

The Occultist



IN THIS ISSUE

Will Levington Comfort
Dr. Axel Emil Gibson
Gaspar Bela Daruvary
Artie Mae Blackburn
Kevah Deo Griffis
Laura Lee Novak
Llewellyn George
Richard Ingalese
Isabella Ingalese
Dr. Julia Seton
O. W. LeMar
W. H. Scott
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	3
Through the Eyes of an Occultist.....	5
RICHARD INGALESE	
Kevah-Grams	7
KEVAH DEO GRIFFIS	
Life and the Sphinx—A Study in Human Values	8
DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON	
One Woman's Household—An Allegory.....	11
ISABELLA INGALESE	
Moon in Virgo the Fishes Feeding Time.....	15
W. H. SCOTT	
A Group of Poems	16
The River and the Tree	
Naday—The Wood Nymph—A Prose Poem	
The Friendly Night	
The Miracle	
Teach Me	
Tonight	
GASPAR BELA DARUVARY	
What You Do for Self, You Do for All.....	19
WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT	
The Power that Wins.....	21
JULIA SETON	
New Books.....	23
The Habit of Health.....	24
LLEWELLYN GEORGE	
The Alchemy of Precious Stones.....	26
ARTIE MAE BLACKBURN	
Perfection cannot Exist with an Opposite.....	28
NEIL WOOD	
Children of Light.....	29
LAURA LEE NOVAK	
The Effect of Planets in the Various Houses.....	30
O. W. LE MAR	

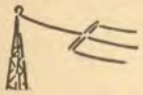
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EDITORIAL



WHAT IS OCCULTISM?

THE STANDARD Dictionary says that "Occultism is an experimental science that investigates the occult qualities of Nature. Investigation of mysterious things, especially those that are supernatural. A supernatural power claimed to be derived from higher beings and employed in human affairs, as in predicting the future.

"2. Modern Theosophy, as claiming to possess a rational explanation of the unexplained laws of Nature, due to investigation by means of certain sense-centers, present, but inoperative, in most of mankind".

The first section of this definition is rather ambiguous as the occultist has expunged the word "supernatural" from his language. He has learned that there is nothing "over Nature". That Nature is natural on all planes. But he has discovered that there are planes where a higher degree of development than can be derived from the five physical senses, is necessary if he would contact those higher planes intelligently. Through the Law of Correspondences there are centers of activity on the higher planes corresponding to those of the physical senses, which are super-sensible rather than supernatural.

The processes of developing those sense-centers "present, but inoperative" are bringing mankind into closer contact with the super-sensible realms and opening vistas of knowledge new to this age, but countless ages old in the annals of time.

As old things give way to new, the accepted definition of the word, "Occultism", does not impress me as defining the meaning of the word in the light of modern experience and I propose a new and more modern definition for your consideration.

Occultism is the application of the occult or super-sensible laws of Nature toward the development of the highest manifestation of Nature, MAN, whereby he may refine his own vehicle (body) through proper eating, breathing, thinking, and thereby raise his rate of vi-

bration to the point that he may consciously enjoy the fruits of the spirit here and now and make this old earth a habitable place for his posterity.

Vibration is at the bottom of the entire process. Every form is a mode of motion, hence, the human being is a certain rate of vibration, just as is light, color, sound, radio, etc. The human's rate of vibration is very sensitive to outside influence, the first and chief point of contact being the stomach. Every medical expert, occult or orthodox, will agree that man is what he eats. The second point of contact is the sex life, governing the emotions.

Hence, if one would be an "operative" occultist, he must master his appetites, habits and emotions, becoming positive rather than negative.

The positive character transmutes everything he learns into a higher rate of vibration for use in his own body. He is not a vegetarian for faddistic reasons but because he has learned the occult meaning behind that commandment, "Thou shalt not kill". He does not suppress his emotional nature; he transmutes the sex power into a higher form of expression.

The speculative occultist is still functioning on the mental plane and is eating husks with the swine, as yet, while the operative occultist has forsaken the swine and is on his way back to "My Father's house".

INTELLIGENT GONG

During a recent visit to the home of a prominent Los Angeles teacher and leader of progressive thought, I was shown a Chinese temple gong, whereby the good spirits were invoked. It was in the shape of a rather large sized stew kettle. By gently rubbing the rim of the gong with a felted stick about six inches long and of the circumference of a silver quarter a very faint sound was emitted which gradually swelled to a full, vibrant crescendo, filling the room with a beautiful, resonant tone.

But a strange story was told me by the owner of the gong. If one's rate of vibration was low and coarse, the gong would sound for

them, but it would not again sound for any one for many hours afterward.

I tell of this visit here because it recalled to my mind some very vivid experiences I have had with people who have shown me a low and coarse rate of vibration. After rubbing me once it has been impossible for them to get a rise out of me for some length of time.

We all know of people who seem to rub us the wrong way, the minute they come into our presence. However, one always has the privilege of doing what the Chinese gong does: Refusing to sing again until the effects of the cross vibration have worn off.

COUNT KEYSERLING

A German count has invaded the United States, preaching against innovations in marriage. He admits that he has a beautiful, happy home in the Fatherland with a wife that is congenial and understands him.

He made his bow to the Pacific coast by sending advance information to the hotel he honored with his presence about his food. It must be certain kinds of edibles and drinkables. This act alone stamps the man.

He says certain things should be thus and so about marriage. But how can one be an authority on another's happiness in wedlock when he has never had a ripple in his sea of wedded bliss. He just simply is not. It is degrading to body, intellect and spirit, to live with a companion who robs one daily of his or her self respect and that self respect can only be rehabilitated by a complete cutting of the tie that binds.

Mistakes should not be perpetuated; not even mistakes in marriage. The suffering of separation will be less than the suffering of contention and self abasement.

Man has always been the conventional half. He created the double standard to protect his "property". Woman has always been pliable and non-resistant, therefore, the power behind the throne and if she wants companionate marriage she will have it.

A couple are married many weeks or months before the legal ceremony or they are never truly married, as marriage is a state of mind of two parties made manifest through a legal ceremony.

Four

AN EPITOME

The great artist is the epitome of his people. In and through his art, whether it be music, painting, sculpture, or writing, he expresses the pent up emotions of generations.

He walks above the heads of his countrymen, sensitized by their thoughts, ambitions, hopes, fears, joys, sufferings. He has felt the pangs of hunger with them, their defeats, their victories. He is the product of centuries of centralized breeding. No heterogeneous people have ever produced a great artist. It takes generations of suffering to culminate in the individualization of a race in the form of a great artist.

OUT OF THE DEEP, I COME

Somewhere out in the great ocean of humanity, there is a soul thirsting for an opportunity to serve humanity, and who has all the perquisites of that service at their command. They are unselfish, impersonal, in their desire, and free from the profit complex. They just want to use their talents in behalf of their fellowmen.

There is a lighthouse for such an one. Look up, see and steer for it.

N. A. A. SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION

Word comes from those in charge of the preparations for the Second Annual Convention of the National Astrological Association, that fine progress is being made. All of the old favorites of last year will be on the program and a number of new lights have been found that will add new attractions. Just as a sample, we are informed that Chong Yum, a leading Chinese merchant of San Francisco will speak on the antiquity of Chinese Astrology.

San Francisco, the scene of the coming convention, will join the Astrologers in making this one of the big events in the city's history.

Eleanor Jennings of "Science and Astrology", will hold a conference on the subject of the "Epoch Chart", on which subject she is said to be a world authority.

If you were at Hollywood last year, you will be in San Francisco this year. It goes without saying.

Through the Eyes of an Occultist

By RICHARD INGALESE



UNDER the above caption it is proposed, each month, to discuss some current event from an occult viewpoint. Too many students of Occultism are inclined to keep their philosophy apart from work-a-day life, much as do the church people their religion; often the student does this unconsciously. To illustrate: He knows that growth in mental power can be acquired only through concentration; therefore, he sets aside time, each morning, to practice this art. When the allotted period expires he hurries to take up life's duties and to do as much, and as many kinds, of work as possible; often thinking of one thing while doing another, thus nullifying much of the benefit gained by the morning's concentration. If he really would grow he never should hurry but should concentrate deliberately, at all times, on whatever he is doing. A philosophy, or a religion, to be vital must be lived, and it is hoped that these articles may be an aid to the student to look at life philosophically, always, and then to live his philosophy.

The outstanding news feature for the last two months was the notorious Hickman case. Almost every daily paper in the United States and Canada devoted columns to it. And to what purpose? Obviously to feed morbid minds the food they thrived on and to enrich newspaper owners by an increased circulation of their papers. It is true that the publicity of the case aided in the capture of the criminal, but the same result could have been accomplished without publishing the horrible details of the crime. Published crime always breeds more crime—of a like nature.

The first effect of the Hickman publicity was a duplication of the crime in the Middle West, and later an epidemic of kidnapping throughout the country. Locally, some young boys were found playing Hickman and were about to dissect a little girl when discovered. The normal mind looks with abhorrence upon the poisoning of material food even in war, but newspaper publishers are permitted to serve the people, in times of peace, daily, poisoned mental food. This statement, unfortunately,

is no exaggeration, as even a tyro in psychology must know.

The mob mind is peculiarly suggestible; and any constantly repeated thought finds lodgment there—like scattered seeds on many soils. Any unbalanced mind, any mind with criminal tendency, any utterly negative mind within the mass accepts the repeated word picture of crime, revolves it in thought, and, when the opportunity arises, acts upon the impression created. Every thinking newspaper reporter will confirm the fact that each notorious crime has many imitations. Every novel suicide has numerous duplications. And the effects of printed crime are not only immediate but perennial. We saw how the Hickman crime acted on the plastic minds of one group of children, but how many other groups were effected? How many individual children?

Society stands helpless and almost hopeless against the ever increasing war of criminals against it; and yet, makes but little effort to root out the crime producing causes, because it is so occupied in detecting and treating criminals that it has but little time to give to preventing the creation of criminals. Modern medicine treats symptoms and not causes of disease—or it resorts to surgery; and society is doing the same thing in regard to crime. It is treating symptoms, or resorting to surgery, hoping to prevent more criminals and further crime.

The newspapers, the spoken drama and moving pictures create more criminals than pro-creation ever will. Let it be noted that the new malefactors do not owe their origin to heredity or slum environment and that their ages are from six to twenty-five years.

Let us, then, briefly review certain phases of history during the last twenty-five years. Sensational journalism got well under way with the dawn of this century; then commenced the printed exploitation of crime. About the same period the "crook play" had its birth in the notorious "Alias Jimmy Valentine". Its success was instantaneous. The crook became the popular hero of the spoken drama. The plastic mind of childhood was impressed by this and other similar plays. Then the movies

came into existence and depicted the alleged thrilling western life of train robbers, hold-up men, murderers and other heroes of like breed. The public, especially the young public, craved more and ever more of the same class of "bad-men", "lady bandits" and "gentlemen crook" plays, and the stage and the movies supplied the demand—and of the making of such plays and pictures there is no end. So profitable is this branch of art(?) that magazines, solely devoted to the "crook stories" are found on almost every news stand. Printed crime, spoken crime, pictured crime, this trinity is the cause of the crime committed by children and adults, who were brought up in such a thought atmosphere and must continue to increase as long as those causes are permitted to continue.

