Strangely enough, the old abandoned well had a weird fascination for me, and I formed the habit of visiting it often.

One exceedingly hot, sultry night, finding sleep impossible, I arose, and led by an indefinable impulse, made my way across the field to the old well. As I reached it, the clock in the village church tower chimed out the magic hour of twelve—midnight!

Then something happened that caused me to rub my eyes incredulously. Did I imagine it, or did I actually *see*, silhouetted against the moon, the luminous, ghostly outline of a human body? Arms outstretched as if pleadingly, it hovered for a moment just over the well, then dissolved into mist, even as I gazed spellbound at the singular apparition. A keen student always of psychic phenomena, I resolved to get at the bottom of the mystery!

Next morning I queried my hosts about the deserted farm and well. At first they were strangely reticent, then finally they vouchsafed the information that the farmer's wife, known throughout the village as a "common scold," had

run away with an unknown man, presumably, as she was purported to have left a note behind her confessing this misdemeanor.

In a fit of despondency her husband shot himself. After his death the farm automatically became the property of the village, but it was never tenanted. Since the tragedy the place had fallen into decay, was rat infested, and shunned like the plague by the villagers.

To satisfy my lurking suspicions, I obtained permission to have the well cleaned, under pretense of being interested in purchasing the property. Since much dirt and refuse had fallen into the well during the years of abandonment, this was not considered strange by the village fathers.

After hours of hard labor, the workmen unearthed what was left of the skeleton of a woman. Some villagers identified it as being that of the farmer's wife by means of certain fillings in her teeth.

It seemed that after murdering her he had thrown her weighted body into the well, but his guilty conscience gave him no rest and in the end he committed suicide.

Thus ended my investigation of one of the strangest examples of psychic phenomena it has ever been my pleasure to unravel. It would appear almost as if, in the act of dissolution, certain chemicals of which the human body is composed found their way into the air, where they again came together on the night when I viewed the strange apparition of the "ghost," and formed the perfect outline of the original human body. This solution appears—to me at least—quite sound and logical.



# True Psychic Experience Stories——

## WHY I BELIEVE

### The Soul Lives on and Retains Its Identity

By CONSTANCE DAY

**A**LL my life I have had visions which I have not tried to account for. But some of my experiences are known to and provable by other persons. I will leave it to you, the reader, to judge the *why* of them.

In the year 1900 I lived with my mother, her second husband and his son. Jack was two years older than I and a bright likable youngster who had, however, a positive distaste for school or books.

Our home was in a sparsely settled part of Oklahoma, forty miles from a railroad. Jack and I drove that distance to a boarding school, keeping the team with us so that we could go home over the week-end about once a month. Jack depended upon me to help him with most of his lessons, and I handled the finances and looked out for his laundry and so on.

One morning two weeks after we had returned to school for the fall term, I observed Jack pushing his breakfast away and acting as though he were ill. I questioned him and he said there was nothing the matter, but that he had not slept all night and wished he were home. I chided him for being homesick, and, planning a dose of medicine for him that night, thrust the matter from my mind.

During morning classes I glanced out the window and saw Jack walking back and forth on the campus. I became alarmed, for I had never known him to be sick. During recess I cornered him, and trying to be a real sister to him, demanded to know what was on his mind. Then he told me that he really did not know, except that all night his father was with him in a hazy sort of way and yet he felt

that he ought to go home. I told him that was ridiculous—we were not due to go home for two or three weeks yet. There was no way of telephoning home either. I laughed at him and called him a baby. Then he put his head on my shoulder and cried and said he simply had to go home and see his daddy. I told him that was no way for a fourteen-year-old boy to act. I shall never forget the expression in his eyes when he looked at me pleadingly and said, "But I saw Dad falling, falling . . ."

A few minutes before school was out my cousin rode into the school yard. When I saw him coming, I knew something was wrong and I forgot the rules and flew out to meet him. Sure enough, Jack's father had died the evening before. He was a country doctor and kept large quantities of medicines in his office. Although he was methodical and knew just where to lay his hand on anything he wanted, for once he was wrong. After a hard day of driving over rough country roads, ministering to the sick, he had come home almost ill himself. In the dusk he went through the house, into the front room he used for an office, and took the wrong powder. He then walked out onto the back porch, where he began to feel faint, leaned against the pillar and fell down the steps. When they picked him up, he was dying and asking for Jack.

Over forty miles of space his spirit had flown to his son and stayed with him all night. *Jack had seen him fall.*

**A** FEW years later, when living in Kansas City, I met a young man from a small town not far from Philadelphia. He was in fact the postmaster



in his home town. We corresponded regularly, and when I planned a trip east, it was arranged that he would come to Philadelphia and spend the evening with me while I stopped over there.

I arrived at my hotel in Philadelphia in the morning and at once called him over the long distance telephone. He told me what train he would take into the city, that he would arrive in time for dinner and I should wait for him.

Long past the appointed time I waited, but he did not come. I called the station and learned that the train had arrived on time. I could not understand it, yet I remained sitting in my room, waiting for the bell to ring and the clerk to tell me Mr. Mertyn was in the lobby, but no call came. Until almost midnight I waited, then I put in a long distance call for his home. His father answered the call, and told me that Dale had taken the train and should have been with me at the appointed time. When I told his father that Dale had not shown up, he became alarmed. He told me to go to bed and get some rest, that he would be down to the city early in the morning.

I did go to bed, and finally dropped off to sleep. I don't know how long I slept before I awakened with a scream because icy hands were closing about my throat trying to choke me to death, it seemed. I sat bolt upright in bed, trembling, and with the cold perspiration standing out all over my body. I switched on the light, but the room was empty. I tried to force myself back to sleep, but each time I dozed I would awaken with the same feeling of strangulation. Toward morning, when I should have been getting up and taking my train on east, a strange peace settled over me. It seemed as if someone were stroking my hair and lulling me to sleep. I slept well until almost noon, when the bell rang, and presently Dale's father came up to see me. Dale had gotten off the train and started to cross the street when an accident happened. I never learned all the details, but he was picked up and rushed to the hospital. Just after midnight they operated on his neck in an effort to save his life. But he passed away at daybreak, at just the time when peace had come to me and I went back to sleep. I suffered with him the agony of his throat and neck and went to sleep just as he did.

THE middle of July, I went to Salt Lake City to visit my mother. The day before I was to leave, mother and I took my kodak and went to Liberty Park, not far from her home. We were discussing a dream I had had during the night. Some personality, so vague that I could not remember whether it had been man or woman, had urged me against my will to go away with it, and it took all my will power to resist it. Reviewing this dream, I told mother the incidents surrounding the suicide but a short time before of a gentleman acquaintance of mine in Los Angeles, and in jest said perhaps he was trying to induce me to follow his example.

I am not sure mother heard all of my recital of that episode, for, almost as if she had been thinking all the while of someone else, she asked me abruptly if I knew where my former husband was. I replied that I had not heard from him in years, nor had my son heard from his father in that time.

Then we forgot everything except the pictures we were going to take. We snapped all the pretty little corners in the park. Then I posed mother in front of the caretaker's house and snapped that scene. It being a pretty view, I then stepped into the place mother had been and she took my picture.

Going back to Los Angeles, I stopped off at San Francisco to see my son. When I reached his apartment, he had not yet returned from work. I met his landlady and she told me how much she liked my boy. During our conversation she asked me if I knew where his father was. I told her that I did not. After hesitating for a moment, she said:

"Well, he is dead, for I have seen him hovering over Calvin protectingly. No doubt you can verify his death if you try."

When I arrived home in Los Angeles and had the negatives developed, the picture mother took of me in Liberty Park distinctly showed a man's form walking toward me with arms outstretched. Several photographers and friends have had explanations of this—all different.

They can explain it all they like, but I know they are wrong. It is something that neither science nor photography can explain—only the inner soul may know.

Personally speaking, I have come too close to the spirit world on several occasions not to believe that the souls of our dear ones live on and on. . . .

---

[ **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.* ]



## If You Were Born Between August 23 and September 23 Your Zodiacal Sign Is

# VIRGO the VIRGIN

By J. EDMOND RYAN

(All Rights Reserved)

**V**IRGO is the second of both the earthly and the mutable signs; it is third of the maternal signs and the turning point from the southern to the northern signs.

Those born in this sign are thinking and observing persons, remarkable for their orderly, methodical habits. They are very neat in their dress, the women being particularly fastidious.

The advanced type are fully developed intellectually. They are especially apt to be fond of reading and many of them derive great benefit from the study of metaphysics and occult sciences.

These people have much pride and when they are of good blood, their pride in their ancestry is most noticeable. Another trait is their ability to keep their own and their friends' secrets. Although at times they may be somewhat lacking in courage and application, they aspire to become good and great.

The faults of Virgo people are numerous. One great trouble they have is their failure to recognize their own shortcomings, although they are continually and persistently critical of others. They have also to guard against a strong tendency to domineer or use their good intellectual qualities to the detriment of others, which will incline to make them unpopular.

The lower types of Virgo people are most subject to a weakness for wanting to appear well and will often hopelessly involve themselves in debt for the sake of keeping up appearances.

Virgo people possess a great deal of magnetism and if they will but develop themselves, curb the material side of their natures and refrain from too much fault finding in others, they can be very attractive indeed.

They possess great recuperative powers and are not liable to much sickness. The less cultivated types may have many imaginary ailments, however, and many frequently dose themselves with medicines. But they would be better off, in most cases at least, if they would keep away from drugs altogether. Nature is their best doctor.

Virgo people are fortunate in that they usually retain their youthful appearance until they are well on in years.

*Your Chief Characteristics Are Discrimination,  
Self-Preservation*

Ruling Planet .....	Mercury
Day of Week .....	Friday
Musical Tone .....	Mi
Color .....	Green
Precious Stone .....	Jasper
Flowers .....	Lavender, Fern.

The physical complaints most common to the sign of Virgo are colic, flatulent pains in the bowels, diarrhoea, uterine affections and blood impurities, also eczema.

Virgo persons often are poets, philosophers, writers, or public speakers. Many of the best newspaper editors come from their sign. Virgo persons may also be musicians, chemists, physicians, solicitors, salesmen, and they generally do well as managers in commercial lines, particularly in any line of foodstuff.

### *Other Signs With Virgo Rising*

Persons of other signs with Virgo rising at the time of their birth have a cool, clear intellect and a great sense of justice, but are too often cold and harsh in their treatment of others. They are very adaptable and generally of a pleasing appearance but very dual in nature. This is especially true if the Sun is in Sagittarius and they allow their lower nature to dominate.

Some gain through partners, business or marriage is likely or some inheritance may be received. Money may also be derived from science and teaching. There is some likelihood of reversals but success in finance is probable in foreign lands. They should be conservative in money matters, for there is danger for them in speculation.

There is a tendency to disappointment in love affairs; usually there will be two marriages, or a second attachment during the life of the wife or husband.

Powerful enemies are likely among men of position belonging to the world of art, or among those engaged in speculation. Permanent hatred may be directed towards them on account of some love affair.



# Create *SUCCESS* Through the Power of *Your Emotional Nature*

By ROSWELL EARL CEMANS

**W**ITHIN every individual there is a seething current of feelings, impulses, instincts—his emotional nature. It is primal, elemental, overwhelming. If uncontrolled it will handicap, cripple or completely destroy him—according to the type and temperament of the individual.

So today we see man a highly evolved creature who not only acts but thinks and feels. All these thoughts, feelings and emotions are interrelated. The body and mind of man are so closely bound together that whatever affects one affects the other. An instantaneous change of mind instantly changes the muscles of the face.

The most desirable human possession in the world is emotion. Without it man is colorless, bloodless, lifeless. He can neither experience a great enthusiasm nor kindle it in others. But it must be controlled by his mind, and its power turned into constructive channels if he would be happy and successful.

Emotional energy may be likened to an electrical current in other ways. It is sometimes decreased as when we are asleep. When we are conscious of intense feeling—when something pleasant or unpleasant has happened which generated, sometimes instantaneously, an excess of this current.

Whenever this happens you do one of two things. You either express it or repress it. If you express it you are immediately relieved. That explains why those with fiery tempers forgive the quickest. They get it out of their systems.

Those who nurse their grudges, saying nothing, are the ones who hide their feelings and seek revenge later. Those who tell you what they think when offended are never pernicious.

**E**VERY emotion is the combustion that ensues when something has happened which set fire to instinct.

Each of your instincts might be called a pile of tinder, laid ready for lighting, and handed down to you from remote ancestors. These bundles of tinder catch fire easily. They are always ready to blaze up. Some of them flame out early in life.

Your instinct of assimilation burns in the newborn babe. It is hungry. There is no thought behind its cry for food—nothing but blind instinct.

Other instinctive fires are lighted later on—the sex instinct at adolescence and other higher instincts as we proceed through life. As we grow older we become more reasonable, for reason is given more and more ascendancy as the fires of instinct die down.

All instincts are the temporary flaring up of the instinct fires. The expression, "He got into a heated argument," is not an accidental phrase. Neither is it accidental that we say, "He has a cold nature."

**W**HEN something occurs to arouse an instinct, you do one of two things, you either repress or express. If you gratify the instinct, the accompanying emotion will be *pleasurable*. If you thwart it, the accompanying emotion will be *painful*. If you satisfy your hunger—the instinct of assimilation—your emotion is a pleasant one. If you are prevented from eating a delicious meal, your emotion will be a painful one.

Society is organized against the free and full expression of certain instincts. Laws, rules, customs exist to regulate the full expression of certain

(Turn to page 40)

*If you know your predominant instincts, you have the key to that which Mr. Cemans calls the most desirable human possession in the world—Emotion.*

## Specific Instincts and Their Emotions (After McDougal)

INSTINCT	EMOTION
Nutritive or assimilative	Hunger
Flight	Fear
Repulsion	Disgust
Curiosity	Wonder
Self-assertion	Positive self-feeling (elation)
Self-abasement	Negative self-feeling (subjection)
Gregariousness	Emotion unnamed
Acquisition	Love of possession
Construction	Emotion unnamed
Pugnacity	Anger
Reproduction	Emotion unnamed
Parental	Tenderness



THIS MONTH The Occult Significance  
of The Letters F, G, and H

# Psycho--Symbolism

By EDWARD B. JEFFREY

All Rights Reserved

THE capital letter F is a symbol of a key or similar screwing or twisting tool. The figure is almost a diagram of the outlines of such an instrument and implies its process in action. A lock requires a key and *vice versa*. Hence the two are complementary.

It is a means to shut or open a lock; or that or by which anything is screwed or turned. It also makes available for use or safety what is within. There are two operations: First it is put in or on its receiver, then it is forced round and forward with a peristaltic motion.

On the one hand it represents the ordinary door key, safe key, or burglar's combination. On the other, the engineer's wrench, the mechanic's spanner, the turnkey of the waterman.

In the ideal or "type" there is very little handle or leverage shown, indicating that the tool, being appropriate to the work, there is little resistance. It will function easily and readily without any forcing. Faulty tools or a difficult subject may demand an extended handle and extended handling. That is, the tool may have to be of special form, and a longer time given to the job.

This process compares with the digestive system of the human body. The food is put in, and thereafter turned and twisted with a peristaltic motion. Weak stomachs demand special treatment and dietary.

The digestive system has long been recognized by medical men to be the key—the master key—of the body, opening up various processes, along with its own. If functioning correctly, neither key nor lock needs any artificial lubrication, whether of medicine or alcohol. A simple natural food will open the doors of desire and the locks of digestion and allow the requisite juices to flow.

Ideally, the key is very simple, its lines straight and plain. They thus avoid friction and opposition. If by ill use, however, the key or lock is damaged, bent, strained, upset, or out of order, one or the other will lose in value. In an extremity they may cease to function, and the "system" breaks down. The key, then, is a type of fitness, and to take fitting foods is to assist the machinery of lock and key, or the whole digestive system.

Napoleon is credited with the statement that "an army marches on its stomach," meaning that its fitness is directly in ratio to its feeding efficiency. Noted physicians aver that most of the ills that man is heir to are traceable to a disordered stomach and disappear in time, when the key and lock are better fitted.

**"ALL things, material, moral, and spiritual,"** writes Mr. Jeffrey in a note to the Editor, "will eventually be found to embody the equivalent of two sexes, or distinct complementary cells, responsible for all 'duality' in Life. I believe that the basic laws of the universe are but few indeed, and that these indicate the Universality of All Matter."

Desire and the craving to be fed are natural in child and man. The uneasiness of, and, in extremity, the pain of want, will move both to action. Hunger makes light of taste. It is a more primitive and insistent urge than that of the finer selective agency of the palate. A starving man is not far removed from the animal,

and will ravenously devour and half choke in his haste to stifle the acute pangs within. "F" is therefore a lower grade but more instinctive symbol than "E." During the siege of Paris hungry people so far departed from the refinements of tastes and preferences, selections and taboos, as to eat rats and old boots, even paying big prices to the vendors of these.

The symbol, however, is not a token alone of bodily and purely mechanical processes. The same principles apply mentally and psychically and are apparently closely related. A common illustration is the reaching bodily feeling accompanying an acutely dissatisfied state of mind when, say, a longing is almost unbearable. Or again, there is the



feeling of nausea and revulsion when the fed-up feeling has reached the very limit of human endurance. A great anxiety of mind will often turn a person entirely from food. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. It is emblematic of many other tools, for instance, the "F" is the "key" or fundamental note or tone in music on which the whole piece turns.

Although in practice the copies of the "types" or the written "signs" of most writers are more or less out of shape, it is significant that this "key" symbol is the worst example. "Ideally" it faces "right" and "forward," both altruistic directions, yet this letter, more than any other, is turned to the complete round-about, showing how far we have departed from our "type" or "ideal." Our "bents" or acute "inclinations" cannot reasonably live on plain straightforward foods, but demand special fare; yet wrong methods of gratification cannot possibly bring complete satisfaction, simply because they are unreal, and rebel against natural laws. They are unlicensed. A "bent" tool also, especially if strong, has the handler entirely in its uncertain gyrations, so that the instruments can become the masters.

Psychologically, the diagram is a "sign" of a "digest"—an unloosening of elements, and placing of them under their various heads, as in a discourse. This assists assimilation by the various members. It is comparable to a really great preacher speaking in the simplest and most orderly language for the reader understanding of his congregation. If he has wilfully a "bent," he is not then sincere to his hearers.

Hence the symbol F might be termed the sign of good health in body or mind. It also seems certain from the signs that an artificially created appetite induces a longing for the process to be repeated, and produces a vicious circle. A long deduction from this would be that subsidization of any industry is unnatural, weakening, creates diseases in the body politic and induces a vicious repetition of the same conditions.

**T**HE capital letter G is a diagram of a mouth and jaws. It represents a cavity with an opening, aperture, entrance, or beginning, through which a body or material can be received, or shut out. The jaws form a tool of apprehension.

It outlines the functions of various tools such as a clamp, vise, stone crusher, mincing machine, potato slicer, and so on.

In man, and in some animals, the primary function of seizure has been sublimated to hands and fingers, or claws, but in the primitive animals, such as the great saurians, the jaws and mouth were the first means of laying hold of and retaining bodies. Having obtained possession, the jaws closed upon the prey and kept it from escape.

It is a "sign" of a gripping tool, to hold, press, or squeeze a body or material. Its functions, how-

ever, do not end, but only begin there. It not only apprehends or seizes, but retains possession. From the body of raw material it commences to break down piecemeal into portions and, according to the habits of the subject, or nature of the object, nibbles, gnaws, grinds, shreds, minces, or pulps the mass, turning it with accompanying fluid, into a solution. Ultimately it welds portions into desired shapes and sizes for consumption.

If the prey be considered as an "absorbing" problem, the superficial "solution" occurs at the beginning of the matter, immediately on entering, following which it is inwardly digested, as a metaphor, or fact.

During the process of mastication in the human mincing machine, there is a subconsciousness in the brain of the actual operation of the jaws and teeth. Should a piece of bone or foreign substance not harmonize with the bulk of the pulp, it is separated almost without effort by the teeth and tongue and put aside for expulsion by the lips. This may be done before the person—who may be in conversation—is quite conscious of the action, and ready to take the offending fragment from the lips.

It appears as if each tooth, when pressing upon the morsels of food, set up currents of sensation of particular tones in the brain, comparing with the pressure on the ivories of a pianoforte—vibrating the chords within.

The psychological equivalent to this breaking down into fractions and reassembling in other but more consciously realized form is "literal calculation." It is a system of mathematics, which worked out in real, not abstract figures, reduces many social and commercial problems to practical terms.

The symbol represents more than one organ sublimated, and appears to stand for "audition." In diagram, it bears a strong resemblance to the outer ear.

With the beasts of the forest, appreciation of the various cries was the first means of being aware of their enemies, or a first apprehension. The foes might be miles from sight, but the sounds of their roars could produce real terror, and keenest apprehension of danger to the listeners.

