

The Occultist

A Causational Medium of Creative Thought

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THE OCCULTIST

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Christmas at the Back Door

Sonnet in the Italian style

*S*CISSORS-GRINDER, with your wheel and bell,
From what old print have you stepped forth this morn?
Because of you my Christmas is reborn!
Let alley ways, in which you trudge, repel
The stout of heart that need front doors to tell
Their empty tales of season's joy! I scorn
No narrow paths that bring me souls rough shorn
By yearning years, with naught but cheer to sell.

Ring out your bell! Take all my knives and blades
To grind! And lack you skill, I do not mind!
Ring out your bell! Reveal the shapes and shades
Behind this veil of grown-up dreams enshrined!
Ring out your bell! Though memory evades
These blinded hopes long strayed, this day is kind.

—Marc Edmund Jones.

✻ ✻ ✻ EDITORIAL ✻ ✻ ✻

Peace on Earth Good Will Toward Men can only be found in your own Soul. If it is not there it is no where. That you may find it is our prayer for you.

ARE YOU A SPECULATIVE OR OPERATIVE OCCULTIST?

SPECULATIVE Occultists constitute a large percentage of the whole number. They are speculative because they do not apply the great lessons learned from a study of Nature's laws to the regeneration of their own bodies. They talk glibly of these laws and the miracles they will manifest when applied, but continue to hold to their destructive habits and appetites. Their occultism consists of a head full of occult book lore. They know little or nothing about occultism.

The operative occultist knows his occultism because he puts the lessons he has learned into practical use and develops his own body, causing destructive habits and appetites to drop away as by magic. He purifies his body by fasting, freeing it of the old deposits of years of wrong eating, breathing and thinking. He establishes new contacts with sources of intuitional knowledge, the fountain of inspirational work. Through proper exercises, proper eating, breathing and consequent proper thinking, the channels are opened to let in the spiritual vibrations and the student begins to realize that a new world is disclosed of which he has, previously, been ignorant. He can now recognize the true meaning of the statement by Paul: "The things I once loved I now hate and the things I once hated I now love".

The true meaning of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill", becomes apparent, and the operative occultist ceases to eat meat, not because of his health, but because he realizes the cosmic significance of the commandment.

The operative occultist raises his vibration through successive strata of thought currents and realizes that he is led intuitively to the knowledge necessary to his continued advancement. He realizes that all life is, to a greater or less degree, psychic and ceases to abuse these powers.

The operative occultist becomes extremely sensitive by reason of the continued refinement of his body, but it is only through this sensitiveness that he contacts the higher reaches of the spiritual planes. The speculative occultist keeps "one foot on the ground" and in reality has both feet on the ground. His knowledge is but seeming. Only those laws of Nature that the student can demonstrate in his own body become knowledge to him. And through his ability to demonstrate these laws does he get wisdom and understanding.

The operative occultist learns that the withdrawal of the personal self from his work enhances its value and attracts to him more highly developed Egos.

Also enabling him to become more poised and less under the dominion of the emotional or desire body, which creates a self-pity, in time of trouble, that is destructive of spiritual development.

The word "Spiritual" must be divorced entirely from sentimental, emotional connection. Every physical manifestation of form is congealed spirit. It is spirit stepped down, through a slowing-down process, of the rates of vibration of thought and light, hence, must not be confused with the purely animalistic properties of sentiment and emotion.

The speculative occultist becomes absorbed into some organization while the operative occultist gradually detaches himself, desiring to be unhampered by any limitations.

The physical body, being congealed spirit, a "temple not made with hands", is affected through the stomach by the food it eats. The spirit of the food is incorporated into the vital centers and becomes the life-giving force, while its material, or fibrous, composition is discharged from the body through the excretory organs. This fact is made apparent to the operative occultist through an actual demonstration in his eating.

The operative occultist believes nothing, but must know from his own experience on every plane. To believe a thing is to forever prevent one from knowing that thing.

MAN, THREE-PHASE MOTOR

Man consists of three aspects or phases: The spirit (ego), the thought (mind) and the light (body). All the wires must be connected or the man does not function; the finer vibrations of the spirit phase being buried under a load of "too, too solid flesh" annulling the usefulness of this wire. Those who function on the intellectual and physical planes, only (mind and body wires) are those "beef-eaters" so highly honored in the world of illusion, having become the conquerors of the world. Force is their law and the tooth and the claw are their weapons. They render unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things they can't utilize in business.

A RAISE IN PRICE OF SINGLE COPIES

Beginning with the issue of The Occultist for January, 1929, the price on news stands and tables will be 35 cents for single copies.

Display advertising rates are also raised and advertisers are requested to read the new rates on the page containing the table of contents. These prices will prevail until further notice.

INDIAN LEGENDS

Jeanne L'strange Cappel of the Chippewa Indian tribe, has produced a volume of Indian stories that were told her, as a child, by her grandmother, when they lived in the forests of Northern Minnesota.

Probably no people that have inhabited this globe have taken the various phases of nature and woven so delicate and beautiful an imagery about them as the Indians of North America. The birds, the animals, large and small, the changing seasons, the stars, the storms, the gentle rain, the growing crops, all have been woven into legend and story, and these have been preserved from generation to generation, in pristine purity, for the education of the Indian youth in the secrets of Mother Nature.

The various tribes have further perpetuated them in numerous forms of specialization adopted by each tribe, one using pottery as a medium, another rugs, another beads, etc., each portraying, in their work, these stories in a manner that is truly marvelous and stamps the native Indian as a mental genius on a par with the best brains of any peoples of any period. And with it all they have preserved a simplicity of demeanor that is absent from the more advanced souls of the vaunted Nordic race.

Mrs. Cappel, whose Indian name is Wa-be-no O-pee-chee, has graciously permitted us to reproduce these stories in *The Occultist*.

DRAMATIC AND SHORT STORY DEPARTMENT

Occultism takes one of two angles—either becoming operative or speculative. Speculative, it seldom rises above the mental plane. Operative, it expresses in the physical body in the overcoming of habits and appetites and in the spiritual body by a creative impulse.

When the individual becomes sufficiently advanced to feel the hidden urge within him, a vehicle of expression is necessary. It is the function of a magazine of the nature of *The Occultist* to afford all the help possible to those who have the creative urge. In order to assist in developing talent this magazine will open a department with this issue for short stories and drama. To introduce this department, a one-act comedy by Isabella Ingalese, entitled "Pursued" is offered. This playlet has been produced in Los Angeles on at least two occasions and has received a very flattering reception.

Those stories and dramas that show some degree of merit will be used. However, *The Occultist* must retain the right to reject manuscripts that have little or no value, in its judgment.

All manuscripts should be accompanied by an addressed and stamped envelope for return if unused. There will be no remuneration for published articles except the glow that comes from a consciousness of having achieved worthily.

Never forget: Thought is the only creative force in the universe, and on all planes.

Day Dreams



IN OUR DAY DREAMS

We idly turn the leaves of that Great Book
On which are graven all the careless deeds
Of those incarnate lives so long forgot.
Once more we tread the half remembered ways,
Glimpse faces long since faded into dust;
We hate and love again—yet, shadows all
Of some lost lives we seek to live once more.

—Ervine Denison York

Priestly Privilege

By MARC EDMUND JONES

THIS LESSON in Matthew is based upon chapter 23, verses 1-12, and it serves to show that special privilege, which is at the root of the destruction of governments and social states of man, is as much to be guarded against in spiritual matters as anywhere else. The passage is common to the Synoptics (cf. Mark, 12:38-40; Luke, 20:45-47), but the other accounts are very greatly abridged. There are a number of parallel passages which should be read (cf. Mark, 9:35; 10:43-44; Matthew, 20:26-27; Luke, 8:48; 11:43, 46; 22:26). Matthew places the arraignment of the priestly exponents of special privilege much better than does Luke, who puts it in Galilee, but it is in Jerusalem and at the temple that the proud occupants of "Moses' seat" were principally to be found. Of course the same condition was to be noted in the territory of Herod Antipas, and even among the Jews of the dispersion—notably at Damascus, for which city Saul of Tarsus started in his campaign of defense of the Judaic priestcraft and its "only correct" interpretation of the law, and at Alexandria in Egypt. Nevertheless it was at Jerusalem where the proudest and most unyielding legalists were entrenched. Matthew has been building towards this denouement, and there is seen here one of the splendid dramatic points of climax, in the gospel story, as outlined by this unknown but masterful literary craftsman.