America is supposed to be pre-eminent in business and it is generally recognized by business men that salesmanship is the cause of business. Cannot fathers see that if their children are "sold" on crime and criminal heroes, that such children may, and probably will, become "crooks"?

The only way to rectify these conditions is for parents to subscribe, only, to such papers as minimize the accounts of crime, and refuse to patronize "crook" plays and films. If these manufactories are closed society will have no difficulty in suppressing the existing desperadoes.

And what about Hickman, himself? How does Occultism account for such a character? It rejects the "one life on earth" theory for the more logical one of reincarnation. It shocks the credulity of an Occultist to believe that a good and wise God created, just for one life, a pure mind, or soul, to animate the body of a Hickman; and that in a few short years such a mind could so quickly deteriorate into a fiend. If God were wise He must have seen the result of His special creation; then why did he create it? Would it not make Him an accomplice with Hickman?

An Occultist has a higher conception and appreciation of God than such a theological one. In a brief article of this kind the origin and evolution of man cannot be given in detail, but interested persons can find the occult theory set forth in "The History and Power of Mind" and other books. It is sufficient to say here, that each man has two minds, a high-

er and a lower, which accounts for the dual characters of all men. The object of life is for the higher mind to subdue, raise up and absorb the lower mind thus passing through animalism and manhood into godhood.

Hickman failed to exercise self control—the control of the lower mind by the higher. The animal traits in him grew with the ever increasing victories of the lower mind over the higher, for man must evolve, or devolve, there is no standing still. The ferocious animal selfishness in Hickman became his dominant consciousness after many willful, misspent lives, and his higher mind, to save itself from destruction, was compelled to abandon its animal companion. The deserted lower mind, with no controlling or guiding force, except its own desires, quickly degenerated into a pervert and human scourge.

There are many, many Hickmans, actual and potential, on Earth today—animals in human forms—because they are ignorant of their origin, natures and destinies and the necessity of self control. A man does not become totally depraved in one life, but, each time that his will fails to control desire there is a step downward in his career, until in some life he devolves into a Hickman. Such individuals are strictly on the destructive side of life and soon or late destruction destroys itself. Therefore, when Hickman is deprived of his body, by nature or by human law, it will be only an animal that dies. The animal mind, having lived in destructive currents during its life, naturally remains in those currents when ex-carnated and will be disintegrated by the very forces it has used. Man, therefore, shapes his own destiny and is his own savior or destroyer—"for, as he thinketh in his heart, so is he".

The fact that Hickman pretended to be "converted" after his conviction is meaningless. He was supposed to be religious and a church member only a short time before his greatest crime. Repentance, in such a case, was the way he hoped to escape Divine Justice through a priest, as he hoped to escape human justice through a lawyer. But Occultism says that cause and effect are immutable both in the realm of ethics and of physics.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap".

Kevah-Grams

By KEVAH DEO GRIFFIS

128 East Twenty-eighth St., New York City



AN ANYBODY guess why Ann Pennington is famous for her dancing and her dimpled knees? She has Mars in Sagittarius and the Sun in conjunction with Venus in Capricorn. Venus will leave her dimple and mark her children. Where is your Venus and where is your dimple?

★ ★ ★

When Neptune goes into Virgo we may look for new foods, fabrics and fashions. Cotton will be "in" again, after its long eclipse. Synthetic rubber will have a boom. The new modernist furniture, already on display, makes the sensitive home-maker yearn to deposit her present household goods on a large and effective funeral pyre. Lares and penates take new forms, wall paper and screens swirl and angle in new patterns; splinter with undreamed color clashes that disturb and charm.

★ ★ ★

Already, Neptune has made gay the pots and pans. Who minds being Cinderella with a yellow enamel electric range and pale green and blue double boilers and tea kettles? Neptune keeps the fingers unwearied that pound a scarlet typewriter. The last convention of "Morticians" advertised color in tombstones, caskets and graveyards.

★ ★ ★

People will study, more and more, the vibratory rate of foods, the color of foods—light instead of calories.

★ ★ ★

Instead of rag rugs and patchwork quilts, the passion of Virgo for using odds and ends and creating something out of the nothingness of scraps, will satisfy its longing by saving the silver paper from cigarette boxes and pasting it on cubist screens.

★ ★ ★

Someone will learn how to harness light rays to propel air ships.

There will be a more universal understanding of the value of porous clothing, Sun and

light baths. The old forgotten lore of herbs and herbal medicining, will be revived; the art of soil-feeding and fertilization, the healing of the body by planetary rays and rhythms; by the intensification of its own vibratory rates.

★ ★ ★

Sun baths when the Moon is in different signs have different effects. Expose the part of the body that may need help, to the full rays of the Sun when the Moon, and when a benefic planet is in the sign ruling that part or organ.

★ ★ ★

Let us remember forever afresh, day by day, we live on a star. "Is it not true that this Earth that is so familiar to us, is as good as yonder morning or evening star and made of the same stuff? Just as much in the heavens, just as truly a celestial abode as it is? Venus seems to us like a great jewel in the crown of night or morning. From Venus the Earth would seem like a still larger jewel".—John Borroughs in "Accepting the Universe".

★ ★ ★

POEMS FOR TAURUS

Song of Songs

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.

"The voice of the turtle is heard in the land".

The turtle dove is Venus' own bird. The sound of doves is one of the thrilling love notes in the universe.

★ ★ ★

Taurus is the fertile Moon.

"The flowery May, who from her green lap th
rows

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail! bounteous May, that doth inspire

Mirth and youth and warm desire".—John Milton.

Mirth—the merry Venus, "Bards of passion and of mirth"—Mars-Venus, Aries-Taurus and Libra-Scorpio times of the year. The beauty months—spring and fall.

Life and the Sphinx---

A Study in Human Values

By DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON

Beaumont,

California

Life—a Vital Engine

I



LIFE IS A thing, living is a process. Life is a gift, living an attainment. Life is without choice, living is a constant arbitration. Life came to us without our knowledge and without our effort, taking possession of us like oxygen of the air, electricity of the ether or the light of the Sun. It is an instrument of universal power, furnished the individual by an infinite, inscrutable intelligence for the purpose of service and usefulness.

Placed at our individual disposal, life thus becomes the vital engine by which we can effect the progress of living; while the mode or method by which we operate this engine determines the character and general value of our individual or communal existence.

The relation of life to living corresponds to the use and purpose to which a driver puts his vehicle, which in its turn places the responsibility of the drive, its success or failure, its break-down or safe arrival, on the judgment, the care and the determination of the driver himself.

II

Life—not a Possession

But while the individual must thus be held responsible for his living, he cannot be held responsible for his life. For this life has been thrust upon him, unknown to himself and with no other terms of ownership than those that speak to him through his conscience and judgment. And as the latter reflects his early comradeship, it is to the extent these factors have colored and misdirected his living that our fiscal authorities are entitled to step in and interfere with the ways and methods of the individual and to ascertain where the responsibility of these authorities ceases, and the responsibility of the citizen begins.

It is the duty of our leading authorities to introduce every measure of protection, so as to

Eight

insure perfect safety to the life and property of our citizens over and against the lawbreaker. But it is here that the right of law ceases and the rights of life begin. For when the transgressor of the law has been rendered thoroughly safe and harmless, and the life and property of the community perfectly protected, the duties of the authorities to the citizens, to the criminal and to God have been absolutely fulfilled.

On the other hand, every measure of retaliation or punishment administered for its own sake, and not for the sake of communal self-defence, is in its turn a transgression upon the rights of the life of the criminal. For the government is responsible to society only for the acts of the individual's life; as for the life itself, the responsibility rests with God. No law, statutory or self-written, ever held a brief for taking away from an individual a thing to which the individual himself has neither physical, legal or moral rights of proprietorship. There can be no legal ownership to property without its protective title has been secured, and, furthermore, the legal owner alone can take possession of or remove it. Now, who holds the title to a human life? Certainly not the community or its fiscal authorities which have not the faintest recognition or the vaguest record of the filing of a title or the transfer of a deed which, in the case of individual life, alone could insure property right. Certainly not the individual himself, who, whether criminal or saint, received his life before his mind could register any self-conscious recognition of the transfer.

III

Who Holds the Title to the Life of a Criminal?

Looked at from the standpoint of human reason, God alone holds the title to the life of an individual. Only God holds the right of

ownership to a criminal's life and only He has the right to remove it. Hence, capital punishment is not only a transaction between the criminal and legal authority, but between humanity and God. In killing its criminals, the community violates the property rights of God or whatever name we choose to give that infinite, inscrutable judgment which regulates the balance of life and death, and maintains the vital proprieties of every cosmic unfoldment. Our case in this Court of Human Destiny is not with the criminal but with God.

IV

Capital Punishment—a Confession of Atheism

Only from a standpoint of downright Atheism can the practice of capital punishment be at all defended. Only to him who looks upon life as a purely chemical process on a mechanical basis can there be any element of justification in the destruction of human life. Capital punishment is based upon the conception of life as a purely chemical and biologic process, leaving out of account any principle of consciousness or intelligence which transcends the output of the chemical laboratory. On the other hand, the presence of an immortal soul in the criminal, raises life at once above human jurisdiction as it gives to life, as such, an equal sacredness, whether in the criminal himself or in the judge by whom the life sentence is passed. Surely we find no specification in the well known admonition to Peter, in the fourth gospel, regarding the justification in taking any human life, criminal or no criminal: "He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword", a statement which in its general application to humanity makes it as morally indefensible for the judge to take the life of the criminal as for the criminal to take the life of his victim.

Looked at from a moral or religious point of view, capital punishment involves an offense against the nature of the criminal, which in its deeper phase, is more cruel and inhuman than any act that could possibly be committed by the criminal himself. In its cold and sober judgment the community commits the same deadly offense against life as the criminal committed while under the sway of a passion which the pressure of the situation had made ungovernable. Not only do we, as accusers

and condemners let the arm of law with its full power strike the transgressor, but by removing his life we deliberately shut him off from every opportunity to redeem himself from a condition of mind in which his very ignorance of the meaning of life has put him. While professing ourselves Christians, we yet ignore one of the most fundamental statements of Christendom: "If thy sins are as red as scarlet, I shall make them white as snow". For it is in this promise of its founder that Christianity wields its world-conquering power—the promise of an endless opportunity for a human life to be redeemed, if it readjusts its living. Now capital punishment cuts off this native, God-given opportunity, and no longer will the murderer have an opportunity to change his nature and to recognize and repent his inhuman deed.

V

What Makes a Criminal?

From whence comes this grim bloodthirsty impulse of jurisdiction to demand the life of the condemned? Where are we to look for the motive for such ignoble, inhuman attitude toward a creature nurtured and raised in the very midst of our own influence? Is it really for the sake of self-defense we plead? As if the rock-ribbed walls and armed guards of the prison cell were not sufficient to insure us perfect safety against this man to the end of his life. And still more, what justifies us in holding the terrible thought that this man's moral recovery is hopeless, and his soul too black to receive the light of truth if brought to him by able and sympathetic teachers.

