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THE OCCULT DIGEST

1900 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois



# The Occult Digest

*A Periodical of Reprint and Research.*

EFFA DANELSON, *Editor and Publisher*

D. V. JAMES, *Associate Editor*

*"ONE LAW—ONE LIFE—ONE TRUTH—Through Conscious Progress"*

## In April

The very name of April brings sweet springtime thoughts of refreshing our wardrobes, redecorating our houses, renewing our acquaintance with Nature's great house—the out-of-doors, and taking a new hold on life in general.

"April" makes the Editor resolve anew to bring her Readers all she can of the beauty and grandeur of the Knowledge of Life.

Be with us in April—the fertile month of sunshine and kindly rain, for a glorious feast of thought.

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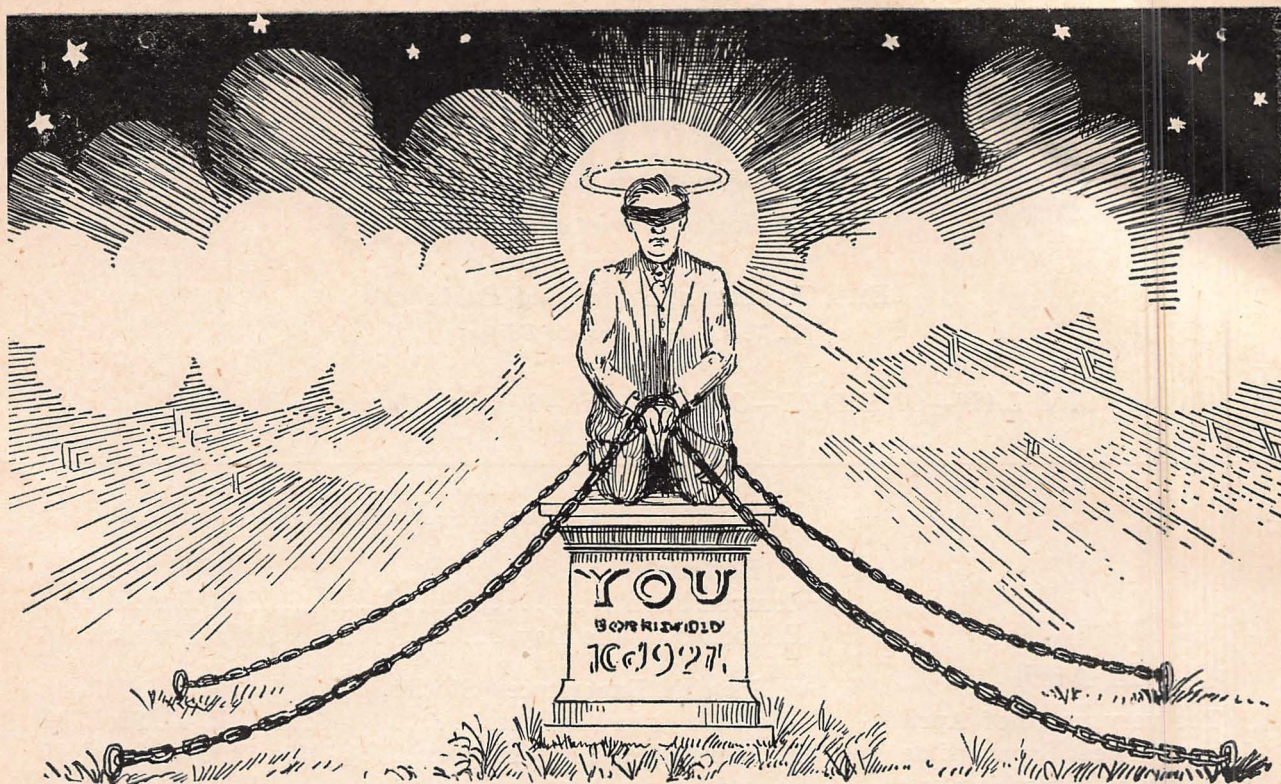
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# Compensation

By Effa Danelson

**C**OMPENSATION—that unknown quantity which men say is the reward of good deeds done, the reaper of the golden harvest of disappointments, the palliative of the weary and disheartened traveler on the rugged road of Life. That elusive will-o'-the-wisp which hangs over swampy places and the quicksands where men seek to allay the thirst of anticipation for promises just in the offing—almost in the grasp of their eager hands.

Compensation! What fallacy is this that robs us of the reward of labor in hand, that keeps us waiting, ever waiting, pulling the golden threads of Life one by one through our fingers made idle by glowing promises that somewhere, sometime, great achievements and rewards shall come.

Compensation! That witch with a thousand piercing eyes, nailing to the cross of procrastination her willing slaves. That alluring nymph of yesterday's years, guarding the portals of Time while the traveler at the gate waits and watches for the reward that lies concealed within the cup of patience.

Hearken! Methought I heard the rustle of her silken garment and the flutelike voice of her whose hand brings my reward for sacrifices made—it was the wind, calling me yet again for more service, more sacrifice. I was overanxious, I expected too much, I must wait yet another day and be content—thus waileth he who waits and waits for Time to heal his wounds, for the morrow to bring his reward. He is the slave who measures his grain by the law of Compensation. Patient, waiting slave—waiting for the harvest that falls happily into the coffers of his clamoring and impatient brother who stands at the gate of Command and Demand.

Compensation—the lure of the fainthearted, how long, oh how long, will you stand, barring the way of the worshipers to the gate of self-assertion through which they must pass before they can be freed from thy thieving hand?

O Wandering Soul, seek not the way of Compensation for thy reward in Life. Know that each measure is filled to overflowing with its own reward. Delay not until tomorrow's dawn to take thy toll of toil performed today.



# *Effa* DANELSON'S

## W

### ¶ *Banditry*

HY are young men and women turning to banditry?—a vital question of the hour, this. There are many lights to lead the feet of youth into the “easy” money of banditry. First comes the press, featuring the sensational victim of the bandit—the bootlegger, with his millions gained by the sacrifice of our youth. The riot of rum-running positions appeal tremendously to the youth plodding at the wheel of daily labor with its tax-carrying the moment he earns a salary large enough to allow of an extra comfort to his life and that of his wife and child.

The government's unjust taxation of the honest and thrifty citizen's daily labor is driving him into the dazzling highway of crime whose rewards are exempt from taxation. The colorless life forced upon him, with little or no opportunity for recreation or study, sends the man of little means to seek the career of the bandit and the bootlegger.

If we want to find the cause of crime, it really is not a difficult task. We have only to look to the three great factors: The government's taxation of the already burdened worker; the reformer, who cares nothing for the sanctity of the home; and the press and the theaters, which feature crime almost to the exclusion of every deed done by the noble and honest citizens of our country.

No guiding hand of father or mother can prevail against the deadly influence of these enemies of the safety of our boys and girls.

If the government is really interested in averting crime, let it abolish the cause of crime by protecting the home and its interests to the end that all children will be well fed and clothed and given suitable vocational training.

## I

### ¶ *Are You Beaten?*

IF YOU think you are beaten, you are. Why waste energy, why talk about it and burden yourself more? Why not find some place where you can be alone and undisturbed, and go to sleep? The relaxation and rest may be all you need. Some latent power might struggle into action so that you would come out of your self-imposed trance equipped with the power to conquer. If you have no place to hide your physical body from marauding eyes, enter into the inner chamber of your thought-consciousness and say to the master of

your physical body, “Stand guard until I return.” After you have done this, forget that you are a beaten man. Lock the door to that old cabin in the cheerless waste of time misspent and turn your attention to the day before you. First of all, take stock. Whose fault is it if you have not kept up with the progress of the age in which you live? Oh, I know the old line of excuses!—don't repeat them. They are the trappings back in the old cabin. Remember, you are looking ahead, and excuses belong to the past.

If you will honestly face the truth, you will admit that any failure you have had was due to lack of proper information before going ahead. All discouragements are the offspring of failure, and failure is the result of not counting the cost and taking stock. Do you know the parable of the wise and the foolish builder? One counted the cost and builded within his means. The other builded according to his ideas and found to his sorrow that he could not finish his building.

That's you and I, friend. We builded without counting the cost and found ourselves in a wreck. But one man is different. He salvages the wreck and builds again on the profit while other men tell the world they were beaten when they were not—they just needed to take stock. Remember, the world loves a winner. Sometimes we need a lift; we deserve it if we can afford it, otherwise we do not. Self-analysis and self-criticism are the best building tools that can be recommended to the man or woman who says “I am beaten.”

## A

### ¶ *Psychic Congestion*

ARE you troubled with intense fullness in your head? Do not run to your doctor. This is the age of psychic development. You may be suffering from an overcharge of psychic power. Many cases of headache have been traced to this cause, although it may not be so recognized by the medical fraternity. Doctors have not been entrusted with *all* the knowledge in the world concerning the anatomy. Experience is our super-postgraduate course in this knowledge.

In our childhood we suffer from what are called growing pains—who does not remember them? It is Nature's method of stretching our bodies to take on the burdens of life. Psychic pains are growing pains whose mission is to give us sight and hearing, strength and purpose, power and endurance



—by the Editor

# EDITORIALS *of the* DAY

to overcome the limited physical expression. Your headache does not always mean a disordered liver or an upset stomach. Many of the discomforts of the body are caused by psychic congestion. It is well to communicate with your inner soul about your aches and pains before consulting a physician or taking a drug. If the sun is shining, go to your sunniest window and let the sun shine in your face until you are filled with its splendor. Sit in it until your spine vibrates with its life force. While doing this, meditate on the mysteries of life and ask for understanding. Remember, the Masters of all time can hear you, and your plea will not be in vain. To do this will not take half the time you would spend with a doctor, if one is called, and your reward will be more lasting.

If you have a surplus of raw material, the pains are Nature's method of converting it into usefulness. Then again, you may have thrown over you what is commonly known among practical psychics as the influence of one who is attracted to you from the country of the dead and who may have a vital message for you. In any event you will not make a mistake if you attune your ears to the vibrations of the inner soul.

Psychic congestion is very common among those who are unconscious of their psychic endowments. Hospitals, sanitariums, and asylums are filled with sufferers of this little-known malady. Every institution for the sick should have at its head a physician who understands psychic symptoms.

## II ¶ *Who Can Say?*

IS NUMEROLOGY the new Bible for this age? Reviving the sciences taught by the ancient masters may uncover greater treasures than those revealed by the explorers of ancient tombs. Astrology is gaining a victory over its enemies, Palmistry is defeating its critics, Psychic Science has captured the whirlwinds and forced them to obey the command *Be still*, and so on down the line of forgotten lore. The Aquarian Age is bringing into the world again its precious gems and its magnificent robes. The mind of man is awakening from its long slumber and restoring again the crown of wisdom to its king.

This is the age for the prodigal son to return to his father's house to receive his blessing. The hour is approaching when those who refuse to be fed at the table of the Masters will be groveling for the

scattered crumbs that have fallen from their hands. In this age of change, when men are no longer content to crawl, we can expect great upliftment in the ranks of the downtrodden. The cry for bread will not go unheard, and the seeker after wisdom will not be given a stone. This is the day when the builder shall be much sought after. All are architects of the great structure of life.

Tomorrow shall cease to hold our attention. The past will no longer grip us in its chain of defeat, for all shall learn the great lesson that enables one to live each day to the fulfillment of itself. Regrets are ashes, tomorrows are wasted energies. Today is the day; live it well and plant the flag of victory at the mountain peak of achievement.

All the sciences teach us symmetrical calculation, all give us a base from which to rise, a boundary line to guide us on the path, a summit to reach. All men are travelers toward a given point, traveling to a definite goal. Why then, should one call himself a slave or another say, "I am a king?" This is the age of triumph. Let all the world rejoice, for man has redeemed the past and is more than conqueror.

## ¶ *Give Your Child Its Inheritance*

GIVE your child the training it is best fitted for. Then there need be no misfits or "round pegs in square holes," as the phrase has it. If the school system were arranged to save the time of the children (we say the school system for we know that the child of today gets its training in the schoolroom), each child would be trained in the occupation best suited to its future needs.

The government should establish laboratories for the children who seek the unseen and unheard in Nature. Schools should be established by the government for the backward boy and girl. These schools should be free to those who are unable to pay tuition, but it should become obligatory for all parents to give their children a liberal education so that in the future ignorance among the children of men would be abolished.

This is the only way whereby crime can be abolished. Child labor for the support of parents and younger brothers and sisters is a crime in itself and should be made punishable by law.

Education by the government is the only solution for the protection of the children.



# Humanity and the Psychic Law

By EFFA DANIELSON

*Man in his helplessness has builded a prison for himself and walled it in, thus shutting out the greatest blessing that could come to him, that of concourse with and access to all of Life. Nothing that man beholds or holds to himself can bring him happiness when those he truly loves lie dead. To be able to see and hear beyond the range of physical sight and hearing is ample recompense for all other shortcomings*

IT WAS during March, 1848, just eighty-two years ago, at the little town of Hydesville, New York, that two small girls demonstrated through their psychic perception, that communication with those called dead was possible.

For many years these good people were ridiculed by the ignorant and persecuted by the churches. From time to time these merciless foes of progress have made drives to stop the growth of this rediscovered law, miscalled Spiritualism. And even to the present day there continues the persecution of those who seek knowledge as well as those who demonstrate that Life actually exists after the great adventure of Death.

Why this state of mind lingers is easy to explain. It is the power of possession. The record of the past is strewn with martyrs who dared to step aside from the rank and file and declare themselves opposed to all mob rule, whether in matters of science, service or religion.

Talking with the supposed dead is the most natural thing in the world. Anyone who says that it is not either does not think or else cannot bring himself to give up a cherished idea or possession, or, again, he may be afraid to meet the dead, preferring to blindfold himself to ease his conscience.

THE last two years have brought even the most skeptical face to face with the demonstrated answer to the age-old question: "If a man die, does he live again?" In nearly every home where mourning has planted its grim symbol, the message has come and dried forever the eyes of those who mourned. Not only has happiness been brought to grief-torn hearts, but kindly ministrations and timely advice have healed the minds and directed those who could not see the way, to the clear understanding of affairs in life to their great benefit in both physical health and financial success. The intellectuals who are physically dead realize the necessity of educating those still remaining in the physical expression of life.

The salvation of the world lies in the education of humanity in the psychic law dealing directly with communica-

tion and association with those called dead. You must know that you can depend upon yourself. It is your sight and hearing you want extended. It is you who must learn the law governing this discovery of Life after Death. You are the one who will travel into that country. It is you who will take leave of loved ones to go on that journey. You must embark on the voyage alone. Just as you came into this expression of Life alone, so must you travel alone into the next expression of Life. But if you have made good use of your psychic energies while passing through this expression, you need not fear to take the journey for your way will be lighted by the knowledge you have gained.

Only a few years ago every group which had broken away from the churches was at sword's point with each other and all were at the throats of any calling themselves Occultists or Spiritualists. What has brought about this change? The dynamic message hurled around the world: "My son liveth, my daughter has spoken from the dead." The veil was rent by the cry of mothers and the silent grief of fathers, sisters, brothers, husbands, children, and friends. Each group looked up from its self-appointed task of saving the world and listened to the universal anthem sung by those they loved, those who had made the supreme sacrifice to the war god.

AS TIME passes, the hum of voices is swelling that anthem. The Teachers, the Masters, the loved and the loving, are uniting with those whom they can reach in bringing unity among the groups to the everlasting benefit of humanity. Knowledge that can send out a beacon light, the knowledge of the law governing Life in all its varying moods, in all its forms of progress, is fast becoming established in the world of time and space through

the silent messengers who come to us in our hour of mourning, in our moments of struggle, when we are tempted, sore perplexed, discouraged, or at the brink of despair. The voices, low and sweet, attuned to our ear alone, break the shackles that have bound us and we walk free, every

man according to his understanding of the Law of Life. You may call it the lost Word restored. Another may name it Spiritualism and yet another, Psychic Science. In fact, each may cherish his own christening name for the great awakening that comes to him, but the beacon light is the same. The service to mankind is one and the same service, that of guiding the wanderer to a haven of safety in the darkest hour.