It was a purely imaginary seizure on the part of the hearers, that is, there was possibly no chance of actual bodily contact, but the "sign" of fear was there.

In the brute, and surviving to some extent in man, is a tendency to fly at or from anything feared intensely. Hence a baby will shrink from its well-known and loved mother if she makes a very sharp or somewhat strange cry. A man also will unwittingly or involuntarily sometimes jump at or from a sudden noise. "H"—the following or dependent sign representing muscles—is but a natural sequence, therefore.

There appears some subtle connection between  
(Turn to page 42)



KNOW Yourself—Make the Most of YOUR TALENTS  
It's EASY When You FOLLOW

# The Head Line

By ALICE DENTON JENNINGS

Illustrated by Rose Cohn

**T**HE Head Line is found in the middle of the hand, beginning between thumb and index finger. It is highly important. Innumerable experiments have shown that it absolutely indicates the amount and kind of mentality possessed, the power of concentration, and the ability to exercise self-control.

The Head Line may rise from three different points: From the center of the Mount of Jupiter (refer to 1 on plate). From the commencement of the Line of Life (2). From the Mount of Mars within the Line of Life (3).

The Head Line which rises from the Mount of Jupiter without touching the Line of Life and which is long, deeply cut, and preferably of a pink color, is the most powerful of all. It denotes boundless ambition combined with reason. There will be good judgment, a well balanced brain—judicious, deductive and practical. One with such a Head Line will control others although not seeming to control them. He will take pride in his management of people and things, and while being strong in rule will be just in the administration of power. He will be conscious of his power and this will give him the calmness and tranquillity which allows one to dare the struggle of life without fear.

There is a variation of this Head Line which is practically as strong. Again the line rises on Jupiter, but it is slightly separated from the Line of Life. The characteristics will be much the same, except that there will be less tact and diplomacy. One will be quicker to make decisions and more impetuous in action. When the space between Head Line and Life Line is very wide, one will be

too impetuous and hasty in action (4-2).

When the Head Line rises from the commencement of the Line of Life and is connected with it, a sensitive, nervous temperament is indicated. If joined to the Line of Life and following its course for some distance, timidity and a lack of confidence which will be difficult to overcome, also an excess of caution, are denoted.

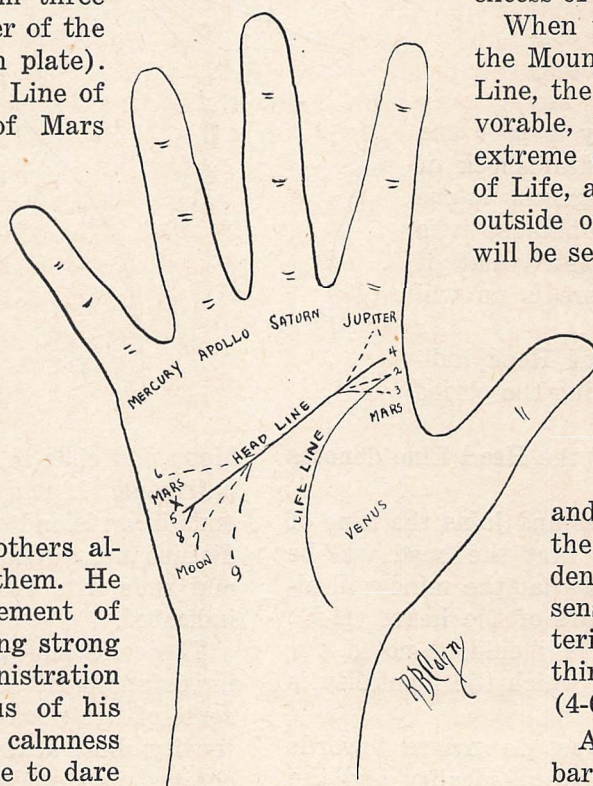
When the Head Line rises from the Mount of Mars within the Life Line, the indications are not as favorable, this beginning being the extreme on the inside of the Line of Life, as the wide spacing on the outside of the Line of Life. One will be sensitive, nervous, and more or less irritable. He will be inconstant in thought and action and always more or less in conflict with his neighbors.

A Head Line which is straight, clear and even and runs across the center of the palm to the percussion, denotes practical, common sense, and the love of material things rather than things of the imagination (4-6).

A Head Line which is short, barely reaching the middle of the hand, tells of a nature that is thoroughly material. It shows an utter lack of imaginative qualities, although one may be quite at

home in things practical.

If the Line of Head is very short and the Line of Life is also short, the indications are that the life is short and stops at the point where the Line of Head ends.



1. Rising from center of Mount of Jupiter.
2. Rising from commencement of Life Line.
3. Rising from inside Life Line on Mars.
4. When space between commencement of Head and Life Lines is wide.
- 5-8. Fork.



When the Head Line is straight in the first half, then slopes slightly, it indicates balance between the practical and the imaginative. One will have a level-headed, common sense way of going at things, even when dealing with the purely imaginative (4-7).

When the Head Line breaks under the Mount of Saturn, the indications point to sudden death. However, before deciding on this meaning, be sure to examine both hands to see whether the indications in the left hand are borne out by the right hand (A-B).

The Head Line which is clean, well cut, long, straight, and without accidental dots or spots indicates will power, courage and energy.

The Head Line which is scarcely marked in the hand indicates lack of fixity of ideas and sequence of thought, as well as a will which is not very intense.

Cuts on the Head Line show danger points. If small and frequent they indicate headache. If very deep, an inclination to brain diseases (B-C).

The chained Line of Head is a bad indication. The mentality is weak and utterly lacking in concentration. One cannot apply himself continuously to any kind of work. The memory is poor and the judgment bad. A mental shock of any kind is exceedingly dangerous to one with a chained Head Line because it is likely to throw him completely out of balance and this done, there is no will power to redeem it (D-E).

An island on the Line of Head indicates nervous headache during the period that the island lasts (G).

A cross in the middle of the Head Line denotes a wound to the head (F).

When the Head Line rises and joins the Line of Heart, the indications are that the head will be controlled by the heart and that the mind will always be dominated by affairs of the heart (H-J).

The end of the Head Line should be noted, for this shows the direction in which the mentality is inclined to develop.

When the Head Line slopes downward towards the wrist, imagination, romance, ideality and the artistic qualities are indicated (7).

When it slopes still more and forms a decided curve towards the wrist, the indications are of excessive imagination, extreme sensitiveness and melancholy (9).

When the Head Line is straight and curves slightly at the end towards the little finger, one will make a decided success in business, but will be grasping and hard over money matters (6).

When the Head Line is long and slopes slightly

towards the end, the second and third fingers being of nearly equal length, one will have a leaning towards the stock exchange and all phases of life will be more or less of a gamble.

When long and sloping towards the end in the direction of the Mount of Moon, the Head Line denotes a taste for literature and literary work (5).

When the Head Line ends in a fork, the indications point to versatility, a union of practical and imaginative ideas, giving one the ability to see things from a double point of view. If the fork be slight, the indication is versatility. If more pronounced, one will have a set of practical as well as imaginative ideas and with this double point of view will be less inclined to be narrow-minded or one-sided. It is an excellent marking for lawyers, actors, preachers or those who come in contact with the general public. It is a wonderful indication for the comedian, and it is often found in the hands of great actors. It endows one with the gift of mimicry, acting and gesture. This fork will be found in the hands of people with the qualities of penetration and perspicacity.

A small cross at the end of the Head Line, either above or below it, is an augury of a happy and favorable fortune.

A well defined star at the end of the Head Line indicates either sterility or danger in childbirth.

If the Head Line droops low on the Mount of Moon and ends in a star, it indicates insanity.

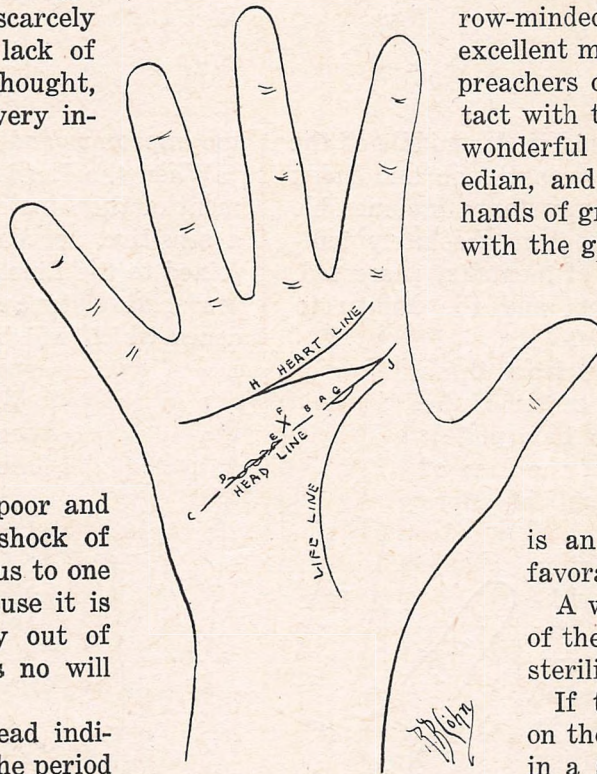
If it droops to the Mount of Moon and ends in a chain, it indicates mental impairment. If it droops to the Mount of Moon and ends in an island or dot, there is danger of mental disturbance. When it droops to the Mount of Moon and ends in a cross, a check to the mentality is indicated.

The color and quality of the Head Line play an important part. Pink gives force and takes away some of the weaknesses of the line. Red adds intensity but denotes less force. Red causes a chained and shallow line to be violent and spasmodic, while pink adds evenness and balance. Yellow indicates despondency and a faultfinding disposition. Blue indicates congested circulation. White, wherever seen, in either the hand or the lines, indicates self-aggrandizement, a cold, calculating nature.

A broad shallow Line of Head indicates lack of force or intensity in the mental makeup.

It is important to always examine both hands,

(Turn to page 44)





## A STORY of Mind Pitted Against Mind

Complete in This Issue

The *House* of The *Damned*

By

ELKHORNE

THE powerful Dragon roadster roared along the highway, two figures reclining comfortably in it. Arnold Strong, tall, flat-faced, slightly bald, professor of psychology at Raven College, drove with one arm; the other arm lay around the shoulders of his wife of a week, Marie Defoss Strong, black-haired, grey-eyed nurse. She, nestling within the curve of his arm, breathed deeply of the fresh air—air filled with the satisfying fragrance of alfalfa and clover, and redolent with the intoxicating effluvia of spring and summer.

On toward a horizon of glamorous beauty—through an imaginary aura of the romance-embracing future, alluring and beckoning, they drove. For first love, marriage and the bliss accompanying it, are intoxicants to the hearts of men and women.

Town after town they passed; small hamlets and villages lodged in the virgin hills of Missouri like the spring flowers growing in the combs and pastures of the woodlands—obscure, detached from the world, peaceful.

Evening drew near, and with it came a clouded heaven. Enormous masses of murky, fuliginous mist filled the sky in the west. A storm was imminent; soon a ruptured heaven would spew forth rain. At six o'clock they sped into Fitch, Missouri, a small city of ten thousand.

They stopped at a filling station, refilled the gasoline tank, replenished the oil, and sought a restaurant.

There they enjoyed a fare of roast beef, candied sweet potatoes and such of the gastronomical embellishments that bring joy to the heart and satisfaction to the stomach.

Twenty minutes before seven they returned to the car. Arnold looked at his wife. "Shall we try and make Maxfield, dear?" he questioned pleasantly. "There may be rain, but it's only twenty-six



ELKHORNE FIDDY

F I D D Y

miles. We should make it in something less than forty minutes. What say?"

Marie Strong entered the car, seated herself, and fixed her eyes upon her husband. "Certainly, Arnold. I won't mind; even if it does rain. Besides, we set Maxfield as the end of today's drive, and we may as well travel on honeymoon schedule. Let's go."

Strong laughed joyously, the blood of the adventurer in his veins. Regardless of the passers-by thronging the streets, he kissed his wife. Then he jumped into the seat and pressed the starter; the engine roared, and the long, low car moved swiftly forward and headed for the highway.

They were on the outskirts of Fitch. Strong slowed down, and felt in a vest pocket, extracting a cigarette package. There was one lone cigarette. He stopped the car beside a confectionery and inn that loomed in the dusk by the highwayside.

"Dear, I must get some cigs," he said.

The sky was filled with angry, swiftly moving clouds and sullen, muffled murmurs of thunder sounded low in the western sky. Above the horizon radiated fanshape flashes of lightning, palpable signs of an approaching storm.

Strong entered the shop. The proprietor shuffled in from a small door in the rear. He was a shortish individual with disheveled hair and reddish, watery eyes.

"Evening, stranger," he greeted laconically.

"A package of Luckies, please," Strong requested, tapping the counter with a quarter.

Lackadaisically the proprietor tendered the cigarettes. "Bad storm comin', stranger," he vouchsafed. "Goin' far?"

"Maxfield," Arnold Strong replied pleasantly.

The other nodded. "You won't make it before the rain if you take the highway, for there's a repair crew got it blocked about ten miles up, and you got to turn off the main road on a detour of



six miles till you strike the highway again. The detour is in pretty bad shape.

"If you take the short cut that turns off through the hills about a mile up the highway, you can save fifteen miles. It's a hill road and fairly good. If it rains, the goin'll be hard, but if you hurry you might make Maxfield by the cut before the rain."

Strong stroked his lower lip. "Thanks," he said. And as he turned to leave, "A package of gum," remembering that Marie was an addict.

As Strong left the shop the proprietor followed him to the door, and standing in the doorway, surveyed the sky languidly. "She'll rain in thirty minutes, stranger," he prophesied.

The car continued swiftly along the highway. Strong gave his wife the gum, and lit a cigarette. Then he repeated the information just given to him.

They both scanned the sky. It slid restlessly overhead, ominous, unpropitious, pregnant with rain but as yet shedding none. Thunder moaned continually, and faint, spearlike flashes of lightning slashed the sky immediately above the hills.

Marie Strong chewed her gum quietly. "I believe we're in for a pretty bad rain," she remarked, "but if you think we'll make better time, let's take the hill road. Besides a little rain won't hurt."

"Very well, dear," he answered. "Watch for that side road."

A quarter of a mile and then, "This must be it," he said.

A road branched from the highway, and a sign, old, worn and dusty but legible, proclaimed:

#### MAXFIELD—10 MILES.

The roadster turned from the pavement; its lights bore into the darkness, disclosing a tree-lined road, and soon hill after hill had rolled beneath the speeding wheels of the car. Five miles on this road. . . .

A long hill lay ahead. Came the rain. Big drops fell at first, striking the road, the canvas top of the car. Plop, plop, they hit the canvas—then a steady downpour. The road became slick as a steel plate; the wheels of the car whirled around, slipping, slipping, but slowly, surely and steadily they moved ahead—grasping, clutching, biting the glassy surface, and sliding and slipping down the other side of the hill. Another hill, losing itself in the rain and darkness. . . .

Strong muttered "Damn" in a low breath, and Marie sighed.

"Why didn't I buy a coupe!" he fumed.

"Dear, what a honeymoon," she murmured.

Quickly they adjusted the side curtains, and somewhat damp and much disgusted, just sat.

The rain subsided noticeably, and Marie, peering to the right, discerned a light some two hundred yards from the road.

She clutched her husband's arm. "Surely a house, Arnold. Perhaps they'll shelter us till the

storm passes. Better to be inside than stalled in a car on a strange road."

Strong turned a spotlight on the roadside, and whistled. The pencil-like beam revealed two tall concrete columns, joined by an arch of the same material. A cindered drive branched from the dirt road, ran under the arch, and lost itself in the murky vicinity of the light first noticed by Marie.

She peered intently at the arch. "Can you make out that writing on the arch? It looks strange to me. Perhaps it's the name of the place."

Strong scanned the arch, now revealed in the narrow, piercing gleam of the spotlight. He saw written thereupon the neat, but to him unintelligible, writing of ancient Persia.

"It's cuneiform, I think, but I don't know what the deuce it means. We can't be bothered about that; what we need is shelter."

Marie looked up at the sky. "It seems that the sky is clearing somewhat, Arnold. Suppose we try the hill again."

Strong flashed the spotlight on the hill road. He pressed the starter, and the car slowly crept up the hill, but the wheels, unable to hold upon the slick mud, slid backward. Stalled—

Rain again. Arnold swore. "Well, there's no use in attempting to make that grade in the rain, and besides we don't know how long this hellish storm will keep on."

"We'll try the house."

Strong turned the car and nosed his way slowly up the drive; he drove between the pillars and on between the tall trees flanking the drive. Presently they arrived at an open place before a large dwelling whose style of architecture suggested to them the days of 1860—ante-bellum. A verandah rambled away to the left and right and disappeared in the dark; tall pillars faced them. A lone light glittered in an upper story. Mist . . . darkness . . . a strange house.

Strong sounded the horn, and they got out of the car, Marie sharing the shelter of her husband's topcoat. They hurried up the three stone steps, on to the dark porch.

"Whew," Strong gasped, "I hope the hospitality of this house is in keeping with the architecture."

Marie Strong drew a hand through the black hair that lay in wet masses upon her head. "You'd better knock, Arnold. They probably haven't heard the car in the rain, and here," she shivered, "it is rather chilly."

Strong rapped loudly upon the door. A minute passed; suddenly a light from within cast a golden shadow on the verandah. Through the door curtains the couple saw a form hobbling toward them. The noise of a key in a lock, then the quiet opening of the door.

Upon the threshold stood an elderly man, bald, with sharp eyes peering from beneath grey brows; a Jewish nose jutted from his face. He craned his neck forward, as if he were nearsighted.



Strong and his wife saw that he had clubfeet, and that he hobbled because of this deformity.

The man puckered his brows, peering at them inquisitively. "What is it?" he whined, as would a dog irritated by a cut on the foot.

Strong smiled in the light. "How do you do, sir," he began. "My wife and I are traveling to Maxfield; we tried the cut, but our car won't make the grade in this devilish rain. We seek shelter until the storm permits us to continue."

The man on the threshold looked piercingly from one to the other, and returned his gaze to the face of the woman. Apparently satisfied, he hobbled backward.

"Come in," he muttered. "A bad night indeed. But fear not, strangers. Hospitality, such as you wish, is available here."

The couple stepped over the threshold, and he closed the door after them. They found themselves in a great gloomy hall, lighted by a small electric globe hanging from the ceiling.

Their host bade them follow him. He moved deliberately, carefully placing one foot before the other, balancing slowly with each successive step; walking was painful to him. He conducted them to the end of the hall and through an open door into a library.

Although it was early summer, the night was cool, and a log fire burned upon a wide stone hearth. A small electric fixture on the wall beside the mantelpiece radiated some light throughout the room.

He of the clubfeet sat in a chair before a small table at the right of the fireplace, resting his hands upon the table. Upon the table lay several open books.

"Friends," he urged pleasantly, "draw forward chairs, and make yourselves comfortable. First, however, remove your wet wraps, and put them by the fire to dry. I beg of you to excuse my discourtesy, but I am not able to stand upon my feet except for a few moments at a time. Even then the pain becomes unbearable." He glanced significantly at his feet.

Then he continued, "I have forgotten to tell you that I am Phineas Tarver, author."

As he spoke, Strong drew forward two wide, thickly cushioned chairs, in which he and his wife were soon ensconced. They had removed their damp outer garments, and following Tarver's directions, had placed them near the fireplace to dry.

Tarver leaned forward, critically examining the woman; she drew back as if afraid of him. He noticed the movement and grimaced slightly. "You remind me of someone, and I desired to have a better view of you. I am somewhat nearsighted," he apologized.

Strong leaned back and smiled. He was proud of Marie.

Tarver continued, "As you are wanting to smoke, Mr. Strong, you may do so, and I would

suggest that you try an Egyptian brand of cigarettes." He tendered them a book, opening the cover as he did so, and disclosing a cleverly concealed package of cigarettes resting in a hollow place which had been cut in the sheaf of leaves.

Strong and his wife bent slowly forward, a questioning look in the eyes of each. Tarver smiled sardonically and wagged his head.

"Now, friends, don't become excited. You, Mr. Strong, intend to ask me how I know your name, and how I know further that you are Arnold Strong, Professor of Psychology at Raven College, Raven, Ohio. And again, how you wanted to smoke. That, sir, is nothing but the result of cogitated concentration, or rather, and possibly more easily understood, concentrated cogitation. There is nothing about which to be alarmed."

Smoke, penetrating, pleasant, filled the air of the library. Tarver lighted a cigarette, inhaling deeply and joyously of the smoke, blowing ring after ring from curled lips.

Rain beat steadily upon the roof and against the windows, the sound of the drops suggesting to the occupants of the library a multitude of tiny chicks selecting pieces of ground corn from a wooden floor. Patter, patter, drip, drip—steadily, steadily through the passing minutes.