After all, what is a criminal? Experience and facts teach us that no thing or creature can live bereft of its nourishment. This rule applies to all forms of life and existences. What then sustains the morbid disposition of a criminal? From where does he obtain the support for the growth and development of his perverted nature? The answer lies before us in the broad daylight of truth. We, ourselves, through the thoughts and feelings, words and acts of our daily life, supply the elements of perversion by which the criminal is made up. Were it not for the shocking examples of corrupt morality, displayed in the journalism and social life of our time, such thing as a professional criminal would be an extinct species. Furthermore, how many of

Life and the Sphinx---

A Study in Human Values

By DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON

Beaumont,

California

Life—a Vital Engine

I



IFE IS A thing, living is a process. Life is a gift, living an attainment. Life is without choice, living is a constant arbitration. Life came to us without our knowledge and without our effort, taking possession of us like oxygen of the air, electricity of the ether or the light of the Sun. It is an instrument of universal power, furnished the individual by an infinite, inscrutable intelligence for the purpose of service and usefulness.

Placed at our individual disposal, life thus becomes the vital engine by which we can effect the progress of living; while the mode or method by which we operate this engine determines the character and general value of our individual or communal existence.

The relation of life to living corresponds to the use and purpose to which a driver puts his vehicle, which in its turn places the responsibility of the drive, its success or failure, its break-down or safe arrival, on the judgment, the care and the determination of the driver himself.

II

Life—not a Possession

But while the individual must thus be held responsible for his living, he cannot be held responsible for his life. For this life has been thrust upon him, unknown to himself and with no other terms of ownership than those that speak to him through his conscience and judgment. And as the latter reflects his early comradeship, it is to the extent these factors have colored and misdirected his living that our fiscal authorities are entitled to step in and interfere with the ways and methods of the individual and to ascertain where the responsibility of these authorities ceases, and the responsibility of the citizen begins.

It is the duty of our leading authorities to introduce every measure of protection, so as to

Eight

insure perfect safety to the life and property of our citizens over and against the lawbreaker. But it is here that the right of law ceases and the rights of life begin. For when the transgressor of the law has been rendered thoroughly safe and harmless, and the life and property of the community perfectly protected, the duties of the authorities to the citizens, to the criminal and to God have been absolutely fulfilled.

On the other hand, every measure of retaliation or punishment administered for its own sake, and not for the sake of communal self-defence, is in its turn a transgression upon the rights of the life of the criminal. For the government is responsible to society only for the acts of the individual's life; as for the life itself, the responsibility rests with God. No law, statutory or self-written, ever held a brief for taking away from an individual a thing to which the individual himself has neither physical, legal or moral rights of proprietorship. There can be no legal ownership to property without its protective title has been secured, and, furthermore, the legal owner alone can take possession of or remove it. Now, who holds the title to a human life? Certainly not the community or its fiscal authorities which have not the faintest recognition or the vaguest record of the filing of a title or the transfer of a deed which, in the case of individual life, alone could insure property right. Certainly not the individual himself, who, whether criminal or saint, received his life before his mind could register any self-conscious recognition of the transfer.

III

Who Holds the Title to the Life of a Criminal?

Looked at from the standpoint of human reason, God alone holds the title to the life of an individual. Only God holds the right of

ownership to a criminal's life and only He has the right to remove it. Hence, capital punishment is not only a transaction between the criminal and legal authority, but between humanity and God. In killing its criminals, the community violates the property rights of God or whatever name we choose to give that infinite, inscrutable judgment which regulates the balance of life and death, and maintains the vital proprieties of every cosmic unfolding. Our case in this Court of Human Destiny is not with the criminal but with God.

IV

Capital Punishment—a Confession of Atheism

Only from a standpoint of downright Atheism can the practice of capital punishment be at all defended. Only to him who looks upon life as a purely chemical process on a mechanical basis can there be any element of justification in the destruction of human life. Capital punishment is based upon the conception of life as a purely chemical and biologic process, leaving out of account any principle of consciousness or intelligence which transcends the output of the chemical laboratory. On the other hand, the presence of an immortal soul in the criminal, raises life at once above human jurisdiction as it gives to life, as such, an equal sacredness, whether in the criminal himself or in the judge by whom the life sentence is passed. Surely we find no specification in the well known admonition to Peter, in the fourth gospel, regarding the justification in taking any human life, criminal or no criminal: "He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword", a statement which in its general application to humanity makes it as morally indefensible for the judge to take the life of the criminal as for the criminal to take the life of his victim.

Looked at from a moral or religious point of view, capital punishment involves an offense against the nature of the criminal, which in its deeper phase, is more cruel and inhuman than any act that could possibly be committed by the criminal himself. In its cold and sober judgment the community commits the same deadly offense against life as the criminal committed while under the sway of a passion which the pressure of the situation had made ungovernable. Not only do we, as accusers

and condemners let the arm of law with its full power strike the transgressor, but by removing his life we deliberately shut him off from every opportunity to redeem himself from a condition of mind in which his very ignorance of the meaning of life has put him. While professing ourselves Christians, we yet ignore one of the most fundamental statements of Christendom: "If thy sins are as red as scarlet, I shall make them white as snow". For it is in this promise of its founder that Christianity wields its world-conquering power—the promise of an endless opportunity for a human life to be redeemed, if it readjusts its living. Now capital punishment cuts off this native, God-given opportunity, and no longer will the murderer have an opportunity to change his nature and to recognize and repent his inhuman deed.

V

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those who so readily and mercilessly condemn the criminal are morally justified to "throw the first stone at him".

The psychology of the criminal is at once simple and complex. In most cases the course of his motives and the source of his impulses are unknown even to himself. Closely analyzed, the difference between the criminal and the respectable citizen lies in their mental rather than in their moral nature; in the difference of diplomatic tact, balanced judgment and protective associations, rather than in an innate urge to do evil for its own sake. Two individuals may harbor the same criminal thought; but while the one is swept overboard by the force of his untrained and overpowering emotions, the other, by the resistance of a careful education, has found the power to resist the influence or gain a safer and less conspicuous channel for its indulgence.

It was Plato who once expressed the thought that no man will injure himself knowingly. Yet, there is no greater injury an individual can inflict upon himself than to commit a crime. Even his escape does in no way lessen the injury in its deeper bearing. There could be no doubt that if a criminal could measure in full the meaning and consequences of his crime, he would never have committed it. His foreshortened moral vision and thwarted judgment alone made his act possible.

VI

Why do We Commit Crimes?

If the question was put to a respectable member of human society, why he abstains from crimes, he would, if sincere, give as the reason: either an abhorrence for the crime itself or the risk for personal safety. Had every individual been favored with such ethical disposition and intellectual control, there would, probably, have been no criminals. But whence comes the difference in disposition and judgment? Are our active characteristics inherited, acquired or induced? In either case, should the one disposition of life, with its termination in crime, tragedy, outlawry, terror and final imprisonment, give rise in us to less compassion, less humanity, less readiness to improve, to ameliorate and to redeem, then the other disposition with its natural joys,

social respectability and triumph of personal freedom.

Is there any individual who would exchange character, position and identity with the individual by whom he was assailed and robbed? If not, we are dealing with a problem of such a grave, perplex nature that, in all seriousness, something else should be done to the criminal than to shout from gutter to housetop: "Crucify, crucify him". His position, self-acquired or not, is so destitute of human worth and social valuation that contempt, hate, scorn and hostility look, down upon him from every angle of the social hemisphere. Truly, this is no case for revenge, but for redemption.

As a final word it must be admitted that our failure to understand the principles involved in capital punishment is positively appalling. While we take great pain and pride in the education and civilization of wild, ferocious savages, as dangerous to man as any criminal, we have no time or money to spend on the redemption of a misinformed and misdirected member of our own Christian Commonwealth. We equip and finance expensive expeditions to trap ferocious beasts in the jungle, for the purpose of extensive training, study and classification; yet fail to interest our scientific minds in the appalling needs and necessities of the demented and demoralized creatures, gone astray and lost in the jungle of the social underworld, and doomed to be cut off, through the gallows, from every opportunity of reform and restitution.

Now if it is a triumph of skill, faith and endurance to redeem a soul from savagery, or a beast from the jungle, what infinitely greater triumph it should mean for a community to redeem an erring human being—a child of God—lost from the bosom of the social family, and depending solely on the sympathy and Christian interest of his fellow souls for restoration into manhood and fellowship.

Our attitude to moral issues has a tremendous reaction both upon the single individual and upon the commonwealth as a whole. To shirk our social duties in regard to the moral uplift of the individual is to undermine every aspect and prospect of Christian civilization, and to turn out more criminals than Fagan's criminal training school in the novel of Dickens. On the other hand, our efforts to raise

the fallen and misguided, means to lift the entire social status up to new levels of power and harmony. Or what is the meaning of the promise ringing down the ages from the lips

of the man whose steps, as Christians, we profess to follow: "Whatever ye have done for the least of my children, that ye have done for me".

Thought is the only creative force in the universe.

One Woman's Household--An Allegory

By ISABELLA INGALESE

IT WAS in the village of Groan, in the state of Moan, that a woman lived who had an obstreperous household. She, herself, was patient and sweet and altogether lovely; and was so self-sacrificing she never asserted her own will—if it were contrary to another's—but, always yielded to every demand made upon her. As a consequence, she had no independence, or happiness, and was ordered about by any and every one who thought he knew more about managing her affairs than she did.

It was with her own household that she really had the most trouble; because each member was strongly opinionated and selfish, and had not the least love, or even regard, for her—although, she was fond of everyone and provided the means for each one to live. One of the chief obstructionists to her happiness was a member called Mr. Spine. He was tall, straight and slender and very proud of himself. In fact, he believed himself to be the most important of individuals and that his opinions should be treated with the greatest respect. He objected strenuously to making any kind of exertion, and, if the woman wanted to go to the shops and look about a bit, he felt it his privilege, as well as pleasure, to straighten himself and object; and he never missed an opportunity to say what he thought—and, what he thought was always contrary to what she thought.

When the great war was ended, this woman felt she would like to go to France; but was afraid to mention her desire to the various members of her household because of the opposition that would be aroused by just speaking

of such a thing. During the war, she had knitted and sewed for the boys over seas and had done all she could to show her sympathy for them and for the Great Cause—and, in consequence, had suffered much spiteful criticism from certain members of her household. But, now, the war being ended, she wanted to visit the old battle grounds and see what devastation really had been made. She wished to see one of the trenches, where the boys had lived and suffered, while she was sitting comfortably at home knitting socks and sweaters for them.

The mental pictures she made of how they looked, were vivid and pathetic and had brought the tears to her eyes many times—for she was tender hearted; and, while the different members of the household were quarreling among themselves, because she was trying to coax them to work with her to get the boxes ready to send, she was kept from utter discouragement by thinking of the good she was doing.

Three years had passed since the last gun was fired and the soldiers all had returned—those who could. With a nurse and a doctor in attendance, her household had had complete rest, and it was his suggestion to have a change, that gave the woman courage to speak of her desire. It was with considerable perturbation that she spoke to Mr. Spine first.

"I should like, very much, to take a trip abroad", she said, timidly. "What do you think about it"?

Instantly Mr. Spine straightened himself indignantly. "Now you know you never could go such a distance, because I get so tired with

the least effort you make; and since I'm the principle person in this household, and all the other, smaller members are depending upon me, I must be favored first", he said loftily.

"If I should get overworked, while carrying you to all those strange towns, so far from home, those irritable Misses Nerves, who cluster into small groups on each side of me, would begin quivering and contracting and jumping about in sympathy with my weariness, and you could not endure all the suffering we would make for you—for there are times when I must have absolute rest, even if this whole household should be imprisoned in this Jail Fourwalls"—

"But you have been resting for a whole year", the woman ventured to say, "and I should think—"

"Don't interrupt me", Mr. Spine commanded. "It is your place, Madame, to listen while I am speaking. As I was about to say, those dreadful cars might run off the track, at any moment, and break me into two, or even three, pieces. Then, too, you might walk too far and give me a curvature that never could be straightened. And—oh, it makes me ache, now, when I think of all the things that might happen to me, if you should attempt to make that terrible journey abroad."