There is indeed a moment of anguish here for Jesus, which (to a far lesser extent, naturally), is not unlike the emotional crisis which he met so successfully at Caesarea Philippi. At that time he had turned away from the public, and its fickle support, and had seen that if he built to eternal truth in the hearts of men he would have to do so through the establishment of an invisible fellowship. This was the stage of growth of his mission brought out and carried to climax in the "Wisdom Gospel" series (preceding these present lessons). But there is no question that Jesus had hoped to have the cooperation and the real understanding of the more intelligent leaders among the Judaic teachers and leaders. Until this point no thought of the possibility of a new "world" religion, or even of a new faith for the Jews, has seemed to enter the head of the Galilean. Even now there is no doubt but that the idea of a giving of his teachings into the hands of a new and more receptive people was far removed from his thoughts. Jesus, however, did realize now that his dream of a friendly working arrangement with the scholars of his race and time was impossible. He saw, as in a flash, that these men who occupied the place of ecclesiastical and spiritual responsibility were as blind as the masses they led. He here gave to the world the principle that is so infrequently realized,

even in this day, that the leadership of any given body of human beings is a perfect reflection of the group consciousness producing it and making it possible—that when a nation or any racial class is in a stupid mood (as it were) in its development, it will culture and gain a stupid leadership. In this moment of anguish Jesus saw clearly that after all he was dependent upon the outer and inert mass of the public as well as upon the invisible fellowship—that this outer and physical mass would have to be leavened, and that this would have to be done through a priestcraft. As he saw the lack of real response in any existing spiritual leadership—had they possessed the wisdom of real understanding they would, from their own midst, have produced their own leavening agency, and would not have needed a Jesus to come to them from the outside—he saw the need for a new priesthood, and probably saw, too, that any ecclesiastical establishment would in time become crystallized and be compelled in course of man's spiritual evolution to give away to some other body more responsive to the stirrings in the mass of humanity. Therefore Jesus takes his stand; and he openly attacks these leaders with the extreme of bitterness dramatized to so powerful an extent in John's Gospel.

The terms "scribes" and "Pharisees" as used here are almost interchangeable because Jesus was thinking of them as the legalists or administrative officials of this priestcraft which he saw at last would have to make way for a new and more spiritually alert group. Most scribes were Pharisees but not any considerable percentage of the Pharisees were scribes. The phylacteries (amulets, so named from the Hebrews "tephillin"—meaning "prayers"—and passing through the Greek into our modern languages) were small square leather cases strapped on the forehead and left arm (cf. Deuteronomy, 6:8). Each contained four passages from the law, and they were supposed to have the efficacy (spiritual protection) of a "vest pocket Testament" or rabbit's foot. The "borders" of the garments were the sacred tassels of the shawl-like upper garment worn by the Jews. These were believed to draw the spiritual force of the wearer to a focus, on the reversed principle of a lightning rod, and it was one of these on Jesus' garments which was touched by the woman who thus obtained a healing.

The spiritual teaching of the passage is found in the matter of "Moses' seat" upon which this temple priestcraft sat. The term is one of the most descriptive in the Bible because, in every way, that which a priest primarily does is to focus and administer the spiritual consciousness that has been created by the racial or national group he serves. Spiritual consciousness is an invisible fellowship which is focalized or brought to manifestation by the outstanding figure of the group, and it is a rare and fortunate

group when this individual is a priest by right of his understanding of the consciousness which has raised him. The spiritual principle herein involved, obviously understood but not directly stated by Jesus, is that authority of this sort is always abused when in the hands of those who do not create it (or add to it, creatively). A giant of humanity will rear, out in the world, a structure of spiritual worth and beauty, and then bequeath it to his fellows upon his death or retirement. Sometimes, for many generations, this will be cherished and utilized, in constructive fashion, but sooner or later there will arise those to whom it is no more than the basis of their special privilege. All is consciousness (the foundation of understanding in this study) and a real or truly enduring priestcraft is one that is never separated from life; that is never permitted to accept itself as being in itself and of itself its own reason for existence. Here is the soundness of the invisible fellowship of Jesus, since it ceases to be, the moment it fails to function as consciousness alone. So long as it focalizes the

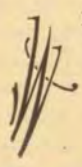
inert feeling of the mass it will serve Spirit in fact and in truth, and so remain divinely ordained to minister.

The personal application of the passage lies in the fallacy of professional reform, which has been so often brought out in these lessons (because so often touched upon in the gospel teachings). There is nothing spiritual or eternal in that which seeks to restrain man. The whole purpose of life is to permit him to express himself, and to find for himself the knowledge of good and evil. Out in the world men are entitled to restrain each other to the degree that prevents expression wholly at the expense of other expression—but this is of the world, and there is nothing spiritual about it; it is the physical expediency and efficiency of social manifestation, but no more. The real priest knows that his authority is not rooted in the world, and cannot be upheld by a forced recognition; he knows, above all other things, to avoid titles and honors when these are but outwardly bestowed.

Every creation of man, in every department of life, began
with a thought.

Remembering

By JULIA SETON, M. D.

 WHEN we understand that the past, present and future are the same, one and inseparable, we waste no time in regret or remembering in a way that brings us pain, neither do we grieve over what we might call wasted effort.

There are many people hoping to gain results today who are constantly looking back, remembering, and grieving over the sad things of the past, never knowing that through this comes their unchanging law of delay with obstacles in their way to success.

There is really no such thing as the past; there is only the eternal now; and in life's perpetual ebb and flow, all our past experiences were simply the steps up the hill of life on the way to our today, and every hour has been that this hour might be.

We can never accomplish anything in the present if we allow our minds to tangle up with the accountings of all that has been ours in the past. Life is always changing, and going on. We must take our mind along with it, we stumble and strain and lose if we look back. The present is new youth, and youth is expectation, the past is old age and old age always renounces hope.

Our today is the result of our yesterday, and tomorrow will be the result of our today. Yesterday, today and tomorrow are our eternity, and it is up

to us if in our today we face emptiness; what we build into time we must take with us into eternity.

There is no use dreading the future or regretting the past. Each tomorrow will take care of itself, and yesterday has already brought its own sacrifices; "the past is spent, the future is thy God's". We have only to hold fast the precious treasure of our new hours.

Today is a new opportunity, a new free moment, all ours, and we stand this day on the edge of a new life-time ready to begin over and over again a new endeavor. In this new hour Infinity calls us and we must begin to build into day, by every thought, action and word the things of the eternal. Now is the union of all consciousness, the inheritance of all experiences. Now means yesterday, tomorrow and forever.

With this clear untrammelled vision of our soul's journey, we loosen the clinging hands of regret, longing and failure, as well as the soft memories of love, joy and happiness. The days it were better that we forget will come back to us often, no doubt, "for memory is the only thing that love can call its own"; but it has no power to interfere with the glorious freedom of our today. New hope, new courage, new love, new endeavor, this is Life's celestial creed; in following this, lies our great victory.

Christmas--A Factor in Civilization

By DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON

WHETHER modernists or fundamentalists, whether we believe evolution our God, or God our evolution, we cannot honestly deny that Christmas has a moral power of the greatest significance to humanity.

At the arrival of Christmas a force is released in human nature which finds no parallel in any other holy day of our calendar. An outburst of feelings and emotions sweeps like a tidal wave over the Christian commonwealths and reacts in resolutions of good will, generosity, gratitude and service which no moral crusade or social uplift movement ever could give rise to.

The psychology of this emotion has its basis in the more or less subconscious realization in our minds of a supreme force which at this time is entering the world. Arising in the faith in a divine origin of Christmas—Christmas, as the divine birthday of a world savior—the impulse, with the dynamic power of heartfelt certainty, spreads in resistless thought waves from minds to minds of Christendom. All the force of tradition, imagination, mystery and marvel carries away the individual in a stream of breathless expectancy, opening the mind to feelings and emotions above and beyond the ordinary humdrum, earth-bound and tainted motives of humanity.

The loosening up of the personality with its more or less sordid aims, lifts our whole nature into the exalted regions of nobility and grace; for, by the same token, as the collective passions of national enmities and hatred may accumulate into a force strong enough to sweep entire continents into the lowest depths of degradation and savagery—as witness the late World War—so a diffusion of the humanizing emotions of Christmas must possess a power to lift the minds and souls of the people into

corresponding heights of soaring ideality and brotherhood!