Strong flicked ashes from a glowing cigarette into a convenient ash tray. "I've been wondering just how in the world you knew my name, and—"

Tarver interrupted, "And how I know that you are newlyweds, a bride and groom of a week, on your honeymoon, and traveling in a Dragon roadster. Friend, I have only one answer, the power of the mind."

The conversation continued, touching upon many subjects. Tarver was an excellent conversationalist; and showed great depth of thought.

The woman spoke, "Sir, I marvel at your wisdom. But pray tell us the meaning of the writing on the arch, which we noticed as we drove upon your premises."

The savant gave a throaty, sepulchral chuckle, at which the woman momentarily shuddered.

"That, Mrs. Strong," he said succinctly, "is a cuneiform inscription signifying, 'Safety lies in thought'." He rubbed a hand across his brow. "Men do not appreciate the mind and its possibilities. They lose its power in the pursuit of pleasure. Pleasure is folly."

She shuddered again, and glanced toward her husband who was watching Tarver steadily.

Their host resumed, "But I forget myself. It is chilly without, and even the sound of the rain dampens the spirits. We shall have hot coffee." He rose to his feet and moved unhurriedly to the door, hobbled into the hall and through a darkened doorway. They could hear him clumping into the further recesses of the house.

Marie moved near her husband. "Arnold, the  
(Turn to page 45)



THE STORY of John Bainsworth's Return to  
Earth and His Miraculous Escape  
From the Black Brotherhood

# Soul Mates

By GEORGE PAUL BAUER

*This Month the Concluding Installment*

“**W**HERE is the great demonstration to take place, Dee-a-a?”

We were promenading under the flower-scented colonnade of our home, and were examining the beautiful flowers on the festoons and garlands between the graceful columns.

Dee-a-a was explaining their names and properties to me. She raised her face up from a beautiful blossom, whose perfume she was enjoying, and gazed at me thoughtfully.

“Have you ever learned that between the orbits of the fourth and fifth planets—those which you Earth men call Mars, and Jupiter—is a great field of small planets of all sizes?” she asked.

For a few minutes I thought deeply. During my earth wanderings I had picked up a great deal of miscellaneous knowledge, from occasional lectures, and from books. Libraries had ever been my favorite resorts when, at times, I temporarily interrupted my peregrinations. In that way I had also picked up a smattering of astronomy.

“Yes, now I remember—” I answered to Dee-a-a’s question, “that there is such a field you speak of. Astronomers on Earth call it ‘the orbit of the asteroids.’

“As far as I recollect, it is an immense area of countless thousands of small planets, ranging from tiny bits to some about four hundred miles or thereabouts in diameter. I recall the names of some of the larger ones; Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, Astrea—that is about all I know about them,” I concluded.

Dee-a-a nodded assentingly. “It is that very ‘orbit of the asteroids’ which we on Solaris have named the ‘Garden of Worlds’ which I referred to. It is there where occasionally the highest illuminated ones practice their powers over the elements of Nature.

“You will see them perform such wonders—”

Suddenly she interrupted herself. “The call!—the call of Ala-aa-e-e! Come, beloved—let us hurry to the palace!”

“But—I heard nothing.” I objected, as we ran down the stairs.

“Of course you did not. The call was attuned solely for the consciousness of those who are qualified,” she explained.

Grouped about the great, white, shimmering dais in the center of the vast courtyard of the palace we found about one hundred couples already waiting. They were the very select from the whole of Solaris. With joyful expectation, but serene, they awaited the coming of their ruler and his eight exalted guests.

Suddenly a great cloud of intensely brilliant luminosity descended upon us. And within this wonderful phenomenon of dynamic radiations of inestimable power I glimpsed—the Glorious Nine!

As if by invisible giant hands we were caught up, all of us, within that incomparable celestial vehicle of pure power. Upward it swept with the swiftness of thought itself. And it seemed but a moment when we were through the chromosphere, and Solaris was already an enormous distance below us, rapidly diminishing in size.

My peerless twin soul and I were in each other’s arms. And once again, as when we had travelled together within the geyser of energy, I sensed unutterable happiness. And that trip, in the presence of celestial royalty—. But how can one describe that which is above the powers of human description and imagination?

Seconds—minutes—eons—or eternities passed perhaps. I did not know nor care. For time had become a meaningless thing, and there was no yesterday, nor tomorrow. There was only the glorious present, and unthinkable happiness.

In the distance Mercury appeared, like a great



# UNTO THEE I GRANT

If someone were to formally present you with a document granting you a NEW LIFE—a NEW START, a chance to make good, and a few simple rules to make your dreams become facts—would YOU accept? Of course you would. Although life does not owe you success, YOU owe it to yourself. You have struggled daily with obstacles of home and business, and have tried, thought, and planned, all without avail. Perhaps you are not asking for luxuries, BUT you are ENTITLED TO freedom from debt, worry, and PEACE OF MIND.

## YOUR INHERITANCE

You do not need an X-ray to show you that there is some force working WITHIN YOU—something that does the RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME. Call it a hunch, or intuition, it is there, and it is your Divine inheritance. It is the REAL YOU, the subconscious power lying asleep within. Occasionally it advises you and pushes you ahead. Just think what a mighty factor for success you would control, if you understood this great power. REALIZE NOW that you can use it and make it work for you.

The sun always rises in the east. A kernel of corn always brings forth corn, not rye—these are dependable laws of Nature. The psychic faculties within you are just as dependable. Is it worth an hour's time once a week, spent in reading, to find your place in the great scheme of things? Remember, a few simple rules can unfold the reserve power of your inner self.

## FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

The teachings of the Rosicrucians, mentioned for centuries by all of the great writers of various times, have helped sincere students to make miracles out of their personal affairs. If you can give a few minutes each day to the study and application of principles that will bring you untold happiness, then you are ready to receive this most profound knowledge of life that has come down through the ages. Write a personal letter (not a post-card) and ask for a copy of the free book called "The Light of Egypt," which will explain the wonderful aid extended by the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. No books will be offered for sale. Address your letter carefully as follows:

**LIBRARIAN Y. I.**

San Jose

(AMORC)—Rosicrucian Order

California



moon of extreme silvery brilliance. But almost immediately we had passed it. With indescribable rapidity we crossed the orbits of Venus, and our Earth, and that of Mars in succession.

And finally—"We have reached the 'orbit of asteroids' as you call it," Dee-a-a informed me. "And now you shall see the illuminated ones perform their wonders."

At the edge of the orbit, some distance above its plane, Ala-aa-e-e and the eight planetary princes stopped the marvelous vehicle of pure energy that had brought our great company, and waited.

In the distance a small bright dot appeared, and came towards us with great speed. Rapidly it grew larger, until it assumed—to my mind—gigantic proportions, a whirling gray sphere, seemingly of stone, about five earth miles or so in diameter, reflecting the brilliant radiance of our celestial conveyance.

And now the tiny, dead world was opposite, and about triple the distance of its diameter below us, looking like an immense smooth marble. And, because of its small size comparatively, its revolution about its own axis was extremely rapid.

Immediately we moved with it along its orbit, maintaining about the same distance and relation to it, so that our position and that of the sphere was relatively at the ends of the horns of a right angle, giving us a splendid view of it.

Almost at once one of the eight planetary princes, enveloped in an oval aura of great brilliance, left us and descended upon the upper pole of the asteroid.

Dee-a-a adjusted my sight, so that, despite the distance of about twenty-two miles or so from us to the asteroid, I could see quite plainly what was going on.

With concentrated attention I watched, wondering what was going to happen. From the illuminated one at the pole a sheet of radiance seemed to spread quickly over the entire surface of the tiny planet. Presently it changed its color. It seemed to become heated; for white vapor began to issue from a thousand places all over it, which gathered into a heavy bank of clouds, almost completely covering it.

Lightnings began to flash from the cloud masses now, and we heard the sounds of thunder. The lightnings became more rapid and intense, presenting a marvellous display of celestial fireworks. Great streamers of red and orange fires broke through black clouds, shooting high above them.

And then suddenly the cloud masses thinned—broke—disappeared. The atmosphere cleared, and I stared down in awe at the miracle the great one had

wrought. For, what had been an almost smooth ball of dry-dead-appearing stone, had changed into a tiny world of mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes and seas! At this moment another one of the eight, like a flashing radiant comet, passed down and joined his companion. Again an enveloping sheet of luminosity passed from the pole of the little world over its entire surface. And again its color changed. It became of darker hue. But quickly this changed to a beautiful green.

And now darker spots appeared amidst the green, and flashes of color—trees, bushes, and flowers. The two exalted wonder workers left the now verdant asteroid and rejoined us, their shining youthful faces expressive of great satisfaction. But almost immediately two others passed down together and took their places.

"Their work is very much more difficult!" Dee-a-a whispered to me. "Watch the waters, beloved!"

I gazed intently. And soon, with the lightninglike perception Dee-a-a had imparted to me, I could discern ripples and silvery gleams in the streams and seas; and iridescent flashing shapes, which hurled themselves upward from the depths, were visible a moment, and then disappeared again.

The fauna of the waters was created!

On whirled the little world in its path, now joyous with the life on it. The two most exalted of the illuminated ones passed down to it now, joining the other two.

"They are the rulers of Mercury and Venus," my companion explained. "And theirs is a hard, complicated task indeed—the creation of the animals and birds."

Tensely I watched. Then suddenly it began to creep and crawl with living things on the emerald plains, and in the forests. And presently, like iridescent living jewels, the atmosphere of the asteroid was alive with tiny birds.

The four illuminated ones returned in a body, and Ala-aa-e-e embraced them and praised them.

And now all eyes turned to that transcendently beautiful, and potent being who dominated and charmed us all—Ala-aa-e-e, the demi-god. Again, for a fleeting instant, I saw his duality revealed. Then rapidly a roseate-hued aura formed about that glorious presence; and down he swept majestically to the pole of the little world.

The greatest task and miracle was about to be performed; as all in that noble company of Solarians very well knew. Therefore the suspense was intense as everybody watched and waited; I of course most of all.

Time passed . . . Suddenly there was new movement on the asteroid, especially in its plains and valleys.

Ala-aa-e-e had succeeded in the supreme task. A tiny race of men—but

living souls for all that—had come into being in that miniature world.

In quick succession, like magic growths, cities sprang into being; small and large, and beautifully perfect, peopled by busy little men and women and children. I gazed wonder-stricken, barely able to believe the testimony of my eyes.

"It is marvellous, wonderful, utterly beyond my comprehension!" I breathed to my beautiful twin soul at my side.

She nodded acquiescently. "And yet I have seen our beloved Lord perform still greater things." Then suddenly I sensed something new. The new world had a voice! It was the composite tone of all the life upon it—a sound of joy, content, and happiness. A beautiful harmonious tone. But gradually the tone changed. It became harsh and unpleasant. It puzzled me.

Dee-a-a, reading the question in my mind, enlightened me.

"While we have been watching, the little humans in that tiny world have lived through many generations, and their hearts and minds have become filled with greed and hatred. That is what the harsh sound indicates. Listen to it now!"

The composite tone of the asteroid had now become an intensely irritating sound, grating upon the senses like a sharp pain, and often rising to an acute high note.

"It is the sound of war and strife!" Dee-a-a explained.

Then presently the pitch of the voice broke, and quickly descended to a plaintive cadence—a sound that reminded me of the sobbing of a child. I turned to my companion, and found that her face had become very sad.

"The wars finally culminated in a great war, in which most of the men have been killed, and now the women and children suffer, and are dying slowly of disease and starvation, because the war destroyed also nearly all the food stuffs."

"But what will happen now?" I asked anxiously.

"It means the death of the race!" she answered solemnly. "In his great wisdom Ala-aa-e-e will destroy them."

I stared at her aghast. "But Dee-a-a—that will be terribly cruel!" I protested.

She gazed at me pityingly. "Would you let them live, and starve the slow death of starvation and disease? Would that be mercy?"

I was silent, realizing that I lacked the wisdom to judge.

"Remember," Dee-a-a continued, "that they are souls, whom the power of Ala-aa-e-e has temporarily vested in a body of flesh. They shall be reincarnated in another world; and with their knowledge gained in this, will strive for better things in that next life."



She drew my attention again to the doomed little world. The roseate glory of Ala-aa-e-e had risen above it, and hovered there in awful majesty. And now from it shot a broad sheet of blue-white blinding brilliance, completely enveloping the asteroid.

There was a last sharp note as of despair—a wailing cry as of a soul in acute distress. Then every sound ceased—the asteroid was dead!

I shuddered. It had been sublime—but awful.

"Cheer up, beloved!" Dee-a-a consoled me gently. "It was but an experiment. Besides, Ala-aa-e-e is returning, and we are going on the usual round to the planets; beginning with Neptune and returning the eight princes to their domains. It is wonderfully interest—"

Suddenly something seemed to happen to me. I sensed the influx of some terrific power that seemed to draw me irresistibly downward, there was a terrible humming in my ears that cut off Dee-a-a's words, my sight was leaving me—I felt the arms of my beloved twin soul embrace me tightly.

Then darkness and silence unutterable—the sensation of hurtling through space, then a great void . . .

#### CHAPTER XI.

Gradually, very, very gradually, sensation came back to me.

I became conscious of a terrible heaviness of body, and a deep despondency of soul. Rough hands were manipulating my limbs and torso; pounding, kneading, and rubbing it. And little by little I felt the warmth of blood circulating through me, lessening by degrees the leaden heaviness.

Then, with an effort of will, I opened my eyes, and perceived that the chief of the mystic brotherhood of Trismegistus was bending over me, staring down at me with evil, flaming eyes. Beyond him, and all about me crowded the eager cowed and hooded members of the brotherhood, staring at me and whispering excitedly among themselves sibilantly.

I was back on the Earth.

And, coming from the glory of Solaris, it seemed that I had descended from heaven into an abyss of hell. Such was the impression upon me of that sombre cavernous council hall, and that ghostly horde in their black cowls and hoods.

They helped me to a sitting position, and someone handed me a large goblet of wine. I drank eagerly, and felt new life coursing through me.

"How do you feel, my man?" It was the booming, authoritative voice of the ascetic.

"I feel stiff and sore all over my body," I muttered dully, "and my mind seems confused."

Surreptitiously I glanced toward a

narrow door in the stone wall opposite to me, whence a hooded figure was just emerging. I wondered if it led to liberty.

I saw him wave the members back to their seats; and then he turned to me again.

"You will now give an account of your experiences!" he commanded imperiously.

A sudden, unaccountable determination possessed me, to withhold from these men the wonderful knowledge I had gained. It seemed plain sacrilege to impart to those unscrupulous, merciless seekers for hidden secrets of Nature, my marvellous experiences upon that superworld Solaris, and to tell them about my wonderful twin soul, Dee-a-a.

To gain time, I pleaded chilliness of body, and asked for clothes. My own clothes were somewhere close by. They gave them to me, and I dressed leisurely; meanwhile evolving a plan of escape in my mind. When I had done,

the mysterious chief again commanded me to speak.

I shook my head, and put my hand to my brow, as if it were aching.

"Some other time—my head is aching," I objected.

"You shall talk now!" His voice held an unmistakable note of menace.

Suddenly, as once before, in the sepulchral dining room somewhere in that house of mystery, I sensed again that dread hypnotic influence radiating from him, trying to crush my power of will. But this time, unknown to him of course, owing to what I had learned upon Solaris, I was possessed of vastly greater soul power.

Therefore I was able to resist him; but I sat upon the edge of the operating table with hanging head and drooping shoulders, simulating exhaustion of mind and body. Thus it was that my next move took all of them utterly by surprise.

From under my eyebrows I noted that the door of which I have spoken



"Truth Never Deceives"

**YOGI ROY of India**

Teacher of the World's most practical system of applied

**PSYCHOLOGY**

The Higher Way to Success in all affairs of Life.

"Yogi Will Tell All" Call or Write

Oakland 1929

4303 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago

## OXIDATION is the source of LIFE!!

It is the fundamental rule of the unique and universal new method to maintain and regain RADIANT HEALTH! It is a complete departure from old fallacies, traditions and assumptions. Return to HEALTH, make use of Nature's elements and power; be vigorous and reach a high age via

**OXYGEN—THERAPY—BLASS**

196-200 Water St., New York, N. Y.

Information free.

**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL - MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED**

**THE NEW INKOGRAPH SELF FILLER**  
IMPROVED GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

*The Perfect Writing Instrument*

Writes with ink free and easy as a lead pencil, without a miss. Its steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your hand writing. Won't blot, scratch, leak, or soil hands.

**Makes 3 or 4 Carbon Copies With Original Ink.**  
Anyone can write with your Inkograph, no style of writing or pressure can bend, spread, injure or distort its 14 kt. gold point.

**Patent Automatic 14 kt. gold feed**  
prevents clogging.  
Made of best grade, highly polished, hard rubber, highest class workmanship.  
Pocket clip attached makes it an instrument of refinement.

You'll never use a fountain pen once you try an Inkograph. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman \$1.50 plus postage. Year's guarantee certificate assures absolute satisfaction. Write name and address plainly.

**INKOGRAPH CO., 137-150 Center St., New York**

**ACTUAL SIZE 6 1/2" LONG AGENTS WANTED**

**The Writing Hemisphere**

**The INKOGRAPH ACCOMPLISHMENT**

That hard smooth round ball like point, which glides with ease over the coarsest paper and makes possible writing in ink as rapidly as with the softest lead pencil.

## 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 1928 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.

ADDRESS

**THE OCCULT DIGEST**

1900 N. Clark St.

Chicago, Ill.



# EVERYBODY'S

## *Astrological*

# DAILY GUIDE

### For September

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. A favorable day. Push your affairs.
2. A good day to call on friends or to visit hospitals.
3. Good for employment.
4. Good for all legal affairs.
5. Exercise care in correspondence. Do not travel.
6. Good for house and land property.
7. Exercise care with documents and in law.
8. Visit and rest.
9. Not a good day for most things.
10. Travel, advertise, push business.
11. Remain quiet. Attend only to routine matters.
12. Very uncertain.
13. Good day to ask favors.
14. Unfavorable day.
15. Good day for all things.
16. Good for teachers, science, learning and writings.
17. Not good for business.
18. Very bad day.
19. Bad for love affairs.
20. Slightly unfavorable.
21. Good for mystic or out-of-sight matters.
22. Adverse.
23. Good for work and employment.
24. Good for money and journeys.
25. Favors study but otherwise adverse.
26. Avoid scandal and strife.
27. Exercise care in dealings with the opposite sex.
28. A good day.
29. Good to deal with old persons.
30. Good for those in professions.

was slightly ajar, and that the way to it was clear. Quickly I calculated the distance to it, and my chances of reaching it. The next moment I jumped from the table—leaped toward it—and was through, slamming it behind me.

A long, dimly lighted corridor lay before me, slanting slightly upward. And even as I rushed along it, hoping that I would find a way out, I heard the impact of heavy bodies against the door in my rear, and knew that the very eagerness of the hooded horde to get at me had foiled their purpose, and gave me a slim chance.

The passage terminated at a steep stone stair. Taking two steps at a time I rushed upward, and emerged into a circular chamber, whence a dozen doors led to unknown regions. But just as I was desperately trying to decide which one of them to take, one of them was flung open, and two huge hooded and cowed men rushed towards me.

A lightning glance assured me that they were not armed. With a jiu-jitsu trick I hurled the first one over my head by his own momentum, so that he fell just at the head of the stairs behind me.

However, I had just time to regain my balance, when the second one attacked me. Ducking under a terrific right swing, I came up with a left straight to his chin that took him off his feet, and put him out of the running. But by this time my first assailant had regained his feet. Somewhat dazed from his fall, but full of fight, he rushed at me. From below in the corridor came the noise of many running feet, and the roar of angry voices.

Like a tiger I leaped at the big, hooded man, caught one of his wild blows upon my shoulder, and with all my strength rammed my right fist into his solar plexus. It was a terrible blow. And the force of it hurled him backwards, so that he catapulted right down on top of the mob that were ascending the stairs.

In another moment I was through the open door. I was in luck! For I found myself in the outer hall through which I had first entered that house of mysteries.

A few leaps brought me to the outer door. For a few moments my trembling fingers fumbled at the lock—then I was out in the open.

Again it was night, and I stumbled often as I rushed through the darkness along the rough road that I knew would lead me to the main highway. But desperately I kept on. For I knew very well that my pursuers would not give up the chase so easily.

And I was right. For suddenly in my rear I heard the roar of pursuing automobiles.

If I stayed on the road I was lost, I knew. So without a moment's hesita-

tion I leaped among the undergrowth of the little wood through which the road led.

I was not a moment too soon. For barely had I concealed myself, when the road I had just left became suddenly brightly illuminated by the headlight of an automobile.