So, not knowing the extent of her own power, and wishing to make everyone around her happy, the woman decided not to attempt the delightful journey, nor try to see the wonderful and beautiful things in the world, outside of her own home. She had listened for so long to the opinions of Mr. Spine, because of his tantrums, she did not mention her wishes to any other member of her household; but, told the doctor, when he came, that Mr. Spine thought it would be too great an effort to make now. The physician bowed and smiled and exchanged glances with the nurse and the woman wondered what the two were thinking about.

After a while it happened that a feast was to be given, in the village of Groan, for the purpose of raising money for some of the woman's poor relatives. She was invited to attend, and, indeed, it seemed really incumbent upon her to go; so, after thinking about it for a few days, she timidly spoke to another member of her household, a Mrs. Stomach. Apol-

ogetically, she addressed this member and asked what she thought about going to the feast.

Instantly Mrs. Stomach became furious. "Now, that's just like you"! she exclaimed. "You know I'm as weak as water, and yet, you are everlastingly trying to overwork me. You would expect me to take care of more stuff, at that old feast, than anybody else in this household—I should have to carry a load that would break the back of a donkey, because you never know when to stop eating, when you get among friends. You pay no attention to me, then, but fill me with things I'm deathly afraid of; and I'm growing sour now just thinking of the ridiculous, unusual things you would introduce to me at that awful feast; and if you do go to that dinner, I promise to make a fuss that you won't forget in a hurry".

Again the woman was disappointed. She had not been outside Fourwalls for so long she felt she could not give up the opportunity of meeting her friends and relatives. But, she had been through such trying experiences with Mrs. Stomach—when she was in her tantrums—she decided to yield and stay at home rather than to quarrel. So, she sadly sent her regrets, said a member of her household did not feel equal to the task and rang for the cook to send up a cup of hot water.

Mrs. Stomach liked hot water, because she had no work to do in taking care of it, and the woman knew just how to pacify her. But, unfortunately, in her excitement at giving up going to the feast, the woman forgot, before drinking the water to have its temperature determined, and, without thinking, swallowed it so hot it blistered little Miss Tongue, who shrieked in agony and become paralysed for the remainder of the day.

Between Mrs. Stomach's anger and threats to bring on a chill, and Miss Tongue's wailing because she was nearly scalded to death, the woman was in such a state, the doctor had to be sent for and hours passed before there was a semblance of peace in that household. But, time waits for no one, and, after a while, the beautiful summer days passed, winter came and still the woman was imprisoned in Fourwalls. When the snow began falling and the ground was covered with its sparkling, white

mantle, some of the woman's relatives planned a straw-ride and invited her to go.

Of course, nobody expected she would accept the invitation; because it had been years and years since she had attended any kind of a frolic; but, she was greatly pleased with the thought of going, and, after wondering what her household would say about it, she spoke timidly to Mr. Spine and asked for his opinion.

Mr. Spine had kept the household imprisoned so long, he rather liked the idea of going out, for a change—since he would not be expected to walk about nor do anything—and said:

"If you'll promise to provide plenty of cushions for me to rest against, so no possible danger can come to me of being cramped or uncomfortable, and if you'll have plenty of furs so no cold air can reach me, I'll allow you to go".

The woman was so happy with Mr. Spine's consent to her taking the straw-ride, she was quite elated; then she suddenly remembered that he was not the only member of her household to be considered. Mrs. Stomach must be consulted and she spoke almost fearfully to her.

Mrs. Stomach was not pleased with the prospect of going to the frolic, but after listening, with considerable dignity, to the woman's pleadings for "just this one little pleasure", she relented a **little**; and, after exacting a promise that the sleigh should be stopped every fifteen minutes to give her a cup of hot water, and that the woman would eat nothing at all during the ride, she would permit her to go.

After promising implicit obedience to Mrs. Stomach's commands, the woman began getting ready. The furs, cushions and an easy chair were provided for Mr. Spine, because he absolutely refused to sit on the bottom of the sleigh with common spines. He would have better accommodations than that. He had learned, early in life, that what he forcefully demanded, he got, and now he demanded the best of everything for himself.

A jug of hot water was provided for Mrs. Stomach; and a little foot stove, that had belonged to the woman's grandmother, was brought down from the garret. It was cleaned and prepared to hold coals enough to keep

Mrs. Stomach's jug of water hot, because the woman knew her relatives would not stop at every farmhouse for her to get a drink.

The woman had often thought her relatives were strangely unsympathetic toward some of the members of her household. And, although they were very kind to her, still, they often laughed and made fun of Mr. Spine and Mrs. Stomach and others. But, she loved every one so much she would never think of crossing them, or of refusing to let each have his, or her, way; and, like many indulgent mothers, made all kinds of sacrifices to please everybody. She had observed, however, that, notwithstanding all her efforts, no one was quite satisfied, and when one was pleased, others complained and disagreed. But she had become convinced that it had to be that way, in a large household, like her own, and, at any rate, she did not know how to change things and so matters went on.

When she was ready for the straw-ride and waiting for the sleigh, two members of her household, Inhalation and Exhalation Lungs, spoke up quite sharply: "You didn't consult us at all in this matter! Mr. Spine and Mrs. Stomach were very willing to go, because they will have nothing to do, but we shall be exposed to an atmosphere quite different from what we're accustomed to and we are wondering if you have forgotten about the way you exposed us to the cold on that last trip, and how chilled we got.

"We had to use the cold air then, because there was no other and, as a result, we coughed straight through, night and day, for three months—and now you are up to your old tricks again. We probably will show you some real pneumonia this time, before we finish".

The woman was surprised and somewhat shocked to hear those twins speak up so indignantly; and now that they had reminded her of it, she remembered the fuss they made the last time she took them out in the cold. She considered the matter seriously. Was it the part of wisdom to go out today in direct opposition to their warning?

"It isn't so cold now as then", she said softly, hoping to pacify them with her gentleness and non-resistance.

"Cold enough to freeze water"! they snapped in a duct. "And we're not accustomed to it. We've been in Fourwalls by the radiator

since the Equinoctial storm and now you want to plunge us out into this beastly frost without so much as saying 'by your leave'! We are not going to stand for it and we'll make a row around those two simpletons, Hark and Listen Ears, that **they** will not forget!"

"But I will put on another veil over this one—a woolen one—so thick Eyes can't see a thing", the woman promised propitiatingly, and she sent a maid to bring the veil.

When the veil had been found and fastened on, the sleigh was at the door and so many of the woman's relatives were laughing and singing and calling to her to hurry, she forgot all about the twins, Inhalation and Exhalation, and ran out to greet everybody and in the excitement of getting off, Mrs. Stomach's jug of hot water was forgotten and one of the relatives took possession of Mr. Spine's easy chair and everybody sat where he was not expected to.

Now the woman was just as timid about telling her relative that she must have Mr. Spine's chair as she was about insisting upon having her own rights against him. She dared not speak up for herself, or for him, and just cuddled down in the straw in the very position he had forbidden her to take.

After the company had been on the road about twenty minutes, Mrs. Stomach asked: "Where is my hot water?"

And, almost at the same moment, Mr. Spine said:

"I'm bent almost double and am getting a curvature".

In another moment the pin holding the veil dropped out, and somehow, it was caught and blown away by the wind and the instant the twin, Inhalation felt the frosty air he began growling:

"I am congesting! This is the beginning of pneumonia and pneumonia is the beginning of tuberculosis!"

Then the other twin began coughing furiously. He was so angry he did not care if he ruptured a blood-vessel as he gasped:

"I'm suffocating—and you can't live long without me!"

The woman, now, was frightened thoroughly. The clamoring of all these members of her household was fearful. She could not argue with them because she was so timid and had been bullied and browbeaten for so long; all she could do was to sit pale and speechless, while she looked at the frightful pictures which, like a panorama, were passing before her mental vision.

To her mind's eyes, Mr. Spine was as crooked as the letter S, and Mrs. Stomach was threatening dreadful convulsions—and without any hot water to bring her out of them. And there were the twins, Inhalation and Exhalation, congested beyond all hope of recovery—and what could she do?

At that moment the horses became frightened and started to run. The woman seized the side of the sleigh with both hands and held on with all her might, forgetting everything but the thunderous speed at which she was going. On and on they went. Faster and faster they flew until, suddenly, the sleigh struck a snowdrift, higher than the road-bed, and over it went. And there was the woman and all her relatives lying in a heap while the horses, dragging the overturned sleigh after them, dashed down the road and disappeared.

She never quite remembered how she got out from among those struggling relatives; but she suddenly found herself walking as fast as when she was a girl going home from school. Mr. Spine was so much astonished at the sudden turn of events he had straightened himself and was as erect as any other spine. Mrs. Stomach forgot all about her hot water and was being carried so comfortably, without it, she said nothing.

Inhalation and Exhalation were both working like heroes to get the woman home as soon as possible, and, perhaps it is needless to say, that at the end of that five mile walk, the woman found herself absolute mistress of her entire household. And the report had it that she became so independent, after that sraw-ride, that she moved out of the village of Groan and away from the state of Moan and went somewhere else to live.

"God said" (the Word) is man's interpretation.
What happened was: The spirit thought.

Moon in Virgo the Fishes Feeding Time

By W. H. SCOTT



FRIEND near Seattle, Washington, has a beautiful stream running through his land which is filled with brook trout. "Whenever the Moon is in Virgo", said he, "these trout bite without stint".

The group spirit of all the little fishes knows a thing or two; since, maybe, he directs Gabriel of the Moon to blow his horn when the Housekeeper, Virgo, impregnates the gastric juices of the fishes' stomachs with his astral hunger-fluid, and so invites the fishes to her banquet. Virgo governs nutrition and the appetite of all things; and the nature of the qualities flowing in, or inspired, are determined by the sign in which the Moon is found. The fishes belong to Pisces; and Pisces-Virgo is given to abstruse problems; is rather exacting and difficult to please. It has a tendency to dyspepsia, and does not always agree with the cook about when, where and how to eat.

No wonder these little fishes are particular that the Moon shall have on her Virgin Face at feeding time. They know Virgo is very neat and clean, with her cuisine scrubbed, bright and shining; while all the pots, pans and plates are at perfect at-one-ment in their allotted places. And, are not the fishes always bathing too?

It is said that "the group spirits who control the destinies of the animal kingdoms govern their charges through pictures thrown against the solar plexus, for the animal has no self-conscious mind. As a result, instead of thinking with its own brain, it thinks with the brain of the group spirit, to whom it is attached by invisible magnetic cords".

Consider, for one moment, the lovely mov-

ing picture of colonies of fat bugs and worms, the Virgo-Moon-Lens, and landing on the sympathetic nerve-screen of all these little fishes in the brook, early Friday morning when the Moon is in Virgo. No wonder they jump, snap and bite.

Here is happy scientology; lets go fishing when the Moon is in Virgo and bait our hooks for Facts.

The astrological seas and streams are just filled with ever-changing runs and rounds of those things we have forgotten how to know; holding knowledge that will liberate the Virgin Spark from this broken urn of clay.