It is utterly incalculable as to the extent a book like "Christmas Carols" of Charles Dickens, the poetry of Tennyson, Longfellow or Lowell, have influenced or are influencing the minds of the civilized world; and the Santa Claus, the Brownies, the Fairies and all the rest of the contingent of Christmas Genii—grotesque and fantastic as they may appear—have freighted this central festival of Christendom with a deep metaphysical significance. They, each and all, have a meaningful part to perform in this program of universal heart-communion where the lines of social and national demarcation are fading away, and the heartlight of charity, sympathy, solidarity and tender mercies are shining and melting the icicles of grasping selfishness into the irrigating streams of communal helpfulness and affections. It is a love feast of the soul of humanity staged and engineered by that supreme energy which, from the beginning of time has exerted a protection and leadership of humanity.

Nor must we fail to consider the influence this wonderful event has upon the minds and hearts of our children—the joys that come from gifts of love and acts of service, of moods of reverence and spiritual impromptus at home and in the public life of this season, will give to the child mind a cultivation of faith and ideality, which like seeds dropped into a congenial soil will grow and bear fruit into the life and character of the coming man and woman.

Enobled by this throbbing imagery of Christian unity, let us forget our divergencies of isms and schisms and unite into efforts of making this fairy time of Christianity a spiritual as well as concrete reality.

— Man's ability to project his thoughts into the universal ether substance about him proves his Godhood. —

The Shrine of Truth

IF THOU could'st see with thine eyes, O, Man, if thou could'st hear with thine ears

Truth as she is in very truth, and not as to sense appears,
Could'st sever the substance from the sign, and learn to perceive and know
She is not throned in the heavens above, nor housed on the earth below;
Could'st thou with thine own heart's key unlock the Kingdom that is within,
There, face to face with thy Maker stand, and fear no shadow of sin,
But see thyself as indeed thou art—for all that He hath is thine—

Very breath of His very breath, body and soul divine;
Then every thought were a waft of wings uplifting from death to life,
With infinite beauty, endless rapture, uttermost glory rife,
And e'en on the barren crag thou'dst cry, or in hut with roof-tree riven,
"This is none other than the House of God, and this is the Gate of Heaven".

—Gaspar Bela Daruvary.

The Eagle People

By JEANNE L'STRANGE CAPPEL

NOW YOU must know that in the time of long ago, there was no sin nor war nor suffering on the earth, for everything was good, as the Great Spirit made it, and animal and man walked and talked together as brothers. In this time there was a great Magic Maker, and his name was Nanabozo. One day Nanabozo went to catch some fish for his dinner. He got into his canoe and paddled out into the middle of the lake where the croppie bars were and anchored his canoe. He dropped his line and started to fish. Now the croppie bars are places where a water weed grows which the fish like to eat. Nanabozo could see the fish feeding there but he could not catch even one. That made him very angry because the Indians on the shore laughed at him and said, "Look at the great Nanabozo, a maker of magic and yet he cannot catch even one fish".

So Nanabozo paddled to the shore and got out of his canoe. He went into the forest and got some cedar twigs and made a magic line. Then he paddled back to the croppie bar and began fishing again. This time the fish had to bite because the line was magic and they could not help themselves. Nanabozo, being angry, kept catching fish and catching fish until he had a canoe full. Then he happened to think, he had broken the law which said no one must kill more food than he could eat in a day. He had more fish than he could eat in a week, even if it would keep good that long.

He was scared and paddled quickly ashore. Here he dug some deep holes and began to bury the fish as fast as he could so no one would know what he had done. A little badger was going along the shore of the lake and saw Nanabozo when he went ashore with his canoe full of fish, so he went to Unkteha, the Ruler of the Under Water World, and said to him, "Nanabozo has caught a whole canoe full of fish. He cannot eat all of it so he is burying it in the brush".

Unkteha answered, "I shall go and see and if this is true I shall punish him if it takes all the water I have in the sky".

Now Unkteha started to look for Nanabozo to see if he had broken the law.

There was a little Blue Bird who once had a broken wing and Nanabozo had found it on the ground, suffering and liable to be eaten by any wild animal that came along. The Blue Bird said to Nanabozo, "Please, great Maker of Magic, make my wing well. I suffer and am very sad". So Nanabozo took the tiny bird in his hand and with his magic he made its wing well and the bird flew away happy.

The Blue Bird and Nanabozo had been close friends ever since, so when the Blue Bird heard what Unkteha said about punishing Nanabozo he

flew to the brush where the Magic Maker was burying the fish and warned him. Nanabozo had only time to climb to the top of the highest hill and take some of the little animals with him when Unkteha came riding on a wave.

Nanabozo and the animals worked hard and fast and they cut down some tall pine trees and made them into a raft and it floated. Unkteha turned all the waters of the sky loose but he could not reach Nanabozo because Unkteha could not do anything except in the water and Nanabozo was safe on the raft. Of course, Unkteha had intended to drown Nanabozo and was angry when he saw he could not do it.

Now for many days the raft floated on the water and the little animals, who were on it with Nanabozo, were angry with him for bringing all this trouble on to them, and for causing the death of so many other little animals in the flood. They made Nanabozo sit away off on one corner of the raft all alone.

Nanabozo was really sorry in his heart for what he had done, and many days he made prayers to the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit looked at Nanabozo's heart and saw that he was sorry, and so he gave Nanabozo a vision, and said to him, "Send out one of the little water animals and see if he can bring back a mouthful of dry earth".

So Nanabozo sent the muskrat, but Unkteha, who was still angry and knew why it was sent, caught the muskrat and so he never got back to the raft.

Then Nanabozo sent the otter and he came back with a mouthful of dry earth. Then the Great Spirit said to Nanabozo, "Take the dry earth from the otter's mouth and blow it out onto the water and it will make a little island. Step from your raft onto the island and go to the edge of the water, take some dry earth from there and blow it out onto the water and your island will grow larger".

So Nanabozo did as he was told and, sure enough, there was a little island. Nanabozo stepped onto the island, he took some more earth and blew it out onto the water and the island was larger. He kept doing this until he had a very large island.

Nanabozo had been so interested making his island that he had forgotten all about the little animals that had been with him and when he did think about them they were gone into the forest that the Great Spirit made to grow on the island, and never since has animal and man walked and talked together as brothers.

Now, although the Great Spirit had put all kinds of fruit and vegetables and game onto the island for Nanabozo, he was not happy for he was alone. At night he had no one to talk to, no one to tell his stories of the old days nor of his success at hunting. Again the Great Spirit saw Nanabozo's heart and that he was sad, and again he gave him a vision,

and said to him, "When you awake you will no longer be a man, but a great white eagle. Take the feathers from under your right wing and strew them on the ground on your right side, take the feathers from under your left wing and strew them on the ground on your left side and your island will be full of people".

So then Nanabozo awoke and went down to the lake to look at himself in the water and, sure enough, he was an eagle. He remembered what the Great Spirit had said to him, so he took the feathers from under his right wing and strewed them on the

ground and there sprang up fine young warriors, and he took the feathers from under his left wing and strewed THEM on the ground and there sprang up fine young women. The people chose mates and went into the forest to make their homes.

And so it was the Chippewa tribe was started. They are the strongest and bravest Indians because they sprang from the eagle. The Great Spirit gave them his finest land full of wonderful fruits, grains and meats, many kinds of nuts and vegetables which all grow wild, all given for his chosen people, the Chippewa.

Undirected thoughts create as surely as directed thoughts
but ALWAYS destructively.

Knowledge of Good and Evil is Our Reward Here

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

AS TO good and evil . . . Many of us have been taught to affirm that there is no evil, and we have done so while the taint of the breath of our bodies gave us back the lie. Affirming that all is good against rational proof of an ulcerated tooth, may help the tooth, but it leaves us softer-mouthed and less able to cope with things as they are on this level. If you can demonstrate here on the ground that Fear is a sham, which it is, and with your spiritual power transcend it and stand unmoved in the calm of the Heights, you have earned the right to say that this evil is illusion, but still you will see its force working on in the midst of the many in the torture chambers below.