Humanity has been threatened, caajoled, bribed, pushed and pulled this way and the other by this leader and that. First a priest, then a prophet, next a savior. Centuries have come and gone, cycles of centuries have rolled away, still men hide behind mystic rituals and cloak themselves in the ceremonial robes of an unreal, inhuman philosophy of ethics and laws to govern their lives here and hereafter, mystifying and burdening not only themselves but those whose lives they try to master. But when the reaper Death comes, the shades of night are lowered in a pall of darkness. Only to those whose psychic sight can see beyond the Death curtain has the comforter come. He who has psychic sight needs no ritual, priest or prophet. His sight is his salvation in all the life that lies beyond the veil. He knows that yesterday was just as eternal as today is or as tomorrow will be. He knows eternity is time, lived or yet to live. He knows that time is his to make use of. He knows that no man has greater claim on unlive time than another. He knows that he is the master, that he must give his report to himself. He is his own timekeeper and dispenser of his chattels after he passes through that portal of Life misnamed Death.

THE greatest mystery that there is today and the one that tries our patience more than all other mysteries

(Continued on page 24)



# The Cottage in the Forest

By E. M. SCOTT

**A**NOTHER flash of lightning, now followed by a terrific clap of thunder. The continuous rumbling of distant thunder and the darkening sky had for some time announced the approaching storm, but I had not believed it so close at hand.

I had been following the east bank of the crooked, swift-flowing creek all day, the last half dozen miles through a dense forest, chiefly of pine and spruce, and had not met any one or seen signs of habitation for hours. I wondered if I would be able to secure shelter for the night now rapidly approaching.

To the inhabitants of the district, I was a cattle buyer, a government forest expert, or a simple tourist traveling on foot for health and pleasure. In reality, I was assistant to the chief engineer of a large eastern railway system and with pocket compass, barometer and sketch book was making the first preliminary survey of the railroad line that afterward opened up the mineral wealth of this region. But at the time no one knew this fact and I was very careful to keep it a secret.

**I**CARRIED a light pack consisting of a blanket, a hatchet, a small supply of food and a canteen. I also had a pocket lantern of the type that watchmen of that period (the early nineties) carried and a short heavy revolver. So, I was equipped for camping out overnight if necessary, but had no desire to remain exposed to the nearing storm.

The lightning flashes were now continuous, the thunder had become a constant roar and the first large drops of rain had begun to fall when I suddenly came upon a small clearing, perhaps an acre in extent, in the midst of the forest.

It was now quite dark among the trees but much lighter in the open, so I was able to see plainly the outline of a small cottage near the center of the open space.

As I ran toward this cottage I noticed that the clearing had been much neglected, briars and weeds were growing here and there, and that the paling fence which had once enclosed the garden and truck patch had fallen from decay in places, also that the windows of the cottage were closed and dark.

I gave only a glance at these things as I hurried through the rapidly increasing downpour, and an instant later was pounding on the door of the cottage. Receiving no response, I tried the knob, and the door opening, stepped inside the building, which was pitch dark.

"Hullo, hullo," I called. "Is there any one home?"

There was no answer. I lit my pocket lantern and found I was in a small room. There were two windows covered with dark oilcloth blinds, tightly drawn. On the further side of the room was a door.

I crossed the kitchen, and opening this door, passed on into a combined living-room and bedchamber, rather larger than the kitchen. There was no one in this room either, although I saw evidence of recent occupancy.

**T**HE fire was out, but close beside the hearth was a neat pile of split firewood. The narrow cot had been "made up" and the blankets turned back. The principal remaining article of furniture was a roomy split-hickory rocking chair of home manufacture. The blinds here were also closely drawn.

I lit a fire in the grate, deciding to make myself thoroughly at home. It was doubtful if the occupant of the cottage would show up, and in case he did, I could explain my presence by reason of the storm and would in any event leave money to pay for my accommodation.

I stood before the fire to dry my clothes while eating my lunch, then drew the rocking chair near the grate, intending to complete my sketches before going to bed, but decided to look outdoors first and see if the storm showed any signs of abating.

I was gone for only a few minutes. The storm was very wild, the trees waving and lashing their branches, and the rain falling in a steady downpour. It was indeed a proper night to be under cover and I congratulated myself on having found this shelter.

I returned to the living-room. Shutting the kitchen door behind me, I started to approach the fireplace when my glance fell upon the rocking chair. It seemed to have changed its position

somewhat during my absence, being now closer to the fire, but what struck me most forcibly was that the chair itself was *slowly rocking to and fro*, as it might do if some one were seated in it. However, a single glance showed that the chair was absolutely empty.

For a moment I stared stupidly at the swaying rocker, the chills beginning to chase up and down my spine; then I got hold of myself. "Pshaw," I thought, "what is coming over me, of course the chair is where I left it, how could it be otherwise, and quite naturally the draft between the flue and the open door has caused it to rock."

**L**AUGHING at my fears, I sat down in the moving rocker, that is, I started to sit down. I never reached the seat of the chair, for as I dropped into its arms, it seemed as if I had touched an iceberg, only the chill was as different from the healthy, invigorating cold of winter as day is from night: it was as though I had touched a frozen corpse.

As I leaped to my feet, I could have sworn that I felt a breath on my neck, a breath which seemed as chill and dank as if it had come from a long closed grave and which turned my blood to ice.

For an instant I was minded to rush from the house. Anything seemed better than to remain and watch that empty chair slowly rocking before the flickering wood fire. But the steady roar of the storm reminded me of what I must face if I left this shelter. I could scarcely expect to live in such a gale, the most severe I had ever witnessed.

Therefore calming my nerves as well as I could, I crouched in the corner of the room with my lantern beside me and my revolver in my hand, keeping my eyes glued to the rocker and its invisible, ghostly occupant.

How long I stared at the swaying chair, I shall never know. It seemed ages—it may have been an hour. Only once did the rocking cease. The chair tilted forward for a moment, as though the occupant were leaning over close to the grate, and then the fire, which had burned low, flared up bright again as if the coals had been stirred and the fuel replenished. The rocking then

(Continued on page 27)



# Estimating Time According to the Lines

By ALICE DENTON JENNINGS

Illustrated by ROSE COHN

**R**EGARDLESS of what may have been said or written on the subject, no way of accurately judging one's age by means of the lines of the hand has been discovered up to the present time. Neither is it possible to fix the exact day, month or year in which an event will occur, relying solely on the lines of the hand. Some palmists can fix the time within a year, others within two or three years, but those who have reached even this degree of skill are few. Further, there is no way whatever, relying on the rules pertaining to palmistry, to tell one's name, the name of a friend or relative, or anything of the kind.

It is a fact that to the skilful and practised palmist the lines of the hand will tell of the past, interpret character, health, important events, serious illnesses, changes of conditions, grave dangers, great joys and great sorrows, but trifling events are not shown. Only the things which produce strong brain impressions and the marked changes which have occurred in the course of the life are shown in the hand. The palmist can approximately estimate these events, but further than this he cannot go.

To make an approximate estimate of the time of events, we must consider the length of the human life. We are told that man's years are three score and ten, and basing the average life on this premise, we start a line at zero and end it at 70, dividing the space between into sections. It is well to bear in mind the normal beginning point of a line, and the point where the line should end normally, then estimate accordingly.

And before attempting to make even the slightest calculation, it is wise to consider the type of hand that is being dealt with. It stands to reason that there must be the greatest difference between the dates given by a square

or a spatulate hand and those of the psychic hand. An excellent plan is to make a quick mental estimate of the normal length of the line, fixing the center as the age 35. Mentally divide the space before the center into periods of seven, as, for instance, 7, 14, 21, 28, 35. After 35, reading as 43, 51, 60, and so on, would be sufficiently accurate. Of course, to reach a date as close as a year, it would be necessary to make smaller divisions. However, the rule given is accurate enough for ordinary purposes. Every line on the hand can be divided into sections, but the lines most often consulted in reference to dates are the Line of Life and the Line of Fate (see plate).

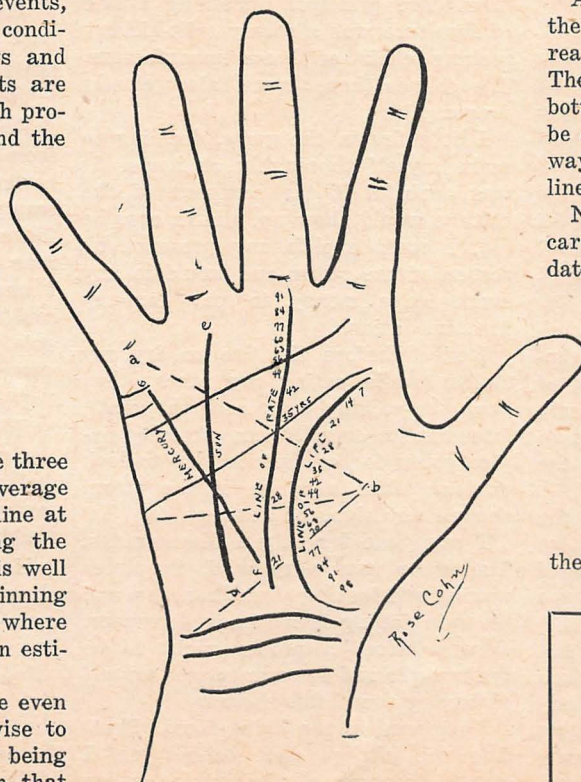
The lines of Heart and Head normally begin on the Mount of Jupiter.

It is often necessary to use this system of marking on these lines to check up events shown on them to fit into conditions indicated on the Life Line. The Line of Life normally begins under the Mount of Jupiter and ends at the bracelets. It is interesting to note that an imaginary line drawn from the center of the Mount of Venus will intersect the Line of Life and the Line of Fate at approximately 35 years of age. From time immemorial, this part of the palm has been called the Plain of Mars, which indicates the plain of life. According to this idea, after 35 the battle of life seems to be decided either for or against one, as the case may be. It stands to reason that it is the most active time of life, the foundation upon which it seems humanity either stands or falls (plate a-b).

Age on the Line of Fate is read from the bottom up. The Line of Sun is read from the bottom up (plate d-e). The Line of Mercury is read from the bottom up (plate f-g). Every line may be divided and subdivided in the same way. Do not read dates on minor lines.

No part of palmistry needs more careful study than the computing of dates. No one reads dates more fluently than the beginner. Failures in computation there may be, but it is the judgment and not the rules that are at fault.

Happily, all this proves itself if given but half a chance to do so. What important events in your life do you find have written themselves down on *your* hand?



Hand showing way in which lines are divided to estimate time important events in the life will occur.

IN APRIL  
THE MOUNT OF JUPITER

By  
ALICE DENTON JENNINGS



# What About Sun-spots?

By D. W. STARRETT

*Why the mystery surrounding Sun-spots? . . . Is Man justified in his centuries-old belief that the Sun is white hot? . . . Can Light be produced without Heat? . . . What is the reason it is so hard to boil Water up where the atmosphere is rare? . . . Is there any evidence that the Sun is capable of supporting Human Life? . . . See how one Writer finds his own answers to these questions, daring to disagree with the accepted theories of Scientists everywhere.*

SUN-SPOTS appear on the surface of the sun as very mysterious phenomena, in about eleven-year periods. The reason that they seem so mysterious is that the sun is thought to be a globe of very extreme heat at least, if not in a white hot state. To investigate these phenomena with the hope of any success, one must try taking a different view of the sun's condition. There are reasonable grounds for holding, at least for the purposes of experiment, the belief that the sun would support human life.

There is a conviction among physicists that one day man will discover how to produce light without heat. Perhaps the sun's true condition is the cause of this belief in man. Is it not strange, to say the least, that as we go towards the sun it becomes colder and colder until when up a few hundred miles we find absolute zero, 421 degrees below the freezing point? Of course, no physicist of repute dares to advance the theory that the sun is not hot. Thus it is left to one who has no reputation to lose to at least try to solve this riddle.

The fact that the sun-spots appear regularly at certain intervals may be entirely disregarded as meaning anything unusual, as all things in the activity of the cosmos are periodic.

From the time of Ptolemy to that of Copernicus—about fifteen hundred years—men generally believed that the sun moved around the earth. Probably there were a few scientists who thought the earth moved around the sun, but they were afraid of their hard-earned reputations and kept silent. In the time of Columbus and ages before his time, man thought the earth to be flat. It is known in history how he was scorned when he dared to

believe differently. Today, most people believe that the compass needle points to the north because there is a great body of magnetic ore located at the magnetic north pole. Scientists, after hundreds of years of ignorant belief with reference to the matter, know that the needle merely swings itself parallel to the magnetic currents which are constantly flowing north and south at each minute point of the earth's surface. Man believes that often he is hot and cold, yet scientists know that the temperature of the normal man is the same at every part of the earth, regardless of heat and cold. Man is being constantly fooled about the things in life because he will not reason logically.

It is positively known that man's body is made up of cells, and that the cell-builders are negative and positive electrons. Beyond these electrons, all is mysterious, unless one wishes to think that there dwells the Infinite. If man loses the electrons of the two types that are constantly coming from the sun in the form of light, he surely will deteriorate and finally die. First he will lose his conscious mind, and when that departs, man practically becomes a mere animal. It is plain, then, that man is in direct communication with the Infinite through the sun. Con-

sidering this great fact, is it much to be wondered at that there are sun-worshippers, even today, all over the world? They firmly believe that God dwells in the sun. By comparing it with certain facts we may know that such a belief is at least reasonable, namely, we positively know that a child's conscious mind comes from its teachers, its teachers received this Divine Thing from their teachers, and finally we may say with truth that intelligence comes directly from the Infinite.

Inasmuch as man knows that these intelligent electrons flee from excessive heat and cold, might we not reason with logic that certainly they could not have endured a white hot state seven minutes before they flee with horror from such states in man's body? One can not quite reason that God could dwell in such a hot place as the sun is said to be.

Red-ray photography shows, for instance, that the surface of Mars is far below where it seems to be. What we view through the telescope is merely its field of force or atmosphere. We may light two white-frosted 40-watt globes, and turn one off and it will appear about twenty-five per cent smaller than the lighted one beside it. This experiment shows how we may be mistaken about the diameters of bodies that are far away. Reduce the sun's diameter twenty-five per cent and it leaves a field of force or atmosphere 108,000 miles deep on each side of that body. And by reasoning logically, on account of the sun's intense glow, we know that its atmosphere is much deeper than it appears.

Jupiter's field of force may be seen in streaks across its face from the north to the south pole, in parallel

(Continued on page 31)

## THE AUTHOR

*of this splendid article has been for a long time a frequent and popular contributor to THE OCCULT DIGEST. Believing that our readers would like to know how he was led to make his wonderful discoveries, the Editor wrote Mr. Starrett and the result was the very interesting story of his life, which you will find told in his own words at the side of page 21.*



# My Three Occult Experiences

Rare moments of vision brought this young woman timely warnings and wise counsel from the valley beyond the veil

By ALBA ST. CYR APPEL

**"T**HERE is a veil through which I cannot see." Yet surely we know from experiences, and from reading along occult lines, that many there are who have faint glimpses through this veil. All students of Occultism believe the time will come when this mystic veil will gradually melt away, and we will see with soul eyes, instead of with the faulty vision we now have.

What is this mysterious Occultism? Is it for good or evil, and how are we going to find out?

These questions I have asked myself many times. How much we gain all depends, I think, on the application we make of what this clearer light shows, and on how much our limited vision can see and understand.

Animals have this clearer vision, and often young children and mere babies, perhaps because their eyes have yet some of the star glitter and are not blurred by the dust of materialism.

I once had a very clever and affectionate black cat who would never walk by a curve in the attic stairs without bristling up his tail, humping his back, and spitting in a most belligerent manner. Then he would run and hide, and could not be coaxed out for hours.

What did he see that I could not? The attic was light and sunny and the steps wide, but each time in the curve of the steps the battle took place between Jette and his invisible opponent.

Now I am going to write of my "three experiences" in the order in which they happened. The first one was

## THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT FELL

**I** WAS thirteen. At that time I had never heard the word "occult," and of course did not know its meaning.

My father and I were chummy, and he always decided whether or not I should visit school friends at their homes during vacations. My chum at school was a rancher's daughter, living in the city with an aunt during school session, but going to her ranch home

for vacations. On two previous summers I had gone with her, so was greatly surprised when my father refused to allow me to go the summer I was thirteen.