Let's go fishing when the Moon is in Virgo—the incubator of Mental Alchemy. Let us go fishing with the Moon in Virgo, for she is Daughter of the Earth we love, knowing the spirit of silent things, the gnomes of the Earth having knowledge of its secret chemistry.

When Virgo thinks, she creates, since her powers are mechanical, chemical, electric and psychic, of the fire, earth, air and water. Thus, she becomes the Immaculate Virgin to feed the fishes when the Moon is in her house, for these four Powers, when acting in unison, give birth to matter and appearances. And the Moon, being the regulator of these Powers, invites the fish to eat at her banquet table in its appointed time.

Virgo has the art of remembering when "dinner is ready". And the Moon has the art of translating this memory into terms of Conscious Want. Let's go fishing with our Moon in Virgo, trine Venus, Jupiter, the Sun and all the rest. Oh, what a lovely day to FISH! I've caught a Starfish.

Thought is above man's mind. The mind is the receiving station for thought.

A Group of Poems

By GASPAR BELA DARUVARY

The River and the Tree



YOU ARE white and tall and swaying", sang the river to the tree,
"And your leaves are touched with silver but you never smile on me;
For your branches murmur love songs to the Sun-kissed turquoise sky,
And you seem so far above me that I always hurry by"!

"You are laughing in your shallows, you are somber in your deeps,
And below your shining surface there's a heart that never sleeps;
But all day you pass me dancing, and at evening time you dream,
And I didn't think you liked me", sang the birch-tree to the stream.

So they got a bit acquainted on a glowing summer day,
And they found they liked each other (which is oftentimes the way);
And the river got so friendly, and it ran so very slow,
That the birch-tree shone reflected in the water down below!

Naday--The Wood Nymph

A Legend of a Widowed Soul



SHE sits upon the mossy bank of her native stream, her light limbs pendant in the current, the feathery fern bends gracefully over the water, as if listening to the little fall, and the wild flowers bloom gaily on the margin; she is garlanded with flowers, and the star of a higher than mortal destiny shines brightly above her; yet the immortal mourns!

Why bows her beautiful head? Why droop those shadowy eyelids? Why hang those exquisite arms supine upon the mossy bank? Death has for thee no terrors, beautiful spirit of a glen! Disease affects thee not, nor pain; what sorrow, then, oppresses thee? Murmurs the breeze less sweetly through the trees? Is the song of the cascade less joyous than of yore? Is the hue of the wild rose faded? Wherefore art thou sad?

From her cozy bower, she looked forth along the mossy bank. Forms of human beauty trod the elastic soil. The impress of their footsteps was stamped upon the broken fern-leaf. She listened to the voice of human love, sigh that is not of grief trembled upon the air, and fell in musical vibration on the stream. The conscious stream trembled in sympathy, and the circling ripples cast interwoven shadows on the grassy carpet of her own crystal hall. They have cast a shadow even upon her! She saw the mantling blush of young affection; she felt the beating of two human hearts! The breeze sang as sweetly as ever in the tall pine trees; the cascade murmured as gently its soft hymn of praise. Slowly she rose from her cozy bower. Supine upon the bank the immortal lay, and her chilled bosom heaved with unwonted woe. She gazed upon the perishing wild flowers and groaned. The broken fern leaf rose from the passing tread, but the immortal was alone! Eternally alone!

The Friendly Night



IGHT falls, and darkness comes apace;
The Earth in mystic shadow lies;
A veil hath covered Nature's face,
And seems to hide her eyes.

The fading light tiptoes away;
The laggard hours softly creep,
As with the passing of the day
The world is hushed in sleep.
A vast, sweet stillness covers all;
A quietude unvexed and blest
Now sounds a scarcely whispered call
That summons us to rest.
Gateway to dreams! Gone care and pain;
Gone sorrow, sighs; gone tears and blight;
Pathways from Light to Light again,
God's blessings on thee, Night!

The Miracle



OMEWHERE I've read the story of a man
Who lived a life so holy that there came
From Heaven an angel, begging him to ask
The gift of miracles; to heal the lame

Or touch with light the blind. The saint replied,
"God should do that. If to the palsied limb,
Or stricken sight, I brought the healing power,
The glory might be given me—not Him".

"And what, then, do you most of all desire?
What may I from the Heavenly Father bring"?
"I only ask that He will give me grace,
And, having that, I shall have everything".

"But you must ask some miracle, dear saint"!
The angel, with a sweet persistence, cried.
"Then let it be that I shall do much good,
And know it not", the humble saint replied.

And so this was the miracle: Whene'er
He could not see the shadow which he threw,
It had the power to comfort, bless and heal,
But all the good it did he never knew.

And thus he simply went along his path,
Diffusing wondrous fragrance, like the flower
That sheds abroad sweet perfume, or the star
That cheers by night, unconscious of its power.

Ah! he whose life is wholly lived for Christ,
Who walks unswervingly the pilgrim way,
Knows not the half of all the good he does,
Until the great revealing Judgment Day!

Teach Me



LONGFUL Spring, which newly dawns,
Verdant forests, fields and lawns,
Blade o' grass and tiny leaf,
Bird nest built upon the reef
TEACH ME TO HOPE.

Pale-faced Moon with silver ray,
Mirage which I amazed survey,
Shadows darkling o'er the plain,
Flock of the migrating crane
TEACH ME TO DREAM.

Beauteous velvet leaf of rose,
Which of love's confessions knows,
Tree-tops sparkling with the dew,
Doves which in the forest coo
TEACH ME TO LOVE.

New-mown grass, whose sweetest scent
To our souls sweet thoughts has sent,
Low-bent head of violet,
Lingering smile of Sun now set
TEACH ME TO REMEMBER.

Shining, bright star in the sky,
Near the throne of God on High,
Lightning-bug, whose tiny light
Never ceases to be bright
TEACH ME TO PRAY.

Sere leaves which in Autumn fall,
Roaring oceans which appall,
Falling stars, extinguished fires,
Thunder crash, which awe inspires
TEACH ME TO KNOW.

Tonight

Tonight the beautiful, chaste Moon
From Heaven's height,
Scatters over the bridal Earth
Blossoms of white;
And Spring's renewed glad charms unfold
Endless delight.

Such mystic wonder the hushed world wears,
Evil has fled.
Far, far away; in every heart
God reigns instead.
Tonight Avatars seem to tread the Earth,
Scattering peace, love and mirth.

What You Do for Self, You Do for All

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

IF YOU WOULD go apart a few minutes each day and know that this little wheeling planet is your parish; that you were sent here for a Task which even you saw far more clearly than now; that the ordeals of these are the, almost, perfect preparation for this Task; that the body you wear and which veils you from others and Yourself, is the best which could be prepared for work in this place, just as the cumbersome suit of the diver is necessary for the lower pressures of the bottom of the sea; that it is just as rational for the diver to forget the sunlight of the ship's deck or the freedom that waits ashore, as for you to accept your seeming detachment, because spiritual light is seriously refracted here and the white lines which connect you with each other and the Source are obscured by the murk of the Deep.

If you could see for one instant the majestic importance of this Task of yours as it appears from the Other Side; that its importance balances between you and every living creature; that no one else can do it; that no other, but one, has your exact tone, your angle of vision, your texture, tint, perfume or efficacy; that you can only find Liberation in recalling to mortal consciousness the terms of this Task and setting about its perfect end; that through the progress of this Task you shall even find fulfillment with this one.

If you could **know** as you go apart, that this little wheeling planet is but a dim speck in the Great System, a small uncultivated outer plot which you are called upon, with others, to bring up into order and rhythm; that as you toil you unfold; as this stony place answers your endeavor, the memory of the **Home** dawns and looms; that as you bring light to this place you approach your own Enlightenment.

If you could know that what you do for others you do for Self; that what you do for your own Enlightenment you do for all; that the first way to find the Self and its Task is to turn out in sympathy and service to others; and the second to corroborate within; if you

could know that you have been cut off from light and freedom because you fancied for a time that this suit of copper and canvas and lead made for the diving into the Deep was You, and that this fumbling in the ooze and shadow was all.

Why, you have been holding your breath all this time. You must come up. Listen, the mystery is all gone from this finding of the Self. It is merely remembering Home and your Name and your Task; that your real dominion is the Universe, not this tortured little orb. All the trouble is, you have forgotten—like the wandering Younger Son before that moment of his sitting down with the swine.

Listen, it is scientific: Your basic spiritual nature is loveliness itself. Its awakening is in you like steady Enlightenment. Its ways are opposite the ways of the world and the mind; yet it cannot rouse so long as the mind and the world hold the right of way. All the offices of mysticism are designed to restore the detached and partisan ways of the mind to the lovely and larger ways of the Spirit—Co-ordination—making the outer and inner, one. Your spiritual being is You. Sometime it will whisper to your mind its own name. As the mind renders itself back into allegiance, the meaning and inimitable beauty of your Task shall appear. You are merely one among many, until you remember who you are and why you are here. Remembering Home, it is easy to stay in this Place, until your work is done, for thereafter you live more and more in the Law. To find the Law is to find Yourself and your Joy. "Pain ceases, Joy endures". Every step of the Mystic Way is a rendering of yourself back to the Law.

This morning I drew apart like this. I thought of you all. I knew that I must carry papers among you—that this was one of the terms of my Task—that I must live more and more unerringly, lest I mar the symmetry of my endeavor; write more and more exactly, step by step, lest I miss something of the full Story of Enlightenment. I saw it all clearly for you and myself—how the world had trained our minds in subtleties and partisanship, in excuses and lies and evasions, binding us

deeper in detachment, making us forget everything but the Deep.

As a child in a tough street and competitive school, as a boy deeper in the Town, as a young man giving himself to the concentrated essence of the American Lie in one newspaper office after another; afield helping the World Lie work out in war and the loot of the lesser peoples; then complete involvement in the Fiction-Field. Such was my training in the mind and the world; all to be undone, reversed, but the knowledge used. Away back before Midstream, I began seriously to quit lying to others; after that a longer, more complicated task in eradicating the lie to self. Fold on fold of that to be renovated; sheath on sheath of that to be sloughed.

There was no halt or going back now. With every true conquest the Light arose—but only to uncover more twisted patterns and false weaves. It was only recently that I had to break down all the training of the fiction world. Fiction isn't fact, but neither is it false to life. It isn't fact, but it must be **veritable**. So I saw that I must come in from the astral drift—the vast soul dimension of the arts and the cults from which all the little workmen of the world draw to their mind's content for a time the pseudo-inspiration of the Hall of Illusion and call it poetry and music and painting and religion. Truly, "a serpent coiled under every leaf".

I saw that I must put away the soul-stuff and all its calling cloudlands and tinted wildernesses; that the Real Workman was not there, but fixed above and beyond that, fixed and aligned like the axis of this planet to one certain star—that the rest swung by and around. I saw that my mind was like this earth and the Real Workman like Polaris; that I must forget the great astral drift and make the mind pole-true to become one with Him down here where the Task begins; that He was Myself. I must make straight the paths of the mind; I must become mind-erect first, if only an inch and one-half tall.

And this, so far as I know, ends the cleansing of the Augean stables; this is the end of the Lie. Well begun upon this last, I found it to be one more office of the Mystic Path; that others had gone this way and found it good; that Balzac meant this when he wrote: "To live in the presence of great truths and eternal

laws that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspoiled in the world of praise".