If you can summon your own higher force and so charge your molecular body that it levitates (incidentally this has to do with the lost secret, about due to be recovered, which will make the world safe for ships of the air) then you may talk with authority about escape from the pull of the ground, but you will still perceive the old attraction at work bending the spines of the myriads. Through affirmation to shut your mental windows to the storms of planetary life, while your whole house rocks and disintegrates, is not only going against the truth as it works in the detached points of view of the mind, but it is adding a crook to the mind itself—a crook which later must be straightened out through mystical offices of pain.

The knowledge of good and evil is the reward we gain by making this passage Down Here, but to blind ourselves to one or the other while the pairs of opposites still have power over us, is to break discrimination, which is the working force of our forming knowledge. The man who writes stories makes most of the mistakes possible in his years of preparation. Through these, as well as his less wobbling

efforts, the laws of the game unfold for him. His final product, if it is good, is a sort of balance of how and how not to do it. How far would he get, by denying that he could make mistakes? Reaching the consummation of his Art, he sees that he could not afford to have missed a single one of his botches. . . . Evil is as good as another word for this stubborn and binding and clinging hold upon us of materials, through which we are forced to grow wings for Liberation. We must learn these toils, one by one, to escape their thrall. It is true that we gain our powers through them, but they are evil to us just so long as we are victims of them.

. . . In these paragraphs, most naively, I have intimated only the physical and obvious down pull—nothing of the gray brothers of the shadow who test and torture us in the emotional areas of the passage, nor the winged blacks who winnow, purge and screen, with subtlety upon subtlety, until the last malignity of our mind-power is isolated, conquered and rendered into allegiance with the Spirit. Evil is a young and trivial term for the tests back of the physical—until we are fine and superb enough to pass. . . . Don't lull yourself with affirmations until you can look back.

* * * * *

Here are a few paragraphs which belong to the Thirteenth Letter: . . . A man wins a woman by setting her free. A man who can do this without reservation is worth tying to, because he can do all else. I do not say this lightly, because I know something about the masculine attitude toward worldly achievement, and man's call to material conquest, breast to breast with other men and beyond. Moreover, it is the farthest possible saying from a sentimentalism.

Mentally and physically to set a woman free means to overcome passion, jealousy and the sense of

possession. It means to travel fast on every plane, because a freed woman unfolds incredibly. She asks more of man from day to day, but always more for his good, and the tests involve his every world relationship, as well as her relation to him. As they go on and up together, the balances become so delicate that everything amiss outside is a barrier between them. She is sometimes the last to praise and the first to blame; invariably the first to warn.

Spiritually a woman is separate from a man, so long as he dominates her mind and body. She is separate—that is his agony. All the strength of his arms and authorities of his mind and the laws of his world will make her his. She has not her real self to give until she is her own. Spiritually she can never come to him until he sets her free. Not until then does real Romance begin.

Winning and holding the heart of a great woman, is man's bravest achievement here, because it involves all the other ordeals of the mystic path, far different and more difficult than the austerities of monastic life. It involves the absolute conquest, even the forgetfulness of the self, and this in the midst of all the torturing conflicting vibrations of world association. It means to keep sweet, without killing out; to render every production fertile; to find a test of characters in every outer tension, and a spiritual grace in every intimate unfoldment of Romance. . . . To be lost utterly in each other, even for inevitables, is but a preliminary to the great love story. Rather the neighbors may entertain a suspicion that two are joyously becoming one in the higher sense, when they are found often back to back, forming a center of spiritual radiation in the world.

As a man gets the various grades of hell out of his own system everybody else looks better to him. This means not only throwing out his fears and passions and angers and cupidities, but the opinions and partisanship and bigotries of the mind. The mind has been trained by all these and the training is necessary, before the selfless flexibility of the Mystic is accomplished, by which he sees the fleeting intimations of the Real in the external universe and receives the ultimate admonitions of his own Lord from within. A man merely thinks before that; afterwards he becomes a Knower.

A teacher or a cult leader who tells you that you cannot take up some course of study or devotion outside, because it conflicts with the work you are taking with him, is sounding the death-knell to his own doctrines. The Real Teacher will set you utterly free; real Teaching is indivisible.

Every human relation is sacred—an extension of the self. Your relations with those about you form a picture of your inner life. All whom you cast away is a casting away of yourself; all whom you deny is a denial of yourself. The one whom you dare call an enemy is a sick and sealed part of your own being. If you are not at your best with certain people in the room, it is because you are not in command of your own inter-relations.

All that I have been writing has been of different

phases of self-command. All that has to do with the Mystic Way is a teaching of the command of self—the ordering of one's room, one's shop, his house, appetites, tastes, his nervous system, his family, business relations, emotions, his mind, his world. These are all one, all you. They commend or betray you. There are no secrets.

A glimpse of the Plan reveals that every outer condition is an externalization of one's own being. If anyone can bring you hurt of any kind, he brings you a gift, an incomparable and perfectly-adjusted opportunity. He isolates one of your weaknesses, so that you can correct it. In the infinite generosity of the Plan, he, or a similar agent, will come again and again, until his offering ceases to hurt you. The tough matters to contend with in house and town and social affairs are perfect diagrams of the contrary elements of your own life.

The way to liberation is a making straight of every path. If you are true and in ardent determination to make everything straight *here, this time*, the man to whom you owe debt or obligation cannot die until your chance has come. Every debt paid and amity restored is a release of your own powers. It does not matter what another thinks at the time, if you are straight. The thing is already done within him when you are right. He will bring the rightness of it down to matter presently. As the concord of your own being is restored step by step, the magic of all outer beings and things appears. You see the immortal back of the mortal, each significant and inimitable—the sons of God in the eyes of passing men, your relation to each ancient and endless—never less than now.

All you need is a greater faith and joy in the Plan; to become convinced of its greatness and fascination and magnitude beyond any comprehension of your mind or finite grasp; to see the inner and outer working unerringly together in tests, in travels, in the passing show of the world, in its every relation to you and to everyone else—ininitely different movements and vibrations of one working force, called Law.

We have been at the mercy of our own detached and disrupted mind-powers too long, trying to paint heaven with the dim pigments of an earthy spectrum, trying to span the harmonic universe according to our own minute and imperfect orbits. Why, we cannot restore the initiative and rationale of our own mind-power until we key it back once more to its own dynamo, the Real Self.

Do not be afraid that a thing can be too good to be true. Can you not see how tragically we have lost the capacity to endure joy, to conceive harmonic beauty—when we dare to call this torture chamber, Home? The truth is that in our most exalted moments—in our bravest song, most lustrous faith and noblest vision, we pitifully diminish the Real. That which you adore unfolds for you. You may safely give your adoration to the Plan, your allegiance, step by step and day by day, increasingly to the Law.

The Touch of His Hand

A Legend of the Christ Child

According to the apocryphal gospels Zoroaster, the great Persian religious prophet and philosopher, who lived over 1,000 years before the Christian era, predicted the birth of Jesus Christ in the days of King Herod. This ancient legend recounts that of the Three Wise Men, the first of the Magi was Melchior, an old man of venerable age, with long, white hair and beard. He bore the gold, which signified a gift to Christ as a king and on him Jesus smiled; the second of the Magi was Gaspar, a beardless youth of twenty, ruddy and of a fair countenance. He bore the incense, which signified a gift to Christ as God, from whom the Child took the gift and clasped it to His breast; and the third was Balthasar, a swarthy prophet of the ages, fully bearded. He bore the myrrh, which signified a gift to the Son of man of broken hopes and broken hearts, and for him was the tender touch of the Christ, Who was born in Bethlehem that sorrows of humanity might nevermore be comfortless.

THE WISE MEN came to the Holy Child
And precious gifts they bore;
But knew they what their giving meant,
For all their wisdom's lore?

The King before the King of Kings
Arrayed his golden offerings.
Beneath the gaze of the Baby eyes,
Brooding, questioning, tender-wise;
With glint of setting and flash of gem
Shone ring and scepter and diadem,
And from His mother's lap the Child
At the heaped-up riches gravely smiled.
Did He feel the weight of another crown
And the warm tear-drops that should trickle down,
And know He must suffer and groan and bleed
Ere His Kingdom of love should be His indeed?

The Youth knelt down and a rich perfume
Floated over the lowly room
From the costly frankincense he brought;
And the Child reached out His hand, and caught
And drew the casket to His heart
As if from its treasure He could not part.
Did He see His soul in the deeps of pain,
And the veil of the Temple rent in twain
That man might enter the Holy Place
And speak with the Father, face to face?