My father and I were in our cozy living room discussing the matter. "I feel very strongly about this," he said. "I have even been dreaming about it. Dreams, in which only trouble and warnings appear. I do not like to have you go to so lonely a place. Now that Marian's father is dead, and there is no other ranch house for over a mile, it seems to me to be unsafe; also you told me about that eccentric gardener who disliked both Marion and her mother on account of trouble about his numerous dogs and who I understand is still living in the neighborhood. So, my dear, with no one but an old Chinese cook to protect them, it seems a very risky thing for women and girls in that lonely place. We'll go to the mountains this summer, and you can invite Marian."

My dear father, always so anxious to please me, but always looking out for my welfare. He was standing by the fireplace, one elbow on the mantle.

I sat very still, looking into the dying embers of the fire. Mother had retired half an hour before.

It was about half past ten, and very quiet. Suddenly, there was a crash. We both jumped, startled. My father walked quickly toward the place of the crash, and picked up a large framed photograph of my friend Marian, about whom we had been talking.

He looked at the photograph and frame, which were both unharmed, then at the wire which was still attached and unbroken. Looking up to the picture moulding, we saw the hook still in its place.

"Well, this is certainly queer," my father muttered. "How in the world could this photograph fall, when everything is intact, and there is not a jar or even a sound any place to shake it?"

We were both rather shaken and

nervous, and taking his watch from his vest pocket, my father said, "Come, you must go to your room—it is fifteen minutes of eleven. Things will look different in the morning."

But in the morning newspaper we were horrified to see the glaring headlines: MURDER OF YOUNG GIRL AND MOTHER BY CRAZED GARDENER AT THEIR LONELY HOME! The article went on to say that according to a truck driver who heard the shots, the murder was committed at twenty minutes of eleven the night before.

This terrible thing happening to my dear girl chum, when I was only thirteen, made a lasting impression on me. It was years before I could bear to go by eucalyptus trees, for there was a forest of them behind Marian's home.

Next comes the experience which I call

## THE BABY'S PRAYER

**W**HEN my firstborn was three years old, I used to sit with him every evening, and we would say our prayers together. He was a beautiful boy, very precocious, a blessed gift from God. Always, after he had lisped his little prayer, I waited until his sleepy eyelids closed, then I would gently slip my hand from his, and tiptoe from the room. But one night my boy seemed restless and frightened. I had never known him to act in this manner before.

"Come, dear," I said, "let us say our little prayer, and then do do-do (sleep)." But my baby said he was "fraid," and kept staring with wide, wondering eyes at the corner of the room. At last he pointed to the corner, saying: "Poor dada, all wet." "Dada" was my boy's name for my father, who fairly worshiped him, his first grandchild.

It was pouring rain outside, and there had been many washouts in the

(Continued on page 24)



# John Alman's Return

Although the end came sooner than he thought  
he could not forget his plans for the disposal of his property

By D. C. RETSLOFF

**F**OR the second time I read John Alman's letter and then sat for several minutes pondering over the page on which he had written:

When I see you, Sam, I believe I can convince you that the dead do return to earth. For over a year I have lived under the same roof with a wonderful old man, a student of the occult. He has explained many things to my satisfaction. To be honest with you, what he has told me in regard to the future is one of the reasons that I am leaving Africa at this time. I know that my days on earth are numbered. So firmly do I believe in what he says, that I'm going to arrange for the disposal of my property, both personal and real, as soon after I reach the United States as possible. Don't smile when you read this, Sam, strange as it may sound. I have no fear, rather I look forward to whatever the revelation is with keen anticipation.

If you could have experienced what I have during the past few months, could have lived in this atmosphere heavy with the occult, there would not be the shadow of a doubt about many of the things you and I have discussed regarding the future.

With the letter still in my hand, I touched the bell on my desk. Wing Lee, the China boy who had been my housekeeper for more than twelve years, appeared almost instantly.

"John Alman is coming, Wing Lee. He will arrive on the 2:30 Flyer. Fix the bed on the sleeping porch. He will come in at the side door. We are not to wait up for him."

"Yes, Mr. Sam," Wing Lee nodded. "I glad to see Mr. John. Long time he no come."

"Three years since he sailed for

South Africa. Three years is quite a long time."

"He stay now, Mr. Sam?"

"I don't know, Wing Lee. We will keep him as long as we can."

"Mr. John velly good man. Mebbeso I get him watch."

"What do you mean, Wing Lee?"

"Mr. John, he say, 'Wing Lee, when I die you have my watch'—velly fine watch."

"Oh, I see. Mr. Alman promised you his watch if he dies before you do. Is that it?"

"Yes, Mr. Sam. I velly sure he no forget."

I smiled, "Of course he won't forget. I'll remind him of his promise."

"No need, Mr. Sam. Mr. John keep his word all time," and Wing Lee shuffled out onto the sleeping porch.

**A**LL week I had been writing on a mystery novelette. It had, in a measure written itself and was working up to a logical climax when the postman delivered John's letter. The hall clock struck two. I knew that if I wrote steadily for three hours I could finish the story. Then I would have the next few days free to visit with John.

I read my last typed paragraph but try as I would I could not think of another sentence. One hour earlier the whole ending had been as clear in my mind as the reflection of the lilies along the edge of the pool in the patio near the outside door of my study. But now something which I sensed but could neither feel, hear nor see fogged my brain.

Finally I got up and went into the garden. I paced the paths for some time, then sat down on a bench hidden by the drooping fronds of a palm and tried to concentrate on my unfinished story. But all I could think of was John's letter. I wondered if the African climate had affected him mentally? It was true that he and I had made quite a study of the occult and had discussed many times the probability of the re-

turn to earth of those who pass beyond. I knew that John had probed deeper into the subject than I had, still I could not believe that if he were mentally sound, he would let the words of an African seer send him hurrying home posthaste to dispose of his belongings as he had written.

I lingered under the palm until I heard the clock strike five, then I sought a deep leather chair in my study, elevated my feet, lit a cigar, leaned back, closed my eyes and waited for the dinner gong.

I was surprised on entering the dining room to see the table arranged for two. When Wing Lee came to remove the soup course I questioned him about it.

"I fix place for Mr. John. Mebbeso he want bite to eat before he go to bed. You make him a say-so, I put it on his pillow."

"Very well," I told him. "I will write the note, but I think I will hear him when he comes in."

"I stay up, Mr. Sam?"

"No, Wing Lee. The train may be late"

As he crumbed the table before serving the dessert, he said, "Mebbeso Mr. John like hot coffee. I velly glad to make it."

**I** THANKED him and returned to my typewriter and settled to my work. The feeling of oppression had left me. The clock was striking eleven as I finished the last sheet. After separating the original from the carbon copy, I went out on the sleeping porch, made sure that the bed was ready for John and looked to see if the side door was unlocked. I turned on lights in the patio and hall and when I retired left a small night lamp burning near the head of my bed.

I must have dropped asleep immediately, for I do not remember anything until I suddenly awoke and saw John standing in the open door of my bedroom. (Continued on page 29)



# The Hag

A Story by ALVARO L. MARTINEZ

**T**O solicit belief in this weird tale is to try the height of human patience and tolerance, but to distort the facts to please a few cynical non-believers would be very foolish indeed. Between the two evils, I am inclined to prefer the less and hence pen this tale without alterations, no matter how gruesome, inconceivable and fantastic it may sound to my readers.

Imagine an old hag, bent with age, distorted in mind and in body and you have the principal character of my story. Couple with these her penetrating gaze which strikes terror into the very marrow of your bones, with the incessant, incoherent mumblings from her toothless mouth, and you have the background for my fears. Add a lovely maiden of eighteen summers, the granddaughter of this unsightly hag (God knows how such a lovely flower could blossom from so ugly a plant) and you have the gist of my story.

She came into my life through a simple trick of fate. She was handed down to me as a legacy by my father in his whimsical will, not as a piece of property that could be disposed of, but one on whom care and attention should be lavished until death should wrap its black mantle around her. Indeed, I wondered whether she meant to remain and stick like a sucking leech to all the generations of the Gastons (that's our family name), as my father's testament specifically stated that she should be handed down from father to son.

**T**HIS old hag began her sojourn with our once happy family when I was only four. I still remember this very well for it was the day when my father and mother had a serious altercation for the first time in their ten years of married life. Two years later, my mother died from a mysterious ailment which the best doctors in town were unable to name. Some said that it was witchery and even went so far as to insinuate that the old crone was responsible for it. My father merely shrugged his shoulders and said that he did not believe in witchery. Since then, however, I learned to hate the unwelcome intruder into our home, this mysterious old hag.

I was never able to comprehend the hold that she had over my father until that day when—oh! leave that day alone. Five years after the death of my mother, just after a heated discussion between my father and the old hag, the cause of which I never knew until that day when—oh! that day again—my father fell victim to a malignant disease. He died after long and painful agony. That was, however, not the queer part of it. What baffled me was the thing that happened next.

My father had been dead for three days, his heart had stopped beating, his pulse had ceased working, but still he remained warm and flexible as a living man, his cheeks still retaining their warm glow, for he had been a robust man. But something stranger yet was in store for us. Unable to explain the phenomena, we took my father to his last resting place and—wonder of wonders—when the coffin was opened for me, his only son, to give him the last parting kiss, we beheld the strangest, almost unbelievable thing. A general pallor and a chilly coldness, such as are only present in death had crept over my father; but what drove terror into my heart were the clear finger prints on his muscular neck. It was clear that my father died of strangulation through the powerful grip of a pair of hands. Yet what fingers, long, skinny fingers—a woman's. I said nothing. The onlookers stood aghast, and had it not been out of respect for the dead they would have fled and left me alone with the corpse. Only one remained unmoved and that was the old hag. In fact it seemed to me that I caught her letting loose a diabolical smile of satisfaction.

**M**Y life became miserable. The old hag was a constant annoyance to me and yet I could not possibly get rid of her. My father's last will had to be obeyed and followed. Furthermore, I was bound to take care of her on account of her young granddaughter whom fate had decreed to become my lovely sweetheart. She loved this cursed creature and I was likewise bound to love her.

Yet something of an ill foreboding hovered over me even in my sleep.

The old hag was constantly present in these presentiments. Perhaps it was due to her queer and suspicious movements which I used to discover accidentally. One morning, I caught her in the act of pouring something into my cup of coffee. What it was, I was never able to discover. I emptied the coffee into the wash basin and, from fear, refrained from all food that morning. I learned to be alert and watchful of her, and she probably noticed this for she showed an unveiled antagonism towards me.

Through all these years, Imang, the granddaughter of this mysterious woman, had been in college. She had been kept there according to the request of my father. I was supporting her through college although she had often protested at my doing so, requesting me to take her out that she might earn her daily bread. She said that she was a burden and a drain to my pockets, to which I gave the assurance that it did not matter as I expected to reap the interest in the future days.

"Ino," the old hag called me one morning, "I am growing old and feeble. I would like to have Imang serve me before I die. Will you allow her to get out of the college and stay with us?" "Yes, grandma," I replied, "If that is what you wish."

Accordingly, I went to the college and took Imang out against the protest of Sister Benedicta. There were plenty of tears and the parting was a sad one. I could not help wondering how such a great affection could possibly exist between a mere student and a Sister of the college.

"Where are you taking me?" Imang asked after we had left the doors of the college.

"To our home," I replied, "I am taking you home at the request of your grandmother."

I saw her shudder and turn pale, as if an invisible blow were about to fall on her. What could be the matter?

"Are you ill, Imang?" I inquired with great concern.

"No, no, Ino," she replied and shuddered.

"But, what is happening to you? It seems to me that you are not eager to see your grandmother," I said.



"Oh! take me to any other place, but not to her," she pleaded.

"Silly child," I consoled, "she will not harm you. She can not harm you as long as I am there."

She was not able to continue and complete what she wanted to tell me, for we found ourselves in front of my house. The old hag was at the door waiting for us. She greeted her granddaughter very warmly and with such a show of affection that an onlooker would have said she loved this lovely child.

DAYS passed. Imang was always sad and looked worried and frightened. She wanted to tell me something but was unable to do so, for the old crone always interrupted our talk. Whether these intrusions were purposely made, only the old woman knew.

One morning I was surprised to receive a telephone call from Imang. "Ino, please come home quickly," she pleaded.

"Why? Why?" I asked.

"Oh, do come, quick! I am afraid!" she replied.

"Afraid of what?" I queried.

"Of . . . of . . ." and she stopped speaking.

"Hello! hello!" I shouted but received no answer.

I rushed out to my car, and drove off like a madman. I did not heed the policeman who motioned me to stop. I did not care for any other thing except to learn the cause of Imang's fears. In its wild beating, my heart was racing with my car. I felt that something terrible was happening at home. Like a flash of lightning, like a mocking devil, the picture of the old hag came into my mind. I recoiled at the thought and drove faster. With a jerk, I stopped the car, jumped out, and rushed into the house.

Oh horrors! Imang was in the arms of the crone, struggling wildly. The old hag's eyes were aflame, her toothless mouth gaped open as if to devour my love. I do not know what I did next. I must have taken hold of the hag and thrown her with all the force that was in me into a corner. It was only after I assured myself that Imang was safe that I discovered what I had done. I beheld the old hag writhing in agony. She had a deep wound on her forehead from which the blood gushed. She was dying and yet seemed unwilling to do so. She looked at us as if trying in her last moment of life to do us some harm. I moved to approach

her but Imang held me by the arm.

"Oh! no, no, Ino. Leave her alone to die," she said, her eyes aflame with fear.

I could not understand it. I had not yet found out why the old hag was trying to embrace Imang and seemed at the point of biting her when I came. Presently the old hag's face twitched and become more distorted. I pitied her and wanted to help her, but Imang insisted on my keeping away from her.

Then out of the mouth of the old hag came toads, scorpions, centipedes, cockroaches and a number of other unsightly creatures which it seemed to me could not possibly have lodged in the mouth of a human being. They ran in different directions, seeming to be glad of their freedom. Then a phosphorescent substance trailed out of her ugly mouth, and, coiling like a serpent, moved lazily to the floor and mysteriously disappeared. Only after this was the old hag able to draw up her shoulder and breathe her last.

"THERE goes the curse!" exclaimed Imang upon beholding the phosphorescent substance as it slowly disappeared a few feet from us.

(Continued on page 23)

# The Mystic Black Cat Dream

By RENIE BURDETT

SO beautiful was the dream which three times came to me that it impressed me beyond the ordinary thought, following the dull mind of waking reality.

Too often we can not bring to light the pure essence of that indefinable substance of dreams. We feel the power of our dreams while they last, and think they are true, but waken to find they have vanished with the rays of the sun.

I thought an old, very old man, wise with the knowledge of science and the stars, had made a prophecy that on such and such a date the world would certainly dissolve and be destroyed. So sure was he of this great event, he preached it in halls of fame. I too, being partially convinced it could come to pass, attended one of his last lectures. Surely he was right. That very night the sky changed, the air became more dense, fog settled over the earth. Some folks laughed, some cried. Others, who would not even read the wise old man's name and thousands, millions of the earth who knew not of his existence were to pass through the fire of de-

struction, yet I knew that fire meant purification.

Asked solemnly by him, how I would spend the last day of life on this earth, and not knowing exactly, I left the hall in silence.

My friends said, "It can not be, it can not be."

But it was true. The papers announced it, still thousands went to work, lived as usual and all the while the sun was growing misty, the earth was changing. I knew it was the truth. So with a calmness that surprised myself, I asked a few dear friends to spend the last day with me. I hurried to gather together all my money, and to make a great feast. I bade my friends to come dressed as beautifully as they could. I wanted lovely flowers, candles lighted, and laughter. I wanted the finest foods. I gave my whole heart to making this the supreme feast of my life.

THEY came, some laughing, some carrying their jewels and even rare paintings, books, their treasures, which they feared to part with. The house seemed to me to be very, very lovely,

with many of my old friends around the table. At my right sat my sweetheart, the one man I had loved, whose loyalty and faith was the guiding star of my life. He loved me more now than ever, and I him, for we had come to the parting, the separation, which has never been quite explained to humanity.

I wore a long robe made of yards and yards of velvet and chiffon in shades of violet, indigo and lavender, and I sat on a high chair. All during the meal, we felt a tightening in our throats. Thunder grumbled and the sky was peculiarly colored. Glancing through the windows, we saw it change from red to green, then become yellow, and so it went. Fear gradually then insistently took possession of us all, though we dared not voice it. Some of us laughed at this witty remark or that. But there was the feeling that when the hands of the clock pointed to exactly midnight, the crash would come.