The mind must be keyed again to its real dynamo for the Task to begin. The Spirit is the Entity, the Real Workman, but the mind must reach up and make itself fit, for the Workman cannot work through a mind that is rutted with its own views, pitted with its own opinions, devious with its own vanities of the world. Each time I got straight for an instant, the Real Workman worked with me; I touched the Task; I had something for you, something that everyone liked, everyone understood. Each time the real Entity used my mind, I was joyous, elate, empowered. My voice reached you and your voices rang back with revealing comradeship and everything came my way—money, magazines, friends, health, loyalty, devotion, Teaching—every hour ignited and out of the common—all this last within the recent months of our letters together.

Of course, you never really give up anything good. That which is good, is good in all its ramifications. Step by step I found that I could not see or deal, as an artist, with street or town, field or the world, until I was above them; that I could not deal with others clearly when I lied to them; that I could not express the Real Workman when I lied to myself; that my fiction was full of flaws until I made it **veritable**; that my life was full of pain until I made straight the paths of the mind. Finally, and know this well: It was not until my mind was keyed to its pole, that the great soul-system swung into order and rhythm; that which had been the astral drift became constellated for my eyes and at last I breathed its serenity deep within my own soul.

In the tenth letter, the line of demarkation between the new and the old mysticism became apparent. Those who are actually convinced that man and woman do not take the Mystic Road together will scarcely be in accord with the progress of this work. Those who believe that in a series of incarnations an entity is exploited sometimes as a man and sometimes as a woman will not find adjustment easy. Those who do not perceive that the War of the Sexes is a more fundamental rift even than it myriad ghastly expressions on the physical plane would indicate; and that the War must end

before this Humanity, as a whole, can even approach release from its confusions, will be slow to see the mystical importance of Romance.

In the first place, the awakening of the spiritual nature, which is the real You, is a process of loving all the way. The inter-attraction of man and woman calls forth the highest potency of love in this Place; therefore, it involves the strongest energy we have to work with for spiritual unfoldment. The real romance of man and woman, is not entered upon until organic desire is mastered. The beautiful possibilities of generation, not to mention the next step of regeneration, are not dreamed of in a mind which is at the mercy of organic passion. Since one cannot know the full power of his passion until the love nature is awakened, he cannot enter the ordeals of conquest alone. It would follow that two who love and fulfil the Law are, therefore, involved in the highest possibilities of mystical attainment and that they form a center of radiant regenerative force in the world.

But already you are in the preparatory ordeals of this great mystic privilege of taking the road together. You must not be caught in a three-score and ten limitation of mind, if you would get the full concept. Not one in a million, so far, consciously has found his own here, but you cannot reach the High Road by abandoning your present conditions to the hurt of any human soul. So much for a hint before the Teaching. In your forming dreams of liberation, remember the fundamental Harmonic Law, that no good develops out of evil. There is no more important ethical decree under this Law than this: If an action will work injury to anyone, don't do it, no matter what the apparent good is to another.

So, now, if you yearn for ordeals, you are in the midst of them. If you have love within the law, render it to the Law. If your love is without the lesser law, be glad for the glimpse. Use its force and beauty to make a song of your bondage and a preparation for the higher mystical privilege. Remember that real lovers dare to wait.

The brain is the physical organ through which the mind functions.

The Power that Wins

By JULIA SETON, M. D.

IN EVERY situation in life there is always some law which is final, and which, if used, will turn everything into our own hands.

If we have the water we can put out the fire while others stand helplessly about. If we have food, we can eat, no matter how many starving mouths are far off and we can feed others everywhere. If we can make clothes, we can be covered in spite of the millions in breechcloths and nakedness.

There is always the power that will win. It is waiting for the one who knows how to use it and if it were not so all life would be a lie and the world a place of chaos. This universe is a system of order and law so complete that it almost defies human understanding to keep pace with it.

No matter how long we may be ill there is

always lying low in our system the little glowing spark of health which we can suddenly fan into a flame of perfect health. We can look into an empty pocket-book any time and know that if we only knew how to turn the trick it would be full tomorrow.

We can walk homeless in a world so full of homes that we stumble from door to door; and foodless in a world so full of foodstuffs that hundreds are eating themselves out of shape and into the grave before our very eyes.

On the cold streets of every rich city are thousands who have nothing and thousands more who will never have anything; they were conceived in poverty, born in poverty live in poverty, while charity will, eventually, bury them.

When we look at the many levels of life, and contact the lower and upper levels and see

all the manifold stratas of human consciousness that move between, we are prone to turn back to ourselves, find our own level, and then, measuring it beside all that is above us and all that is beneath us, ask ourselves what is the power that keeps us down and what is the secret of that **something** which sends us on and up to the table-lands of peace, power and plenty.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick", is as true now as it was when the philosopher thought it and there are many who have worked so long and failed, that hope is dead in their breasts and, unless some word of inspiration can be spoken, they will lose the fruits of this incarnation and have to try life over again and again.

"Men do not live by bread alone" but we know we live by words, too—inspired words—which will keep the fires of endeavor burning in our breast and which will keep us strong to wait for that tomorrow where we shall kiss the lips of our desire.

There is a power that wins, and it is real, tangible and certain and the wayfaring man, though a fool, can lay hold of it and send himself on past his dead self to better things. This power that wins does not lie in the possession of things or people outside of ourselves; it belongs to every one and can be used by every one. If we will know it and try it there will soon come the time when it will prove its existence.

What then is this power that wins? It is simply **the consciousness of God in the human soul** and this consciousness worked out daily in calm sensible **decent living**. This does not mean in a dull, blind trust that Providence will do everything if we wait, but it means that if we do our part in any affair of life, there is the **other part** of the law **doing**, which we can trust and when our work is done well and up to our best, we can put the rest of the toil on the power that wins, and wait and watch the great, universal spirit of balance pull us out, over and into our desires.

We are only half of the great, Universal Plan and the smaller half at that. There is infinite substance waiting to be used; there is infinite time and infinite rewards, no matter how often we fail, it is not the fault of the Divine Plan, but just a signal that we have blundered in our own balance sheet; the Universal

Law wants us to have what we want and will help us to get it in just the moment that it can, but "God has provided some better things for us which without us cannot be made perfect".

There is only One Spirit in all the worlds that have been, are now, or ever will be and we are not a part of that spirit, we are that **Spirit**, localized and called man; all that is in the universal spiritual substance is ours; we are always one with divine consent; there are no limitations in the absolute; "Ask and it shall be given; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you". This is the Infinite Commandment and when we know the power that wins, we just simply arm ourselves with the faith that creates, and ask and seek and knock, then, because we make ourselves one with the Great One, we win.

The Indwelling Spirit within us knows what we want and will help us to get it; then knowing ourselves divine, we claim all, possess all and distribute all in new found almightiness, because the universe is full of divine opulence, and, with the sense of God indwelling, if we face arrears on any plane of being we can ask for more; we find that our own quickened spirit of health heals us; our own quickened spirit of wealth supplies us; our quickened spirit of love comforts us; our inspired thoughts are our great Creators—"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he".

The consciousness of the indwelling presence of the Spirit of God in us, and in every living being, makes us comrades with the whole human race; we find that every one wants just what we want, only in a different way and at different times, so we know that no one can take our own away, and if we lose it for a bit it is only loaned until the other fellow gets through with it, and we can wait, for at last we have learned that time is eternity.

We know that the Universal Spirit is our spirit and is backing us to get out of Itself every thing that we can desire. "Consider the lilies; how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory is not arrayed like one of these". Why? Because they have never separated themselves consciously from the universal life. "The ravens neither sow nor gather into the barns, yet your Heavenly Father feeds them. How much more are ye than the fowls".

Man was born to come in to Self-Conscious-

ness and leave the lily of the field and the raven's place in Divine Mind; he had first to get out, and then put himself consciously back into **atonement** in his own way at his own point of contact. "How much more are ye than the fowls." Very much more, as soon as we know what we are and from whence we come, but much **less** as long as we know our separate-self and never rise to the level of the universal-self and feel ourselves divine.

It took five hundred thousand years for man to stand upright and know himself human and higher than the animals. It may take five hundred million years before the last man will stand upright in his own spiritual self-hood and know himself one with that great spiritual Life which he calls God.

This belief in the God in us makes our own life one of peace and mastery; this belief of the God in every other person and this person our other self, gives birth in our hearts to an infinite brotherhood and when we know the God in us, we know that nothing can be against us for this God in us is always for us, and the God in others recognizes the indwelling Prince of goodness in our own Souls.

If we want to win, then we just put on the whole armor of God within and without, liv-

ing in the consciousness of our own spiritual greatness, the greatness in others rises up to meet our own—spirit with spirit can meet and the spirit in matter comes to us at our call and gathers around us in a new and beautiful environment, or builds itself in radiant flesh, or so surrounds us and permeates us that we become a magnet attracting to us the opportunity to be what we will to be.

This is the **frictionless life**. There is nothing in all the world worth' striving after—worth straining for—worth holding on to; what is our own we cannot lose and our own is just what we touch in spiritual recognition and when this touch is made it is the magic which transmutes all that is against us into forces that combine to help. A thousand unseen hands will reach out to lift us to the level which we have idealized for ourself.

The consciousness of God in the human soul and this consciousness worked' out in sane sensible human living, loving and serving, what a divine alchemy and how simple; arriving here, no man returns.

We win then to stay the winner, not through any of the old human urges for ambition but just because the winner, the winning and the things won are all One..

Your thoughts are re-creating you daily—constructively or destructively.

New Books

"Offices of Mystical Religion" by William Norman Guthrie, (Century Co., New York and London), \$2.50.

Here is a most wonderful array of ritualistic services, strikingly different from old crystallized forms used in most churches. It is a book of interest to both laymen and priest and both will find rich reward in perusing its pages.

It was from this book that the astrological ritual published in the Nov.-Dec. issue, was taken. Dr. Guthrie has pioneered a realm that is sure to become very popular in years

to come, as the old stereotyped rituals pall and interest lags in the pews of the church. St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie has become an experiment station for the western world, in the exploitation of new ideas in religious worship. The author has tapped the realm of myth, legend and folk-lore and brought forth, in modern dress, the ancient conceptions of worship and developed them into Religious Modern Art.

Experiments are being tried in more places of worship than many are aware of and "The Offices of Mystical Religion" might solve pressing needs in various churches, struggling to compete with worldly attractions.

The Habit of Health

By LLEWELLYN GEORGE

(A Chapter from Cosmic Vibrations)

AS ABOVE, so below" is an axiom which means that what occurs on a higher plane has a corresponding effect on the planes below. What occurs in the solar system affects the human system; changes and disturbances in the macrocosm are recorded in the microcosm. These varying cosmic operations conduce to the constantly changing emotions and states of being and the great lesson of life is to control the manifestations of all influences and learn to express the harmony of the universe (one verse) instead of reproducing the discords of unenlightened humanity.

Words which describe a state of being have an astrological or planetary correspondence. For instance: Jovial, Jupiter; economical, Saturn; domestic, Moon; artistic, Venus; ingenious, Uranus; inquisitive, Mercury; hopeful, Sun, etc. In the definition of "deliberate". To ponder, consider, weigh; cool, discreet, slow, cautious; we find that we are using the exact words employed in describing the influence of the planet, Saturn, as regards a state of being. In other words, prudence or deliberateness are the benign attributes of Saturn's influence as manifested in human beings.