And last there came the Prophet-Sage,
All bent with sorrow, bowed with age,
And, prostrate at the Baby feet,
Laid down his burden, bitter-sweet;
And straightway through the air there stole
A sense of anguish, loss and dread,
And the Christ-child raised His little hand
And softly touched the old man's head.
Did He hear, in the suppliant's patient sigh,
The voice of sad humanity
That fills the years
And echoes every mourner's cry,
From the wail of Eve o'er her first-born dead
To Rachel's woe uncomforted,—
And know that grief must still hold sway
Till He should wipe all tears away?

—Gaspar Bela Daruvary.

Pursued

A ONE-ACT PLAY

By ISABELLA INGALESE
(Copyrighted, 1920.)

Scene: BIDDIE O'BRIEN'S BACK YARD.

Time: PRESENT.

Persons in the Play:

Biddie O'Brien.....An Irish Washerwoman
Bedellia O'Brien.....Her Step-daughter
Mrs. Rickey.....The Pursuer
Fred Miller.....The Pursued
Larry.....The Watch Dog

The curtain rises upon a scene in the back yard of an Irish washer-woman's shanty. At right and left of stage are wooden posts, nailed to the inside of a board fence enclosing the yard. From the posts is strung a clothes-line, and, hanging from it are sheets and pillow-cases and various other articles of wearing apparel of different colors. Left of stage, near front, are two wooden steps leading to the back door of the shanty. At center, back, close to the fence is a large kennel, and, sitting just outside, is Larry, the watch-dog. This part is played by a small boy in a dog's skin. To the dog's collar a leather strap, about six feet long, is attached. The other end is fastened to a hook screwed into the top of the kennel. The gate is open, sagging and hanging by its lower hinge.

At right of stage, and in front of clothes-line, an old-fashioned iron pot is suspended over a fire, made of dried brush, and chips of wood. A forked stick driven into the ground, on either side of the fire, holds the ends of a broken broom handle from which the pot is suspended. At right of fire is an empty soap box, bottom up. On it are a basin and a long-handled tin dipper. Near front of stage are several pieces of crooked tree limbs. In center of stage, near front, is a VERY large clothes basket with a few pieces of clean linen in it. Near the basket, is a dilapidated old market basket, partly filled with clothes pins. The yard is strewn with chips of wood, empty tin cans and old shoes. A few seconds after the curtain rises, women's voices are heard inside the shanty. One voice is shrill and high-pitched, the other is full, rich and conciliatory. Both are speaking loudly and together.

Larry, the dog, comes down stage and sits looking anxiously at the door of the shanty, which suddenly flies open and an old shoe whizzes into the yard, and strikes him. He yelps. Now a stick of stovewood comes after the shoe. The dog retires precipitately into his kennel and looks out, frightened. The voices continue in controversy until a young girl, Bedellia O'Brien, appears in the doorway. She is shielding her face with her arm as if expecting a beating over her head—is pushed through the doorway and stumbles down the steps.

Biddie O'Brien, an old Irish woman, appears in the doorway and comes out on the top step. Her hair is white, eyes dark and she wears a white muslin cap with a wide, stiffly starched ruffle standing up and away from her face. A small, Scotch plaid shawl is around her shoulders and a long gingham apron reaches to the bottom of her dress.

She shakes her fist wrathfully at Bedellia, who stands at the bottom of the steps and looks piteously up at her.

Biddie, angrily—"Ye lazy throllop! A settin' round a atin' candy an' doin' nothin'!"

Bedellia looks at the old woman and manifests grief, wipes the tears from her eyes with her bare hands. She is dressed in a blue denim skirt, coarse, cotton shirt-waist, heavy shoes and striped stockings—wears a gingham apron with huge pockets.

Bedellia, sobbing—"I've wurruked ivery minnit since five this mornin'. I ate wan piece av candy, an' set down tin minnits a waitin' fer th' starch wather t' bile—"

Biddie interrupts—"Wall! Ye hed no bus'ness a settin' down a tall, a tall—wid th' wurruk a waitin' t' be done. Where did yet git th' candy frum? I'll warrant ye bought it wid some o' me money!"

Bedellia, plaintively—"Twas th' last piece av me Christmas candy; an' Oi wus so hungry an' faint wid wurrukin' all th' mornin' widout anny break-fas—"

Biddie interrupts—"Ye don't nade nothin' till th'
Ten

corn beef an' cabbage is done. Thar ain't no since in yer atin' so much—tain't good fer ye. Ye kin wurruk betther whin yer shtummic is impty. Come back, now, an' make th' starch, an' afterwards bring in th' clo'es aff th' loine. I'm goin' t' take a shmoke—yer legs is younger nor mine, an' ye must wurruk t' pay fer yer board an' lodgins."

Biddie takes a short-stemmed clay pipe from her apron pocket, puts it into her mouth and goes back into the shanty. Bedellia hesitates, wipes her eyes with the corner of her apron, crosses the stage to the fire and looks longingly at the kettle of cooking food. The dog leaves his kennel and approaches as near as his strap will permit, looks up at the girl and wags his tail in anticipation of getting something to eat.

Biddie, shouting from inside the shanty—"Come along, Oi say!"

The dog looks fearfully toward the open door and scampers back into his kennel.

Biddie, wrathfully from inside the shanty—"Don't be stanin' oidlin away yer toime; ye've got all th' ironin' t' do afore th' sun goes down!"

Bedellia goes back to the steps and climbs them wearily. Exits into the shanty and the door is closed. A few seconds elapse and Fred Miller enters the yard. He comes stealthily through the open gate, limps painfully and glances, fearfully, behind, as if he believes he is followed and staggers as if exhausted. He looks about twenty years of age, hatless, coatless and with his shirt torn and soiled. His collar is gone, trousers ripped in several places with the white skin showing through the rips. His face is streaming with perspiration, hair uncombed and bristling, is laboring under intense excitement and pants for breath as if he had been running. He looks nervously around, smells the odor of cooking cabbage and tip-toes toward the pot, stoops, sniffs, rubs his stomach and smiles; looks toward the shanty and starts toward it, advances but a few steps when the dog, with an ugly growl, rushes out of his kennel. Fred takes a look at him, leaps forward, catches his foot under the handle of the clothes pin basket, trips, scatters the pins and plunges head foremost into the clothes basket. To save his feet from the dog's teeth, he crouches down, trembling with fright. The dog's strap is too short and he does not quite reach the basket. In a few seconds, Fred looks over the edge of the basket at the dog, sees that he is safe and breathes a sigh of relief; shakes his fist at the dog, turns over on his back, rests his heels against his handle and his head upon the other. The audience discovers great holes in the soles of his shoes with pieces of newspaper showing through them; he pulls the clean linen in the basket over his head, clasps his hands over his stomach and, with a sigh of relief, goes to sleep.

A short pause and Mrs. Rickey appears, up stage, outside the fence, approaches the gate and stands in the gateway looking into the yard. She is tall and thin, is about fifty years of age and is greatly overdressed. Carries a bright red fan in one hand and a rose-pink parasol in the other. Her narrow, yellow silk shirt does not reach below her knees and her long thin legs are covered with pink silk stockings, embroidered with black, and rolled down at the top. French-heeled, low, a Middy blouse covers the upper part of her body. Twice around her neck is wound a string of black wooden beads to which is attached a looking card and vanity case. Sidewise upon her head, is a girlish-looking hat of bright red, with a huge bow of yellow ribbon in front. She looks around the yard and at the closed door of the shanty, at the kettle over the fire. Shifts and grimaces at the odor of cooking cabbage and fans herself violently. The dog growls at her, she looks at him and starts nervously, hesitates about coming into the yard and finally decides not to stop; passes down the walk outside the fence and exits.

Another short pause and the door of the shanty opens; Bedellia hurriedly descends the steps, goes to the clothes line and begins taking

down the linen. She is sobbing and wiping her eyes. Puts the clothes pins into her apron pockets and tosses the garments over her shoulders. The dog comes toward her, growling and barking. She looks down at him. He runs toward the basket, strains at his leash and barks at Fred. Bedellia does not understand the dog's behaviour and turns her back to him while she takes down more linen. The dog runs back to her, becomes violent and tears her apron with his teeth. She stops and looks wonderingly at him.