How? In fire, flood, poison, gas?—no one knew. I calmly smiled at my guests, though I too felt fear. It seemed

(Continued on page 28)



# A Page of Poetry

## YOUR TASK

By E. MABLE BAKER

**W**ORRY not at all, what the world doth say;  
If the Inner-self says you are right today.  
Keep the narrow road, your eye facing right,  
And Guides will stay you with their might.

The lure of earthly gold hard sought,  
Oft turns quite bitter, when found and caught.  
Full many are ready to dig and goad,  
'Tis your task to smile, and help lift a load.

A prayer for others with heartfelt meaning  
Is worth many sheaves of indifferent feeling.  
A good thought expressed in gentle tone,  
Oft transcends a heart to ecstasy's zone.

So do the task well, as shown today,  
And prove your worth in friendship's way—  
The small seed scattered in time of need  
Will return many-fold to crown your deed.

## TO MY ENEMY

By "T. R. C."

**T**O love, we must forgive;  
To forgive, we must love.  
We both realize this, don't we?  
That is your redeeming characteristic,  
If you have any.  
That is my saving grace, if I have any,  
It isn't what I do to you that matters;  
It is how you take it that counts.  
It isn't the pain that you inflict upon me  
That hurts most.  
It matters most whether I forgive you.  
If I forgive you, I love you,  
And thus I rise above you.  
If you hate me,  
And I hate you,  
We both stay low.  
With love we rise above our enemies.

Trials, I know, you have,  
The same as I,  
And weaknesses, too,  
So, why should I condemn you?  
You've tried to do  
Things you thought best,  
And so have I.

Now, look at you and I.  
Just two of millions  
Who meet the tests of Life.  
Millions may pass the gate  
While few enter in,  
But, you and I—  
We can love  
And forgive  
Before it is too late.

## THE KEY

By W. E. RYON

**O**FT as I gaze into that yawning space,  
That space where mighty worlds e'er hold  
their place,  
And roll forever on their trackless way,  
Bright gleaming things at night, that fade with  
day,  
I feel within my heart a fear, a dread  
Of power unleashed, e'er sweeping o'er my head.  
Where are thy bound'ries, O gleaming stars?  
Is aught beyond that e'er your roaming bars,  
Or do you sweep forever, wild and free,  
Through endless space blent with eternity?

And are there mysteries within your scope  
That man may read, with mingled fear and hope?

Hold you the wisdom of the years gone by  
That man may read if he but patient try?  
And may he read the things life holds in store  
From out the pages of your mystic lore?  
Yield then, O stars! thy knowledge unto me,  
That I may know the things that are to be.  
For I would know all things before I start  
My journeyings into your mystic heart.

Aye, from the stars all things may be foretold.  
Within their heart lies all the lore of old.  
Within their heart lies all that is to be,  
Wrapped in the clouds that veil their mystery.  
And he who tries with patience and with zeal  
At last their wondrous secrets may reveal.  
And through astrology, that mystic art,  
May count the throbbing of that mighty heart.  
All things are there, would you unlock the rest?  
The key hangs swaying, on Dame Nature's  
breast.

## SHOULD ONE FORGET?

By FLOYD A. PALMER

**S**HOULD one forget the hidden past, the days  
he threw away?  
And count the so-called wasted years as time  
devoid of pay?  
Or should one keep the memories of all mistakes  
in mind,  
To guard against temptations he in later life  
will find?

Must all the lessons that have been taught by  
the failures made,  
Be cast aside and counted lost when life begins  
to fade?  
Or should they be preserved and kept within  
the human ken,  
To guard against the pitfalls of those same mis-  
takes again?

When failures that one man has made shine like  
a beacon light  
In time of strife for other men, to guide their  
steps aright  
While they are striving for the goal on which  
their mind is set—  
When they help one to shun mistakes in life,  
should one forget?

## NUMEROLOGY IN BRIEF

By VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

**O**NE for independence, resourcefulness and  
hope;  
Two for practicality, doing what you can;  
Three for beauty, harmony,  
Life's artistic plan.

Four for industry that builds  
And new hope inspires;  
Five for happiness, success,  
Every heart desires.

Six for steady nerve and brain  
That endures Life's test,  
And stability that stands  
For Truth and what is best.

Seven understanding means,  
Mystic number, occult gold;  
Eight with power and influence  
Richly will unfold.

Nine for thoughts of deeper things,  
Sweeter Truths sublime;  
Nine for Spirit, true, refined,  
Say the gods of Time.

## THE MUCKER

By ALVA ROMANES

**I** AM not helot, serf nor slave  
Nor brute that bears the shape of man,  
That looks no further than the grave,  
And has no thought of Scheme or Plan.  
I am not working ditch and mine  
For sodden clay or gleaming coal;  
But toiling in the Task Divine,  
And mining Life to meet my soul.

With grime and sweat and weary eyes  
I am the man who seeks the god  
That hidden and awaiting lies  
Within this pit of human sod.  
You see the tools; I see the Task.  
You see the muck; I see the Goal.  
You see my shame; I only ask  
The right to shape my upward soul.

If but my ditch I run more true  
Than ditch has ever run before,  
Or if a cleaner seam I hew,  
Or if a better well I bore,  
Then to the sum of things divine  
I bring a gift that is not less  
Than all the wealth of field and mine  
Wherein I serve my life's duress.

Though day by day I work for hire,  
And seek the wage that feeds my flesh,  
My toil is but a cleansing fire  
Wherein my soul is wrought afresh.  
What now I do, I have not done;  
For, on the path from Here to There,  
Life has no task that we can shun,  
Nor burden that we must not bear.  
The iron cell, the golden throne,  
The beggar's cup, the gift of wealth,  
The path of those who live alone,  
The roads of fame, the lanes of stealth:  
These and a thousand walks of life  
From slave to king we must have sought;  
Ere comes the ending of our strife,  
And we to men at last are wrought.

The Hand that moves behind the Veil  
Shall not one hour of life abate;  
For all must walk the selfsame trail,  
And each must taste the other's fate.  
I am the mucker of Today,  
And here I shape my destiny,  
What I have been, I may not say;  
But this you were, or yet shall be.  
The goal of man is to create:  
To be at one with That which wrought,  
From out the Void's unformed estate,  
The glory of the power of thought.  
You see my ditch; I see the stars.  
You see my grime; I see the suns,  
And from my life's confining bars  
I build a path that past them runs.

I am not mucking dirt and ore  
Within a pit's mile-hidden seams  
For wage or gain that seeks to pour  
Some golden potion charged with dreams;  
My task is one with all endeavor,  
As in the Wondrous Whole I see  
Worlds built on outworn worlds forever,  
And lives that touch infinity.

And so 'tis thus the poets sing of  
many a seen and unseen thing, of  
earthly lessons they have learned, and  
stars to which their souls have turned.



# Psycho-Symbolism

By EDWARD B. JEFFREY

## *Fighting, Nature's Last Resource*

THE capital letter X is a "sign" of equivalents, a Roland for another's Oliver. It represents retaliation, reciprocity, exchange, barter, and actions such as fighting, requiting, or discharging. It is an "emblem" of the "strife" and "compensations" in "life."

"Ideally," it is doing unto others as we would be done by, otherwise a straightforward deal, or an equivalent for any services, debt, want, loss, or suffering incurred by others on one's account.

It is a symbol of the old Mosaic law—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. A strict and yet instinctive law, rather than a human one. It signifies the tit for tat of children, the death blow for death blow of animals. The "sign" is being superseded by "rivalry" and "competition" or "H," but the time of its passing is apparently not yet.

The cruciform appears on many of our soldiers' uniforms, as crossed guns, crossed swords, crossed batons and so on. As such it represents the last resource, a signification that other means have failed and typifies a "transfixing" or piercing through, as with a pointed weapon.

It is rough compensation, or wiping out old debts or scores. It is used by tutors to "strike out" wrong calculations. It is, or was, the old system of signifying that a debt had been paid or "discharged," by "crossing through" or "striking out" the account, as if it were an offender for being there.

In business settlements it represents "barter" or "exchange," "reciprocal advertising" or *quid pro quo*. It is the giving or exchanging of one thing for another; the form of exchanging one debt for another without any contract. It is like a cash transaction, settled at once on its merits.

Anatomically, it appears to represent the "reciprocating" agencies at work in many parts of the body, to save it from being lopsided, or knocked to pieces. Similarly it portrays "intersection" in that one side of the brain controls the other side of the body—the action crosses over. Again, it illustrates "compensation" in that the loss

of a limb is usually followed by increased power or functions in its fellow. It is a "token" of nature's "retaliation" in that should circumstances cease to, say, allow light to the eyes, the sight eventually ceases to exist. It appears to represent Mendel's theory of sex respecting characteristics of father passing to daughter, mother to son.

Mechanically, it represents the action of "reciprocating" cranks and arms in marine engines to accommodate the machines to a ship's oscillation. It is seen in the compensation pendulum of a clock or wheel of a watch, which little addition or deduction compensates for differences in temperature or climate.

It is a mutual exchange, as between two persons loaning and borrowing each other's books, or two textile workers tending each other's looms.

Pathologically, if the lungs "W" are not functioning regularly, the compensation "X" is found by its effect on "V" the valve, or throat, or the more easily accessible equivalent, the "pulse."

## *Unity is Strength*

CAPITAL letter Y is a "sign" of a union of two kinds of matter, two bodies or two persons. They fuse, join, unite, or combine. Together it symbolizes a couple or yoke.

It is a diagram of the joining of two water pipes; the confluence of two streams; the uniting of two lives, as in marriage. Conjointly it illustrates joining in double harness, as a pair of draught horses or a yoke of oxen.

Anatomically, the symbol indicates the functioning of the two kidneys and the two ureters which filter the liquids and matter in solution, cleanse the system, and act as drains. They thus perform a detailed and tedious duty. Working together, they do it more expeditiously. The process is a very gradual one, an indication that "purity" and "perfection" will only come by degrees.

The symbol also appears to represent the correspondence of various parts of the body in similar sensations and affections. Again, it resembles the organs of reproduction.

Psychologically, it stands for co-operation, intercourse, sympathy, affinity, unity, companionship, partnership, connection, conjugation, and so on.

As a "sign" of marriage analyzed, it diagrammatically indicates that in the ideal union the two should be similar in every way; that they should come from different sources, these not near together; that there is an increasing mutual attraction beforehand; and that the gradually approaching relationship terminates in a state of intimate oneness, or complete identification one with the other.

It appears to "stand for" the law of cohesion, or the state of being united by natural attraction, the power by which particles of bodies of the same nature are held together, and act on one another. It compares with the tuning fork which if vibrated near another of similar pitch will induce vibration.

The induced sympathy which causes two friends to be capable of intense pain in the same region of the body appears represented by the "sign." It is possible the involuntary feeling of sickness often experienced by a couple after the consummation of marriage, may be the same sympathetic feeling.

Propagation by coalescence or union "Y" was one of the very earliest of natural processes, that is, one of the most elementary of animal, and probably physical laws, and cohesion for the same purpose today is found in the very elemental animal and vegetable lives.

The "sign" also stands for various kinds of "loyalty," for instance, a person may be loyal to a principle or cause, and not to the person who expounds that cause, or on the other hand, may be true to a person through thick and thin, but cannot at the same time identify himself with the principle.

## *In This Eternity*

THE capital letter Z is a "sign" of "reversion" or a turning over of something, or a turning back of it. "Z" is the letter "N" ("state") turned over. The change signifies that the "state" of man, as man, is at the finish over-

(Continued on page 26)



# "Without Comment"

Presenting Selected Passages  
from current or recent occult and advanced  
thought magazines, papers, and bulletins

## THE WORLD IN CHAOS

**T**HE stagnation throughout the world in the matter of occult study is affecting many; the Order of the Star has been dissolved; the Esoteric section of Theosophy ditto; Crowley is scarce; Tingley has given place to another in the Point Loma Organization and everywhere there is no movement, no rustle that would mark the Master Mind informing, illumining. It is as if the Dark Night of the Soul had found its analogue in a dark night of the World Soul. Oh, why oh, should there be such sleep, such dormancy of the Spirit, ask many?

The answer is not far to reach out to. People have forgotten God; according to the *Occult Review* there is to be a discovery of God to which the *Review* devotes its editorial of November. The world has come out of the War, but into what? Is it into peace? Can we call the present chaos peace? Can we call the attempt to League Peace? Why a League at all? Why not every one find his own government of the self for himself and find in this government the government of all, by every one for himself? Thus truly shall he find God our Invisible King in the hearts of men.—*Kalpaka* (India).

## RELIGION FROM SUPERSTITION

**"D**O YOU want to know how religion grew up from superstition to philosophy?" asks Will Durant, in the "Story of Philosophy" in the *American Magazine* for December.

In answer to his own question he suggests the reading of Frazer's "The Golden Bough." We have always maintained that old legends were based upon manifestations of natural law which were not understood in the early days, but were, nevertheless, accredited to a Higher Power. We know that even before men had learned to express themselves in crude pictures these legends were passed by word of mouth from one generation to another, and thus the real or spiritual significance was lost. Now most of the beautiful old legends are just a meaningless

jumble of words, termed superstitions. One hundred years ago no one would have dared to have made even a faint suggestion that Religion was based on superstition. Fifty years ago such a statement would have been considered blasphemous, and the person who made it punished accordingly. Today our best writers and current magazines boldly proclaim it to the world. During the last hundred years man has indeed made much progress along certain lines, but in thought he has accomplished that which will be of benefit not only to the people of this age, but those of the centuries to come.—*The National Spiritualist*.

## OCCULT POWERS OF LIGHT

**I**T is a noteworthy fact that many of the old alchemists regarded light as a mysterious essence filled with occult powers. It is no coincidence that old Balthazar, the stubborn alchemist in Balzac's masterpiece *The Quest of the Absolute*, finds in light a peculiar quintessence which will enable him to master the secrets of man and metals. Nor is it an anthropological accident that primitive man should bow before the sun in worship. He realized in some degree what science manifests to us in even fuller measure, and that is our utter dependence upon this central power house and pivot of our universe. This dependence upon radiation, visible and invisible, is becoming more evident as the years pass. Electrical disturbances in the weather, in our radio sets, and perhaps more subtly still in other ways which we do not now recognize. The astronomer has only scratched the surface of the sun, so to speak. Who knows but what the revelation of its inner constitution may exhibit other sources of radiation equally important in the maintenance and regulation of life. It is not impossible that men even again some time in the future may bow in reverence before this god of primitive man—this giver of life and light. That such a *dénouement* to the history of science is not utterly fantastic and would not necessarily

represent intellectual atavism is demonstrated when we are told by Professor Michael I. Pupin in his book, *The New Reformation*, that he regards light and colour as the divine message which calls man to the altar of the almighty God!—Oliver L. Reiser in *Psyche* (London).

## MOTHERS AND PEACE

**T**O inculcate into future generations the love of peace and tranquility for all nations, we must begin at the cradle. Let the nursing mothers of all nations this day charge themselves with a sacred and solemn duty to teach the future manhood and the womanhood of the world to be lovers of peace. Such holy teaching, once started in babyhood and carried on faithfully, will gradually create millions of ambassadors of peace. Mothers of the world, what a precious undertaking this would be, to mold the fate of civilization through each child! Men's and women's religions, morals and conduct are the result of the teachings and the examples nurtured at the knees of mothers.—Vahan K. Zambakian, 32° in *The New Age*.

## MISSIONARY WORK

**T**HE natives of one of the South Sea islands are credited with a unique form of revolt against enforced civilization, the aim of which is standardization, mass production and compulsory salvation.

Before the arrival of the missionaries, the natives played in the sun, swam and fished in the surf, made love in the moonlight and prayed to their wooden gods. They got a maximum of enjoyment for a minimum of effort. There were no forgers, no perjurers, no confidence men, no interest, no rent, no tax gatherers, no psychoanalysts and no reformers among them.

Then came the missionaries. The women were forced into "mother Hubbard's," the men into pants. The missionaries built factories, Y. M. C. A.'s and put on campaigns for hospitals, community chests and safety-first councils.