From behind a dense bush I watched about a dozen powerful huge cars flash by in rapid succession. But their exhausts were now muffled. Then, when I happened to glance in the direction of the house, I saw the blinking of lights at several points. Suddenly the explanation occurred to me: They were surrounding me. There was no doubt of it in my mind now. They knew where I was, and that in the short time at my disposal I could not have gotten far. The only possible hiding place was the little wood I was in, for on the other side of the road was merely a narrow, sparse strip of trees, quite unsuitable for purposes of concealment.

By means of several stationary automobiles the road was now brilliantly illuminated, and I had not the least doubt but that behind each one of those glaring pairs of headlights one man, or possibly two, were stationed, watching vigilantly, and probably armed with rifles.

I seemed caught like a mouse in a trap. They knew of course that I was weaponless, and that the man hunt was not apt to be dangerous to themselves.

Now the blinking lights were closing in on me from three sides, the road forming the fourth side of the gradually diminishing hollow square, in the approximate middle of which I was hiding. Slowly, remorselessly, I was being cornered like a wild beast. I knew what would happen should they succeed in making me a prisoner. By means of enforced fasting, and possibly drugs, my physical and mental powers would be weakened to such a degree, that I would become a good hypnotic subject.

And once in the power of that masterful ascetic, I would be a slave for life.

As once before in my life, in that hell on the battle front in France, I grimly determined to die rather than to allow myself to be taken. And with my resolve a plan flashed into my mind. A few yards from me I perceived the outlines of a large tree with dense, low-hanging branches. On my belly I crawled to it, and searched quickly until I found a heavy, nearly horizontal limb, about ten feet from the ground. Without rising I divested myself of my light-colored shirt, placed it in a certain position beneath the horizontal branch, climbed the latter, and waited grimly, with every nerve taut.



A light blinked through the bushes, coming from the direction of the house, disappeared, came nearer, remained suddenly stationary. And a moment later a dark figure in hood and cowl bent over my shirt beneath me. The next instant I had landed on the man's back, and my fingers sank into his windpipe, crushing back the cry of alarm he was about to utter. A few moments he struggled fiercely. But my desperation gave me temporary enormous strength; and soon I had rendered him unconscious.

Like lightning I divested him of cowl and hood, and slipped them on. Then, having dragged him into a clump of bushes close by, I picked up his electric torch, and was ready for the second part of my plan.

A torch appeared at either side of me now, each about twenty feet or so distant.

Taking good care that they should see me plainly, I passed along in line with them—apparently a hunter like themselves. But quickly I managed to lag behind. A glance toward the road showed one of the stationary automobiles almost in line with me.

In a moment I switched off my torch, and walked straight towards it. There was only one man in the big car, seated beside the driver's place, with a rifle in his hand and his gaze concentrated upon the brightly illuminated road ahead. He merely glanced at me fleetingly as I got up onto the running board, and slipped into the seat behind him.

"What's the matter?" he inquired in a whisper, without taking his eyes off the road.

I leaned over the seat. "Orders are to pass ahead at intermediate speed!" I whispered back.

He nodded, put the rifle lengthwise behind him onto the seat, and started the motor, which purred almost silently. But just as he was about to throw in the clutch I struck him a quick hard blow at the base of the brain. Without a sound he sank forward, on to the steering wheel. To slip over the back of the seat, hurl the unconscious man out of the car, and start ahead with it was the work of seconds. I pressed my foot hard down upon the accelerator, and the huge machine shot forward like a thing alive.

Evidently the occupants of the automobile behind me had seen me throw the man out of the car, and had quickly put two and two together. For even as I passed the machine ahead of me I heard the crack! crack! of firearms, and a bullet whistled past my ear, and crashed through a corner of the windshield, scattering glass all over me.

But I laughed aloud. I was reckless now. With the speed of an express train I hurtled by the last car ahead

## AFTER FIVE YEARS OF RESEARCH

EDWIN BARTLETT MORSE

noted Canadian Metaphysicist has completed a program of intense research into the theories surrounding **MENTAL and DIVINE HEALING**. It has been amply demonstrated that it is possible to attune the **INNER POWER** to receive the **GREATER POW-**



ER that means renewed **HEALTH**.

Thousands have been **HEALED** of what they believed to be incurable diseases by the methods of this advanced scientist.

You may receive the blessings of the direction to **HEALTH** in your own home.

*Treatment is extended to those who are suffering from disease and affliction and who are prepared to believe in the*  
**POWER OF PRAYER**

*For yourself and friends daily direction for*  
**HEALTH AND PROSPERITY**

*Special treatments will be given in emergency surgical and obstetrical cases upon telegraphic request.*

*Address applications for service to*

Private Secretary, Edwin Bartlett Morse  
522 Lightner Building  
242 W. Lafayette Blvd.,  
Detroit, Michigan.

stating nature of ailment, case history, and enclose registration fee. Form for further information and directions how to receive **BROADCAST HEALING** will be sent immediately.

This service which has brought **HEALTH** and **HAPPINESS** to thousands is offered at a nominal charge to cover overhead and registration. Experience has taught this to average \$5.00 per month per patient.

## THE MOON'S SIGN BOOK

POINTS THE WAY TO SUCCESS

Business People find it a decided aid in the development of important ventures. Farmers, gardeners, fruit growers, poultry raisers will find in it directions for using planetary influence to increase and improve production. It is a Planetary Daily Guide for All. Gives the Moon's phases, signs and dates on which to act for best results. These dates are calculated from known planetary positions and based on established astrological facts. Issued annually for 24 years. Price is \$1.00 postpaid. Send for a copy today and begin at once to

*Act in Harmony with Natural Law*

**LLEWELLYN PUBLISHING COMPANY**

8921 National Blvd., O. Palms, Los Angeles, Calif.  
(130 PAGE CATALOG FREE)

*Say You Saw It In THE OCCULT DIGEST*

## A Skin Food that Keeps the Skin Young

A RICH SKIN FOOD THAT IS NOT GREASY AND SINKS RIGHT IN

*There is a Difference Between Beauty Culture and Facial Deception*



In the former case you make your face genuinely beautiful and every woman can do this. In the latter case paint and powder is used to deceive.

The skin of the face requires careful attention if it is to retain its beauty and youthfulness. Wrinkles and blemishes are caused through neglecting the skin, malnutrition, climate, and wrong diet. There is then a sagging of the skin which later forms into wrinkles. The skin of the face and neck requires feeding by external methods combined with massage. Just as with food fakers so we have unprincipled so-called "beautifiers." To combat this evil **HEALTH CULTURE** has introduced a reliable and harmless Skin Food. Unlike most others it is not greasy and will not promote the growth of hair on the face.

This Skin Food is absorbed, and upon application sinks right in and goes down to the tissues and feeds them. The skin soon revives and fills out and the outer skin then tightens up, removing the wrinkles. It is refreshing, easy to apply, clean and pleasant to use, and above all harmless and hygienic.

Price Prepaid:

**HEALTH CULTURE CO., 1135 Broadway, N. Y.** Small Jar, 75c; Large Jar, \$1.50



## Forecast for September

—BY GRACE ELLERY WILLIAMS—

In "Astrological Student—Adept."

SCIENCE advances and people will be more spiritually and philosophically inclined. There will be an undercurrent of criticism concerning lawyers and religionists and some evangelist or communist is likely to be denounced on the 7th. There will be charity drives for worthy and unworthy causes when a beggar will stand on nearly every corner.

A marriage in Government circles is evident on the 14th. The younger set will be rash and reckless. Many divorces will ensue, even resorting to collusion to accomplish their purpose.

Neptune now entering the sign of Virgo, for the next fourteen years will develop nature's remedies, bio-chemistry, mineral waters and magnetic baths to supplant drugs. In general, people will be forced to analyze their goods, study their chemical reactions and use more discrimination in mixtures and the quantity consumed. As the ultra-violet ray will be perfected, it will restore many to health as well as furnish the effect of sunshine to those who are employed in dark places.

There will be philanthropic endowments and appropriations for new and larger hospitals and prisons.

Turbulent weather for the eastern states with a hurricane developing in the Gulf of Mexico on the 7th, working northward, is likely to hit Florida on the 11th. Storms will cause delays with liability of accidents to through trains and busses between Iowa and San Francisco around the 18th.

The loved are the beautiful. Hence the gospel of love is the gospel of beauty.

## WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Whatever it is we can help you get it. Just give us the chance by writing for "Clouds Dispelled." Absolutely Free. You will be delighted. Act today: Write NOW: The Brotherhood of Light, Dept. D, Box 1525, Los Angeles, California.

Anyone interested in  
**Occult Sciences and Mysteries,**  
send us your name and address. Join  
new Mental Science League, no charge.

**J. M. Simmons**

109 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

of me, and had a glimpse of a pair of gleaming eyes from beneath a black hood.

I was at the highway. Suddenly, just as I reached it, I sensed a vicious blow and a stinging pain in my right shoulder. One of their bullets had found its mark.

On two wheels I took the curve—Crash! I was into a lattice fence at the opposite side of the road. But without noticeably diminishing its speed, the huge car plowed through it, regained the highway, and I roared away towards town just as the first pursuing machine swung out of the side road in my rear.

Leaning far down over the steering wheel, out of reach of bullets, I rammed the accelerator down to the limit, praying that mine was the faster car. And so it seemed. For, judging by the sounds, I was rapidly drawing away from my pursuers. A house flashed by, and then a number of them in succession.

Suddenly there was a terrific report, as one of the bullets intended for me struck a rear tire.

The car gave a sickening lurch sideways, I crashed through another fence, a large house loomed up, brilliantly lighted, then my car struck a wall that appeared suddenly in my path—and I knew no more.

The next thing I became conscious of was the pleasant face of a white-capped motherly nurse bending over me, and asking how I was feeling.

I was in a hospital. They told me that I had been there two weeks, suffering from brain fever, due to cerebral concussion in consequence of an automobile accident.

And the trouble, they added, had been intensified by the bullet wound in my right shoulder. They wondered how I had gotten the wound, and also about the cowl and hood I had been wearing when the owner of the country home, into whose house I had crashed, had picked me up.

Not caring to divulge anything, I told them that I had been to a masquerade ball in the country, and that, in anticipation of hunting, I had taken the rifle along, which no doubt had become discharged at the time of the accident. As luck would have it the barrel of the rifle held an empty shell, so that my story held water.

"Do you know a girl by the name of Dea?" questioned the pleasant-faced motherly nurse smilingly.

But I just returned the smile, and held my tongue.

And that is all of my story!

\* \* \*

Exhausted from the long narrative, John Bainswright leaned back into his easy chair and closed his eyes.

Outside, in the street, the first milk truck purred by. It was the morning of a new day.

Harold Means, the sole auditor, drew a long, deep breath and stared at his host as if he had just awakened from a wonderful, strange dream.

"Whew—what a story!" he exclaimed.

He rose and stretched himself wearily. "So those fellows who mobbed you last night tried to get you back to their ascetic chief in that house of mystery, is that it?"

Without opening his eyes, the professor nodded. "Yes; he has not yet given up the idea of getting that story from me."

The guest picked up his hat. "Well, I guess I'll go home and try to get a little sleep."

However, at the door he stopped, and turned. "Oh, say, professor! Did Dee-a-a ever try to reach you in some way?"

But a hearty snore was his only answer.

Gently he closed the door, and passed out into the first glow of—*Solaris*.

THE END.

THIS STORY BEGAN in our March (1929) number. If you have missed any installments, we can supply

### A British Millionaire's Five Rules for Success

MR. LOUIS MORGEN, known as "the millionaire barber," has five rules of success which, he declares, have been responsible for his rise from a 12s. a week lather-boy at the age of ten to his present position in the ranks of the wealthy:—

1. Always be courteous.
2. Always be honest.
3. Take a lesson in practical psychology and try to humour your customer. If he comes into the shop early in the morning with a grumble, make him happy and send him out with a smile.
4. Do not talk too much, but if you must talk, talk intelligently.
5. Read the leading articles in the newspapers and be generally informed on the topics of the day, so that, if necessary, you can engage in an interesting and intelligent discussion of them.—*Puck*.



*A Perfect  
Postal Service for  
Bargain Hunters*

## SMALL ADS WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 7c a word; Minimum Charge, \$1.00

Address: "The Occult Digest," 1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

*A Perfect  
Postal Service for  
Bargain Hunters*

### ASTROLOGY

1929 ASTROLOGY READING BY THE "World's foremost Astrologer." Those who succeed play the game of life with a Master hand but they do it scientifically. Men of name, fame and fortune will tell you it's easier to succeed when your stars are in favorable aspect to your birthsign. Our 15 page Forecast tells you about all you need to know. Month to month for 1929 it gives exact days, dates, predictions based on sun, moon and principal planets of the solar system. Consult it before you make any change in home or business, love, marriage, employment, travel, speculation, accidents, health, etc. Just send your exact birthdate with \$1 to The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

DECORATIVE STAR MAP FOR FRAMING. Hand colored. Showing constellations of Zodiac, etc. Every one interested in astrology should know these constellations by sight. Postpaid, \$2.00. Friendly Publishing Company, Box 1894, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPES \$3.00. SEND birth date, place, and hour if known. Sara Lovelace, Box 73, Waycross, Georgia.

JUST OFF THE PRESS! "YOUR FORTUNE." It contains your "real horoscope," and daily guide. Give date of birth. \$1.50. Kleist, Publisher, 1098 Seventh Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

### BOOKS

PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE CAN MAKE A success in any important Undertaking by following the Instructions given in "Practical Methods" on Food, Diet, Sex, Fasting, Sleeping, Breathing, Bathing, Exercising, Digestion, Constipation, Conquering Sickness and Disease. Price \$1.00. Literature and Magazine Free on request. Esoteric Publishing Co., B-1, Applegate, California.

THE OCCULT DIGEST BOOK DEPARTMENT will supply its readers with the following: Pamphlet on Spiritualism, 10c; That Impelling Something, 35c; Journeys Through Space, \$1.00; also back numbers of Psychic Power (the forerunner of The Occult Digest) at \$3.00 per volume, unbound; back numbers of THE OCCULT DIGEST at 25c per copy, \$3.00 per volume, unbound, except the 1925 set which is \$5.00. For information write Book Department, Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE CATALOG OF HERMETIC, MYSTIC, Occult, Rosicrucian, and Rare-out-of-print books. All Truthseekers prize "The Man Up North." \$1.35. "Woman and Superwoman." \$2.00. Worth their weight in gold. Hermetic Publishing Company, Dept. 19, 3006 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

USE YOUR INVISIBLE POWER. "THAT Impelling Something" tells you how. By Dr. Delmar Eugene Croft. 64 pages, with chart. Bound in paper, 35c. The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago.

HIGH GRADE OCCULT BOOKS. SEND 10c for fascinating pamphlets and catalog. Theosophical Press, Wheaton, Illinois.

### CHARACTER ANALYSIS

HANDWRITING REVEALS YOUR TRUE self, personality and traits. Readings, one dollar each. Raymond J. Burke, Box 154, Omaha, Nebraska.

READ CHARACTER AT SIGHT. SO simple a child can do it. Complete instructions by mail, postpaid \$1.00. Alice Denton Jennings, Box 98, Atlanta, Georgia.

### HEALING

TUNE IN WITH HEALING FORCES. Miriam Broadcasts Healing Vibrations Daily, 10 a. m. Telepathic Method. Write problems in detail. Love offerings only. MIRIAM, R 15, Box 404, Indianapolis, Ind.

I TEACH TRUTH AND HOW TO APPLY for health and prosperity. Freewill offering. Vora B. Durand, Spring Valley, California.

### HEALTH

THE VAN VALEN SANATORIUM, YONKERS, New York. Psycho-Therapeutic treatment for mental, nervous, functional disorders and addictions. Also receive patients needing care, with or without treatment. Booklet upon request.

REGAIN YOUR HEALTH IF YOU ARE suffering from nervous breakdown (psychasthenia) or cannot concentrate and accomplish the things you most desire. Regain health thru brain-control of your sensations, ideas and acts—the simplest way to self mastery physically, mentally, spiritually! See the ad in this magazine.

### INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED or UNPATENTED. Write, Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 550 Enright, St. Louis, Missouri.

### NUMEROLOGY

SPECIAL OFFER. HOROSCOPE AND character Analysis by Numerology, \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send name, month and date of birth. Samoit Ssen, 3458 Eastern Place, Detroit, Michigan.

FOR 1929 NUMEROLOGICAL FORECAST send 20c and birthdate to Mrs. Sanchez, 824 Howard Street, Detroit, Michigan.

### MAIL IT TODAY!

## WRITE YOUR AD HERE

(PRINT WORDS IN BLOCK LETTERS)

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

THE OCCULT DIGEST

1900 NORTH CLARK ST.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

(Count your name and address as words in the

"Little Ads")

DO YOU LACK AN ISSUE OR TWO TO make up your set of Occult Digests? We can supply you back numbers for the years of 1926, 1927 and 1928. Send for yours now to make that complete set!! 25c per copy for single issues, \$3.00 per full year, unbound, \$6.00 bound in cloth and morocco leather, gold stamped. Makes a wonderful gift or addition to your library. The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago.

### OCCULT

THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT the Country of the Dead are revealed to you in this little wonder book called "Journeys through Space" by Effa Danelson. One dollar, postpaid. Address The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago.

CRYSTAL GAZING SECRETS. CHART of birth with 10 cents to O. Zancig, Box 36, Ocean Park, California.

### PATENTS

PATENT, PROTECT AND PROFIT BY your invention. Prompt, expert, personal service and reasonable terms. LESTER L. SARGENT, Registered Patent Attorney, 1115 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

### PERSONAL

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH ANALYZED. Send Photo or Snapshot with \$1.00. No stamps. Photograph returned if postage is sent. Tell your friends. Bell, Box 325, Port Clinton, Ohio.

YOUR CHARACTER AND TALENTS REVEALED by Astrology and Numerology. Send full name, birthdate (day, month, year), and \$1.00 to Leon Brittell, Ticonderoga, New York.

SEALED MESSAGES QUESTIONS ANSWERED by mail, \$1.00. M. F. Burlingame, Friendship Lodge, DeLand, Florida.

REV. FRANK CASEBEER, THE WELL known medium will answer ten questions, business or spiritual, for one dollar. Lily Dale, New York.

EGYPTIAN ASTROLOGY. HONEST service. Inclose 12c with date for trial reading. Daphne Clark, Box 109, Port Jervis, N.Y.

DR. WM. RILEY FRANKLIN, PSYCHOLOGIST, extending a professional service of personal analysis and guidance. 23 Independence Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER from your handwriting. Sample reading, 12c. Graphologist, 2309-BV Lawrence, Toledo, Ohio.

TRANSFER YOUR THOUGHTS TO others. Send for free folder, "Telepathy or Mental Radio." Florence Hall, Dept. 29, Rising Sun, Maryland.

MONEY! MONEY! WHY REMAIN poor? Acquire wealth. Information for stamp. Dr. Lonk, D-2945 North Ridgeway, Chicago.

"BORN AT MIDNIGHT"—CLAIRVOYANT gives advice; 3 questions, \$1.00; date of birth, lock of hair, secrets of wealth, health, love, \$1 each. GLORY WARREN, 5436 Hampton Court, Hollywood, California.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS OF Occult Books, Books on Esoteric Philosophy, and all hidden mysteries. We will with pleasure review your new books in the OCCULT DIGEST if you will kindly mail us a copy when off the press. If you have any old books that would interest our readers, a review in our magazine will create a new interest in it. Address Book Review Department, THE OCCULT DIGEST, 1900 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

**ATTENTION ADVERTISERS: Address All Communications and Make All Remittances to THE OCCULT DIGEST. We Are NOT the Occult Publishing Co.**



## PEARLS FROM THE PAST

He's a king,

A true, right king, that dares do  
aught, save wrong,  
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust;  
Who is not blown up with the flattering  
puffs  
Of spongy sycophants; who stands un-  
mov'd,  
Despite the jostling of opinion.

—Marston.

The smallest hair throws its shadow.  
—Goethe.

There been two things that arn  
necessarie and needfulle, and that is  
good conscience and good loos (good  
report); that is to seyn: good con-  
science to thyn own persone inward,  
and good loos for thy neighbor out-  
ward.

—Chaucer.

I do not think much of a man who  
is not wiser today than he was yester-  
day.

—Lincoln.

Serve and thou shalt be served. If  
you love and serve men, you cannot, by  
any hiding or stratagem, escape the  
remuneration.

—Emerson.

Kindness is produced by kindness.  
—Cicero.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees  
And rests on that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And says it shall be done.

—Wesley.

The plea of ignorance will never take  
away our responsibilities.—Ruskin.

It is in the nature of foolish reason  
to seem good to the foolish reasoner.

—Eliot.

Ignorance is the night of the mind,  
but a night without moon or star.

—Confucius.