Bedellia to the dog—"Hist, now, Larry! Phwhat do ye be makin' th' r-row about?"

Pulls her apron from his teeth.

"Look phwhat ye've done t' me new apron!"

Goes to the clothes basket. Stoops to pick up some linen and sees Fred's feet protruding from under it, drops her bundle of clothes on the ground and stares at his feet. Leans over the basket and pulls the covering from his face, looks at him closely, steps backward, puts her hands on her lips and tips her head to one side. Fred opens his eyes and smiles up at her. In a soft, insinuating voice, says:

"Oh, hello, little girl!"

Starts to rise to his feet. Dog barks furiously. Bedellia turns to the dog.

"Lie down, Larry, an' behave yersilf!"

The dog reluctantly goes back to his kennel. Fred rises and stands in the basket.

"I'm awful tired and hungry, and as I was passin' your gate I smelt somethin' cookin' over the fire and come in to beg for somethin' to eat. But your dog came at me with such fury, I thought he was goin' to eat me. I couldn't get past him to get out, and this basket was the only place I could find out of his reach."

Bedellia curiously—"Yis, Larry is fierce wid strangers; but, who air ye, an' phwhat do ye be wantin' now?"

Fred steps out of the basket and looks back at the dirty tracks he has made on the clean linen.

"Fred Miller is my name—I hope I hain't done any damage to your wash."

Bedellia looks ruefully at the soiled pieces of linen in the basket, lifts up one and shows it to Fred. There is a distinct foot-print on it. He looks at it and manifests embarrassment.

Bedellia wrathfully—"Indade, an' ye have done damage t' me wash! Look at the size av yer hoof on th' noice, clane tablecloth—that must be washed all over agin!"

Fred runs his fingers through his hair and looks abashed.

"I'm awful sorry, but I was scared of the dog and didn't think of my feet. Won't you 'scuse me and give me some of the good stuff in the pot?"

Bedellia's wrath begins to subside. She is hungry herself and knows how Fred feels.

"Oi don't know about givin' ye annythin' from th' pot. This place belongs to me step-mother—who's a widdy, since me poor father doide—rist his sowl. She hates all min, so she do, an Oi don't think she'd be givin' ye a bit er a sup—because ye air a man."

Fred looks admiringly at Bedellia.

"What's your name?"

Bedellia is confused.

"Me name is Bedellia O'Brien, sur."

Fred smiles and steps nearer.

"Bedellia, eh? Wall that's a pretty name for a pretty girl, all right. But, what're you cookin' such good things out here in the yard, for? Do you want

to tempt hungry men, like me, to beg for what you won't give?"

Bedellia, greatly embarrassed—"Ye see, sur, me step-mother an' me does washins fer a livin'. We has but th' wan shtove in th' house, an' its so cr-r-ouided wid flatirons an' bilers ther's no place t' cook; so, we makes th' fire wid th' faggots an' cooks out here."

Bedellia goes to the fire, lifts off the cover of the pot and stirs its contents. The odor of cooking cabbage comes out strong and Fred sniffs loudly as he follows and watches her movements. Larry comes out of his kennel and approaches as near as his strap allows. He looks longingly at the pot.

"It's carn beef an' cabbage, so it is sur; an' ef it wasn't fer fear av me step-mother, Oi'd be givin' ye a basin full, so Oi wud. Oi knows yer hungry, fer ye do be lookin' shtarved, so ye do."

Fred persuasively—"Bedellia, I never was so hungry in my life—I could eat Larry's tail and it would taste good."

Bedellia hesitates, looks at the basin and then at Fred. The dog watches closely, is still suspicious of Fred. Bedellia smiles broadly.

"An' phwhat d'ye 'spose Larry'd be doin' while ye wus atin his tail?"

Fred looks at the dog and shrugs his shoulders, makes a deprecating gesture with his hands. The dog gives a staccato bark. Fred jumps. Bedellia turns to the dog.

"Lie down, Larry!"

The dog whines and crouches but continues watching Fred.

Bedellia—"Oi've a oiday! 'Spouse ye ax me t' do some washin' fer ye—ye do be lookin' as ef ye nade it—an' thin me step-mother'd be more tolerant wid ye."

Fred brightens.

"It's a big idea, Bedellia. I sure do need some washin' but, I'd have to go to bed while you done it, for these are all the clothes I've got, and I can't spare another thing—just now. I've lost my coat and hat and bag, and I hain't got so much left as a clean handkerchief, or a collar."

Bedellia balances the dipper on her fingers while she looks curiously at Fred. He puts both hands into his pockets and looks earnestly at her.

Bedellia—"But, phwhat hev ye ben runnin' away from, sur? Sure, ye wuddn't be runnin' an' scatherin' yer belongins about widout somebody wus afther ye, wud ye?"

Fred steps close to Bedellia and puts a hand confidingly upon her shoulder. He looks seriously down into her upturned eyes.

"Bedellia, can I trust you not to give me away, if I tell you my troubles?"

Bedellia is wide-eyed with astonishment.

"Sure, sur, ye kin thrust me wid annythin' ye hev t' tell."

Fred looks around apprehensively. Bedellia glances furtively toward the shanty. He puts his mouth close to her ear. The dog looks up and gives another staccato bark. Fred jumps away. Bedellia turns nervously to the dog.

"Hist, now, Larry! Kape shtill!"

Dog whines and subsides. Fred, confidentially to Bedellia.

"Bedellia, there is somebody after me! For more'n three weeks, I've been tryin' to get away; and every time I think I've done it, I find I hain't."

Bedellia amazed, in an undertone—"Ye don't say so, sur!"

Fred in an undertone—"This very mornin' when I woke, I heard that awful voice callin' me outside my door. I jumped out of bed (manifests excitement) jumped into my clothes (paces up and down between the front of stage and fire, runs his fingers through his hair. Bedellia equally excited follows and watches him.)

Fred—"I couldn't get out of the door, so I opened the window and slid down the wather pipe from the third story."

He pantomimes sliding down the water pipe.

"Then I started to run and have been runnin' ever since."

Bedellia steps backward and looks suspicious.

"Oi didn't notice yer runnin' whin Oi foun' ye in me clothes basket."

Fred ignores Bedellia's remark; continues pathetically.

"When I got here 'n smelt the corn beef and cabbage 'n seen the gate open, I staggered in and was met by that dog!"

Bedellia, positively and a bit resentfully—"Larry is a good dawg sur!"

Dog gives some short barks and whines as if he understands what Bedellia says.

Fred, dubiously—"Oh, I know that! I just saved my pants by falling into that basket—and, all the peace I've had for days, was when I was in that blessed basket; for, then I knew my pursuer couldn't get me past that dog."

Fred's pathos touches Bedellia's warm Irish heart. She sympathetically wipes her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Yis, sur; Oi understhand, ye wus runnin' fer yer loife; but, ye do be lookin' loike a innocent koinde av a bye; phwhat hev ye done t' be so pressed fer yer liberty? Who's yer pursuer, an' phwhat's he pursuin' ye fer?"

CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE.

Man's progress is gauged by his degree of self-less-ness.

Longing

D H, my darling, how I want you
In my life so sad and lone;
Won't you come and be my sweetheart?
Won't you come and be my own?

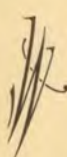
Lives have passed since last we parted,
Lives all filled with grief and pain,
Won't you come and be my sweetheart?
Won't you come to me again?

Must I wait and long forever?
With my empty heart and home;
Won't you come and be my sweetheart?
Won't you, dearest? Won't you come?

—Isabella Ingalese

Kevah-Grams

By KEVAH DEO GRIFFIS



HAT will you have? says God" (says Emerson) "Pay for it—and take it". Go after what you want. Bring it into manifestation. Your desire is yours already. See it in three-space, handle it, smell it, taste it, hear it.

* * *

In the process of in-carn-ating—making your word flesh—you will get the discipline that our Piscean fathers thought could be had only by negating, giving up, doing without. This works out on all planes, in all lives and loves, in all departments of our being. It is positive, androgynous, Aquarian rather than negative, feminine, sacrificial, self-denying Piscean.