Their native songs were suppressed



in favor of psalm tunes. The boys were taught to play in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Boy Scout Hand Book. To bring law and order and keep the peace, a force of military police was created. In brief, the natives were civilized.

And then—the natives turned around and simply refused to breed. Thus civilization triumphed! — *Freedom Magazine*.

#### THE VANITY OF THE WORLD

**T**O unfold the likeness of God in the flesh is the aim of evolution. From this standpoint how vain are the many things in the world of manifestation that disquiet us. We have only to view our daily lives with the eyes of the Soul to realize that we are dwelling largely in a world of vain show where the unimportant and unreal are given prominence and power. The strivings of man to accumulate riches and to make an ambitious display serve only to enhance the show and give more force to that which is not enduring. In this struggle to elevate the illusive and unreal we are losing much that makes life worth living, for we are forgetting the real reason for our existence.—*The Cosmic Dawn*.

#### MAN'S DUTY TO THE ANIMALS

**D**EAN INGE, the "gloomy dean", is usually on the right side of things and we are glad to quote what he has said on the question of our ethical obligations to the lower animals:

"The great discovery of the nineteenth century, that we are of one blood with the lower animals, has created new ethical obligations which have not yet penetrated the public conscience. The clerical profession has been lamentably remiss in preaching this obvious duty."

We have never been able to understand why those who are seemingly sympathetic with all human unfortunates can yet be indifferent to the suffering of the so-called lower animals, especially those tortured in the name of science. Some day the public conscience will be penetrated! — *Living Tissue*.

#### WARNING TO WESTERN STUDENTS

**H**OWEVER often the true nature of the occult training has been stated and explained, few Western students seem to realize how searching and inexorable are the tests which a candidate must pass before *power* is entrusted to his hands. Esoteric philosophy, the occult hygiene of mind and body, the unlearning of false beliefs, and the acquisition of true habits of thought, are more than sufficient for a student during his period of proba-

tion, and those who rashly pledge themselves in the expectation of acquiring forthwith "magic powers," will meet only with disappointment and certain failure.—*The Canadian Theosophist* (Canada), quoting *Lucifer*, of December, 1888.

#### PROGRESS OF OCCULT THOUGHT

**T**HE third decade of the Twentieth Century will mark the great upsurge of occult and psychical thought which was set on foot by the great pioneers of the Nineteenth Century, such as Fabre d'Olivet in Kabbalism, Wronsky in Occultism, Ragon in Freemasonry, Hyslop in Psychical Research, Allan Kardec in experimental Spiritualism, Madame Blavatsky in Theosophy, Alan Leo in Astrology—to name merely one outstanding figure of each group. This is not only the liveliest force in modern thought, but each day brings new and thrilling discoveries in the Higher Science.—*The Seer* (Carthage, Tunisia, N. Africa).

#### THE TRUTH SERUM

**A** LITTLE while ago we were told that suspected criminals might be inoculated with a certain serum and that while under the influence of the narcotic they would automatically tell the truth. Recently a banker's son in Honolulu was kidnapped and murdered. Suspicion indicated a former Japanese servant. He was arrested, serumed, and confessed. When he regained consciousness he stoutly denied his guilt. In a few days the actual murderer was found and the Japanese servant was given his liberty. This is the end of the truth serum.—*Health Culture*.

#### WORK NOT ALL OF LIFE

**L**IFE and work are by no means synonymous terms. We have many faculties and aptitudes to develop, and he who has neglected any of these has not lived abundantly, has not made the most of human life. Darwin lost his taste for poetry as the result of years of hard work and experimentation in a laboratory, but that was an unnecessary loss. Science and poetry are not mutually incompatible, and there is time for all things desirable and lovely to him who has learned how to husband his resources.—Victor S. Yarros in *The Open Court*.

#### IN SEARCH OF THE WAY

**W**HEN I learned that every experience was wisdom in disguise, I no longer tried to escape experience or deny it out, as a means of peace and comfort. I sought for the meaning of every experience. That hidden meaning was necessary to me in the solution of the next problem which would present itself.—*Inspiration*.

#### CENSORSHIP FOR RADIO HEALTH TALKS

**T**HE A. M. A.'s latest attempt to control the practice of the healing arts expresses itself in the following characteristic way. Shirley W. Wynne, health commissioner of New York City (urges) a meeting of radio stations to control the "Quack" situations. He proposes that all health talks be censored by and approved of by the Academy of Medicine, and the New York County Medical Societies. Now can you picture the members of these august societies approving of anything which is not of A. M. A. origin. Members of these bodies are bound to the A. M. A. by a code of ethics that is worse than any secret society's.

Censorship of air health talks by the medical association would be equivalent to censoring political talks by the Republican National Committee or religious talks by an Episcopal Council. Radio stations may fall for this cute scheme, especially as it is engineered by smooth talk, "Protect the Public," etc. Radio talks, however, are for the benefit of 20,000,000 radio listeners, not 90,000 doctors who belong to the A. M. A.

Millions of Christian Scientists are going to be mortally offended by medical censorship of the air. Hundreds of thousands of New Thought followers and devotees of Unity are going to object to censorship of their religion. The *Literary Digest* estimated in 1923 that 20,000,000 Americans patronized osteopaths, chiropractors, and the cults. The people believe in these measures! Imagine the Academy of Medicine approving of a chiropractic talk!

The radio stations are taking a very dangerous step in even considering censorship, especially when it touches so close a subject as religion and health beliefs.—*Nature's Path*.

#### PARTIALITY IN PUBLIC HOSPITALS

**D**OES it seem reasonable that publicly supported hospitals should try to reserve all privileges for one school of healing? To choose unhampered one's faith or physician is the unalienable right of every citizen.—*Osteopathic Magazine*.

Note—Items for this department are not selected to conform with the Editor's views, but to give Readers of *THE OCCULT DIGEST* a glimpse of the great occult world as reflected by occult journals. Where the location of a publication is not given, it is in the United States, and where no author's name is given, the item was an unsigned editorial article in the original publication. Any information on hand about publications quoted will be gladly supplied to inquirers.



# Psychic Revelation

*Your Personal Problems Solved By The Psychic Editor*

Each person is allowed just two questions. Be brief—write plainly. Questions without name and address not answered. No responsibility shall rest upon The Occult Digest or its editors in any replies given. Replies are published as soon as possible, usually in the second issue printed after they are mailed in. Address PSYCHIC EDITOR, The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

B. C. M., Calif.—Marriage not indicated soon. Health will improve.

R. L. B., Okla.—(1) Will get position hoped for. (2) Not before 1933.

Seed, N. M.—(1) In the mountains. (2) Early summer brings changes looked for.

H. B., Ill.—Better give up the idea until the inspiration comes clear to you.

X. Y. Z., Va.—(1) 1930 gives you an even break. (2) You would succeed as a merchant.

G. E. B., Ill.—Canada would be all right. Marriage indicated.

E. J. B., Calif.—Betterment comes from both. Keep up the music.

M. M. M., Colo.—(1) Do not advise

selling. (2) Dr. B. preferable.

F. L., Calif.—(1) Business improves. (2) Neither marriage or inheritance indicated.

G. W., Calif.—(1) You would have to lease your lot on a percentage basis. (2) No time can be set; we learn by experience as long as we live.

F. B., Ky.—Snowed in. Will take some time before dividends pay.

J. K., N. J.—Late in Fall. Will make a change but sale not indicated.

M. A., Pa.—(1) Weight not natural for you. (2) You are psychic.

F. V. H., Calif.—Do not sell.

H. K., Ohio.—Neither trip nor marriage indicated.

B. R., Wash.—Insist upon the time

yourself.

A. M., Calif.—You will not be able to sell.

J. G., N. Y.—Move not indicated. You will have an opportunity to help yourself.

E. R., Calif.—Cultivate your voice. Marriage not indicated soon.

E. I. D., Mont.—No answers both questions.

H. C. F., Ohio—Marriage indicated. Continue your studies.

Cesha, Calif.—1930 will bring relief. Do not sell.

M. P., N. Y.—Health responsible for eyes. Look to kidneys.

J. K. S., Ill.—Marriage not indicated at this time. Restoration not shown.

## Your 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. Dream letters without name and address not answered. No responsibility shall rest upon The Occult Digest or its editors in any replies given. Replies are published as soon as possible, usually in the second issue printed after they are mailed in. Address DREAM EDITOR, The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

H. G., Can.—Your cousin is a prophetic dreamer and should encourage the power of conscious dreaming by making note of his dreams and watching results as he has done in the past. In fact, his dreams are true psychic experiences and in themselves are prophetic of guidance and protection. He was actually at the game, though unconscious of the fact, but it required sleep to develop the picture on the brain mirror of the conscious mind. He has a wonderful power of foreseeing, and, best of all, he gets the full benefit of his dreaming.

A. F. K., Fla.—If you sent us a dream before this, it did not reach us.

Your dream symbolizes revelation and fulfillment of your plans and is prophetic of your power to discern hidden things for yourself and those who seek you out for help in times of distress.

M. M. M., Colo.—Your dream is very beautiful and has a deep meaning. It is not a summons but the herald of great contentment and intended to convey to you the information that those who have gone ahead are keeping the home in readiness for your homecoming when your work is finished. Be happy that you can spend your dream hours with them.

I. A. C., Calif.—Your dream is a

warning to beware of an enemy at your back who has influence—one who would stop at nothing to injure your prospects of success.

M. L. F., N. Y.—Your daughter is sad because she is clothed by your own sad thoughts. Do not think of her as being dead but as being alive, though held in a dark condition because of your own lonely and sad frame of mind. Your mind reflects to hers when she comes into your aura in your dreams. Ask for her happiness and your own, and you can dispel the sadness.

W. F. W., Va.—Your dream is unusually prophetic and symbolizes the advent of your heart's desire.

### THE MAIL CARRIER

*Brings the Editor*

*Letters of Appreciation from Readers*

Mrs. C. C. Woodworth, Virginia:

I have never been so uplifted by any writings as I have been by THE OCCULT DIGEST and I appreciate every article written. I also appreciate your Psychic Department and the help given to me by your Psychic Editor.

Miss C. E. Lougee, Massachusetts:

The magazine is a delight and grows more enjoyable every issue.

Dominick Di Bello, Colorado:

THE OCCULT DIGEST is a fine piece of work. Keep it up.

Alicia Nicholls, Massachusetts:

I consider THE OCCULT DIGEST the very best of its kind.

E. H. Seabrook, North Carolina:

I wish to tell you how thoroughly I enjoy the magazine—it is just what I wanted and needed.

Donald C. MacDonald, Canada:

THE OCCULT DIGEST is a unique magazine and I am always looking ahead to the enjoyment of the next month's copy.



# Listening in on W-O-R-L-D

*News Items of Especial Interest to Occultists*

## ***Girl's Spirit Message Received by Her Dog***

Before 19-year-old Ruth Rockwell leaped to her death from a plane above Curtiss Field (New York) in November, she left a farewell letter in which she promised to try to communicate with her relatives at 9 o'clock each night.

Her relatives say that they have received no messages, but that every night at the appointed hour her great Dane wags its tail and barks, seemingly in welcome of its mistress.

## ***Old Views of Electron Must Go, Says Scientist***

Prof. G. P. Thomson of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, says that experiments he has conducted at the University of Aberdeen and at Cornell University have proved conclusively that the orthodox physicist's view of electrons merely as particles will have to be abandoned.

On January 23, at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. Thomson demonstrated with the aid of X-ray and the latest radio tubes that the electron is not only a particle of which every atom is made up but is also a spider-like net of electrical waves which can expand many times.

## ***Harvard University Learns About Gorillas***

In a gorilla study recently published by Harvard University, it has been shown that there is only one species of gorilla, and not fifteen, as has always been supposed.

The study was made by Dr. Harold J. Coolidge, Jr., assistant curator of mammals at the Museum of Comparative Zoology. He bases his conclusions on the measurements of skulls and other bones of many of the 800 gorilla skeletons scattered through museums all over the occidental world.

## ***Philanthropic Gifts Reach New Heights***

According to the John Price Jones Corporation of New York, gifts to philanthropy in the United States during 1929 totaled \$2,450,720,000, an increase of \$120,120,000 over 1928.

The most of this was for Religion, or \$996,300,000, to be specific. The second largest amount, or \$467,500,000, was for Education.

## ***Child Marriage Banned in India***

The Indian Legislative Assembly at Simla has passed the Sarda bill, otherwise known as the Child Marriage Restraint Act, which penalizes marriage for girls under fourteen and boys under sixteen.

While no small number of Indians welcome the new law, many orthodox Hindus and Moslems resent it as a violation of their religious conceptions of marriage.

## ***Automobile Death Toll Increased in 1929***

While automobile manufacturers are talking of plans to put over the three-car-per-family idea, The National Safety Council reports that 31,500 persons were killed in automobile accidents in thirty-one States during 1929. This is an increase of 13 per cent more than in 1928, the Council says.

## ***Man Never Was Ape, Anthropologist Finds***

Newspaper editors have been busy lately discussing the theory of evolution advanced by Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn in his address as retiring president of The American Association for the Advancement of Science, given at the recent Annual Meeting of the Association at Des Moines.

Dr. Osborn asserted, according to the *Literary Digest*, that his studies have led him to believe that "man did not pass through a stage of tree-life, but emerged on the high plateaus of Central Asia, a free-running bipedal being."

And all this was probably 1,250,000,000 years ago, Dr. Osborn believes, declaring that to his mind, "the human brain is the most marvelous and mysterious object in the whole universe."

**Dear Reader—When you find something of occult significance in your home town paper, clip and send it to the Editor, giving the name of the paper. You may be sure that she will appreciate it. The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.**

and no geologic period seems too long for its natural evolution."

Very well, but won't somebody please tell us where in the solar system man did come from and whither he is bound?

## ***Two Million Idle Grownups— Two Million Child Laborers***

At the twenty-fifth annual conference of the National Child Labor Committee, held recently at New York City, Owen R. Lovejoy, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, made the following striking statements:

"Two million men and women are standing along the highways of our industrial procession to watch 2,000,000 child laborers give a new significance to the fact of unemployment.

"It seems a curious contradiction that at the very moment when science is giving such intensive study to the culture of the individual child, industry, commerce, and agriculture should continue to feed children wholesale into the hoppers of our wage-earning national expansion."

Another speaker at the conference was Governor Roosevelt, of New York State, who severely criticized the Northern manufacturers who have moved their mills south to take advantage of the more easy (for the manufacturers) child-labor laws of the Southern States.

## ***Queer Fish Carry Their Own Lights***

Dr. William Beebe, the well-known marine biologist, and his staff of six men and four women scientists have been making some wonderful discoveries in their investigations of the waters around Nonsuch Island, off the Bermudas.

Two of the oddest creatures they have found are the silver hatchet fish which has a battery of violet light pointing downward while its eyes look ever upward, and a small black whale carrying a brilliant torch projecting from its forehead.

## ***Death-Bed Prayer Speedily Answered***

On his death-bed Vincent Pannone, of New York City, prayed that his grandson, four years old, might regain the use of his eyes, ears, and speech. One minute after he died the child spoke for the first time, and now has control of all his faculties.



## A Letter

From the Secretary  
of Illinois State Spiritualist Ass'n  
Editor The Occult Digest:

In your issue for December you have an article regarding the J. T. & E. J. Crumbaugh Spiritualist Church at Le Roy (Ill.). Your article states that the church is being constructed and that it has no parishioners.

Permit me to correct this statement, as I am Secretary of the State Association and am in a position to know the exact conditions of that church.

The church was entirely finished over three years ago, and for three years services have been held there. For the first two years a worker was sent once a month to conduct services and for the past year services were held every Sunday as we had a permanent Pastor there. The church has officers and a nice membership of people from Le Roy and the surrounding country. It has been chartered by our state organization for three years.

A Mass Meeting in Le Roy will be held very shortly under the auspices of the I. S. S. A.

Sincerely and cordially yours,

ELMER LIVINGSTON,

Sec'y Illinois State Spiritualist Ass'n.  
(Headquarters Chicago, Ill.)

Thank you, Mr. Livingston. We are glad to be put right when our news items are not true to fact. The Le Roy church news item owed its origin to a press service story which was probably circulated all over the country, the more's the pity.—Editor.