## Let Me Tell You

About your business, travel, changes, matrimony, love affairs, friends, enemies, lucky days and many other interesting and important affairs of your life as indicated by Astrology. Send 25 cents (stamps) for partial Horoscope. All work scientific and individual. I hold testimonials from grateful clients in India, England, China, U. S. A., S. & C. America, Africa, in fact from all the countries where English is spoken, and I refund money in all cases of dissatisfaction. Since long, Private Astrological Adviser to the Aristocracy of Birth and Intellect. Write name, address, and date of birth plainly in block letters. Address: "Pundit Tabor," (Dept. 401-A), Upper Forjett St., Bombay vii, British India. Postage to India is 5 cents.



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

—Little Straws that Show the Way the Wind Blows—

### New Independence Day For U. S. A. Says Editor

"America is undergoing a great change," says the Chicago Defender. editorially in its issue of July 4. The Defender, which is a weekly paper, is probably read by more Negroes than any other paper published in this country. We read further:

The metamorphosis is complete and real. White people are doing by the sting of their consciences what all the force in the world would not make them do. The Declaration of Independence, for the first time since it was written and adopted 150 years ago, accompanied by loud singing and ringing of bells, has come to mean what it says. For the first time in the history of America, all Americans can stand and sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and feel that it waves for each one alike. A new independence has come— and America now begins to come into her own!

A number of recent reports in other American papers would seem to lend support to the *Defender's* assertion. Col. R. C. Richardson, commandant of West Point United States military academy, is credited with the statement that there would be no discrimination of any kind against Alonzo Parham, Negro youth of Chicago, recently entered there. Another item is the news from Hollywood that various film stars are making Negro celebrities their guests at social affairs. And of course everyone has heard of Mrs. Herbert Hoover's entertainment at tea of Mrs. Oscar DePriest, wife of Negro Congressman.

### Musicians Find Indians Dancing Classic Steps

"The Indian dancer knows the turn, the leap, or as the French ballet term has it, the jete, the hop, or saute, and so on" states a news item from New York City. This discovery is the result of observations of native American dances by two musicians of Peabody Conservatory of Music, Bessie Evans and May G. Evans, who are sisters. Reading on:

But the Indian manner of performing the steps is distinctive. One of the steps in a dance of the Hopi Indians is similar to a Negro clog step. Another Indian dance suggests an Irish jig— danced with hands on hips and jigging feet. It has been said that southern Negroes borrowed the cakewalk from a Seminole procession of couples.

"The analogy must not be carried too far, lest it be thought we are trying to trace the origin of the Indian through his dances," Miss Evans stated. "Nor should the comparisons call up the ridiculous picture of the Indian in typical ballet costumes and poses."

The Indian did, however, use definite technique, and special steps were ardu-

ously practiced, she explained. The Indian's dancing was usually a spiritual ceremony. A flaw of omission or commission might mean that an imperfect offering was made to the powers, and might cause them to be offended instead of propitiated.

### Builds Big Victory Out of Failure

A news item concerning Clarence Saunders, originator of Piggly Wiggly chain of groceries, should be a source of encouragement to all who feel that they are down and out because their plans have suffered defeat.

Mr. Saunders became so involved in market operations in 1923, after having successfully conducted his business since its beginning in 1916, that he lost his control of the stock and was ousted.

Now Mr. Saunders has 165 stores of a new chain which he began in March, 1924, with one store opened on \$12,000 borrowed capital. It is said his gross sales are \$17,000,000, and still growing.

### What Price Knowledge? Few Illiterate Suicides

According to statistical findings of Professor Sanford Winston of North Carolina State College, an illiterate person is less likely to be driven to commit suicide from social maladjustment than one who can read and write.

Professor Winston made his observation before the Institute for Social Research at the University of Chicago. His study concerned the effect of illiteracy on other social factors.

"If all other present factors remain constant, such as marriage, discouraging suicide and city life increasing it, the suicide rate will increase as illiteracy decreases," he said. A high birth rate and a high infant mortality rate accompany great illiteracy, he found.

### New Era Coming, Henry Ford Believes

In his recent book, "My Philosophy of Industry," Henry Ford becomes prophetic. He writes:

Changes are coming faster than ever before, both in our industrial world and in our domestic life. Many people see in these changes a world constantly growing worse.

I do not believe this; I think we are heading in the right direction, and that we should learn to interpret our new life rather than protest against it.

We are entering a new era. Old landmarks have disappeared. Our new thinking and new doing are bringing us a new world, a new heaven and a new earth, for which prophets have been looking from time immemorial. Much of it is here already. But I wonder if we see it?



## CURRENT EVENTS

—News Items of Especial Interest to Occultists—

### **Coming of Super Race Foretold by Astrologer**

A notice clipped from a Boston (Mass.) newspaper says that, according to Charles A. Mason, children born between July 29 and August 6 will be the forerunners of a "super race." Mr. Mason is a well known astrologer, author and lecturer. Quoting:

The forecast is based on star studies covering a period of 17 years.

According to Mason, geniuses, women of extraordinary beauty, and possibly a second Messiah will be born between the magic dates mentioned.

During the period in question, combination of planets the world has seen for hundreds of years will occur. Venus and Jupiter will be so close together in the morning sky that they will seem one star. Mason points out that old schools of astrology have recorded the belief that such a constellation was that which appeared over the stable in Bethlehem.

Astrologically speaking children born in the period named will have nothing "negative" which can affect them, Mason says. Such children should have tremendous mentalities and live on an almost spiritual plane, according to Mason.

### **Journal of N. A. A. Announces 1929 Conventions**

Quoting from "Notes From The Field" in the April-May-June number of the *Journal of the National Astrological Association*:

The first Convention to be definitely announced (for 1929) is that of the Canadian Astrological Association, in August. For particulars address the Secretary, Canadian Astrological Association, 22 Court House Block, 812 Robson St., Vancouver, B. C.

The Los Angeles Conference will be held in September, election of an auspicious date now being made by Dorothy Kinehan, a teacher in the First Temple and College of Astrology.

### **Notice of 43rd Convention of Theosophists Issued**

Official notice of the Forty-Third Convention of the American Theosophical Society has been published in *The Theosophical Messenger*, July number.

The date of convening is Sunday, August 25, 1929, and the place is the Hotel Stevens, South Michigan Boulevard at Seventh Street, Chicago, Illinois. The notice advises that the convention will adjourn from time to time until its business is finally finished and may hold any of its subsequent meetings as it shall elect.

### **Filipino Child Healer Recognizes Impostors**

A 6-year-old Filipino girl who is deemed to have supernatural curative powers and is visited daily by crowds

of peasants with real or fancied maladies, is said to recognize at once all impostors, and will not try to cure them.

The little girl is Virginia Tolentino, daughter of a wealthy family living near Manila. Although her parents object to the notoriety given them through her fame as a healer, and try to keep her hidden from the people, they seek and find her or besiege the house until she appears.

### **Trouble for Zeppelin Predicted by Seer**

Sir Hubert Wilkins is said to have announced the receipt of a letter from a seer before the start of the Graf Zeppelin in its recent troubled flight in which the seer foretold motor trouble en route to America.

Other letters voluntarily sent him by seers have also contained predictions which came to pass. One of these auguries which came true was the death of one member of his first northern airplane expedition.

### **Number of Holidays Reduced in China**

The state council at Nanking, China, has issued a new list of holidays to be celebrated, in which the famous "humiliation days"—anniversaries of subjection to foreign indignities—are omitted. All Sundays throughout the year and other holidays will be observed, although the total number of holidays, which was so great it threatened to seriously injure business interests, has been considerably decreased.

### **Mrs. Tingley's Body Cremated**

The body of Mrs. Katherine Tingley, noted theosophist leader, who died early in July as the result of an auto crash in May of this year, has been cremated and the ashes placed in two urns, one to be kept at Visingo, Sweden, where she died, and the other at Point Loma, California, where the headquarters of the International Theosophical Society are located. Mrs. Tingley was 77 years old.

### **Former Chinese Capital Reassumes Old Name**

After establishing Nanking as the new capital of China, the nationalist government has changed the name of Peking to Peiping, which means "Northern Peace" and is a revival of the name given the city by the first emperor of the Ming dynasty during the fourteenth century.

## Reach the Infinite in Yourself —while you sleep

YOU can commune with the infinite—source of all Inspiration, Happiness, Health, Success—by liberating your unconscious self. Psycho-phone directs and molds your unconscious powers to your own ends—virtually puts you in touch with the Infinite.

### A Scientific Triumph



### The Psycho-Phone

—gets you what you want by liberating your amazing unconscious powers.

—puts at your command the actual working principle used by Supermen of all ages.

—gets results overnight that would take months or even years to accomplish by conscious effort.

And Psycho-phone does all this while you are asleep—when your unconscious mind is free from the trammels and hindrances of environment, intellect and all other opposing factors. You are not even aware of the work Psycho-phone is accomplishing.

### Let These Users Tell You About Results

Doctors, lawyers, ministers, actors, business men, clerks—people in every walk of life who have applied Psycho-phone to their personal problems render one mighty verdict—IT WORKS. Psycho-phone GETS RESULTS. Users say:

"It has doubled my business." "I got the partner that I was trying to get." "I now have \$2,000 in the bank." "I married the girl I wanted." "I am now perfectly healthy." "I now look much younger." "I have overcome all my fears." "The Psycho-phone is all you claim for it and more." "I consider the Psycho-phone the biggest thing in the world today." "I would not part with it for any price if I could not get another"—these are but a few of the results Psycho-phone gets for its users.

### Inspiration, Health, Success Are Yours

Soar to the heights. Break away from the shackles of mundane routine. Realize your Real Self and approach Infinity. Psycho-phone has accomplished miracles for others. Learn what it can do for you, by telling us, in strictest confidence, your particular desire or need and allowing us to send you interesting FREE literature and testimonials showing what Psycho-phone can do—and has done. Address

### The PSYCHO-PHONE COMPANY

DEPT. 37  
103 Lafayette St., New York City



## SMILING THROUGH

"Sir!" said the irate woman to the proprietor of the bird shop, "last week you sold me a parrot and told me it could speak seven languages. I have had that parrot six days and he hasn't opened his mouth. What do you mean by selling me a bird like that? Do you realize I paid good money for a parrot that could talk; and do you realize he hasn't opened his mouth yet and—"

"Madam," interrupted the proprietor, "give the poor bird a chance."

—Tid-Bits, London

\* \* \*

Their love had not been running too smoothly. But now their quarrel was made up and she nestled in his arms.

"Oh, Robert," she murmured, "I was wrong to treat you as I did. You'll forgive me, won't you, for being so angry with you all last week?"

"Of course, darling," he replied, softly. "I don't mind a bit. I saved over thirty shillings while we weren't on speaking terms."

—Tid-Bits, London.

\* \* \*

"I feel sad—I've just had my handwriting read."

"What did the expert say?"

"That from the way I made the 'h' at the beginning of the word 'elegant' he knew I had never been to school."

—Tid-Bits, London.

\* \* \*

"Did you tell her when you proposed that you were unworthy of her? That always makes a good impression."

"I was going to—but she told me first."

—Daily Chronicle.

\* \* \*

"And is Wilbur as fat as ever?"

"Fat! He had the mumps three weeks before we knew it."

—Army and Navy Journal.

\* \* \*

Father: "How is it you have not done your school homework?"

Son: "I have decided not to do any more. It is not fair. We children do the work and the teacher gets paid for it."

—Pages Gaies, Yverdon.

\* \* \*

"What time do you get up in summer?"

"As soon as the first ray of sun comes into my window."

"Isn't that rather early?"

"No, my room faces west."

—Loughborough Herald.

\* \* \*

He: "It's to be a battle of wits."

She: "How brave of you, Gerald, to go unarmed!"

—Goblin, Toronto.

## BORDER LANDS OF SCIENCE

—A Record of Scientists' Approach Towards the Occult—

### Savants Studying World Population

According to Prof. Shiroshi Nasu of the University of Tokio, who is lecturing in this country, the white race controls about eight-ninths of the entire earth's surface, although its total population is only one-third of the world's total population.

Prof. Nasu believes that since the disparity between the number and the holdings of the white race is so acute, in time some overflow of population between east and west is inevitable, and that this overflow, far from being catastrophic, is likely to be a good thing for the world.

And now comes a distinguished European economist, Robert R. Kuczynski, estimating that the world's population is increasing each year at the rate of about five-eighths of one per cent. From which it would appear that the earth would soon be overpopulated.

But the present rate, asserts the economist, "is largely due to an age composition which tends to swell the number of births and to lower the number of deaths."

Thus, if the fecundity and mortality remain what they are, the proportion of old people will increase, which means that the birth rate will decline further, with the death rate mounting. So the immediate danger of general overproduction is neutralized.

The Brookings Institution in Washington, which has been carrying on an investigation in this matter, has come to the conclusion that fecundity has already declined so much that the number of children in all the countries of western and northern Europe, North America and Australia combined is no longer sufficient to replace the reproductive age groups.

The institution, by its figures, shows that the Anglo-Saxons, Germans, Scandinavians and French no longer reproduce themselves. They are doomed to die out and their countries sooner or later will be occupied by other races, the institution believes.

### Doctor Says Face Lifting Not New

In his book, "The Struggle for Health," just published, Dr. Richard H. Hoffman reveals that plastic surgery, the art of making faces and forms, is not a recent development, but very ancient.

The doctor writes:

Plastic surgery was an old act in Italy. It had been picked up in India by early Italians and Portuguese trav-

elers. Its fame was advanced largely by a Sicilian family which became expert in taking the skin of the face for revamping noses.

As early as 1480 bands of roving Italians had carried the plastic methods into Germany. Hindus were expert at this art centuries before the Christian era. Thanks to social custom, they had plenty of opportunity for gaining experience. When wives were unfaithful or suspected of infidelity it was the practice to disfigure their noses with a knife. Later efforts to repair these maimed parts gave the Hindus their unusual skill.

When the pious dictums of the church got to work in Italy, however, during the middle ages plastic surgery, like almost everything else, found the brakes applied. The good men held up their hands in horror and spoke of such operations as "meddling with the work of the Lord."

### Is Our Sun Daily Growing Smaller?

The present most accepted theory of stellar phenomena is that the stars are wearing themselves away through the conversion of their substance into energy, that is, they are using themselves up in giving off heat and light.

If this is true, our sun is wasting away at the rate of some four millions of tons, every second, day and night. But even at this rate of loss, it is estimated that there is enough substance in the sun to heat us and light us for millions of years to come. And perhaps by that time a newer and greater sun will have appeared on the horizon. Who knows?

### Volcanology a New Science Says Observatory Head

No longer is volcanology a part of geology, but a science in itself, says the man who is regarded as the greatest living authority on the volcano of Kilauea, Island of Hawaii, and possibly the greatest in the world. He is Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar, head of the Hawaiian Volcano observatory, who avers that volcanology is the forerunner of other sciences based on humanness and conservation. He suggests, as a possible new science along this line, "fluviology"—the study of river flows, to prevent future catastrophes such as the Mississippi river disasters.

### Man's Growing Air-Minded in Earnest, Texan Shows

That man is taking to the air with a will, much as if it were his natural element, is indicated by a solo flight made by G. Frank Myers, Beaumont (Texas) oil man after having but one hour's instruction. He remained more than two hours in the air.



## ARCHAEOLOGY IN BRIEF

What the Reverent Spade Is Revealing of the Past

### *Irrigation Engineer Believes Irak Home of Adam and Eve*

Sir William Wilcox, who spent a number of years in Irak on irrigation works, believes that the Garden of Eden was located at a spot between the Euphrates and the Tigris, near Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham.

In support of his belief, Sir William quotes Genesis 2:10: "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads:" and verses 5 and 6 of that same chapter "The Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth \* \* \* But there went up a mist from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground."

Sir William advances the opinion that the word "mist" is an inexact translation, and that the proper rendering would speak of natural irrigation as opposed to artificial watering. This spot near Ur is said to be a land formation where a river was "parted and became into four heads."

Also, says Sir William, it is a marshy plain, where water is plentiful throughout the twelve months. Support is lent to the belief that this was the site of the Garden of Eden by the fact that for a plain, the designation, "Eden," was used by the earliest inhabitants of Babylon.

Natives of Irak, however, will direct the traveler to either one of two other places as the site of the garden. The first is Kurna, at the confluence of the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers. The second is the tract to the south of Hit, where at one time the delta of the Euphrates began and the river was divided into four arms. This would seem to agree with the exposition in the 2nd chapter of Genesis. It is, moreover, naturally watered all the year around.

### *Osgood Found in Arctic; Soon to Be Rescued*

Cornelius Osgood, daring 24-year-old explorer, who has been missing for months in the arctic regions of northern Canada, has been found. A telegram taken to civilization by a Canadian airplane expedition in the far North recently brought word of his safety to his parents in Chicago. The Canadian government will send a police expedition to bring him out of the wilderness.

Young Osgood left Chicago in May, 1929, for the arctic regions, to search for traces of the Hare Indians, be-

lieved to be the connecting link between the North American Indian and the Mongolian.

He went to Great Bear Lake on the edge of the Arctic Circle and from there on he journeyed alone, seeking the tribe which is believed to number about 1,200.

Only one other white man, a missionary, ever visited these Indians. He was killed by them.

### *Unknown Land in Antarctic Claimed by Commander Byrd*

Observers in the airplanes of his South pole expedition have discovered 20,000 square miles of hitherto unknown land in the antarctic, according to a report from Commander Richard E. Byrd, made public by Secretary Adams of Washington, D. C.

The flights, according to the report of the secretary of the navy, were made during the period preceding the winter-long polar night which now has forced suspension of exploration.

Byrd reports the landing on March 7 of L. M. Gould, geologist of the party, near one of the southern mountains of the range. This, he says, was the first time that man had discovered a new land from the air and landed upon it for scientific investigations.

### *Explorers Report Great Success in Abyssinia*

The Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago expedition has announced the securing of rare collections in Abyssinia. It was given a permit by Emperor Ras Tafari of Abyssinia to go wherever it wished. The explorers were fortunate also in meeting Detjamat Birrou, governor of Sidamo province, who is a modernist, and anxious to open up the country and exploit its rich resources. Detjamat Birrou possesses a long lease on the world's second largest platinum deposits and invited outside capital for its development and also to get modern machinery to develop King Solomon's mines in place of the old-fashioned tackle now in use.

### *Great Polar Explorer On Way Back to Arctic*

Lieut.-Commander MacMillan, called the "King of the North," is heading for the Arctic zone in his ship, the "Bowdoin," for the seventeenth time.

He plans to study a 75,000-year-old glacier, begin a study of fisheries in the northern waters, and make one or two scientific excursions into the interior of Northern Labrador.



*Due to Phenomenal Sale, a Second  
Edition of*

## ASTRO-DIAGNOSIS, A GUIDE TO HEALING

By Max Heindel and  
Augusta Foss Heindel

Is now ready, completely revised, with additional information on character and disease, as shown by finger nail and thumb.

NEW 50 PAGE INDEX ADDED!  
ALL DATA QUICKLY ACCESSIBLE

466 Pages Cloth Bound \$3.00

The Rosicrucian Fellowship  
Box 12 Oceanside, Calif.

**Subscribe to the Occult Digest**



## HYPNOTISM

Would you possess that strange mysterious power which charms and fascinates men and women, influences their thoughts, controls their desires and makes you supreme master of every situation? Life is full of alluring possibilities for those who master the secrets of hypnotic influence; for those who develop their magnetic powers. You can learn at home, cure diseases and bad habits without drugs, win the friendship and love of others, increase your income, gratify your ambitions, drive worry and trouble from your mind, improve your memory, overcome domestic difficulties, give the most thrilling entertainment ever witnessed and develop a wonderfully magnetic will power that will enable you to overcome all obstacles to your success.

You can hypnotize people instantaneously—quick as a flash—put yourself or anyone else to sleep at any hour of the day or night or banish pain and suffering. Our free book tells you the secrets of this wonderful science. It explains exactly how you can use this power to better your condition in life. It is enthusiastically endorsed by ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, business men and society women. It benefits everybody. It costs nothing. We give it away to advertise our institution.

Write for it today. (Use a letter with a 5-cent stamp.)

Sage Institute, Dept. 602Z, Rue de l'Isly, 9, Paris VIII, France



## LAOU-KEUN-TSZE

THIS Chinese philosopher, who is most often called Lao-Tze, was the founder of Taoism. He taught that by annihilating the material passions and pleasures of the body the soul became immortal; but his most notable precept was that we should "recompense injury with kindness." Laou-Tsze died 523 B. C.