Thus it is seen that the spoken word is of much more significance than is usually attributed to it by ordinary humanity. When we "speak the word" we are in reality aligning ourselves with like attuned planetary or cosmic forces. For instance: "I AM", as a spoken word, has great dynamic force, quality and power; it connects one immediately with the vibrations of the Sun, "the giver of life", astrologically speaking. Hence, meditation on, or repeating, "I AM", will fill one with abundant vitality; vitality being an attribute of the Sun. "I AM" should be spoken daily, particularly at morning, noon and sunset, while facing the direction of the Sun, as a declaration of your conscious unity with the source of energizing principle.

It is like poison to the system to follow "I AM" with any negative word such as tired, sick, etc. If you feel inclined to say such

things, and one is quite apt to during the period of adverse aspects of either Moon, Mercury, Sun or Saturn, transform the inclination into a statement of the condition DESIRED, such as, "I AM a human Sun receiving and radiating vitality and life. The vitalizing power of Universal Intelligence is flowing through every atom of my being and I AM Sunlike".

When you say "I AM" you are affirming or declaring and the elements of your body, which are susceptible to your command, hasten to work to produce the state of being affirmed or declared—such is divine alchemy. Be careful what character of alchemist you are! Carefully avoid the negative and destructive affirmations in such words as "poor", "tired", "sick", "afraid", etc.; these are all poison words; obstructive, disintegrating, devitalizing. They are the elements in alchemy which correspond to elements which the chemist uses when he concocts a poisonous compound. Do not THINK them. Do not SPEAK them. Never, NEVER, precede any one of those words with the statement "I AM", because to do so is to associate or connect with undesirable forces.

The unenlightened daily use the unseen power, the magic of alchemy, and use it adversely to their detriment by saying words like "I can't", which are actual impediments to the human system and tend to increase the very difficulties of which they are complaining.

"I AM" correctly associated with like vibrant words, is a supreme statement. Just as the Sun is the supreme influence in our solar system, so is "I AM" the supreme word in language; it corresponds to, or is ruled by, the Sun.

The word "that" suggests a vision of an object, or a condition, or a state of being. Think or visualize THAT ideal condition which you admire or desire, then say "I am—that—I AM". The placing of THAT desire between the two supreme statements forms an alchemical compound corresponding to the elixir of life. Students ponder over this truth, meditate on it, act on it and learn the real joy of

life. Here we have unseen, latent power awaiting commands for benign and creative purposes. Speak the Word.

"For by thy **words** shalt thou be justified, and by thy **WORDS** shalt thou be condemned".

Other words that can be woven into affirmation (which are formulas in divine alchemy) are: Glory, radiant, supreme, perfection, mastery, health, life, vitality, light, spiritual, etc., all of which are ruled by the Sun. "I AM" is coincident with the statement, "I and the Father are One". It implies a state of wholeness or holiness.

Sunday is the day of the Sun, and these Sun statements are still more efficacious when earnestly repeated on that day. Those who wish to enter DEEPLY into the alchemy of life (and only those can go to the very foundations of it who are familiar with planetary vibrations as indicated by Astrology) will utilize the "Planetary Hours" of the Sun and also the days when the Moon is in benign aspect with the Sun, because "There IS a time for everything under the heavens". But the realm of alchemy can be entered profitably and to a remarkable extent by anyone who earnestly makes the effort, because to use affirmations correctly is to compound working elements which operate in constructive harmony with Nature and produce beneficial chemical changes in the being, making a rearrangement of cell-structure according to the nature of the affirmation. When seeking health, use the Sun-like statements.

Not only do words produce an effect upon the one who speaks them, but, just as "thoughts are things" so do words create conditions and affect the environments with which the speaker is at some time confronted. If you would choose, or remake your environment, SPEAK THE WORD. When changes within take place, changes occur without as a natural sequence. Words have a deeper meaning and greater power than most people are aware. It is a wise man who speaks little, but speaks well.

We are much more responsible than we are aware for our effect upon other persons whom we contact, consequently our words should be

well chosen and spoken to them in uplifting, vibrant, musical tones, for the TONE of spoken words determines much of their quality and effect. I have heard the word "God" spoken in such angry tones that I have fairly shuddered, and again I have heard the word "God" pronounced with such love and reverence that it vibrated harmoniously the divine atoms at the inmost depths of my being.

Have you ever felt a shudder over your whole body? Felt a chill run the length of your spinal column? If so, you have consciously noticed a **chemical change taking place** at that time, such as a chill of the body affecting the cell-structures.

It is very unwise to "scare" or startle anyone; the sudden and tremendous change in the chemical condition produced thereby has been known to kill people; the sudden collapse and poisoning of cell-structure made further manifestation of life impossible in that body of organisms. Fears entertained by the mind act as a poison element in the human system.

But a body is every bit as susceptible to **benign** response. It has been rightly said that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak". —Wm. Congreve. Kind words, benignly phrased and musically spoken, have a potent influence in the harmonious arrangement of cell-structure; it is in this sense the axiom means that a "soft answer turneth away wrath", i. e., a kindly tone in a well chosen combination of words has the effect of changing cells which are over-heated, tightened and tense with the poison of anger, possessing the power to transform them to a condition of softness and relaxation, in which divine life can again manifest constructively with its loving, healing influence.

It is in such manner that we can acquire control of conditions and environments. By controlling ourselves we control our thoughts; control of thought controls the results or acts of thoughts; correct actions create correct environment. "The things I do, shall ye do also". "Know ye not that ye are Gods"? This is a divine promise to alchemists of every age and clime.

The Alchemy of Precious Stones

By ARTIE MAE BLACKBURN



LOMANCE, poetry and superstition are woven about talismans, amulets and zodiacal gems. The subject is rich in interest to all occultists and to the lover of the marvelous, as well as to the admirer of the beautiful in Nature.

As far back as records, animate and inanimate, go, mankind has ever striven to express in tangible form, forces and powers but vaguely felt, whose full expression remains ever beyond the material in which humanity manifests.

The constant, and seemingly undeviating, motion of the heavenly bodies in their diurnal relation to the earth seems to have taken the most prominent place in the recognition of primitive man. Naturally, therefore, when trying to express something of the intangible forces of which he was but dimly conscious, he took the Sun and other heavenly bodies as symbols embodying the highest aspirations of which he was capable.

According to the best authorities on the subject, particularly the Pavitts, there seems to be little doubt that the first symbol used talismanically, was the solar disc.

The oldest and one of the most unique symbols of the Sun, is the Swastika, used by almost every known civilization to attract the good or well-being which its name according to Sanskrit derivation promises: SU, good; ASTI, being. The adoption of this talisman as a badge, by the Boy Scouts of America, can scarcely be regarded as accidental by those familiar with its esoteric significance.

Another glyph of great antiquity, is the Point within the Circle, familiar alike to the planetary students and to symbologists, and used, anciently, by warriors as protection from enemies as well as to attract success and to overcome the foe.

Could a more significant talisman than the Point within the Circle have been chosen as the distinguishing mark of the Allied Aircraft? And so it is in Heaven's golden alphabet, that he who runs may read the origin of ancient symbols adapted to latter day use.

As the Sun, the great manifestation of day,

typified the creative force, the positive male element, so the Moon, signifying the supernal feminine principle ranked equally with the former in talismanic popularity.

The terms "Talisman" and "Amulet" have come, through indiscriminate use, to be regarded as synonymous, but the meaning of the two words is entirely distinct. Talisman, from the Arabic, means the influence of a planet or zodiacal sign upon one born under the same, while the Latin significance of Amulet is "to do away with; to baffle", its purpose being to avert danger from its possessor.

Sun, Reservoir of Electric, Magnetic and Vital Forces

Tyndall teaches that every mechanical action on the face of the earth, every manifestation of power, organic or inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the Sun, which is the reservoir of the electrical, magnetic and vital forces required by our system, which are taken in by all men, animals, vegetables and minerals and by them translated into various life-forces.

By planetary scientists (astrologers), by mystics and adepts, it is generally believed that the planets of our solar system not only absorb and give out the Sun's rays but add a subtle force peculiarly their own which they reflect to earth. Consequently, talismans, made under beneficent planetary aspects, of the metal and gem corresponding to the planet most favorably placed in the natal chart, form a channel through which these vibrations are transmitted to the wearer.

The philosopher of thousands of years ago understood the suitability of gems as a medium for the transmission of astral forces and invested them with great importance, attributing to them spiritual, as well as material, powers, special characteristics, medicinal and curative properties. The jewel, representing the highest evolvment of the mineral kingdom, has remarkable powers of absorbing and retaining impressions. Gnostic gems employed

in initiation twenty centuries ago, still remain, reliable psychometrists aver, potent centers of magnetic influence.

In the selection of gems, the greatest care should be exercised, particularly by those seeking development of the higher bodies, psychic unfoldment, etc., to avoid jewels associated with crime and persons of vicious disposition. Gems which have been the cause of crime seem to absorb the effect of all the evil passions prompting them, retaining and radiating for centuries, the evil influences. Diamonds and topazes are especially susceptible to impression as well as highly potent in the dissemination of evil suggestion.

Psychic Phenomenon—Its Production Affected by Gems

Persons whose higher vehicles are trained to conscious functioning on super-normal levels appreciate the effect of precious stones in the production of certain phases of psychic phenomena. The rationale of such action is easily understood when we consider that all phenomena set up vibrations in the ether and therewith intensify a definite set of undulations into active manifestation; or, conversely, anything that dispels those vibrations, dispels the phenomena.

For instance, let us suppose that in a group seeking some definite phase of spiritual development, someone unconsciously wears a talismanic jewel particularly potent in transmitting entirely antagonistic planetary vibrations. This influence expresses itself at a certain vibratory rate in the astral and lower mental bodies and gains entrance to the vehicles of the group with decided power, particularly when they are in a receptive mood or, as too frequently occurs, in a negative state, vibrating so feebly that its impact can readily overpower existing rates of motion. The talisman being charged with exactly contrary rates of oscillation, the two cannot co-exist and while the discordant jewel may not be considered as a thing of great power in itself, it is likely to produce an effect quite out of proportion to its intrinsic strength, because of the readiness with which the members of the group react to

its influence through similar, though unconscious planetary sympathy.

Vibration—Key to Magical Power of Gems

The principle of vibration is really the key to the magical powers inherent in amulets and talismans. Take for example, a sincere student who wishes to overcome extreme negativity, indecision or other destructive qualities he or she has permitted to express. A suitable amulet, charged with positive, definite power, is worn; when the two streams of force come in contact, the positive will vanquish the negative, providing the wearer so elect. In spite of the amulet, the student could, of course, deliberately choose to be negative and to do wrong, but all of the time would be conscious of great discomfort, arising from the discord between the two opposite rates of vibration.

History has been tremendously influenced by the power of gems and future chapters will be devoted to tracing the planetary sources of such influences and to indicate the "scientific" processes through which the curative properties of jewels operate, for the world timidly awaits the stamp of "scientific" approval before accepting the wisdom of the ages.

When, shall we awaken to a realization of the fact that this term "Science" holds altogether too large a place in our appraisal of things? "Science is but the laborious process of the actual demonstration of those things which the mind knows by intuition". How stupid to regard it as some finished work, some ultimate achievement, whereas, science is merely the **Record of Observed Phenomena**. Up to a certain day science testified that the earth was flat, simply because the wise ones of the day had not observed that it was round. The science of yesterday is very far from the science of tomorrow.