## ATTITUDE

**W**HEN a man walks very erect, with a little swagger of self-importance, we are as likely as not to mock him. And yet we ought to be glad that there are such people in the world.

Watch the passing throng—how many merely shuffle along, their bodies bent to the ground as their souls lean to the materialities of earth.

What bows them down? Here is a white-haired man creeping along, nearly doubled up. Is it age that has beaten him? No. It is true that the winds of many winters have blown over him, but it is not age that has bowed him down. For here is another as old or older whose straight shoulders would shame many a youth.

No, it is not age, poverty, nor misfortune that bows a man down. Sickness or accident may twist a man's back, but that is another matter. His back may be twisted, but his attitude need not be changed—he can still have a feeling for the sun and for the tops of trees.

And there it is—attitude. It is attitude, a thing that comes from within and is of our own making, and not the vicissitudes that come from without that bows us down.

Lift up the eyes of your body to the sun and stars, and the eyes of your soul to the eternal verities. Whatever your troubles, *don't be bowed down.*—J. D.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.—SIDNEY.



**Holy Fires** A light kindled by sparks from a flint at Easter in the Roman Catholic church. It was a custom in Rome to have the ceremony take place in the presence of the Pope on Holy Saturday. In the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and at the Easter of the Oriental Church, the kindling of the Holy Fire is presented as miraculous. The Greek and Armenian clergy combine and the expected fire is produced from within an apartment occupied by a Greek and an Armenian priest. Be it miraculous or chicanery, it should be looked into.

**Holy Rollers** A popular name for a Christian denomination whose members surrender themselves to passive conditions. While their teachings are perfectly sincere, they make the mistake of falling into that ecstatic or passive condition where consciousness is lost.

**Holy Spirit** The creative part of God. Remember the passage in one of the Christian creeds "conceived by the Holy-Spirit", which was spoken by Gabriel to Mary. It is Binah; and Plato's Nous Demiurges, called by the Egyptians "Cnephi".

**Home, Daniel Douglas** Of Scottish birth, he was brought to America at the age of 10 by his aunt. When he was 17 he was converted to Spiritualism and held many seances. Following his marriage to a Russian of noble birth, he passed much of his time on the continent. He is written of as lovable and beyond suspicion.

**Homosexuality** Love for one of the same sex, generally of a perverted nature.

**Homunculus** An artificial man; an automaton made by the alchemist. Paracelsus gives directions how to create one, however, figurative speech must not be overlooked.

**Honey** Part of the sexual expression of the chaste plant and tree. It speaks of the promised fruit. Jonathan—in I Samuel 14:27—became enlightened after eating it under certain conditions. See also Psalms 19:10, Isaiah 7:15, Songs of Solomon 4:11, and Revelation 10:9. Honey must not be burned (Leviticus 2:11). In Judges 14:8 we find Samson obtained the honey after slaying the lion by the way.

**Honorius III** Old copies of the Grimoire give his name as author which places him as a sorcerer and dealer in black magic. True or not, he confirmed the order of St. Dominic, sanctioning a formidable crusade against the Manichae, Vaudois, and Albigenses.

# The NEW OCCULT DICTIONARY

Occult Words, Terms and  
Expressions of All Ages

By W. STUART LEECH, M. D.

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**Hopedale Community** A Spiritualistic community founded at Milford, Mass., in 1842 by Rev. Adin Ballou.

**Hopkins, Mathew** One of several men who waged a relentless inquisition against those suspected of witchcraft in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, England. So filled were the jails, a special commission was appointed to bring the accused persons to trial. Ninety-one persons in various parts of the country were hanged by this commission.

**Horbehutet** An Egyptian solar deity who accompanied Ra, the Sun-god, on his daily rounds. His symbol, the winged disk, was placed over many doors.

**Horse Whispering** It is said that in Scotland, England, County of Cork in Ireland, Hungary, and Bohemia, there are certain persons—with an extraordinary power over horses. It is also said that some gypsies applied anise seed to the horse's nose, and that others whisper into the left ear a spell or incantation.

**Horus or Orus** Son of Isis and Osiris, mentioned by Herodotus. He often appeared in Egyptian paintings seated on the lap of Isis.

**House From Heaven** Soul unfoldment; spiritual body. The "Wedding Garment", or as Paul expresses it in II Corinthians 5:1, "a building of God".

**House of Light** A certain room in each of the Babylonian temples where the fire ceremonies were held.

**House of Washing** In each of the Babylonian temples, a room which was set apart for the bathing of patients in the sacred waters.

**House of Wisdom** A more or less kabbalistic order founded in Cairo during the ninth century by Moslem mystics. Some say Abdallah, the Persian, was the original founder.

**Houses, The Twelve Planetary** The twelve divisions of the heavens, as made by astrologers when noting the positions of the constellations in casting a horoscope.

**Howitt, William** An English Spiritualist, author of "History of the Supernatural" and translator of "History of Magic" by Ennemoser.

**Howling of Dogs** Considered by many an omen of death to someone near. Dogs are sometimes credited with second sight.

**Huaca** A Peruvian oracle.

**Huet, Pierre Daniel** Bishop of Avranches. Author of "Reminiscences", a work dealing with vampires in the Greek Archipelagos. Died 1721.



## THE LIFE AND WORKS OF D. W. STARRETT

### In His Own Words

I AM a native of Maine, my father being a ship designer at Thomaston. I went to school at Libertyville, Illinois, but quit at fourteen to work with my father. When I was nineteen I went to the now State of Washington. There I did millwright work, later going to San Francisco, where I studied and worked at mechanical engineering.

During the Klondike rush I went to Alaska and became a master mechanic for one of the gold mining companies, developing there a penchant for inventive work.

Back in San Francisco once more, I patented and sold an invention for quite a large sum. Then I became ill. Doctors pronounced it sclerosis of the liver, and indicated that it was an incurable case. This led me to use my inventive ability to find a way from the River Styx instead of over it. I made the discovery that one must train the phagocytes or leucocytes to destroy the germs, or die, for they are the way of life. If they do not rout the enemy, then the germ-thing—the enemy—will destroy the beloved body that God fashioned so wondrously. I also discovered that these fighting cells must be kept at about a normal temperature or they will not fight. Through experience in this work, I found that where I pictured the organs as in trouble, the blood rushed there in greater quantities, carrying greater numbers of the little soldiers of the body, as the great medical scientists term them.

Therefore, with regular persistency I commanded those cells to remove the germs from my liver. It required about one year before I really faced the fact that I had begun to live. Then my brain began to clear and I realized for the first time in my life that I had thinking brains. The fact that I am here after twenty-five years, having beaten a deadly disease, is proof-sufficient that I had made a great discovery. Since then I have shown thousands the path to health and hope and eternal physical life. Christ did not finally die, so why should man think that he is under the sombre influence of a law that determines his physical end. No, as sure as there is an Infinite Force, that sure man must use it and storm this supposed law until it shall be wiped off the calendar.

I discovered that disease is holding back man from becoming acquainted with his Creator. Were one in the depths of the earth or the heights of the glorious blue above, one should really see his Creator.

It was in 1910 that I discovered the law that enables birds to fly without wing movement. Some time after, I discovered and proved that comets do not really have tails, and following this I made an astonishing investigation that enabled me to show plainly what darkness really is; this unfoldment then led me to still more wonderful discovery that the Sun is not a hot body. In 1914 I discovered that in its great sympathetic nervous system the human body has a most efficient antenna.

All these things led me to discover that there are no immutable laws. It is puerile to even consider that God or the Infinite would make such a masterpiece of mechanism as the body and brain of men, and then allow it to become a thing of disgust. No, it is the result of a colossal lack of knowledge—of the beauty of Infinite Force.

For many years I have been lecturing in San Francisco, believing that a wider knowledge of my discovery, seeing without the eyes, and the practical use of it, plus the training of the phagocytes of the blood, as one patiently educates through the years the cells of the vocal cords to amplify inaudible sounds, would enable the race to reap untold benefits.

If we see a blemish on the outside of the body we do not deny that it is there. We begin to try to overcome it. Thus seeing without the eyes will enable us to detect diseases on the inside of the body in time and easily cure it.—

Hope thinks nothing difficult; despair tells us that difficulty is insurmountable.—WATTS.

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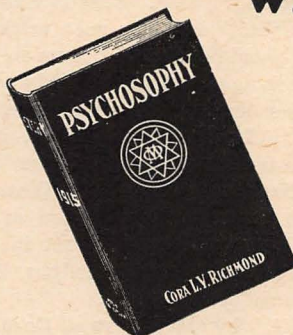
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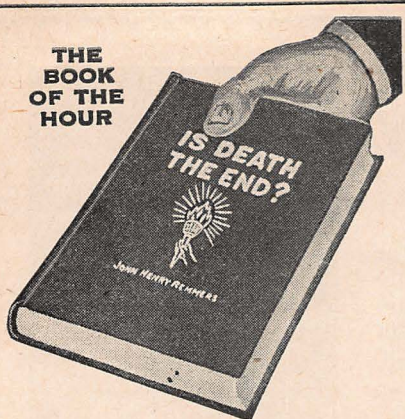
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Occult Magazines

SOME Occultists think that Occult thought is at a standstill in our day. However, judging by the many Occult and sympathetic-with-Occult magazines being published all over the world, there is a very great deal of interest being taken in Occultism.

Certainly, it is a question how much of the thought contained in all these magazines will live, as, for example, the thought of Confucius and the thought of Christ have lived.

But it is a question which posterity can answer better than we can. The big question touching each Occultist now is—What am I doing to encourage Occult science and philosophy?

How long the Westerner has wondered at the mysticism of and deplored the lackadaisical (to him) attitude of the Easterner! The "East is East and West is West" idea has been worked so hard it should have died from exhaustion years ago. On the other hand, the Easterner has all the while been feeling sorry for the materialistic, going-nowhere-in-a-hurry way of the Westerner. Now, why cannot the Westerner and the Easterner read more of each other's current literature, not in order to reform each other overnight, but to know each other better?

In fact, why should not all Occultists, wherever they live, or whatever branch of Occult thought they follow, read current Occult literature from all over the world, for the good it would do them and Occultism as a whole?

At this time about fifty Occult and advanced thought magazines exchange with THE OCCULT DIGEST, and these, we know, are only a fraction of the whole number of such magazines being published. But these fifty alone stand for so tremendous an amount of mental, physical, and spiritual effort on the part of the editors and contributors that we Occultists are bound to respect them, even though we cannot all agree with all their conclusions.

For the benefit of our readers we have made up a list of some of the articles recently published in our exchanges. These are only a few of the articles which have struck the editor of this department as being particularly sincere and worth while. (We wish we had space for the titles of all the good articles.)

Alchemy

THE TRANSMUTATION OF GOLD (inspired by an article of ridicule in a recent scientific magazine) by Royle Thurston in February *Rosicrucian Digest*.

Astrology

DO THE STARS RULE OUR DESTINY? By Henry J. Gordon, M.D., in Jan.-Feb.-March *Astrological Bulletin*.

Comparative Mythology

THE COSMIC TEETH (Tooth Symbology

in mythology and folklore of many races—20 pages) by Lawrence Farmlly Brown in January *Open Court*.

COSMOGONY (Part II of a series of articles) by Stephen Annett in December *Beacon*.

THE SYNAGOGUE OF SATAN (20 pages) by Maxmillian J. Rudwin in December *Open Court*.

Healing

HEALING HERBS (third of a series of articles) by Helione August Koerner in January *Rosicrucian Magazine*.

Numerology

SOME PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL FEATURES OF NUMEROLOGY (awarded first prize in recent contest conducted by *The Rosicrucian Digest* by Thomas B. Yeager in January *Rosicrucian Digest*).

Psychic Science

WEST AFRICAN SECRET SOCIETIES by I. Toye Warner-Staples, F.R.A.S., in January *Occult Review*.

THE THEORY OF IDEOPLASTICITY by G. C. Barnard in February *Occult Review*.

THE PHENOMENON OF LEVITATION by the Editor in January *Harbinger of Light*.

ARRESTING PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHS by the Editor in January *Harbinger of Light*.

NATIVE SOUTH AFRICAN PSYCHISM by I. Toye Warner-Staples, F.R.A.S., in December *Occult Review*.

Psychology

HOW THE MIND CONTROLS SPEECH (first of a series of articles on the psychology of speaking and singing) by Henry Gaines Hawn in January *Psychology*.

Theosophy

RECENT SCIENTIFIC CONFIRMATION OF "THE SECRET DOCTRINE" by William Kingsland in February *Occult Review*.

Yoga

RAJA YOGA (one of a series of articles) by Swami Atmananda in November *Kalpaka*.

Miscellany

WHAT IS RELIGION? (a discussion of the relationship of Religion and Science) by Vivian May Williams in January *Psychology*.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE AUTOMOBILE (philosophical) by Grace Evelyn Brown in February *Rosicrucian Magazine*.

POPULAR RELIGION (deals with Sinism) by H. G. Creel in December *Open Court*.

BIRTH MONTHS OF GENIUS (a 19-page statistical study) by Charles Kassel in November *Open Court*.

THE RATIONALISM OF REINCARNATION by H. Spencer Lewis in February *Rosicrucian Digest*.

PYTHAGORAS (a sketch of his life and teachings) by "Ich Dien" in January *Canadian Theosophist*.

A THEORY OF MATTER by Wincenty Lutoslawski in December *Occult Review*.

Note—If you wish the address of any of the above named periodicals, you have only to write us, enclosing stamp for reply.

The Book Reviews

You will find the Book Reviews brought up to date in the April issue. We are sorry to say that lack of space compelled us to leave them out of this issue.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED

LOVE LETTERS FROM SPIRIT TO YOU. By Jacob Beilhart, Publisher, Freedom Hill Henry.

BEYOND—Further Talks by "Dr. Lascelles." Edited by Rosa M. Barrett. Publishers, The C. W. Daniel Company.

WESTERN SYMBOLOGY. By Julia Seton, M.D. The New Publishing Company.

FROM THE SILENCE. By Charity Westover. Published by author.



## The Hag (Continued from page 13)

At last the end had come. At last I was free of the legacy which my father had left me at his death. Perhaps God pitied me and removed from my path the cause of my misery.

"Why was she trying to hug you, my dear?" I asked Imang after we were left alone and the old hag had been buried.

"To transfer to me her curse!"

"What curse?" I asked, unable to comprehend what she meant.

"Did you not know that she was a witch?" Imang asked me. "She was, and she knew that her end was coming, so, witchlike, she wanted to give it to me that she might die peacefully. Witches, you know, can not die unless they have disposed of their curses to another."

"And you were the chosen victim?" I asked.

"Yes, That was why she asked you to take me home."

"How did you know it?"

"Know?" answered Imang, "Why, from Sister Benedicta, of course. She warned me."

"And how come she to know?"

"Because she knows the history of your father's life."

"She knows the history of my father's life!" I exclaimed, "Pray, did she tell you how she came about it?"

"Yes, she did. That was what I wanted to tell you that morning when you took me out of the college."

"Out, out with it then!" I demanded.

"Listen," said Imang, "and I will tell you. You have probably wondered who I am and who the old hag is. Why she had been handed down to you by your father. You have also wondered why your father died just after he and the old hag had an altercation. All these things were explained to me by Sister Benedicta.

"Twenty years ago, when your father was at the height of his success, he committed a great folly which cost him his happiness and the happiness of his family. According to Sister Benedicta, he fell in love with a woman and had a child by her. This woman was the daughter of the hag. Your father, after his passion had passed away, left her, ignoring her pitiful pleas. The hag was a witch and threatened to kill your father and mother if your father would not take her into his household and support his daughter in the convent. But the real daughter of your father died and so the old hag took an innocent child from its mother whom she had killed by witchcraft and made this child pose as the child of your father. Her daughter entered a convent and became a nun."

"But why did not my father expose her?" I asked.

"Expose her and ruin his career? Expose her and cause the death of your mother?" Imang replied.

"But my mother died anyway," I said with bitterness.

"Yes, because the old hag found it convenient to dispose of her."

"And she also killed my father?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes, she did, because he threatened to change his will."

"But how did Sister Benedicta know all this?"

"Because Sister Benedicta is the woman whom your father dishonored," she replied, casting her eyes to the floor.

"And you are the child whom the old hag passed off as her granddaughter?"

SHE nodded her head and two tears fell from her eyes. She was weeping—weeping for her dead mother.