## TEACHINGS

## FROM THE CHINESE OF LAOU-KEUN-TSZE

Recompense injury with kindness. He who knows others is wise; he who knows himself is enlightened. He who overcomes others is strong; he who overcomes himself is mighty. He who knows when he has enough is rich. He whose memory perishes not when he dies lives for ever. There is no sin greater than giving rein to desire; there is no misery greater than discontent; there is no calamity more direful than the greed of gain. Therefore the sufficiency of contentment is an everlasting sufficiency. There are three things which I regard as precious, which I grasp and prize. The first is Compassion; the second is Moderation; the third is Modesty. The weakest things in this world subjugate the strongest. There is nothing under heaven weaker or softer than water, yet it overcomes the hardest and strongest things. The highest form of goodness resembles water, which is beneficial to everything, and that without struggling. When there are many prohibitive enactments in the empire, the people get poorer and poorer. When the people accumulate excess of wealth and goods, both State and families become demoralized. When men are over-skillful, the use of fantastical or curious things arises. When punishments are overdone, malefactors increase in number.

Translation of Frederic H. Balfour

## TEACHINGS AND PRECEPTS OF BUDDHA

ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought. It is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speak or act with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. Well-makers lead the water wherever they like; fletchers bend the arrow; carpenters shape the log of wood; the wise man fashions himself. If one man conquer in battle a thousand times ten thousand men, and another man conquer himself, the last is the greatest conqueror.

Translations of T. W. Rhys Davids and Mrs. Frederika MacDonald

If thou wished to get rid of thy evil propensities, thou must keep free from evil companions. —Seneca.

# Psychic Revelation

— Your Personal Problems Solved By The Psychic Editor —

In these columns 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 received by first day of second preceding month. Positively no questions answered by mail unless accompanied by three dollars. Address THE PSYCHIC EDITOR, The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

A. R. T., Tex.—Through her people. You made a mistake and everything runs in cycles for you. You are doing the thing now that will help you. Have patience.

C. W., Canada—Change comes through an opportunity to travel.

J. D., Canada—Buy out the others—land valuable in oil and mineral. If you can get your money back, do so.

M. D., Canada—The astral colors you see are your own psychic forces. When a form appears ask an intelligent question and be governed by the answer as to the reliability of the person. In time you will sell timber this year.

D. M. B., N. Y.—Nothing is holding you back. Your birth controlling planet comes into its own financial power in 1933. After that time your finances will improve and you will come into very comfortable circumstances.

M. L. I. H., Calif.—You are doing your share pretty well as things are. The truly great things are made up out of everyday, commonplace service. As we fulfill, greater opportunities come within our grasp. Keep your vision and you will create the work.

A. E. J., B. C.—Your marriage is still in the dim future, but a change of occupation comes in early fall and you will be more successful from now on and make very pleasant new acquaintances.

G. R., Calif.—Your present work O.K. Not soon.

E. T. Q., Mich.—Husband's business will improve 1930. Satisfactory settlement of estate soon.

V. M. H., Pa.—The cause of your trouble is lack of poise. Concentrate on success and never think of discouragement—the way to success in anything. Your mediumistic powers are strengthened by use. Marriage not indicated.

J. L. H., Fla.—Everything O. K. in connection with position. A bright future indicated where you are.

Mrs. J. S., Pa.—Yes to both your questions.

A. C. I., Kan.—Take the traveling position offered. It will give you contact with opportunity. Your real luck

starts with 1929 and continues for several years.

B. A. R., Calif.—You are passing through your equinoctial period and will be much improved in health. Talk health and that will help you to attract it. Be glad you are able and have opportunity to be independent.

W. M. R., Calif.—Just be patient and keep the work for the present—you take less chance. Realize that you are doing all you can to pay the debt and think in terms of time, not money, knowing that the latter will become your possession.

H. B. R., Calif.—Let your son work out his own problem. He is well qualified to do so. Inheritance doubtful but a chance to make money is positive.

R. L. T., Ohio—Not until four years. Then you will be happy.

M. A. W., Mich.—Not soon. Ventures prove quite profitable.

M. C. H., Fla.—Yes to both questions.

K. A., Ill.—No to your first question. You will get your inheritance.

B. G., Calif.—Will not marry soon. Will remain in California.

E. A., N. Y.—You will eventually become buyer.

M. V. L., Iowa—Go right on living as you are and you will not regret it. A year goes quickly.

M. W., Colo.—Patent will be accepted. You could sell to an advantage late this fall.

P. A. B., Calif.—You are good at figures and could be successful as an estimator and surveyor. Your opportunities for financial success will increase and you will not fail to recognize them.

J. B. C., Ill.—Money slow coming. You could be successful in the care of children as matron in a home.

E. P. L., N. Y.—Letter mislaid—will hear soon.

Mrs. D. McN., Calif.—The change comes toward spring. Quite successful.

F. L. P., Ill.—No reason why you should not succeed. We are often succeeding when we least expect it. Do not get discouraged.

P. W., Mich.—Yes to both of your questions.

E. J., N. Y.—Card was from gentleman named Ali Ben Raben.

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



## Occultism Simplified

(Continued from page 12)

made from one stage of expression to another, and yet Life, having lost all of these bodies, can express itself on each and every one of these planes successfully, individually, independently, returning, as it were, step by step until it reaches again the physical plane of expression. It creates for itself a body in the form known as materialized spirit.

Life controls the elements. You cannot call it into being with your physical power. It acts upon the physical body, extracting the elements from which it can construct a tangible spirit body which, under the proper conditions, you can handle with your physical hands.

This great Law of Life is very little understood. When people can discuss these subjects rationally, it will be possible for those who are functioning beyond the third and fourth change to materialize and teach the world truths long lost to the human race.

The world today is not enlightened, because various groups of people, having touched upon a truth, make it the whole truth and bar out every other expression. Is there a "Light" whose history is recorded that did not set up an altar, a shrine and say unto the people, "Behold here I am, I have made a discovery. It is mine. It is Truth for you—but only by *me* can you receive even so much as a dip of the finger to cool your parched lips"? All down through history, to the present day, those who have gained supreme understanding have set up a system of dogmatic worship of these scientific laws of nature. Their followers are ready to beat out every other light that dares to shine. "*I am the Great I Am*," they say. "Only through *me* can you ever hope to obtain any knowledge concerning the great Beyond into which all the human race is doomed to be cast." They do not take into consideration the natural law of birth, nor the fact that every individual must pass through this birth alone. One or many, they must all go alone. This question of life after death is a question that belongs to the individual, and it is one that the individual must settle for himself. There are a few things that no one can do for you. When you come to the parting of the ways, you must rely on *yourself*, and pass through the gate alone. If you understood the law of your own being, you wouldn't fear to be alone, and death, which is only another birth, would have no terror for you.

This great question of *Mind* and *Life*—*think about it!* Are they one? We would say no, but we would not be your authority. Treat the truths about life with all the reverence and respect that have been given to the great leaders, but remember that it is *your* life, and there is none greater than yours. If you waste your opportunities, Life does not take you to account. It says, "I am independent of that man Jim Jones or John Smith. His monitor didn't attend to business, and something went wrong with his body."

Life may watch over you, follow you to your grave, and exact its toll when the physical body no longer responds. You are many, many people, a great family, with many members. *You are not Life until you understand and direct the goings and comings of this physical body.* As long as you are blown about from one course to another, Life is only watching over you. It is not in any way, shape or manner, functioning through you. You are controlled, so to speak, by an entity commonly called brain power, will power, mind power.

Travel into the great space of all time, and touch the source from which you originated and you will become a person of omniscient sight. You will then possess the great "*I*," not the "*I Am*." You can be in every part of the universe. You can be all of everything, and yet you can be the man that you are, inhabiting the physical body, conversing with your friends, going to business, doing whatever you find necessary.

"Would you be master of yourself? Watch yourself in the morning when you awaken! Do you begin the day with wonderful intentions that gradually fade into nothingness? If they are so scattered, it is because you did not fortify your citadel when you awakened. Make every part and particle of your being lunge into the harness, *into activity, before* you leave your room, *before* you speak to another living person. You will then gain control of the elements that buffet you and you will become the Master of your Destiny.

LOOK NEXT MONTH for the third and last article of this series on the Laws of Life

# Your Problems

**Can Be Solved, Giving You Happiness, Health, Prosperity, and a Mystic Key to a New and Better Destiny**

This Veiled Brotherhood, operating thru its chartered university, for the benefit and enlightenment of Humanity, offer you that Mystic and Occult training under the guidance of an assigned Master, which you have always longed for, but never found.

## The New Race

In every part of the country are springing up Avatars of the New Race, Enlightened Men and Women are becoming Masters of Fate, with Power to create new conditions, Power to change their Destiny, Power to rise triumphant above the limiting conditions of their lives.

## That Inner Urge

You, who have felt that inner urge for Light, Knowledge and Power; You, who have sought vainly for that Master you felt could aid you; You, who have been sorely disappointed in your search for Help; to all of you is this invitation extended. Simply write, asking for Light.

## FRIAR VASVANA

Scribe of the Brotherhood

P. O. Box 676 Tampa, Florida

**Advertise in The Occult Digest**

# GAZING CRYSTALS

Imported from Czecho-Slovakia  
Beautiful, Clear, Flawless

2 -inch.....	Each	\$2.00
2 1/4 -inch.....	Each	2.50
3 -inch.....	Each	3.00
3 1/2 -inch.....	Each	3.60
4 -inch.....	Each	6.00
5 -inch.....	Each	10.50

Crystal Base, highly polished black, unbreakable composition material, each 60c. Send for free pamphlet on the Art of Crystal Gazing.

Astrological forecasts for 1929, \$1.00

Glass Stand, pyramid style, \$1.50

Glossy black leather rug to place beneath crystal, size 6 inches square, each 50c.

Hardwood Oulja Boards, each \$1.15

Dealers and Distributors write for wholesale prices

J. M. SIMMONS

109 N. Dearborn St.

Chicago, Ill.



## DREAMS

Psychically Interpreted  
By The Dream Editor

Have you ever had a dream which later came true? Psychically interpreted dreams are of benefit 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 received by the first 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.

A. A. S., Mass.—Your dreams are sequels and symbolize the growth of your development, your success and mastery over things that were discouraging and arousing the lower nature, also success in compelling service from those who would try to wound. It teaches the mastery over fear—study it more deeply.

M. E. F., Calif.—Your dream signifies the closing of a cycle in your life after which new blood is infused and time replaces losses—success in undertakings resulting from old conditions.

G. R., Calif.—Your dream was a psychic vision and was to teach you not to worry about events which you could not govern.

K. A., Ill.—Your dream is a warning against a false friend who pretends to be everything to you but who is only leading to a blind street.

W. M. R., Calif.—You have the right solution to your dream. Your constant thought while waking follows you into your sleep state.

M. L. H., Calif.—Your dream signifies success in eluding one who would have devoured you had pursuit continued. It clearly depicts that a protection little dreamed of by you was attending you and that unconsciously you discarded the dead carcass in the nick of time.

S. C., N. Y.—Your dreams are serial and pertain directly to present conditions and depict unconditional victory for you and yours after the second struggle or offence.

H. E. R., Calif.—Your dream is very clearly a vision and will materialize as you dreamed it would. It is a real chapter in your life.

G. W., Canada—Your dream carries the significance of an overwhelming turmoil which will almost instantly cease to exist, and your life will be like the calm after a storm.

## Your Emotional Nature

(Continued from page 18)

primitive instincts which have come down to us from remote ages, and which are habitually and easily aroused. Society encourages generosity, courageousness, ambition, idealism, which makes for the good of society as a whole. Society suppresses greed, cowardice and other primitive instincts.

According to the destructiveness of the instinct involved, society safeguards itself by exacting penalties of various kinds, thus compelling repression of the lower and additional expression of the higher instincts.

However, man today, possessed as he is of powerful primitive instincts, finds it very difficult to adapt himself to civilization's code.

There is always something happening to set fire to his bundle of instincts. If it happens to be an instinct that society favors, he allows it to burn, thus expressing it. If he suppresses it, he pays a personal penalty in some form.

The keynote of a man's nature which we sometimes call "individuality" is largely determined by his predominant instincts. These instincts are outlined in the externals of that individual. Every general kind of inner impulse which is common to the human race has outer gateways through which it travels to reach the world and these are indicative of the amount and intensity of that particular urge in the individual's makeup.

Note this rule! *Every individual becomes emotional most quickly and most intensely over the things which concern his predominant instincts.*

The thing that arouses one man to furious anger leaves another unstirred and still another only mildly resentful. Each reacts according to the intensity of his pugnacity instinct. Note this among your acquaintances, and you will see it in every one of them. The person who does not become angry until something important or constantly repeated arises has a jaw that is not extreme, while the one who reacts immediately has a longer, wider and more protruding jaw. The one who never shows anger has a very receding jaw, an incurving mouth and fat features.

The immediate effect of completely expressing an emotion is a feeling of *satisfaction*. This is true regardless of whether the instinct is destructive or constructive, recent or remote, regardless of the type of the individual. If the man has predominantly high instincts, and the instinct expressed is a destructive one, his feeling of satisfaction soon gives way to one of regret, self-criticism and often remorse. If

he is a man most of whose instincts are primitive and remote, his feeling of satisfaction lasts for a long period and the action may never be regretted.

There are, after all, but a few kinds of human feelings. Some form of hunger, love, hate, fear, hope or ambition gives rise to every human emotion and every human thought.

Actions follow thoughts. Every thought, however transitory, causes some muscular action which leaves its trace in that part of the physical organism most closely allied to it.

Look into your mirror the next time you are angry, happy, surprised, tired or sorrowful and note the changes wrought by your emotions in your facial muscles. Constant repetition of the same kinds of thought or emotions finally makes permanent changes in that part of the body which is physiologically related to these mental processes.

The first emotion a baby has are those of fear and surprise. Before you have the power to love or hate or comprehend, you are able to be afraid. This conforms to the defensive reactions of mankind's remote prehuman ancestors, who were protected by this prompting to fear and flee from their ever alert enemies.

Man, in the beginning, wandered alone and afraid in a land fringed with forests, haunted by wild beasts of prey; where storm and lightning blinded and paralyzed with fear. Thus man learned to fear. What man could not understand he feared. He could not interpret the sun, the storm, the stars, the moon, the breeze.

These things to him meant more than mere natural forces at work. He became "superstitious." He classed these things as "evil spirits," powers to be appeased. Illness and death he particularly feared, for he could not understand them.

Emotions vary in individuals, communities, nations, races. They are under different degrees of control and are aroused by varying situations. Much of our thinking and talking is done in terms of hates, fears and loves.

A child sets up a fear reaction, catches its breath, clutches at anything within reach, closes its eyes, cries, all to fearful stimuli. The child *hears* thunder, *sees* lightning, learns to be afraid of them. We learn many of these fears from our mothers. If mother is afraid of lightning, and shows it, we are afraid also.

We come to hate everything associated with our early hates; afraid of everything associated with early fears. Our emotions are developed early. People, things, situations call out cries,

### That Impelling Something

Use Your Invisible Power

By Dr. Delmar Eugene Croft

12mo., 64 pages of large print, with chart, bound in paper. Postpaid, 35c.

THE OCCULT DIGEST

1900 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



rages, tantrums. In our hates and fears, practice makes perfect.

The *function* of emotion is quick action and a long memory. Love, fear and hate start out together and *grow* up together.

Our bottled emotions find curious outlets — giggles, tears, laughter, shame, remorse, rage, grief, love, fear; they take us to fights, dances, games, theatres, and lead us into speculations, arguments, ending perhaps in hysteria, phobias, or manias.

Hate and fear paralyze digestive action, causing intestinal disorders. Love aids and hastens digestion and heightens metabolism. Love is a tonic! Use it!

Back of every well-known human tendency is a specific instinct or group of instincts. Any intelligent approach to human life, whether it be that of the mother, teacher, preacher, or neurologist, leads back to the instincts as starting points of understanding. Refer to list of the fundamental tendencies of the human race and the emotions which drive them to fulfillment.

Every individual is endowed with these fundamental tendencies or dispositions when he comes into the world. Differing in *degree* in different individuals, they unite in varying proportions to form various kinds of dispositions. They are, in greater or less degree, the common property of us all.

An instinct is the result of the experience of the race, laid in brain and nerve cells ready for use. In the struggle for existence, it has been necessary for the members of the race to feed themselves, to run away from danger, to fight, to herd together, to reproduce themselves, to care for their young and to do various other things which make for their well-being and the preservation of the race.

The individuals who did these things at the right time survived and passed on to their offspring an inherited tendency to this kind of reaction.

An instinct is an inherited disposition to notice, to feel and to want to act in certain ways in certain situations. It makes us act when we cannot explain why.

Once aroused, the emotion and impulse are not to be changed. In man or beast, in savage or savant, the intense feeling, the marked bodily changes and the yearning for action are identical and unchangeable. An

emotion is the hot part of an instinct and exists solely for securing action.

Man is capable of but one intense emotion at a time. The stronger emotion gets the right of way, obtains control of mental and bodily machinery and allows no room for opposite states.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Man has more means at his command for self-preservation than any other animal, largely because he has more ways of destroying his enemies.

A fat man's emotions are painful or pleasurable according to the degree in which his *stomach is satisfied*. He becomes as enthusiastic over food as other men do over music, books, sports or business deals. Here the instinct of *assimilation* is paramount.

The first step in conquering destructive emotions and encouraging constructive ones is to study yourself. Think of yourself as you are and as you know you are, without whimpers or pretences. Don't let anything in your nature cause you to give up. Be frank with yourself. We subconsciously exaggerate some faults and ignore others.

Some of the emotions you possess could, if capitalized, make you a real success in life. Until recently the world had not recognized any such power in emotion.

Your character is the result of your conduct. Your conduct is the outward expression of your inner emotions. If you desire a strong and beautiful character you must learn to use your emotions toward building the things you want to come true in your life.

We can apply our emotions to good ends. We can turn their current into positive channels where it will build for us.

The next time you have a destructive emotion, don't swallow it and try to forget it. By this I mean, don't hate or love a thing, and sit still. Get up while the mood is on and do something you have been neglecting. Use this precious time to build yourself, read or study, do anything but react destructively to the emotion and thus tear yourself down.

By conscious control of yourself, you can prevent the wrong emotions from being aroused most of the time. It is the *habitual* explosions and emotional outbursts which endanger your happiness.

## AUTHORS

DO YOUR book sales want stimulating? You could not find a better advertising medium than our Classified Ad Page—Readers of THE OCCULT DIGEST are book buyers.

## Have You a Problem?



Rev. J.C. Cake, Field Secretary  
Desk 22 West Creek, N.J.

THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN uses Practical, Psychological, and Spiritual Methods never before given to any except Inner Members of the Secret Schools of the ILLUMINATI. Give details of your problem, Physical, Financial, or Domestic. Full instructions will be sent by registered mail, together with a "Magic Talisman" which in ancient days was known as "for the healing of all woes." Talisman and Instructions FREE. Send 25c for postage and valuable literature.

## Become a doctor of Bio-Psychology and Expert Bio-Psycho-Analyst

Dr. Taylor will personally help you master his new science of life and mind, perfect your personality, make secure your own health and business success and gain a paying honorable profession. Lecture, teach, counsel, heal, backed by Diploma from a high grade chartered institution. Send 10 cents to cover mailing, cost of particulars including book 1 of correspondence course for free examination.

TAYLOR SCHOOL OF BIO-PSYCHOLOGY, Inc.  
Department L, Chattanooga, Tennessee

### Metapsychology Solves Any Problem.

"Studies in Metapsychology"  
By Verne DeWitt Rowell, M. A.

Manuscript course in the Science of Practices, based on a journalist's interpretation of the Einstein-Nietzsche school of Metaphysics. Applicable to every human difficulty. Send for "Metapsychology Letters" (issued bi-weekly) \$1.00 yearly; three months trial 35c.

Metapsychology Center  
Box 456, London, Ontario

## NOTICE

If you cannot buy the OCCULT DIGEST in your city, please send us the name of your newsdealer.

## SECRETS OF THE AGES

A Constructive Course in human progress which has brought amazing success to thousands. Discloses hidden power and the way to great achievement in your life and destiny.

LEARN THE MYSTERIES AND SECRETS OF EXISTENCE

This teaching illuminates a new pathway to the discovery of the truth. It solves your fate, the source out of which you came; discloses vital facts of the past and of the future. Learn how to break the shackles that bind you.

The wisdom and mysticism of the Oriental Philosophy taught in simple language. You will learn the secrets of personal power known to the Egyptian priesthood centuries ago, rediscovered and taught privately by the Hindu Yogis. You can master the occult forces and make your day dreams come true.

FOUR LESSONS—ONE DOLLAR

Satisfaction guaranteed  
Uriel Buchanan, P. O. Box D-210, Chicago, Ill.



## EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

It is written of this distinguished royal philosopher, who was born at Rome in 121 A. D., that he was generous to all and freely forgave even his enemies. When Avidius Cassius, who had betrayed him, was assassinated, "he lamented that Fates had not given him his fondest wish, to have freely pardoned the man who had basely conspired against his happiness."

### MEDITATIONS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, and unsocial. All these things happen by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not only of the same blood but that it participates in the same intelligence and has the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him.