* * *

To find and to achieve what you were born on this planet for, you will need to use all the tenacity of Saturn, the energy of Mars, the enthusiasm, vision and fearlessness of Neptune, the love of Uranus, the grace and beauty of Venus, the swiftness of Mercury and the wisdom and order of Jupiter. After you get it—you'll find you had it all the time, only you couldn't sense it. Or you wont want it any more. Then you will begin to know that you are flowing instead of time. You have developed new consciousness, awakened new desires in the process of achieving what you thought was outside of you that you hungered for.

* * *

Read the daily papers with the knowledge that Neptune and Uranus, having both so recently changed signs, you are to see great and thrilling changes. Neptune going into a scientific and vocal sign—out from a dumb and emotional one. Of course, the beautiful and dumb in the movies must now talk. A great recasting of values. New repertoire theaters will open all over the country and the spoken drama will boom. A new era in architecture and house-

hold art. Revival of old handicraft and many new ones.

* * *

Wood diet—synthetic fodder for animals; surgery to be shown in the films—a great universal library of surgical films will be made available to medical schools and colleges throughout the world.

* * *

Nerveologists will come into their own. In medicine, more than ever, will the whole man be studied in his mani-fold being—not just the visible body. New methods of curing and dealing with drug addicts.

* * *

Watch Hoover's triumphal progress. Jupiter is transiting his Neptune, and Uranus is trining his moon, Mars and natal Uranus. All fine till it stirs his Saturn opposition in the Ninth. Some day the history of our presidents and other great men and women will be written with an eye to their stars.

* * *

The suffering of the Great Mother—the Cosmic Feminine—will abate with Neptune in Virgo. She will speak—find her voice at last. If you don't understand this, read the fourth chapter of Claude Brandon's "New Image".

* * *

When I was bathing my Aries baby, aged four and a half, he wept and squirmed and fretted, one day. I said, "Why do you cry, darling?"—"You don't know!", he answered in rage and tears. "Well, if I don't know, why don't you explain to me? Stop crying and tell me why you are crying". "But we bof don't know", said he. Read "The New Image", all that read this.

It is not what time of day it is, but have you finished the job?

Everlasting Existence

W H, COULD but now my living soul
Hear voices from Valhalla's dead;
I'd crush the universal dole;
I'd check the valiant tears you shed.
A cavern vast—a chasm deep,
Hard by the Stygian fields is laid;
The tombs of men are sadly steeped
With tether'd thoughts in ambushade.

But hearken! Will the Wind of Death
Waft zephyrs from Nirvana's shore,
While I, intent, with bated breath,
Wait knowledge from the nevermore?
Let sacred rantipoles defend
Pythonic, iridescent dreams.
What doth it to our hearts portend?
Whence comes their light, or whence its gleams?

Why from the Garden of the Heart
Exclude the Light, the Sun, the Air;
Why trample in this sacred mart
The Flowers of Reason blossoming there?
Will ghosts of dead and blasted creeds,
Which long enslaved ancestral man—
Will these supply your mortal needs,
Or rend in twain proud Nature's plan?

Will chant of robed and kneeling priests—
The tremor of the organ's peal—
Will doleful songs or sacred feasts
Determine future woe or weal?
Will chapels dim with mighty height,
And rich with legend carved in stone—
Will pictures of the martyred Christ,
For crimes and villainies atone?

Shall superstition once more rear
Her ugly, medieval head,
And from the realms of darkness tear
The witherings of creeds long dead?
'Tis but a breath from dawn 'til day;
From night 'til dawn another shade—
Who then shall damn me if I pray
That Stygian night for aye shall fade!

Shall we unto the dust return?
Aye! Hearts of dust we can not rend.
If for those ashes we shall mourn,
Then, unto them I'll meekly bend
My mortal knee in silent prayer,
That in their thanatoid repose,
Proud spirits there may rest fore'er
Or bud them forth a primal rose.

Begone for aye, each clouded doubt;
 For aught I cringe in fear,
 What saintly vassal, knighted lout
 Returns from thence to blandly steer
 My Frail but ardent Pythian bark—
 Sad eon of unrequited tears—
 Through channels light, from caverns dark;
 To hope and joy, from Satan's leer!

—Gaspar Bela Daruvary

What one man discerns as Truth today, all men will
 recognize as Truth tomorrow.

Effect of Planets in the Various Houses on the Human Body

By O. W. LEMAR



MERCURY.—Indicates a tall slender person, very quick, agile, nervous and sensitive; a brilliant orator and keen logician, deeply interested in science, art, learning and all the refinements of life; learns languages with great facility, subtle and careful in all actions; a witty, clever person.

MOON.—Generally denotes a medium to tall stature, pale complexion, rather pensive, fond of notoriety, loquacious and selfish; somewhat inclined to distrust and jealousy, grasping and covetous; fond of reading but does not master any subject thoroughly, a smatterer.

LIBRA

URANUS.—Produces a tall stature, strong, well-made body, comely appearance, oval face, sanguine complexion, high forehead, grey eyes, mild, gentlemanly, kind, faithful and trustworthy; learned mind, scientific, independent and quick to anger when rights are assailed.

SATURN.—Indicates a tall stature, rather handsome, brown or auburn hair, oval face, large nose and forehead, extravagant, fond of debate, excitement and controversy; they seldom leave much wealth at death.

JUPITER.—A well-made body, elegant and handsome, carriage erect and graceful, light brown hair, clear complexion, of an open, free, generous nature; obliging, courteous and winning ways, fond of recreations, gaining much esteem in the world; usually quite a fortunate person.

MARS.—Personates a tall, finely proportioned figure, light brown hair, sanguine complexion, disposition rather fickle, boasting and arrogant, too fond of the opposite sex, through whom he is often a

great loser—both in credit and esteem; ambitious and fond of praise, and quite conceited.

SUN.—Shows a tall, erect body, full, clear, sharp eye, oval face, light hair, extravagant, free and generous beyond all reason; too fond of display and finery if a female, proud and rather self-centered.

VENUS.—Usually produces the loveliest and most perfect specimens of humanity; tall, graceful, sanguine complexion, light brown or tinge of reddish hair, blue or grey eyes, very good looking; cheerful, affable, kind and obliging; if females, exceedingly fond of fancy ornament and display in arranging which they exhibit great skill and taste; and if Venus be significator, they are fond of ease and luxury; usually quite voluptuous, and if Mars afflict are quite likely to be very amorous and weak in morals, unless Venus be otherwise fortified; they are, however, very refined in their tastes, if Jupiter aspects Venus or Moon also be favorably placed.

MERCURY.—Denotes a well-proportioned body, rather full than otherwise, light brown, smooth hair, sanguine complexion, just, fearless disposition, virtuous, prudent, a lover of learning, having many natural abilities and acquired accomplishments; an ingenious, thrifty individual, of pleasing manners and good habits.

MOON.—Describes a well-made body, light brown hair, ruddy complexion, good looking, fine face, quite merry, jolly and pleasing in manner and deportment; agreeable and friendly, and much admired and respected by acquaintances; if a female, she is greatly admired by men, but she will have need to exercise great care over her moral propensities.

SCORPIO

URANUS.—Gives a short, thick set body, ill made

and crooked; dark complexion, coarse hair, too often deceitful, cunning, malicious, avaricious and inclined to drink and sottish pleasures; generally a very coarse, but fearfully subtle, hypnotic nature; a separate character.

SATURN.—Gives a short stature, thick, strong, well-set body, long face, dark complexion, a quarrelsome, mischievous nature or a violent, though extremely firm, positive nature; one who will not stop to consider the means so long as the end can be obtained, even though it be to their own detriment.

JUPITER.—Indicates a middle stature, short, compact body, coarse, dark hair, full, fleshy face, dirty, dusky complexion, proud, lofty, ambitious and aspiring, resolute, covetous, selfish, subtle, and one who ought to be handled warily.

MARS.—Denotes a strong, firm built, solid body, medium height, broad, full, dusky complexion, curly black hair, passionate, fiery, rash, quick, violent, very revengeful, full of ambition, resolute and generally extremely successful in their pursuits.

SUN.—Personates a square, stockily built person, broad face, cloudy, sunburnt complexion, ingenious mind, but overbearing; abrupt temper, disagreeable manners, ambitious nature, one who will not admit of an equal; generally become famous as great sailors, surgeons or physicians; rarely ever achieving success in other pursuits.

VENUS.—Gives a short stature, rather fleshy, broad face, dusky complexion, dark hair; an envious, contentious, depraved and very vicious person.