"Thanks to Sister Benedicta that I was saved from a great curse," she sobbed.

"And thanks to her," I said, "that you have been kept as pure and saintly as you are now. Thanks to her, too, for having shown me the light of truth which I have been seeking for a very long time. Let me atone for my father's misdeeds, Imang, by offering you my only wealth—my love. Do you accept?"

For answer, she reclined her head on my breast, seeming to hope for protection from any further harm.

Thus ended the life of the old hag who took three lives and at the last moment of her existence tried to leave behind a soul in eternal torment. Oh! what would have happened had I not reached my house in time! I shudder to think of it and every time the thought enters my mind, can not help looking for my beautiful wife, my lovely Imang, to see that she is safe and sound.

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**My Three Occult Experiences** (Continued from page 10)

mountains. "Why, darling, dada is 'way up in the mountains, and will soon come home to his Nane-boy," I said, beginning to be nervous. "Come, let us say our prayers." This time he obeyed, quietly folding his hands, and lisped, "Dod bess papa, Dod bess mama," and then stopped. "Say the rest: 'God bless dada'" I prompted. And then my baby startled me by saying, "Dada alweddy wid Dod," pointing with his finger to the ceiling.

Next morning I received a telegram saying: "Your father was drowned by a cloudburst last night."

My third occult experience I shall call

**A MESSAGE THROUGH A  
STRANGER**

WHEN my husband died five years ago, I decided, although I was without any business experience, to become a real estate broker in order to earn a living for my little family. My husband, a brilliant lawyer, had suffered a nervous breakdown and was mentally unbalanced for three years before his death, so I had to sacrifice my home and all my property to give him the proper care and provide for my four children.

I had been in business about five months and was doing fairly well for a beginner when one day a Mr. Cross came to the office to list his home with me for sale.

Mrs. Cross, a little woman with a nervous way of speaking, showed me the house and grounds, and I promised to do the best I could, though I rather doubted being able to sell at the price asked. That is the only time I ever met Mrs. Cross, until my "experience."

A month later, I was in my office, very disturbed about a note past due. The holder was threatening to bring suit, and like all lawyers' wives, I dreaded lawsuits and the very sight of a court room. I began walking up and down the office, and it flashed through my mind, "Why don't you go and see Mrs. Cross?" And all morning long at intervals of every half hour or so that thought persisted, until in desperation I snatched my cape from a chair and walked the six blocks to the Cross home.

Mrs. Cross opened the door before I had time to ring and exclaimed, "Oh, I thought you would never come, and I must give you a message before I can get any rest."

She was greatly excited and looked at me in a sort of hazy way. Her mother, who seemed embarrassed, whispered to me that her daughter was psychic, as her father and grandfather had been before her.

Naturally I was surprised, but I soon became calmer as Mrs. Cross began to speak:

"You are a widow, and it is your husband who has sent you this message through me. He has not been able to advance as he should in the spirit world, on account of worrying about you and your children. But now you are so troubled about a note and he wishes me to assure you that it will come out all right in a very short time. Put it out of your mind. Also, if you would have his spirit find peace in this first stage of his spirit life, do not worry, and rest all your faith in God, who will lead you through all your trials and tribulations, though it may take some time—"

Mrs. Cross stopped speaking and sank exhausted in a chair. She seemed very weary, and, closing her eyes, did not speak again.

I left shortly after, leaving my sincere thanks for Mrs. Cross with her mother, and have never seen any of them since.

The note was taken up by a friend of my husband's that very week, and has since been canceled and gradually I am being set free from "trials and tribulations."

Now that I have related my three occult experiences, I feel this little verse of mine will tell better than my prose the thought I wish to leave with you:

Is this great planet real, or only seeming?  
The Life Beyond, our last eternal Goal?  
Is our true life by day, or is our dreaming  
The real life we create and call the Soul?  
Oh, rays of mystic light, shine through the darkness  
That hides from view Eternity's great love.  
Erase the horror of that empty starkness  
Called Death, and send Thine answer from Above . . .

**Humanity and the Psychic Law** (Continued from page 6)

combined is why men and women, setting themselves apart from others as teachers, leaders, masters, saviours, are unwilling to accept the simple psychic fact that communication with loved ones or communicating with Masters, Saviours, or Saints is governed by the selfsame law that governs

the communication one with the other before the physical death. And, to add another word to this over-lengthy message, communication with your loved ones by whatever method is used is just as vital to them and to you as communicating with Masters, Saviours or Saints. The voice of mother or



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father rings true. If you are a devil in the flesh you will be a devil in the spirit until you learn better. If you are gentle, true and kind, Death is not going to turn you into a devil.

The simple psychic law needs no interpreter—IT IS, and all use it. Come are more conscious of its power than others. The best formula I can give you is to cast out all fears, prejudices and teachings regarding Death that do not stand up under a common sense application of the law by which you test any other experience.

Psychic sight is simply extended sight or at-tunement to a finer rate of vibration. It is bringing up the tone of your hearing by the same method by which one tunes a musical instrument, and it is done by a mental process known as observation flanked by analysis. A quiet mind, a calm soul, are the tuning forks needed if you would attract the more advanced souls in the spirit.

Communicating with the living dead, whether they be called loved ones, God, Lord, Lord God, Father, Jehovah, Jesus, Christ, Master Teachers or Devils, is done by the selfsame law which governs every other form of communication, the communication of man with man, beast with beast, bird with bird—every form of communication, even that of the worm of the dust with its mate or that of the blossoms of the trees with one another. You may call it instinct or intuition if you please to do so; it is just one form of the countless millions used by Nature. Why make a ritual of it? Why call it Science, why dub it Religion for groups of people to quarrel about?

How to develop this psychic sight, do you ask? It will develop itself within you if given a chance. First of all, cast out fear, nourish confidence, first in yourself, then in those whose help you seek. Cease to believe false teachings about Life and its future state of expression after Death. Take the right to think as you please and have the courage of your convictions to follow it up. Cultivate patience, know that it took billions of our Sun years to fashion you to the point of becoming a thinking entity, ready for physical birth. Know out of the silence come ye and into the silence do ye return, and in the silence do ye give utterance to the pearls of wisdom, for knowledge is power only when clothed in the wisdom of the Immortal. Therefore, if you would develop extended sight and hearing, ye must become silent within, even though the battle rages without.

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—SWIFT.

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## FOR MARCH

1. Good to court or marry; ask favors.
2. Good for money matters. Be careful in correspondence and writings.
3. Good for changes. Favorable for most purposes.
4. Generally unfavorable, but fortunate for dealing with agents, solicitors, etc.
5. Deal with elders; good for writings. Avoid quarrels; do not travel.
6. Use discretion in speech and in writing.
7. Do not pass by good opportunities.
8. Do not court or marry. Not favorable for pleasure.
9. A dangerous day. Keep quiet.
10. Seek promotion and push business. Do not lend money; avoid law.
11. Favorable for art, music and pleasure. Ask no favors.
12. Keep thyself quiet; do not quarrel or make enemies.
13. Deal with elders. Beware of hidden intrigues.
14. Be cautious in business; an uncertain day.
15. Do not court or marry. Be careful in dealing with strangers. Good for lending money; uncertain for other affairs.
16. Uncertain; do not speculate.
17. Favorable for business affairs in general, but do not quarrel or go to law.
18. Good for signing agreements and legal papers. Avoid superiors.
19. Good for employment. Do not quarrel and avoid agents and solicitors.
20. Sell. Do not be extravagant.
21. Not good for courtship or associating with the opposite sex. Do not correspond or sign important papers.
22. Avoid new undertakings; do not trust strangers.
23. Good for sports and pleasure. Do not quarrel.
24. Push business, seek employment. Do not lend money.
25. Favorable for friendship, pleasure, and most affairs. Jupiterians will gain.
26. Be cautious in all transactions.
27. A bad day socially. Do not quarrel.
28. Court and ask favors. Deal with elders. Do not lend money.
29. A good day for writings, and fresh matters. Push affairs ahead.
30. Associate with friends and rest.
31. Not favorable for buying, but all right for courting or marrying.

## Psycho-Symbolism

thrown. It is the wastage, decay, or ashes of a "dead self" turned back from use.

It is a return of the residue of a man's estate at death to the original owner of the estate, a handing back of a man's life to the creator of that life. But it is only a partial turn. The overthrow is temporary, not complete; the "sign" only turns from side to side, not over altogether. It signifies that the end of a life is but temporary, that it goes back to the original source.

Anatomically, it represents the waste constantly going on in the body tissues and supplies. These wastes are carried out by the two drains "Q" and "Y," and find their way back into their true elements in creation. Man's body becomes dust, but the dust soon is turned over into life. Creation changes the "state" from that of man to others. The process has significance in the ritual of burial, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

It is an illustration of the natural law that nothing is ever lost or destroyed forever, but that everything at some time or other goes back into the hands of the original owner, maker, or author—back to the source of things.

The symbol implies that matter is thus returning, right through time. That with life begins a procession unto death, and the latter is but the interlude to a fresh cycle and "life." The Alpha or evolute goes forward as well as round, so after each death there is inferred not only a fresh "state" but a better one, if progress forward is better. "Z" then returns to the beginning or "A" (elemental matter), but it remains for the "link" or ampersand to make the joining complete.

The "sign" "Z" "stands for," then, the finale of a recurrent series of acts. It is a biography or index to the life preceding it. As the body is judged most correctly on an analysis of its failings and wastage, so a man's psychical life is summed up more upon the things he has failed to do, considering his possibilities, than upon his achievements.

In a subjective manner of examination, the "sign" stands for introspection and retrospection, or a summing up or auditing of one's life as it is at present, or a resume or review going over the whole period of a past life.

The physiological process of the "sign" is comparable to a seagoing vessel which has taken in supplies of various kinds for its engines, its crew, and the passengers carried, and to the wastes it disposes of into the ocean, from which every element appears to have come originally.

(Continued from page 15)

From these "signs," creation is continuous, and if LIFE and the CREATOR of life are one, as the "signs" suggest, then the day of judgment of man is forever going on, is now, and not some remote future.

### The Missing Link

IF WE look upon the capital "A" as the "sign" of a "coming end" or future state of man, as a cycle now going on but not yet nearly complete; and if we similarly accept "Z" as the "reversion" or "turning back," of dead matter into fresh life or a fresh cycle, the whole round of the "signs" is complete, but not joined up. Anything beyond the circle must be additional. The question is what closes the chain.

We have still the "ampersand" to account for. This "sign" in itself means "additional," it adds one sentence to another. It is a diagram of a "coupling link," and means "conjunction" or a means of joining two things. It enters the series between "Z" and "A," as the 0 follows 9 and starts a fresh decade. In doing so, however, it adds to the length of the "chain," in detail and in time. It is like adding a portion to a hoop. The hoop will thereafter be so much the longer in repeating a circuit on its axis and will advance further in space with each revolution.

On reference to our year of time, a quarter day each year, or one full day in four years is "added." There are 52 letters, as there are 52 weeks, and we have the leap year and the ampersand to fill the gaps. But this does not quite adjust matters. The rounded written symbol "A" is an evolutionary "sign," not merely a revolutionary one. It moves onwards. Similarly, the heavenly bodies not only go round on their own axis, on the axis of their group, but also in a group of which that group itself is but a unit. Hence a body, anywhere, will apparently never cover the same ground twice at any time. The space for it, like time, lies behind. This means that eventually its calculated position with us, will not be as its actual position, that "motion" will be in advance of "time," so that we are not yet synchronizing, or "in tune with the infinite."

Referred to the "evolution of mankind," the "sign" thus indicates a partial rise, rather than a wholesale direct one, from the anthropoid state to man. It appears as though one segment of the cycle had arrived at a zenith whilst another was just commencing to rise, that one section of apes was already man, when another was emerging from the cycle further back.



In another direction of thought, if "A" or Alpha is accepted as the "beginning," and "signifies" the "end" (that is, as far as "end" can be tolerated as a term in a cycle or eternity) and is as well a forward direction of thought, in the same way "Z" at the other extreme must be back at the most minute and lowly life first created. Each symbol upwards from "Z," considered as ancient history, shows step after step to "A," the "end" or god state of the future. This theory is borne out by the "signs" throughout. Each tells a story of its own, then proceeds to prove it correct by rational relationship with its neighbors on either side, and as links in the whole chain, just as 8 is 1 more than 7, and 5 less than 6 by 1.

At one point in the series or chain which centres in "I"—that is, "individuality"—there is a demarcation. All the letters from "Z" back to "I" are simple in function, but are all found again in a highly sublimated state or signification, in the letters "I" and "A" whose functions are complex, yet specialized. The position may be likened to a working manager who works in and manages one department, controlling a number of others, being promoted, and starting a smaller number of fresh departments whose foremen bring points from the old ones to the new, but under the manager shuffle the duties afresh, so that finally only half the number of "offices" are required, yet the control is more specialized than ever.

The intellectual section of the brain of man thus seems represented by the "signs" "A" to "I," embracing all the processes of organs, vessels, glands, and tissues of the body with their various functions specialized, this by means

of cells; whilst the letters "I" to "Z" are symbols of the older, animal functions—of a pre-man state. This leads to the conclusion that the body is purely a servant of and ministers to the brain, the two uniting their offices in the "spinal cord" or "I," the ego.

With cars defuncting legs, machinery supplanting arms, and condensed foods gradually reducing the need for digestive processes, one can almost imagine a time when the human brain will have so far developed as to dispense with the services of the body altogether. At the moment it does not seem a very beautiful conception, it is true, but beauty after all is of the period. Mind is the standard of the man, and we may get used to substituting "brain" for "mind."

The story told by the symbols as a whole—like other tales—goes back to first events, so that once upon a time, "A" and "a" were "cells," the "beginners," but having wrapped up within them the "end," started a process called "Z," and through "Y," "X," and so on, climbed step by step to "I," having passed through kingdoms previous even to the vegetable and animal periods. On reaching this point whose "sign" was "I," or a "consciousness of self," the animal suddenly realized, almost in the same thought, so to speak, that it stood at the foot of another climb, and that at the end, if it could be called such, of this second stage, it would become the man-god, the "end," intended at the beginning, the "ideal" "type" of man whose "sign" is "A."

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*This is the last installment of this great serial article by Mr. Jeffrey. It began in the June, 1929, issue of THE OCCULT DIGEST.*

## The Cottage in the Forest (Continued from page 7)

resumed, as before.

AT LAST the chair stopped its steady motion and after swaying for an instant, as a rocker always does when its occupant arises, it was still.

I continued to stare for a few minutes at the motionless chair, when I suddenly felt a cold draft strike my neck and cheek. Rising to my feet and turning, to face I knew not what horror, I saw that the door leading to the kitchen was ajar. Surely it must have blown open, I reasoned. But how? I knew that I had securely latched it when last entering the room, and there had been no sound. The outside door must also be open, otherwise there could be no draft and the breeze that struck my nostrils was the pure night

air from the forest.

While I still stood there half paralyzed, debating what I should do, the outer door closed with a slam, shutting off the cold breeze, and a moment later the kitchen door also closed and I distinctly heard the latch click into place, although no visible hand touched the knob.

I remained there for some time, staring alternately at the door and the rocker. At last when I saw that neither moved, I began to recover from my fright. Just as I had partly convinced myself that I must have fallen asleep and dreamed these strange things, I happened to glance at the bed and there found a new cause for alarm.

When I had first entered the room this bed had been freshly made up

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with the covers turned back, exposing a section of the straw-filled mattress. Now the blankets were pulled up until they touched the pillow, and their surface was wrinkled, as if some one had retired to rest.

While I stared at the bed with renewed fear, there came a blinding flash of lightning followed by a deafening clap of thunder. Immediately the room was ablaze with light, flames shooting everywhere.

The house had been struck by lightning. I rushed from the burning building, leaving my pack behind me. Fortunately, though, I had my notebook in my pocket and so saved the results of my labors.

Impelled by some nameless impulse, I hurried across the clearing, and reached the edge of the woods before looking back. The cottage was now a mass of flames; I seemed to feel, rather than hear, wild cries of agony and terror coming from the burning building.

These shrieks, if they were such, re-aroused all my fears and I struck out through the pines. By chance or my good luck I soon found the path I had been following earlier in the day.