Thou wilt give thyself relief, if thou doest every act of thy life as if it were the last, laying aside all carelessness and passionate aversion from the commands of reason, all hypocrisy, self-love, and discontent with the portion which has been given to thee.

Everything that exists is in a manner the seed of that which will be. Time is like a river made up of the events which happen, a violent stream; for as soon as a thing has been seen, it is carried away, and another comes in its place, and this will be carried away too. Look to the immensity of time behind thee, and to the time which is before thee, another boundless space. In this infinity, then, what is the difference between him who lives three days and him who lives three generations? Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.

Translated from the Greek edition by George Long, A. M.

Once a thought is evolved, it does not die, though it may pass from our consciousness, or we may become unresponsive to its influence. When we have outgrown an idea it automatically ceases to respond to us. Nothing can affect the past—only the future can be affected.

Virtue that is merely the absence of wrong-doing is absolute zero in the scale of true values.

## Psycho-Symbolism

(Continued from page 20)

these two organs of apprehension, the ears and the jaws, and their mental counterparts, since people who are deaf or who suffer from ear troubles frequently listen with gaping mouth. They sometimes even work the jaws whilst harkening, as if trying to grasp with the mouth what they fail to grasp with their organs of audition. The significance is extended in that auditors, or men of general calculation, make this particular symbol nearest to "type"—they make almost a printed letter G.

Again, people who are troubled in mind over social, household, or business details have difficulty in arriving at solutions and are apprehensive of the future, are frequently the victims of ear and toothache or neuralgia. At the same time they are most susceptible to grating, mincing, or piercing noises—those of certain pitch. They complain that their "teeth are all on edge."

It is also hardly mere coincidence that the people who are called highly calculating—that is, capable of "reckoning up people and events"—are those who, time after time, make a capital "G" which closely resembles the figure "9" and a small "g" similar to the figure "8."

These two letter-symbols or "signs" may therefore be termed the "signs of literal calculation" or an algebra of "mind."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE capital letter H is a diagram of a hoist, lift, jack, elevator, and similar "lifting" tools or machines with which to raise, lift, or promote people or objects. It portrays also a letter or printing press, and other machines of a "pressing" character.

In construction it consists of two guides or slides in which a bar, plate, platform or floor, can be moved up or down at will to lift or press something on or in front of it. It is a first class lever. The fulcrum is the ground base.

In a lateral direction, the symbol portrays movements of contracting and expanding, widening or narrowing, with a force behind and a weight or force in resistance.

In the "type" the ram, floor or platform is at rest halfway between top and bottom, and there centrally situated to move in either direction expeditiously. It is as though in a skyscraper of twenty stories the elevator was stationed at the tenth floor. Similarly, in pile driving the driving head would be ready to give a tapping stroke or to raise for a full length blow. The position of the bar appears to indicate that a middle course is

safest and most economical in the long run.

The symbol is therefore a "sign" of various kinds of stresses and strains, tensions and flections.

Anatomically, it stands for the action of the body muscles, and the principle of the guiders, acting in pairs, apparently one against the other, but in reality the one helping the other. It shows that each is complementary to the other in functioning. Each serves to keep the other from taking over or under its share of strain in a dual undertaking.

The bar, ram, or floor, being exactly horizontal as well as central, shows that the tool will work ideally when the weight is evenly balanced or distributed. This poise between the two also serves to keep the tool or machine itself more rigid and secure, that is, less liable to collapse.

Physiologically, the symbol represents the brain's capacity to stand various strains of body or brain structure. A lift beyond capacity may result in a rupture of one of the small blood vessels of the brain, or disaster to an overtaxed muscle.

Psychologically, it indicates the power of a person to move some other person or object by using a lever as a forcing instrument. In its direst form it is "blackmail" or illegal extortion of money or freedom from harm by a threat. It is a "sign" of "pressure" put on another to do a certain action; to importune, provoke, or follow them up closely.

Debate is one kind of mental force, involving a second or opposing one. It is one's attempt to urge the other to give way or give in to one's own opinion; to press home an argument; to remove an obstacle to one's desire. It is a rivalry, a battle of wits.

Debate, discussion, disputation, conference, are methods of engagement sublimated from the more primitive physical combat—or "X"—an amicable way of settling differences, but "mind" pressure is brought to bear first on one side, then the other.

One person does not now make use of another by physically compelling him to work or act. Slavery and the press gang have been superseded by higher class methods. A system of "engagement" or "contract," either oral or written, serves to bind one to give service for another. Usually he receives some recompense or equivalent for his work.

The principle running through this symbol is that the object is not to extinguish the person or object if he or it does not easily respond to pressure



from without—which is the position in actual fighting or “X”—but rather to get them to move by a straightforward request to assist, by bantering, cajoling, inciting, or any means not actually damaging to one another. The press gang—bad as it was—was to “enlist” the services of a man.

The symbol shows that to preserve dignity or uprightness between the contestants or wordy combatants, some barrier, or some rules, are drawn up, to limit the contention on both sides—there is a “bar” between the figures typified in the “sign.” At a board meeting the directors are restricted from the extreme act of fighting by previously arranged laws, and a table. The boxer is controlled by rules, and a

referee comes between on any suspicion of foul play.

The bar is as the ram of a spring-gun, the cartridge of the rifle. It is a compelling power, but fires or discharges something, and does not leave the weapon itself. Discharging, or “firing” an employee is a last resort but it does not annihilate him. This last means a “wastage” that is “X”—and nature does not tolerate waste, hence there is no rational excuse for human fighting, when the “gestures” for peace are properly understood.

The symbol “H” is a tool, lever, or machine of assistance. It is creative and to help others or the world in general, not a cancelling or crossing out of life, or “X.”

SEE NEXT ISSUE for another article of this series on the Foundations of Graphology

## The Dark Night

(Continued from page 9)

tuning the vibrostat to the wavelengths suggested by the Martian. Outside, the ghostly faces and forms crowded and massed against the crystal walls. And as the vibrations reached the frequency of Kanu Zo's instructions, all at once their voices became normal.

“The laws of gravitation are broken up,” Fortune Ray said. “You could see when Furniss put his arm out through the window and his whole body followed.”

“Possibly it's that precious myth of occult science, negative gravity,” Ruth suggested.

“Possibly,” Ray responded gravely. “In any case it isn't exactly a loss of gravitation, otherwise the atmosphere would go . . . everything! And even in here we would have no weight.”

“We hadn't much weight when the window was open, nor for some time afterwards. Didn't you notice that?”

“Of course I noticed it,” Ray said, and smiled at her. “You don't think I'm quite that dumb, I hope.”

“He's gone!” Furniss exclaimed. It was the first time he had spoken since his spectacular rescue. “Sam Barnes is gone now . . . melted . . . evaporated, as I held him!”

It was true. The spot where their strange visitor had lain was vacant.

“But—My God! Look! Right there!”

They followed the direction of his shaking finger.

There, outside the crystal wall, his face pressed close, his staring eyes unseeing, set and glazed, was Sam Barnes.

Below, two thousand feet, within the power-house at the foot of the great tower, lay Sam Barnes' earthly body, visible as the dark eye of the ombra-scope reflected it upon the screen of glass.

All were terribly shaken at the sight. And Fortune Ray nervously remarked that those who worked with cosmic forces must do away with human emotions. But Furniss fainted dead away, and lay there like a corpse. He still lay there unmoving when the crash of Kanu Zo's communication again broke through the silence.

“The alien impulse is retarded,” the Martian announced. “Send out the positive vibrations for two hours now; and rest. If, at that time, the force has not yet reached its peak we can begin again. While you rested I have worked. I will communicate further.”

It was evening then, or should have been. But from the heavens no ray of light had come to lighten that dark day; that unbroken night. The silent sea of masklike faces still swept thronging by the crystal walls, and Sam Barnes still clung there. Upon the earth men huddled together for warmth, and millions died of cold. The winds that raged and tore in utter soundlessness still bore their frozen burdens, hurling them upon the cowering, dying men and animals. The streets of the City of Paradise were almost deserted now, heaped with human wreckage and machinery, while over all was thrown an icy mantle with spires and pinnacles and sheets of gelid death, resembling an Arctic night.

Within the crystal apex of the tower the lonely watchers waited. Outside in ghastly endlessness the grim procession floated by. Furniss lay like a dead man. Holmes worked like a fiend. Morning approached; or should have, but, would there be a morning?

No further sign had come from Kanu Zo.

Fortune Ray clasped Ruth Helm's

## SCIENCE OF LOVE WITH KEY TO IMMORTALITY

A Book of 1129 pages, showing the purpose of unfoldment in sex consciousness and how Life and Love are ultimately gained. Cloth bound, \$5.00; leatherette, \$7.50. Detailed Outline showing contents furnished upon application. Order direct of the **SCHOOL OF LIVEABLE CHRISTIANITY**, 1008-9 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, **IDA MINGLE**, Author.

Send for sample copy of  
“The Light of Truth”

### Occult—Astrological— Mystic—Masonic

Theosophy; Auras and Colors; Numerology; Spiritualism; Physiognomy; Phrenology; Palmistry; The Tarot;—books on strange and rare subjects. **FREE** Book catalogs (state which one wanted) 1D—Occult; 2D—Astrological; 3D—Masonic; 4D—Novelties; 5D—Jewelry.

Macey Publishing & Masonic Supply Co.  
35 West 32nd Street New York City

### THE BAND OF PURE SPIRITUALISM For Pure Spiritual Psychic Unfoldment at Home

Learn to get your own spirit communications. Enthusiastic corresponding units all over world. **PURE VIBRATION, PURE TEACHING OF MATERIALIZED SPIRIT TEACHERS** only. Regular rate \$5.00 for year course; \$1.00 for two months, but no one denied. **JOIN THE BAND** now. Mark this and write

**DAISY GIBSON BUETTNER**  
309B Steiner St. San Francisco, California

## STUDY FOR THE DEGREE

of Doctor of Psychology (Ps.D.), Doctor of Metaphysics, (Ms.D.) or Doctor of Divinity, (D.D.) by correspondence in the quiet of your own home, or by resident class work in Indianapolis. Write for further information.

**THE COLLEGE OF DIVINE METAPHYSICS, Inc.**  
Desk 8,  
1443 North Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

### PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

make a Success in Important Undertakings by consulting “Solar Biology”; so can you. This book gives shortest, most accurate methods of how to use **YOUR OWN POWERS** to best advantage; gives possibilities on any subject relative to human life; Mental, Physical and Business qualifications, etc., from date of birth. Price \$6.00. Literature and Magazine Free. Esoteric Publishing Co., B-1, Applegate, Calif.

### Subscribe to the Occult Digest

## DAM-ZINE

For Sick Glands Caused From Age, Abuse, Disease, Etc.

A product of medical research prescribed by Physicians in the treatment of starved glands. You take no chances and waste no money. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We invite correspondence with Physicians. Packed 25 Dam-Zines, \$1.00, 200 for \$5.00. A \$1.00 order now means a \$5.00 order later. Special Physicians offer 1,000 Dam-Zines for \$21.25. All goods sent in plain sealed package postpaid. No C. O. D. Send cash or money order and expect Dam-Zines by first return mail. No delay. Write now. All correspondence confidential.

**DAM-ZINE LABORATORIES CO.**  
P. O. Box 101 Columbus, Ohio



## Archaeology in Brief

(Continued)

### 200,000-Year Old Fossil Discovered in Japan

The finding of the largest fossil ever brought to light in Japan, and in fact one of the largest ever discovered in the world, has been announced by Japanese scientists. The finding of the fossil was made recently in the village of Takikawa on a peninsula south of Tokio. It is a bone measuring 3 feet 5 inches in length and weighing 24.75 pounds. Two members of the Tokio Imperial university faculty who have examined it estimate that it is about 200,000 years old. They say it is a bone from a mammoth which lived on the peninsula when it was part of the great land mass which later sank and was below the sea a long time. They believe that the mammoths were killed when the ice age came down and turned this part of the world into a vast freezing mass. The university is planning to start an investigation to see if more fossils cannot be found.

### Gobi Expedition Abandoned By Roy Chapman Andrews

The American explorer, Roy Chapman Andrews, who has been gaining much fame through his trailing of ancient man, has announced that since he could not come to an agreement with the Chinese commission for preservation of ancient objects, he will drop his 1929 Gobi expedition. It is said the Chinese insisted on a co-director of the expedition who was not satisfactory to Mr. Andrews' backers.

### Museum Explorers Active in Borneo

Messages have been sent out by radio from the Crane Pacific expedition reporting its arrival in Borneo, where it plans to spend some time exploring. The expedition has made some notable land and marine zoological collections during its voyage around the Pacific. More than a month was spent in New Guinea and the Celbes islands, one of its most important zoological collecting grounds.

There are two worlds; the world that we can measure with line and rule and the world that we feel with our hearts and imagination. —Hunt.

Music, where soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory.

—Shelley.

Music is a thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.

—Holland.

hand and smiled wanly. He had lost hope.

"The vibrostat is breaking down!" Holmes announced, wearily. "It's almost finished!"

"Good!" replied Fortune Ray in utter hopelessness, "and so are we. So is the earth, the universe, almost finished!"

Outside the wraiths were drifting. Ruth looked at them critically. They appeared more wan, more mistlike than ever before. Could it be that even they were yielding to the debacle?

Fortune Ray looked and smiled.

"All that tread the globe," he quoted, "are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom."

"But do they slumber—these?" he demanded feebly. "Do they? To me slumber would be better . . . better!"

"The earthly bodies slumber," Ruth replied, "not these, at any rate, not always."

"She's done now," Holmes called out suddenly from beside the vibrostat. "All finished!"

Ray laughed. "We'll be with them!" He pointed out through the crystal wall. "With them, soon."

Ruth put her arms about him.

"We can hope," she said softly.

"It's getting cold in here," Ray said after a few minutes.

Ruth drew her arms closer about him.

Then like a crash of artillery the giant transmitter roared. Kanu Zo was communicating.

"The universe is saved!" Across the millions of intervening miles the Martian's exultation boomed. "And we have saved it, you and I, Fortune Ray. Man can go on now . . . life . . . intelligence! The monster of the dark is driven back! Defeated! Slain! I would have spoken sooner, Fortune Ray, but I have been too busy. Now I shall rest; for on Mars, too, we rest occasionally!"

The final crash of the instrument, and all was silent.

"The spectres are gone!" Ruth Helm cried suddenly, "the air is clear outside the walls, and not so dark!"

"The lights are getting dim," Holmes announced a moment later.

"Dim! Look!" Ruth Helm was on her feet, dragging at Fortune Ray, and ecstasy was in her voice. "Look!"

The eastern sky was all aglow, and over the distant frozen mountain-peaks a golden disc glittered.

## The Head Line

(Continued from page 22)

the left hand for inherited tendencies, the right hand for cultivated developments. The type of hand should also be taken into consideration when reading the Head Line.

The natural Head Line of the elementary hand is short, straight and heavy. Consequently, its development to an unusual extent should be closely considered. On the square hand the Head Line should be straight and long—in keeping with the hand itself. Any divergence from this, being directly opposite to the nature of the hand, would be of utmost importance. For the spatulate hand, the natural Head Line is long, clear and slightly sloping.

For the philosophic hand, the natural Head Line is set low and is sloping. The conic hand naturally has a Head Line which gradually slopes downward toward the Mount of Luna (Moon), generally to the middle of it. And the psychic hand naturally has a Head Line which is extremely sloping, bestowing the visionary qualities peculiar to the type.

The Head Line is perhaps the most important line in the hand, especially when we consider what an important part the mind, as represented by the Head Line, plays in shaping our destinies.

FOR NEXT MONTH—"The Line of Sun," another palmistry article by Alice Denton Jennings

## SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

YOUR Editor wants to know what you are willing to do to increase interest in The Occult Digest. She wants to make your magazine bigger and better. If you will obtain two new subscribers when you send in your own renewal, just as a boost, it will enable her to make her wish for you come true.



## The House of the Damned

(Continued from page 25)

man frightens me. He gazes upon me with greedy eyes, and when he pierces me with those looks, I feel the power of an invisible force which seems almost to subjugate my mind to something unknown."

Strong caressingly drew her close; she seated herself upon the arm of his chair. "It is nothing, dear," he remarked softly. "You are nervous. The man undoubtedly commands a powerful psychic personality, cultivated through the years, and now possessing telepathic aptitude. His hospitality is perfect, yet withal, he impresses me as being idiosyncratic. Let us not worry; we are here, and we must meet conditions as they are."

They arose and walked to the massive book shelves, arranged in tiers along the walls. There were books in endless rows—books treating of psychology, philosophy, mental dominance, and kindred subjects; books of fiction, travel, romance; books on magic, medicine, law.

"He must be an avid reader," Strong commented. "I venture to say that there are some ten thousand books here. H'm, what's this? The Lock and Key Library."

He took up a book stamped "German" and opened it slowly. "This volume," he said, "contains a very interesting and enjoyable short story which I have read several times. It is 'The Man in the Bottle' by Gustav Meyrink. It's a story I've often questioned, and sometime I'll tell you why."

Footsteps in the hall. Strong replaced the book quietly. "Our host returns," he said.

Tarver re-entered the room and seated himself at his table. "We shall have coffee and toast presently. And Strong, how do you like 'The Man in the Bottle'?"

Strong appeared surprised; he glanced at his wife who looked her amazement. Then he turned to Tarver.

"You astound me. How in the world did you think of that title? I was just mentioning to my wife that some day I would tell her the story of 'The Man in the Bottle' and why I questioned it." And he added, "Not its probability, but its possibility."

They reseated themselves, puzzled at the uncanny mental processes of their host, who addressed Strong, "There should be no question in your mind about the man in the bottle. Prince Darashe-Koh merely extracted the air, creating a vacuum within the great jar. Miguel suffocated. You wonder why his body didn't burst? Skeletal power, friend, but it is to be assumed that each and every blood vessel and especially the arteries, was ruptured. Again—but our coffee ar-

rives. I beg of you to enjoy it with me."

A human figure entered the library, bearing upon a tray three cups of steaming coffee and three small plates of toast, crisp and brown and thinly buttered. But the figure, a man in a blue robe, held the attention of Strong and his wife. He entered laboriously, stepping with the peculiar jerks characteristic of automatons. He was tall and slender, but eyeless, for where there should have been the globes of the eyes, there were only sockets, enclosed in shrunken lids.

Tarver addressed him, "Abdel, you will attend our guests with every courtesy."

"It is said, and so shall it be," the automaton replied in a voice void of expression, and having placed coffee and toast as directed, he retired, moving from the room in deliberate steps.

Tarver looked at his guests. "My friends, what you have just seen is a subject of mine. He is mine entirely, controlled by thought. I will," he whined hoarsely, "and he does. Strong, Strong, there is enough power in one human thought to move the world—but one must know how to control thought. When the cause is known, when the capacity is cultivated, the effect is sure and secure. Abdel stands as the evidence. And," he ended proudly, "I know how to control thought!"

Throughout the evening the conversation continued and Strong realized that Tarver was possessed of psychic gifts of extraordinary power, so powerful that he was capable of subjugating human wills at his pleasure. A thought irritated his mind—what if Tarver were to influence Marie? The eyeless automaton, Abdel—?

He remembered the inscription on the arch, "Safety lies in thought." To combat the effects of psychic expansion, one must use thought.

Came the hour to retire.

Tarver arose, and smiling, remarked, "Friends, I must thank you for a pleasant evening. I rarely have visitors, and never have I had such interesting guests. Abdel will show you to your room. You must spend the night under my roof; the rain is impossible, and the night is doomed to a steady storm. Tomorrow—ah, tomorrow, you can journey on. Abdel has placed your car in my garage. Tomorrow it will be waiting for you where you left it tonight."

The eyeless automaton entered stiffly. Turning, averting his face, he waited patiently.

Strong faced the older man. "Mr. Tarver, I must thank you for your graciousness. Mrs. Strong and I

## MYSTIFYING

Yet as simple and plain as A B C. A 2-hour course, enabling you with your wife or sweetheart, chum or partner, to tell each other privately anything you desire, without being overheard, and right in the face of others present. Invisibly, silently, no lip-movements, no mental telepathy, motionless, emotionless, no winking. At home, office, parlor games, at the banquet table, card table, bridge, stock exchange, club, etc. Be it a sweet compliment or a bitter remark, and answered accordingly; and yet no one overhears you in the crowd. Just think of the value of this marvel while being in society. It may build your fortune. Get it. Send only \$1.00, and, when satisfied, send more, but if not, your dollar will be refunded.

A. HONIGMAN  
Sta. E. P. O. B. 85, Sec. 102,

Montreal, Can.

### HIGH GRADE OCCULT BOOKS

Send 10c in stamps for interesting pamphlets and free catalog.

Theosophical Press

Wheaton,

Illinois

### GRACE ELLERY WILLIAMS ASTROLOGER

Horoscopes .....\$10 and up

According to years analyzed.