While our conclusions must accord with observed phenomena, at the same time we must not forget that man can transcend dead science and the things which are visible and tangible to the senses, and reach up and out to those things which are spiritually discerned and which are the true Realities.

Perfection Cannot Exist with an Opposite

NEIL WOOD



REGARDING the divergence of opinion between the occultist and the scientist, I view this so-called "war" as a perfectly natural and progressive thing and am not at all alarmed because of it.

Nothing in the realm of human comprehension exists in "perfection", i. e., perfection does not exist in human comprehension. Everything that is, exists because there exists the opposite of that thing. Perfection cannot possibly be imagined to exist with an opposite.

Scientists declare that the "point of indivisibility" of matter, the electron, manifests as a self-contained unit of opposites, positive and negative in essence. I find in all things this "war" and in it I see the Divine Plan of Progress. Truth, itself, as revealed by the symbology of the word, never exists in perfection; the "truth" of today will be a matter of ridicule a generation hence; the facts upon which it was predicated will have been proved but illusions and it must be cast into oblivion to make room for other truths that they may live their short span and join the great caravan of exploded concepts which never existed except in the thought world of a mankind which could only progress because of the existence of Error and the divine gift of discovering it.

I see scientists at war with each other over "degrees of truth" and a slight turn of the head enables me to see occultists at war with each other over "degrees of error", and I see scientists at war with occultists over "facts" which have no existence in my consciousness but I find this war over facts most interesting.

The scientist takes the attitude, usually, that there can be but one kind of fact; the kind of fact that can exist in his consciousness. The occultist assumes, usually, that anything which can exist in the consciousness of a scientist, must be false and concludes, per se, that the opposite is fact.

Seldom have I found a mind capable of actually realizing that there are two kinds of facts just as there are two kinds of everything; these two kinds of facts are the "Known" and the "Unknown". The knowledge of the race has increased only because of the process of

transmutation of facts from the unknown to the known and, as already suggested, from the known fact to the known error.

The scientist tells us that light travels at a speed of, approximately, 183,000 miles per second, basing his conclusion upon the results of calculations predicated upon tests by instruments which function in atmosphere. To him it is a "known fact" that light travels at that speed and he concludes that it requires a given number of minutes, days or years for the "light" to reach the earth from some distant star or sun, assuming that light "travels" through ether at the same speed as through atmosphere. Some day his known fact of the speed of light will have become a known error and mankind will have added to its store of knowledge through the process of discovering that which is not true.

The scientist deals with what he calls "known facts", the occultist deals with "unknown facts", and each plays his small part in a Cosmic Plan of Progress along a pathway of upset concepts.

The history of the race is made worth while by the efforts of Master Minds to wrest from its inaccessible perch some unknown fact and reveal it for the first time to a skeptical and unbelieving world. Toward this thrill strives the scientist and the occultist, the Christian and the Jew, the geologist and the spiritualist, the astrologer and the numerologist, all too seldom knowing that the first essential of Mastership is tolerance while out of the turmoil and vortices, arises Creation.

But this lack of tolerance is in accord with the Law. The positive unit of the electron has not tolerance for the negative unit, though it could not exist without it; the Christian does not tolerate the Jew although had there not been the "Jew" there could be no "Christian"; the astrologer often does not tolerate the numerologist although neither would exist were it not for the other, just as the north pole of this earth could not exist except for the existence of the south pole. The astrologer or numerologist who rejects the knowledge made available by the researches of the other, falls short of Mastership in the proportion of that rejec-

tion. As an exponent of the Science of Number, or Numerology, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for dwelling a moment upon this last subject, to the end that the value of this vast subject be brought to the attention of some not yet familiar with it.

As we progress through discovering error, perhaps it will not be amiss here to call attention to some common errors held as facts in regard to the Science of Number. First, the attitude that the Science of Number is a phil-

osophy; many practicing numerologists fall into this idea. The Science of Number is neither philosophy or religion; it is not a material science nor an occult science. It is none of these or all these in consequence of its association with tolerance in the consciousness of the individual using it. It is none of these used for personal aggrandizement, all of these used for the natural and divine purpose for which it exists and which can only be a means for the revealing of Truth and the discovery of Error. Peace.

Undirected thought is destructive, per se

Children of Light

By LAURA LEE NOVAK

IN THE seed of species Light is enclosed and has its home in Universal Spirit God creates, Nature produces; and art multiplies. God created Chaos; Nature produced it; God, Nature and Art have perfected it. Chaos means Universal matter, formless, but susceptible of all forms. So out of Chaos, God creates forms, one of the greatest of which is Light. Light is really the first emanation from the eternal God, the most pure and lovely emblem of the Supreme God. So Life, Light, Soul spring from the inherent Light of the Emanative principle.

The Light principle has, as its visible manifestation, all the world teachers and great souls from time immemorial, and so now, again this same Principle is putting on the appearance of human bodies in the shape of the children of the New Race, the Children of Light. As the Light principle was one of the ancient conceptions of Deity, so now, we realize that these Lights, synonymous with Good, are visible manifestations of God who will be active throughout the Universe. Do you remember the words of the Master Jesus? "Let thy Light so shine before men that they will glorify the Father which is in Heaven"? And so the human lights are but reflections of a ray of the Infinite and Divine.

Behold, the light which emanates from an

immense center of light, that spreads everywhere its benevolent rays; so do the spirits of Light emanate from the Divine Light. Behold, all the springs which nourish, embellish, fertilize and purify the earth: They emanate from one and the same source; so, from the bosom of the Divinity emanates so many streams, which form and fill the Universe of intelligences. Behold numbers, which all spring from one primitive number—all resemble it, all are composed of its essence, and still vary infinitely; and utterances, decomposable into so many syllables and elements, all contained in the primitive Word, and still infinitely various; so the world of Intelligences emanates from a Primary Intelligence, and they all resemble it, and yet display an infinite variety of existences.

And so these many Children of the New Age, these Children of Light emanating from the same Universal Father, express in myriads of channels of life, and serve in all the many paths of human existence. And these Children, Initiates many times before, are coming as reflections of the Wisdom and Perfection of God. And, as in Heaven, the angels perform His Work, so on Earth, these Children will demonstrate His Will. And as Light is a symbol of hope, so may we look to these Children of Light as expressions of the Kingdom of Heaven, and "Thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven".

Effect of Planets in the Various Houses

By O. W. LE MAR

3915 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles

THE following descriptions of how the ruling planets affect the native when in the different signs, should be carefully studied by the student who desires to become an expert Astrologer. Uranus should be considered as having dignities in Aquarius and Neptune with dignities in Pisces.

when in the different signs, should be carefully studied by the student who would desire to become an expert Astrologer. Uranus should be considered as having dignities in Aquarius and Neptune with dignities in Pisces.

Aries

Uranus—Generally describes a tall slender person, fair complexion, auburn or brown hair, fond of the arts and sciences; very intuitive, quick perceptions, splendid linguist, rather eccentric and peculiar in behavior, likely to be of an inventive turn of mind, a volatile disposition.

Saturn—Usually a large raw-boned individual, ruddy (though occasionally pale) full face, sad, brown hair, thin beard, generally a blowhard, resolute, quarrelsome and possessing a bad temper.

Jupiter—Gives a tall stature, inclined to leanness, quick sharp eye, high full nose, oval features, generally pimpled or peculiarly ruddy complexion; usually very kind, obliging, free, noble, courteous and generous disposition.

Mars—Denotes a medium to tall stature, well set, strong, large-boned frame, swarthy or reddish dark complexion, red or brown hair, severe look, bold, undaunted, fond of strife, turmoil and war, usually a mark or scar on the face.

Sun—Gives a good stature, finely proportionate and well made body; good complexion, usually fair, light flaxen hair, large, full, clear sharp eye; noble disposition, courageous, valiant, delighting in activity and sports, enterprising and a deadly terror to their foes.

Venus—Gives a medium stature, rather slender, light complexion and hair, very refin-

ed, delicate expression, very fond of society, often inclined to the physical senses which impairs the health, rather improvident and unfortunate—unless the Sun, Moon or Jupiter cast a favorable ray thereto.

Mercury—Generally a low, small, slender stature; thin, spare body, oval face, light brown hair, sickly complexion, quarrelsome, discontented, always dissatisfied—too often a lying, thieving character, with a mean, ugly disposition.

Moon—Gives a person rather an indifferent stature, plump, round figure, round face, tolerably good complexion, light hair, quick, rash temper, hasty, very erratic, changeable, ambitious; a life full of many and varied mutations.

Neptune—Described somewhat like Venus.

Taurus

Uranus—Gives fair height, but not comely; a heavy dull person, who is very awkward in manner, dark hair, usually an obscure person inclined to brutishness and vicious habits.

Jupiter—Medium stature, stout, well made body, rather plain features, swarthy, oily complexion (face looks like it was greased), of very good and obliging disposition, sound judgment, fond of the opposite sex, very humane, compassionate to the down trodden, a philanthropist.

Mars—Usually a short, well set body, dark complexion, chestnut hair—which is coarse, broad face and wide mouth, usually a mark or scar on front of neck, often a treacherous, dissembling false character; sottish in tastes and desires, inclined to drink and bad nature.

Sun—Usually denotes a short well set body, broad, homely face and dark complexion; big mouth and large nose, a self-assertive, proud, haughty person; strong as an ox, fond of displaying their strength and a very beautiful character.

Venus—Describes a very handsome man or beautiful woman, not very tall, but plump, full rounded body, which is well made and finely proportioned, clear, ruddy complexion. Females are usually lovely brunettes, with very

dark expressive eyes and luxuriant brown hair, mild, gentle and winning temper, kind generous and obliging, humane and well liked by all acquaintances.

Mercury—Denotes a middle-sized, rather stout strong-framed person, dark, sunburned complexion, short, dark, bushy hair, rather an idle, lazy, gluttonous, sensual person, inclined to pander to low base desires and not to be trusted.

Moon—Gives a stout, well-knit body, inclined to be short, medium good complexion, dark brown hair, gentle, kind and obliging disposition, sober, industrious, frugal and very painstaking; is generally very well respected, has high, moral tone and usually rises above the station at birth.

Neptune—Somewhat resembling Venus and Uranus combined.

Gemini

Uranus—Produces a tall, straight body, light brown hair and grey eyes, well-made figure, oval longish face, very fond of research and science, a good, clever-dispositioned character, somewhat eccentric in behavior and hab-

its, generous to a fault, very changeable and flighty.

Saturn—Represents a tall personage, dark, sanguine complexion, oval features, dark brown or black hair, lacking polish of manners, quite ingenious, very unfortunate in most speculations and undertakings, and rather fonder of physical pleasures than mental.

Jupiter—Gives a tall, well-proportioned body, sanguine complexion, full, clear bright sharp, grey eye, graceful in bearing, courteous, kind and affable in disposition and behavior. A great admirer of the opposite sex, very fond of study, mild and generous, just and courageous, firm and friendly.

Mars—Usually gives quite a tall figure, straight as an arrow, brownish red or light hair, very restless and changeable, grey or blue eyes, strong bones, long arms and hands, inclined to be rash, impetuous and headstrong, free, generous and aspiring, brooking no interference with their plans, and generally unfortunate in most things, by reason of changing positions so frequently in life.

(Continued)

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