The storm was now over. The terrific blast, which destroyed the cottage, had been its parting blow and had apparently consumed all its strength.

I made my way rapidly through the forest and in about an hour reached a much larger clearing. In a few moments I was knocking on the door of a substantial farm house. The family had long since retired for the night, but the farmer arose and showed me to a comfortable bed.

The next morning when I met my host and his family at breakfast, my fears of the night before seemed distant and unreal and I resolved to say nothing about this part of my adventure.

In reply to the inquiry of my hostess, whether I had been exposed to the fury of the entire storm, I said that I

had taken shelter in the cottage in the small clearing to the north but that it had been struck by lightning and burned, driving me out again into the storm; I added that I considered myself fortunate to have reached her home otherwise I must have remained in the open all night.

They asked no further questions although the farmer, whose name was James Rowland, exchanged what I thought were rather startled glances with his wife.

After breakfast Mr. Rowland asked me which way I was traveling and upon my saying that I intended going back as far as the other clearing, he offered to accompany me. I could make no objection to this, so we set out at once.

On the way I made some guarded inquiries about my refuge of the preceding night. Rowland was, I thought, extremely cautious in his replies, but I learned that the cottage had been built many years before by a recluse named Anthony Bourne, who had lived there alone until his death.

"When did he die?" I asked.

"About ten years ago," my companion replied, "a storm killed him. His house was struck by lightning and burned along with old Anthony. It was just ten years ago last night and just such a storm."

We were now on the edge of the clearing, and without waiting for my companion, I ran forward to where the cottage had stood.

No smoldering timbers and fresh ashes met my gaze. Fire had indeed destroyed the building; but the fire had been one of years before. The only remaining traces were some blackened logs and part of the stony chimney, now covered by vines and weeds.

Yes, I found something else. In one corner of the ruins, near the tottering chimney, I picked up my camp pack. It was soaking wet, but otherwise untouched.

## The Mystic Black Cat Dream (Continued from page 13)

to make my hands like ice. And all the while my pet, my great black angora cat, sat at my feet, pulling, ever pulling at my skirt.

All my life I had loved a black cat. I had never owned one until now. I had him exactly twenty-four hours. He was mine, all mine. And he tried to tell me things. Things older than ages of wisdom. His eyes seemed like two stars, two diamonds. They were whispering strange rites, strange dreams to come.

MY lover sometimes touched my hands. He ate nothing, and never took his eyes from my face. We finally

were talking in whispers. The air grew stifling. One young man, with frightened brown eyes, pulled out his gun and shot himself. I scarcely said a word after that. Others, too, seemed dazed, but made no effort to touch him. He slipped from his chair. We moved away from the table. Some began to cry, some prayed. Others were holding their throats as if they could not breathe. It was just three minutes to the Hour. My lover was near me, but he was standing with bowed head as if in prayer. I softly crossed the room to the open balcony, scarcely knowing I had left him behind. My cat was in my arms and together we went out



onto the balcony.

The light in the sky was like none I had ever known. It was like a colored fog, now molten gold, now yellow, now a soft green, now blue, now red. And I became aware of a perfume from that great impending fog, so exquisitely sweet, so alluring, I breathed it in like

one dying of thirst. The black cat settled in my arms, and we seemed to float away from the balcony. Then—out into the great unknown, the soft mist of the fog on my hair and my gown. We went so softly, so softly, my black cat and I out into the perfumed Night of Eternity.

## John Alman's Return

(Continued from page 11)

"Hello!" I pulled myself to a sitting posture. "Come in, you old African occultist and tell me how you sneaked up without my hearing the wheels of the taxi on the fresh gravel under my window?" I started to rise.

"Don't get up, Sam," he motioned with his right hand.

"My head aches most terribly, but I must tell you what I want done with my collection of old coins."

"Can't you wait until morning?" I asked.

"No, Sam, I've never made a will and I feel right now that I must tell——"

"Cut it out, old man," I interrupted. "Time enough tomorrow. You're not going to rush off again before you've come."

"Wait, Sam," he lifted his hand, "You—you don't understand. I must, must talk now."

His voice sounded faint and far away and he seemed to be much thinner than I had ever seen him, so I said, "All right, go on." I leaned my shoulders against the head of the bed and listened.

"My coins, Sam. I want Martin Jer-gosen to have them. He lives in Duluth. My sister Julia is to have the acreage I bought in Florida and my sister Alice the State-street apartment house. My nephew, Rollin Curtis, will need my bonds to put him through college and establish himself in business. I have several thousand dollars in the Marine National Bank. I want that equally divided between my brother's widow, Jennie, and yourself. Long ago I promised Wing Lee my platinum watch, if I passed out before he did. I did not take it to Africa with me. It is in the safety deposit box."

There was something uncanny about it all as I listened to his words and watched his tall figure standing in the open door. When he stopped speaking I said,

"Why the hurry to tell me all this in the middle of the night? Wait till tomorrow or the next day and after you are rested from your long trip, get a lawyer to draw up a will. You're not dead yet, you may live longer than any one of those you've just mentioned."

"You don't understand, Sam. My head feels as if the whole side of it was gone. I want you to know where I want my belongings to go."

"Very well," I told him. "I think I understand. Let me help you to your room." I threw back the covers.

"Don't come," he said. "I'm no stranger in this house. Stay in bed, but remember what I've told you."

"Wouldn't forget it for a farm, old man. We'll talk things over tomorrow. I confess I'm as curious as a woman to hear all about your African occult experiences."

"It was worth all the time and expense, Sam. I wish I could tell you half of it. Things which you and I once discussed and argued about are all clear to me now. I have learned much in a very short period. I am in a condition to learn more. As time passes I shall grow in mind and spirit. The mind never leaves the spirit, Sam, that has been proven to me. I am no longer earthbound as I was the last time we were together. I——"

"John!" I exclaimed. "Stop this mysterious conversation. Let me help you to bed. You are not yourself after this long trip."

"I am myself, Sam, but another self from the one you knew. I understand the mystery of life and what becomes of the spirit after death. You've promised to attend to the disposal of my belongings. You won't forget?"

"Certainly not, old pal. Tomorrow you may question me and see if I have forgotten. Better go to bed now."

"I'm going, Sam. I wish you could understand all about this thing that is called 'death.' It is nothing to fear—it is just going to sleep in one country and waking up in another."

"I'm glad to know it, John. Go to bed and get some sleep, then tomorrow you can tell me all about it. Wing Lee will call you in time for breakfast."

I watched him step backward into the hall. The clock struck half past three. For a long time I lay and thought. I was almost convinced that John had returned mentally unbalanced. I decided that the next morning I would call up Dr. Bergman, the mind specialist and a mutual friend of John's and mine, invite him to lunch and ask him to observe John's actions. I heard the clock strike five and then dozed off.

The sun lay like a yellow blanket on

(Continued on page 31)

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## John Alman's Return (Continued from page 29)

the top of my bed when I awoke. I sprang up, took my bath and was almost dressed when I heard a tap at my door. Sure that it was John, I called, "Come in, you old African."

But it was Wing Lee asking if he should waken Mr. John. "Yes," I said. "I saw him for a few minutes when he came in and told him that you would call him in time for breakfast, but look in and if he's sleeping do not disturb him."

It was only a few minutes until my door was jerked open and Wing Lee appeared, the brows above his slant eyes elevated, "Mr. John no there!"

"What do you mean?" It was my turn to be surprised. "I was talking to him when he came in."

Wing Lee shook his head, "He no there."

"He was here," I declared, "he said his head ached."

"Mebbeso you dream velly bad."

"Nonsense, Wing Lee! Around three o'clock, John Alman stood right where you stand now. He talked with me before he went to bed."

"He no go to bed, Mr. Sam. You come see—you have dream."

"Maybe he's out in the hammock. Let's look." We hurried into the patio. The hammock hung motionless—empty. I went to the sleeping porch—the bed was undisturbed. Out in the yard I walked among the shrubbery, thinking that possibly John, in a spell of abstraction, had gone to one of the benches under a palm or pepper tree. But there was no trace of his presence. Suddenly there came a thought. I half ran into the house, took the telephone and called the depot. Impatiently I waited for a response. When it came I said, "Tell me if the Flyer got in on time this morning?"

"The Flyer? Why man, the Flyer was wrecked at Big River Junction at midnight. Thirteen passengers killed," was the reply.

I dropped the receiver and started

for the garage. Wing Lee called as I backed the car out on the driveway. I do not remember what I said to him or whether I spoke or not. I know I opened the throttle and regardless of traffic laws shot down the tree bordered avenue, turned a corner and raced along the state highway. Soon I left the level roadbed and began to climb. The increasing steepness cut down my speed and forced me to shift into intermediate. Up and up, until I topped the hill and looked down over a medium sized valley with a wide stream cutting through its center.

I released the brake and slid down the hill. When I came in sight of the junction of the two railroads, I saw a crowd of people and a long line of automobiles. I had to park my car quite a distance from the depot. As I walked forward I noticed several policemen patrolling the long platform. On nearer approach, I saw what I knew must be a number of bodies under a covering of white canvas.

I do not know how I looked, but I do know how I felt as I pushed up to the platform. A policeman laid his hand on my arm, "Hunting some one?" he asked.

My tongue seemed to have swollen to the full size of my mouth, but I managed to say, "A friend, John Alman, was on the Flyer last night."

"Come," he led me under a tightly stretched rope, up to the platform and said, "I'll help you look for him."

Unmindful of the gaping crowd, I followed, while he uncovered one still form after another. The eleventh in the row was John Alman. The right side of his head was crushed.

That is all, except it took me several weeks to recover from the effects of the shock and when I did I lost no time in complying with John's requests regarding the disposal of his possessions.

Wing Lee still refers to my experience as "One velly bad dream." But I know it was not a dream.

## What About Sun-spots? (Continued from page 9)

lines at right angles to its axis. Its great equatorial velocity—27,000 miles an hour—together with its low density, twenty-five per cent of that of the earth, may account for this phenomenon. It is well understood that the greater the peripheral velocity and the lower the density of a whirling body, the greater will its streaks of atmosphere be made visible.

Consider Saturn in this regard and the truth of the law becomes apparent. Saturn has a peripheral velocity of

24,000 miles an hour, with a density of only thirteen per cent of that of the earth. One not only finds the atmospheric markings across its face, but a ring that extends outward 48,000 miles on a side that is 100 miles in thickness. No doubt the field of force extends outward even farther than the ring, but to the vision through the telescopes it is not solid enough to be apparent.

If the sun is a globe of glowing gas, even with only an equatorial velocity of 4,500 miles per hour, one would ex-

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pect to find markings similar to those of Jupiter and Saturn, and also rings. But according to the astronomical observations of the University of California, while the equatorial diameter of the earth is about thirty-six miles greater than the polar diameter, that of the sun cannot be detected to be greater, although the sun is supposed to be in a gaseous state, with a density of only twenty-five per cent of that of the earth. This consideration is very important to note with reference to our subject.

Compare the average density of twelve of the well-known gases (0.1228 with air as 1.),<sup>1</sup> to that of the sun (1.6206), and one will realize why it has no markings or rings. These figures show that the density of the sun is 13.2 times that of the averages of the gases mentioned. Man has his being in 87 per cent of water and air, with the density as 1.174 to air as 1., with his weight resting upon the earth of a density 5.53 compared to water as 1. If his weight were resting on the sun's nucleus it would be supported by a density of 1.38, where the earth is 5.53 to water as 1. Thus his weight would be borne by a substance 1.38 times that of water, or one-fourth that of the earth.

It is quite definitely known that heat and light are one and the same thing as regards velocity through free space, and man begins to think seriously that they are one in every regard. The only question now to be settled is to decide which it is, heat or light.

Up a few hundred miles from the earth, there is an absolute zero temperature, 421 degrees below freezing point. Aviators have recently ascended 38,000 feet and found a temperature there of 75 degrees below zero, or 150 degrees below the average temperature of the surface of the earth, which is 75 degrees. This extreme cold must extend to within a short distance of the sun if it is not in a white hot state.

As far as I know, scientists have not passed heat through a block of ice and had it issue as heat. But light passes readily through ice and appears as light after its passage through this minor degree of cold. And the light from the sun passes through the region of absolute zero ninety-two millions of miles in depth, and appears as light. Scientists know that there is no heat in the light that passes through this absolute zero temperature, and none is made evident until it begins to impinge upon the earth's atmosphere. Even up only as far as 38,000 feet one can realize that there is very little heat in an

atmosphere that is 75 degrees below zero. But even there the atmosphere is dense enough to support an aeroplane by the propeller acting against the air. The fact of the matter is the one thing that man seeks, is now known to be what man terms as light.

What is known as heat never appears, even when starting a common fire, until the light impinges upon substance. From what has been written one may easily understand why it is hard to boil water when up where the atmosphere is rare. The friction between the light and the thin air is insufficient to produce the necessary heat units. Formerly the lack of pressure has been given as the reason for this phenomenon, which is true. But that fact does not adequately explain the matter. At about twenty-five miles there would be no heat units.

There are two mechanical means whereby scientists seem to prove that the sun is very much heated, namely, the thermocouple and the spectroscope. This latter instrument seems to give the best proof of heat in the sun.

The thermocouple is an instrument for measuring heat with a very great degree of sensitiveness. For instance, a beam of supposed heat was conducted into the machine coming straight from the bright crescent side of Venus; it is registered in the same manner and found to be very much less. This fact seems to be positive proof that heat came through from the dark side of Venus because there seemed to be no light there. But one must remember that photographs are taken now in the darkest night merely by giving long exposure. What really went into the thermocouple were rays of light that had no heat around and about them until they impinged upon substance in the machine known as a thermocouple. To prove this fact, allow a ray of light to first pass through a block of ice, then to enter the thermocouple, and you will have heat register just the same.

The spectroscope is an instrument that receives a ray of light from a basic metal which has been reduced to a white hot or incandescent glow; this ray passes through a prism that separates the light into its constituent parts, then it impinges upon a paper that shows what is known as the spectrum of the metal used. Scientists have found that each basic metal has a spectrum—a certain arrangement of colors—all its own, and that this spectrum never varies. For instance, if a ray of light be passed through the machine from copper in an incandescent state, it gives an arrangement of colors in streaks or lines. If a ray of light from the sun be passed through the instrument, and an exact duplicate

of the copper spectrum taken on earth is found, it is with reason, by this analogy, that the scientists have seemingly proven that there is copper in the sun in an incandescent state. Hence, the proof to them that the sun is very much heated.

But one must remember that the ray of light came through the absolute area between the earth and the sun and certainly did not bring through any heat. One may allow the ray of light from the fused copper on earth to first pass through a block of ice, and one will produce the copper spectrum. If heat be necessary to produce the spectrum, it is engendered within the instrument. All that the spectroscope proves is that light alone, without heat, except that produced in the instrument, will produce the spectrum of metals. This fact merely shows that the analogy used with reference to the spectrums taken on earth from light produced here and from light from the sun, does not positively prove that there is heat in the sun.

Now that the proof is given that the sun is not hot, and that possibly it has a livable nucleus, the explanation of sun-spots naturally follows. Sun-spots are known to be the results of magnetic storms on the sun. These storms occur almost entirely in the equatorial regions not more than 40 degrees north and south of the equator. And strange to say, the United States Hydrographic Office has found that the cyclones of the earth also occur in those latitudes. This fact is very significant taken in connection with the other proofs given, and convinces me that the sun has a nucleus like that of the earth, capable of supporting human life. Of course it is the equatorial velocities of the two bodies that produce these magnetic storms in these regions.

It is known through the use of metals that the more dense they are the less liable they are to fly apart under great revolutions. The sun being one-fourth less dense than the earth, and having four and one-half times the equatorial velocity of that of the earth, one would expect the field of force or atmosphere to break, as aviators see that of the earth open and they view the black of the earth and view the penumbra and umbra, which are really the shadow of the deep opening and the nucleus of the sun.

*These breaks are really the sun-spots, viewed appearing and disappearing on the surface of the sun.* Of course they do not move with the same velocities north and south of the equator. But like the great storms of the earth, they appear where the equatorial velocities are the greatest, with a few exceptions, the same as storms on the earth.

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1. Air .....1. Carbon Monoxide ....0.9671  
Oxygen 1.1052 Carbon Dioxide .....1.5197  
Hydrogen 0.0692 Acetylene .....0.8982  
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