State present work and problems.

Ask questions.

Give birth date, hour and place.

171 West 71st St. New York City

\*\*\*\*\*

### Attention Astrological Students THE 1930 EPHEMERIS

ready March 15, 1930. Nine and One Half Months advance notice of transiting ASTROLOGICAL CONDITIONS. Latitude, Longitude, and declinations of planets.

New and Full Moon and Eclipses.  
Easy to See Price 25c postpaid Easy to Read  
THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP  
Box 12 Oceanside, Calif.

### NEW-THOUGHT INDEX

A Cultivist Review and Metaphysical Guide. Open Forum for All Progressive Movements. Published twice-a-month. Only 60 cents yearly; two years for \$1.00.

Special Offer: Three months trial with sample copies of other interesting publications, 15c.

New-Thought Index

Box 456, London, Ontario

### Advertise in The Occult Digest

Please Mail Us the Names of  
Your Friends

## Complimentary Blank

The Occult Digest,  
1900 N. Clark Street,  
Chicago, Ill.

The names appearing below represent persons interested in the Occult, who would welcome a complimentary copy of The Occult Digest.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE .....



deeply appreciate your hospitality. Since you so request, we shall be glad to remain until the morning. Good-night."

A winding stairway from the end of the hall leading into the second story. They followed the eyeless one. A huge bedroom, unostentatiously furnished.

Marie sat upon the foot of the bed. Arnold ran his hand over the few careless hairs scattered over his scalp. He lighted a cigarette, moved restlessly from one foot to the other. A thought irritated his mind still. Psychic power . . . subjugation of will . . . Marie . . . Tarver . . .

The malignant beast! There would be no sleep for Strong tonight. He must not let Marie know of his worry, of the fearful horror that gradually filled his mind.

During the evening their grips had been taken from the car and carried to this room, probably Abdel's work, at Tarver's mental suggestion. Marie disrobed, retired. Strong moved restlessly about, smoking.

Marie watched him from the bed. "Why are you restless, dear? You seem uneasy."

"It is nothing, dear. After another smoke I'll join you." He walked to the bed and, leaning over, kissed her tenderly.

Marie slept.

Strong, ill at ease, paced softly to the door, carefully opened it, and stepped into the darkened corridor. Glancing over the balustrade, he saw Tarver leaving the library, hobbling slowly and forcefully toward the stairs. He passed the stairs and entered a room.

Strong crept softly back into his room and eased himself into a chair. Lighting another cigarette, he inhaled the smoke, and quietly passed a finger across his lips. Dry lips—nervousness. He had been sitting thus for several minutes when suddenly he tensed in his chair. There was a psychic cloud covering his mind; he was conscious of its invisible emanations. From its depths he felt the thought, "Tarver challenges Strong. Tarver desires the woman." Strong leaned forward, his body tense, expectant. His horrible thought was true!!!

Tarver was projecting his psychic self into the room—he was calling Marie.

She stirred in the bed. Her husband rushed to the bed, his arms outstretched. He could not touch her! Tarver had thrown an invisible psychic shield around her. Tarver was calling!

With staring eyes she arose from the bed and walked hesitatingly to the door. It opened for her, and into the hall she moved—silently. Another thought cloud flashed upon the mind of Strong. "Tarver challenges Strong.

Strong shall not follow. The will is subjugated."

Strong could not move. He wrestled with the overpowering cloud focused upon his mind. Dimly he remembered the inscription on the arch, "Safety lies in thought." Then safety from Tarver's influence lay only in thought. He must fight Tarver mentally.

He heard his wife descending the stairs, step by step. She was in the lower hall; she was walking to the end toward Tarver's room, answering his call.

Strong willed to move. He stabbed each of Tarver's challenges with a mental spear; slowly he forged toward the door, fiercely he willed—

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO INSURE prompt attention to your letters, always address them exactly as below.

This magazine is not connected in any way with any other concern.

THE OCCULT DIGEST  
1900 N. Clark St.  
Chicago, Ill.

Step by step, each one mental agony, he descended the stairs, he fought his way in the hall. His mind led him onward, he was gaining—his mental thrusts were availing. He *must* defeat Tarver. He fought his way to the door of Tarver's room.

The mental forces were powerful within that devilish abode. Marie sat in a chair. Tarver leaned over her, arms outstretched. Strong willed forcibly, "Away from her, beast."

Tarver whirled about, his face drawn in diabolical hatred. He saw Strong at the door—the battle of wills had begun!

Tarver, surrounded with a potent mental shield hobbled cautiously toward the man in the doorway.

Strong thought intensely, "Beast of aphrodisia,—sycophant,—you must not ravish my woman." He was conquering. His psychical hands reached for Tarver's throat, they clutched tenaciously, the forces slowly dissolved. Strong willed mightily. "Release her, beast, else you die." *He had won.*

Marie arose and moved to the door as if asleep, entered the hall and slowly mounted the winding stairs toward the bedroom. Strong flung the physical Tarver to the floor and rushed into the hall. He hurried up the stairs, following Marie.

She was tossing wildly on the bed. He leaned over her and she awakened

suddenly. "What is it, dear?" he asked huskily.

"Ugh, Arnold," she said, a tremolo in her voice. "I had a terrible nightmare. I thought Tarver had me in his room—"

"Sleep, dear," he told her softly. "There is nothing amiss. Undoubtedly you were thinking of him when you fell asleep."

She slept. And fatigued, exhausted, Strong fell across the foot of the bed. He dozed. Suddenly he aroused himself. Dawn. Morning. Recollection of the events of the night. They must leave the house for Maxfield.

They descended the stairs, grips in hand. Tarver hobbled toward them, a smile upon his lips.

"Good morning, friends," he said. "A wonderful morning after," and here he looked significantly at Strong, "the rain. Friends, will you honor me by breakfasting with me this morning? It is prepared."

His guests accepted. Over the coffee, Tarver smiled upon Marie. "I trust that you slept well last night. Lovers always sleep well, you know, for love is a wonderful sleep inducer.

They were in the hall.

Tarver entered his library and presently emerged, a book in his hand, to escort them to the door.

"My friends," he said, "I appreciate the pleasure you have given me in entertaining you, if only for one night. Mr. Strong, I beg of you to accept this book as a little gift from me in remembrance of the night you spent under my roof."

They thanked him for his hospitality and went from the house, entered their car, and drove slowly down the cindered drive, under the arch, and into the dirt road.

They looked toward the house; Tarver was standing on the porch. He waved at them.

A wonderful morning, after the rain. . . . Clear, cool.

Marie sighed. "He certainly frightened me. He was repulsive. In his presence I felt exceedingly ill at ease. What's the name of the book?" she asked.

It was a thick book and upon the cover was stamped:

The Projection of the Psychic  
By Phineas Tarver

And on the leaf was written, "To Arnold Strong, as a reminder." Also these words, "Safety lies in thought."

Marie looked at her husband. "A reminder of what, dear?"

Arnold shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows, dear?" he replied. "Perhaps the writing on the arch—"

The car disappeared over the hill. They had left the house of the damned.





# 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.

COPYRIGHT BY W. STUART LEECH, M. D.  
All Rights Reserved

**Flammarion, Camille** A famous astronomer, spiritualist and fiction writer of modern times.

**Flight of Birds in Augury** A common form of divination among the Romans.

**Fludd (or Flud), Robert** An ardent adherent of the Rosy Cross Brotherhood who wrote on the philosophy of Moses. He was one of the high priests of White Magic and occult writers frequently quote from his works. Birthplace, Milgate House in Kent; born 1574, died 1637 after winning a high reputation. His father was Treasurer of War in the Low Countries under Queen Elizabeth. Robert was a graduate of Oxford and later studied Medicine and Chemistry.

**Flute, Charm of The** Charmers use the flute for enchanting snakes.

**Flying Dutchman, The** A mysterious craft often seen by sailors in the Zuyder Zee. Van Straaten, the captain, had been condemned to sail the seas year after year.

**Fohat (Thibetan)** Force in its highest aspect. The power of the Logos.

**Fomites** Term used for substances carrying or retaining contagious effluvia.

**Fong-Chur** A superstitious belief in China concerning the form in which

**Fongites** A stone reputed to ward off anger.

**Fong-on-hang** A fabulous Chinese bird.

**Fontaine, John** An alchemist of the 13th century who lived in Valenciennes and Paris. He professed to be a Hermetic philosopher and also wrote verse of a pleasing nature.

**Fontanettes, Charles** Author (1737) of a "Dissertation sur une fille de Grinoble, qui depuis quatre ans ne boit ni ne mange."

**Fool's fool** One who denies the existence of God and the unseen spirits.

**Force** Spirit prior to its crystallization into matter. Matter is crystallized spirit. Force and matter, then, are the two poles of the same spirit.

**Fork, Magical** Probably originated through the association of serpents with the tempter of mankind. The forked tongue of the serpent portends danger with the evil force back of it.

**Form (Shape)** Chemically, the juice of the plant, the blood of the elephant, the mountain and the mouse, the snake and the bird, all are composed of the same substance. The

materialist states that solids, liquids, and gases compose matter, while the occultist says there is only one basic substance, and that the multiplex forms which we see are but the visible manifestations of the one universal spirit expressing itself in the four great streams of life. When the spirit withdraws from form, the form becomes dead to all feeling.

**Fortune Telling** In many countries associated with witchcraft. As early as 1563 was a crime punishable by death in England. Fortune telling by means of knavery, deception, and imposture in general is as old as the hills.

**Four (4)** The number of completion and manifestation of light. Some occult symbols are, cubic stone, the key bearer, the door of the East, the four Cherubim in four wheels, and the four horses of Neptune's chariot. Eleven great nations spell the name of God with four letters. Its vibrations are solar. To enter the "core" of the earth requires four great initiations of nine degrees.

**Fountain Spirits of Behmen** These were Jacob Behmen's "Mothers of Existence" or the seven active constructive principles of nature. They were classed as, the bitter quality, the sweet quality, the quality of fire, the astringent quality, the quality of love, the quality of sound, and the quality of essence. They were typified by the seven golden candlesticks of revelation.

**Fourth Dimension of Space** Besides length, breadth, and thickness, the spiritualists claim a fourth dimension of space, while the Rosicrucians assert that there are at least seven.

**Fowler, Miss Lottie** A spiritualistic medium who attained considerable fame between 1870 and 1880.

**Fox Family, The** A family living in New York who experienced a series of spirit phenomena such as rappings and other noises in 1842. The case attracted international attention at the time. It has been stated that some of the oriental helpers of humanity started it in order to keep the nation from being buried in materialism, but that, like fire, it got beyond their control. Another piece of information from the same source is that the Theosophical School of India started its American branch to counteract this loosened fire.

## Extraordinary

insight into just how the dead live and what happens when we are dying—is revealed in the biggest little book ever written upon the subject of 'Life After Death'. It's called, "Journeys Through Space" and is written by your editor, Effa Danelson.

This little book has won more praise from rational thinkers, raised more hell, made more enemies, and stimulated more research for the real truth about life after death than perhaps any other work written within the last fifty years. If you can stand the naked truth—in all its shocking revelations—then we want you to know this book!

IT IS  
(beyond doubt)

THE MOST DAMNED BOOK  
PUBLISHED  
WITHIN THE LAST HALF CENTURY

Just pin a dollar bill to your name and address and mail it today.

Occult Digest  
1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.  
Send that book to

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

### LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

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

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



# Here Is Something READ *and*

Are you interested in Psychic Power and its development? Do you want to reveal it to yourself—Has your question been answered—Do you desire to study and develop your own power?

In 1923 the Editor of THE OCCULT DIGEST launched a magazine known as PSYCHIC POWER which she published successfully for two years. In January, 1925, she gave up the name PSYCHIC POWER, giving its successor a new name: THE OCCULT DIGEST.

A SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS WHO ARE DESIROUS OF OBTAINING BACK NUMBERS OF THE OCCULT DIGEST AND PSYCHIC POWER.

After completing our July inventory, we find we have exactly 50 complete volumes of the year 1925. These consist of 10 issues of Volume I, which we can offer you at \$5.00 unbound, or \$8.00 bound, per volume.

We have 200 complete volumes of 1926, 1927 and 1928 at \$3.00 unbound, or \$6.00 bound, postpaid. Single copies of broken volumes, 25c each.

The volumes 1923 and 1924 of PSYCHIC POWER—\$3.00 unbound or \$6.00 bound, per volume.

## PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

### Psychic Power—1923

The 1923 numbers of PSYCHIC POWER contain a wealth of reading for the student of Psychology, Psychism, Astrology and kindred subjects, including an Elementary Course of Lessons in Applied Psychology by Clarence H. Foster.

The well known Dr. W. M. Keeler tells how to develop Spirit Photography. John Bertram Clarke's Treatise of the Mind is accompanied by a very valuable chart covering Planet Signs, Relative Time, Color key, Chemical Elements, Order, Mystic, Type, Number, Name, Mind, Aura, and Effect, in a very complete and scholarly manner.

Among the interesting studies also is The Text Book of Life—a complete course of graded lessons for aspirants to Psychic Development, originally planned to sell for \$5.00 in book form.

Short articles on the Sub-Conscious Mind—Interpretation of Colors—How to Use the Ouija Board—Occult Phenomena among the Lower Races—The Great Gift, a beautifully illustrated story—Is Psychic Sight a Gift or a Development?—How to Get Results From the Subconscious Mind—Emotions and Vibrations—Chemistry, the Proof of the Existence of Spirit—The Power of Psychometry—The Magic of Numbers—Phrenology—Do the Dead Really Live? the Experience of a Lawyer—Egyptian Zodiac of Denderah—Facts and Fancies in the Science of Psychoanalysis—Auto-Suggestion, and many other interesting subjects.

### Psychic Power—1924

Throughout the year of 1924 PSYCHIC POWER published the course in Astrology conducted by H. Ayres Langston, whose elementary course is worth five times the price we are charging for the complete volume.

Mind, the Master Builder by Henry Frank is a classic and will instruct all who are interested in mind development—Scientific Essays on Photographing the Unseen, illustrated with genuine Spirit Photographs—Through One Hundred Busy Centuries, Four Fundamental Principles of Life, by a well known lecturer—Drugless Treatment for Nervousness—Your Psychic Power in Business—The Language of the Hand (illustrated by charts)—Hearing the Inaudible—Psycho-therapy—Directing the Involuntary Mind—How to Control Your Emotions—What Do You Reveal by Your Face?—A Live Dead Man—Stellar Numerology—Hindu Philosophy—Science Near Mastery of All Ills—Practical Metaphysics—The Road to Scientific Health and Healing—Where Does the Suicide Go from Here?—Child Life in the Spirit World, by a noted Psychic—Critical Points in Evolution and the Law of Influx—Live to Be a Hundred—Cyclicity and Cyclic Cataclysms, by Artie Mae Blackburn, BLI—Dicyanin and the Aura—How Great Is Man, by Edgar Lucien Larkin—Rid Yourself of the Curse of the Evil Mind—and other short articles of interest to the student of Occultism and its many branches.

*Clip the Coupon*



You Will Want To

# REMEMBER

## The Occult Digest—1925 (Vol. I)

In the first volume of THE OCCULT DIGEST, 1925, we find a very interesting and educational essay, in several installments, Messages From The Stars—a detailed explanation of The Nineteen Different Types of People and Their Diet—Confessions of an Occultist, a revealing tale—The Appeal of the Divine Mysteries, by Holden E. Sampson—When God Declared War—The IF in Life—The Wail of the Unborn Soul—Outside the Door, by Cora D. Fenton—The Alchemy of Color in your Everyday Life—Can a Man Sell His Soul?—The Bunk About Hypnotism—and many others.

## The Occult Digest—1926 (Vol. II)

Volume II contains an article on The Alchemy of Color as a healing therapeutic—also The Hypnotic Power of Motion—The Psychic Life and Spirit Worship of the Aborigines of Australia—History of the Nature and Origin of Amulets and Talismans—The Miracles of Will Power—The Sacred Pentagram and How to Talk with the Dead through Slate-writing—The Psychic Power of Breath—Relativity and the Occult—Einstein's Theory as Related to the Life After Death—Mysteries of Life Discovered by Serum—How Spirit Photography May Solve Crime—Prama-Yama, The Secret Formula of the Ancients—The Master Key of the Yogi—articles on brain cell building and many other features.

## The Occult Digest—1927 (Vol. III)

In Volume III, 1927, we have The Mystery Gods of Egypt, or the Survival of the Mystic Gods—The Cypher Key to the Bible (Facts and Figures)—Perpetual Calendar Year from 1801 to 1952—Motivation, the Key to Thought—Astrology and Planetary Influences—The Birth of Spiritualism—Do Ghosts Exist?—The Music of Perfumes—Revelations in Occult Science—The Unwritten Language (Symbols in Everyday Life)—Is Man Growing Wings?—Conscious Death—Traditions of the Knights Templar—The Curse of the Evil Eye—Back from Beyond—Is Death the Cure for Crime? An Occult View of Capital Punishment—Is Atlantis Rising?—What the Blind See—Palmistry for All—Some Mysteries of Sleep—Telepathy as a Natural Force, a Rosicrucian Conception—African Magic—The Illusion of Death—The Real Rosicrucians, by Franz Hartman, M.D.—The Evolution of Dimensions—How to Know Yourself by Your Handwriting—Spiritual Significance of Freemasonry—The Crystal Pool of Dreams—Eating Into Health—Whom God Hath Joined—and a host of others, interesting, educational and of immeasurable value to you.

## The Occult Digest—1928 (Vol. IV)

In 1928 begins that great story MEN AND GODS, by Walter Scott Haskell—also a New Occult Dictionary, by W. Stuart Leech—Secrets of Mental Magic—Proof of the Fourth Dimension—Palmistry in Everyday Life—Can the Dead Talk With the Living?—Analyzing Humans—The Secret of Chinese Number Vibrations, What Numerology Means to You—Do Animals Have Souls?—Mental Hygiene Precepts—How Long Will You Live?—Mind, the Magic Key to Life—The Government of God—Diagnostic Education, or How to Plan Your Child's Future, by Hamilton Stark—Seeing With and Without Eyes—The Power of Suggestion, by Louise B. Brownell—Secrets of the Ages—The Majesty of Man and Matter, by D. W. Starrett—Spiritualism of the Bible—The Missing Link in Astrology—The Third Degree, Legalized Crimes of the Blue Star Chambers—Live to Be a Hundred—What Do Your Eyes Tell Others?—The Theory and Practice of Black Magic—The Secret of Concentration—Dreams of Salvation—The Son of Man, by Max Heindel—An Occult Adventure, and many other stories and articles on every subject in the occult field.

-----  
**THE OCCULT DIGEST, 1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.**

Enclosed please find \$..... Send volumes as marked below to

Name ..... Address .....

City ..... State .....

		Unbound	Bound			Unbound	Bound
Vol. I	1925	\$5.00	\$8.00	Vol. IV	1928	3.00	6.00
Vol. II	1926	3.00	6.00	Psychic Power	1923	3.00	6.00
Vol. III	1927	3.00	6.00	Psychic Power	1924	3.00	6.00

Bindings are first grade cloth, leather trim, gold embossed. If you desire your name embossed on cover, add fifty cents extra.

**Mail It Now**





# FREE TO YOU

## A GENERAL READING OF THE PLANETS

COVERING BUSINESS MATTERS, CHANGE, TRAVEL, VOCATION, SPECULATION, LOVE, COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, HEALTH, ACCIDENTS, LUCKY DAYS, ETC., AS PREPARED BY WORLD'S FOREMOST ASTROLOGER

### Are You Going to Follow a Blind Road?

The stars indicate that 1929 is the beginning of a cycle of great prosperity. An era of Big Business, when things are done on a gigantic scale—a year of great industrial combines or consolidations, and a period when the minds of men lean toward Universal Brotherhood. The year itself is ruled by the Sun, and the vibrations from Jupiter are most favorable. You, like every other man and woman, have your problems. The most vital of them hinge on how to make more money, how

to be happier in your work, how to educate and train your children, how to use your own powers to the best advantage and how to deal with other people.

### Be Prepared for What Is Coming

*The Forecast May Contain a Warning of Disaster, or a Prophecy of Happiness.*

Why not find out NOW just what the planets hold in store for you, and then when you have an important matter to decide, and are at a loss as to what is best to be done, consult your chart for your favorable days?

# FREE SURVEY *for* 1929

THE OCCULT DIGEST, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Here's my subscription to The Occult Digest beginning with ..... issue.

I enclose \$3.00 for one year's subscription (Canada, \$3.00—Foreign, \$3.50)

☐ I am a new subscriber.

☐ Extend my subscription.

Name ..... Address .....

Postoffice ..... State .....

Send FREE ASTROLOGICAL SURVEY for 1929 with my one year's subscription

My Birthdate is (Month) ..... (Day) .....