MERCURY.—Gives a short stature, ill made body, broad shoulders, swarthy complexion, curly brown hair, in no wise refined or pleasing; very ingenious, subtle, shrewd and far-seeing; studious and ambitious, very careful of his own interests, delighting in company and argument, in which he surely excels.

MOON.—A very ill-composed figure, short, thick, ungainly and fleshy; dusky complexion, dark hair, brutish, bad morals, sottish and vain of self without reason. If a female, she is generally depraved in all her desires, conduct or ambitions; a despicable character with vicious habits.

SAGITTARIUS

URANUS.—Indicates a stature considerably above medium height, light hair, pleasant, clear, open countenance, large, strong boned, slender face,

rather hasty or over enthusiastic, careful and prudent, rather bashful, a sincere friend and a veritable thorn in the side of a foe; generally free, noble and courageous, but with all very peculiarly original and eccentric.

SATURN.—Denotes a large, strong body, tall and big boned or raw boned, quite good looking, fair complexion, obliging disposition, quite saving and frugal; quiet and reserved, a deep thinker and philosopher, will not tolerate an affront nor permit familiarity, willing to do good to all, a true friend and inclined to forgive an enemy, courteous, just and humane.

JUPITER.—Magnificent, tall, handsome, strictly upright figure, bold, free, open and courageous, chestnut or brown hair, ruddy complexion, hair grows thin over and across the temples, brown or hazel eye, honorable in all things, scorns a mean act, just, truthful, courteous, humane and affable, agreeable manners, polite and engaging; very fond of field sports, horses and all manner of recreations.

MARS.—Gives a moderately tall stature, well proportioned, compact and strongly made, sanguine, ruddy complexion, oval visage, quick, keen eye, sharp, hasty temper, though soon conciliated; a splendid judge of horses and quite fond of active outdoor life.

SUN.—Describes a tall, well-made body, oval visage, sanguine complexion, light brown hair, lofty, aspiring nature, high minded and aiming at great things, quite austere and a severe judge; they are often honorably mentioned for good and noble deeds, but are inclined to disdain applause.

VENUS.—Makes a medium stature, well balanced figure, fair, clear complexion, oval face, brown eyes and dark hair (usually chestnut brown), very generous and free, good natured, obliging, extremely fond of music and art, in which they often excel; quite successful in most things.

MERCURY.—Tall stature, well formed, not fleshy, large bones, brown hair, ruddy complexion and large nose, passionate but soon appeased; rash to their own injury, yet well disposed, striving after honorable things, but seldom attaining them — not very fortunate.

MOON.—A fine, tall, handsome, well favored body, oval face, light brown hair, ruddy or sandy complexion; a good, even disposition, open, generous, but hasty and passionate yet forgiving; honest, kind, fortunate and much respected.

All undirected force is destructive.

Vegetarianism is a Religion

By HAYES BEASLEY

And God said, let us make man in our own image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

And God said, behold, I have given you every herb-bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.—Gen. 1, vs. 26, 29, 30.



ANY people who espouse the cause of Vegetarianism, do so from motives of health. These votaries are divided into those who classify vegetable diet into vegetables both cooked and raw, fruits and nuts; raw vegetables exclusively, and others who eat anything that does not have to be killed.

But all of them come under the general head of Vegetarians. And all are experiencing regeneration to a greater or less degree, in body, mind and spirit.

There is a basic principle of Nature underlying Vegetarianism that is epitomized succinctly in the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill". It is that the animal world, beast and man, are akin and that man has all the responsibility for both.

It is a fact the protection of the deer in the game preserves, through a vigorous campaign against predatory beasts, is responsible for so rapid an increase that thousands of head invade the growing fields and become a nuisance to farmers in some sections and in severe winter weather many thousands starve. Proving that man as an equalizer of animal life in the raw, is a dismal failure and that Nature keeps the balance by causing one animal to prey upon another, which fact is taken by some "beef-eaters" to mean that man has a right to prey off the lower animals, likewise. This is specious argument and without a logical premise. In Nature the stronger does prey off the weaker. The law of survival of the fittest is the law of natural evolution, applicable to all life up to man. But man has been given attributes that the animal below him has not, as yet, been permitted to acquire. While man has all the animal instincts and desires, he also has something else that makes him a trifle higher than the lower animal, if he takes advantage of it, and a trifle lower if he follows his lower animal instincts. This something else is his state of self-consciousness or awareness. He has developed a body, refined above the lower animals, prepared for the housing of that

spark of divinity that will allow him to continue his evolutionary journey upward until he has become a God in his own right. The lower animal ego is still undifferentiated from the Universal Mind and must be controlled, through mass direction, by a God. But upon its entry into the human plane, new duties and responsibilities devolve upon it which include the responsibility for all the kingdoms below it. Nature, left to itself, without the constructive oversight of the higher mind of man, would quickly revert to a wild and chaotic state of ferocity that would soon become self-annihilating.

This is amply proven in the neglected field. How quickly does it turn back to a tangled patch of noxious weeds. It is also proven in the higher realm of man where any semblance of law and order is absent. Life is held cheaply and the law of the knife and the bludgeon become supreme. Man is the highest directing force on the physical plane and the connecting link between the lower animal and Godhood is entrusted to him. He has failed to avail himself of his prerogatives and has eaten that which he should have protected and as a consequence, he is due for destruction once more. The planet must pass through another purification because he has failed in his trust and defiled the kingdom given into his charge.

Nature must be improved through the application of the higher law of love by the custodians of that law, man. Another proof that man is not intended to eat animal flesh is that the breath of life of the animal kingdom, when used and returned to the atmosphere, is discharged in the form of a poison to the animal world, carbonic acid gas. On the contrary, the breath of life to the vegetable kingdom is that same carbonic acid gas, which, when used and returned to the atmosphere, becomes the breath of life to the animal world, oxygen. The growing plant life of the world saves man from

asphyxiation from the poisons of his own body and exhales the breath of life for him.

The chemical formula of the plant is changed when eaten by the animal and its essences precipitated into something very different from their original state. The poisons are absorbed into the tissues of the animal and form deposits there that are inimical to human health and repulsive to refined taste.

For the resultant illness from eating these poisons precipitated into the tissues of the animal, the first advice of the physician is to discontinue the eating of meat.

The specious logician calls attention to the fact that the vegetable world is alive and must suffer death to be eaten. Admitting this to be true, there is a natural death and an unnatural death. The natural death of the plant world is in being eaten and its passage through the system of the animal, where it dies, is buried and resurrected, is its natural method of evolution into the animal kingdom, its next plane of manifestation.

The only portion of food eaten that vitalizes the body is the spiritual content of the food, whether animal or vegetable. The fibrous and muscular portions are passed out of the body through the excretory organs and the spirit of the food is incorporated into the blood and carried to the various glands where it becomes the spiritual rejuvenator

of the entire human mechanism. As the proper food is eaten and its spiritual content is distributed over the body through the medium of the blood, the oxygen of the air thrown off by the plant life, is redrawn into the body through the lungs and they, in turn, function more fully, not being forced to furnish a draft to burn up the excess burden of the meat poisons.

The time is coming, and those who are advanced, may see the trend of events, when the world will be forced, through the action of natural law, to adopt a vegetable diet. The refining process is at hand and those who will not meet it voluntarily and happily, because of their desire for advanced knowledge, will be forced to do so through suffering and pain. The vibration is too rapid for the old forms of life and living. Horses are gone from the streets. Cattle will go from the plains and all because of man's refusal to do his duty by his younger brothers.

There is another angle to the religious side of Vegetarianism that will not be touched upon here but will show that the causes that are leading to the forced acceptance of a vegetarian diet are the same causes leading to the next destruction of humanity on this globe and are also epitomized in the commandment "Thou shalt not kill".

The vegetarian's motto: "Live and let live".

The Heavenly Road

*T*HERE was no milky way of stars,
But just a field of green
With daisies by the pasture bars
All radiant and serene!

There were no angels in the air,
Nor raptured seraphs wise,
But up the noontide's sunlit stair
Trooped gorgeous butterflies!

There was no river of pure gold,
But dancing in the breeze
A laughing brook forever rolled
Beneath the arching trees!

There were no shining jasper walls,
Nor azure baldricked dome,
But just a house with friendly halls,
And quiet peace of home!

—Gaspar Bela Daruvary

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