

The Occultist

A Causational Medium of Creative Thought

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E D I T O R I A L

JESUS CHRIST, THE LIVING ONE

THE WORLD has demonstrated, by reason of the degree of its spiritual progress, that Jesus Christ was, at least, 2,000 years ahead of His time and its degree of awakening in the future may extend this time still further.

The fact that since the Fourth century, no church has practiced the precepts of Jesus Christ, although many have preached them by word of mouth, is the evidence of the truth of the above paragraph.

If humanity had worshipped a Living Christ rather than a dead one, it might have been much further advanced in its degree of soul awareness. I claim that Jesus did not die to save the world, but rather that he lived to teach the world how to save itself. His teachings were explicit and clear to the understanding of even a little child.

He epitomized His teachings into a very short sentence that is as clear as the noonday Sun: Love one another. Again: Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. What could be plainer or more understandable. And yet where is the church in the entire world that has practiced these sentiments universally in the past 2,000 years?

Prior to the Christian era humanity was led through its mass consciousness, by a leader, who in turn, received his instruction from an avatar or celestial hierarch. Moses is an outstanding example of that period, and when it was said that Moses went up into the mountain and talked face to face with God, the statement was relatively true. Moses went into the astral plane and received instruction which he in turn, brought back and gave to his people.

Prior to the establishment of the Mosaic law, the people had been led blindly, through their faith in their leader, just as cattle are led blindly today. This was a period in the evolution of humanity that was superceded by the presentation of the Mosaic law. At the time when Moses went up into the mountain and returned to find his people worshipping the golden calf, he realized that the time had arrived in their state of awareness, when it was necessary that they be allowed to aid in the interpretation of the law and thus he threw the two tables of stone, previously sealed together, upon the ground, breaking them apart, that all men might read for themselves.

From this episode, a new note entered into the life of the people; their forms of worship changed; the priesthood was organized to dispense the law and the people were taken, more and more, into the confidence of the leaders. But yet the responsibility

for the salvation of the people was vested in the priesthood, who established various forms of sacrifices for the forgiveness of the people's sins.

This form of worship prevailed up to the coming of Jesus Christ. It will be noted that the government among the chosen people was in a most chaotic state and they were rent in many factions. In fact, at the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, he simply confined the Jews to their capital and allowed them to destroy themselves. The time had arrived when the old forms of government were breaking down. The minds of men refused longer to be governed by the mass consciousness, delegated to a priesthood that had also become corrupt.

The next period in the evolution of humanity in the mass, was inaugurated by the birth of Jesus Christ. It matters not whether his birth was immaculate or natural. His life is the influence that counts. Speaking individually, the writer does not believe that any human ego has been projected into the earth plane by other than natural methods.

His ministry was almost entirely devoted to the individualizing of the human soul. His advice to His followers to make no provision for their journeys, was nothing more than an effort to teach them that they were capable of drawing on the universal source of supply for whatever they needed, if they could be made to see their relation to the divine source which He was constantly pressing upon them. "The Father and I are one." "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

He was a chosen agent by the divine hierarchy to inaugurate a new dispensation, viz.: Doing away with the necessity of a priesthood to save the people from their sins, and substituting therefor, the individual responsibility of each one for his own salvation. If there is individual salvation, there must, of necessity, be individual immortality for those who seek it. To those weak souls who grow tired of the struggle and seek oblivion, Nirvana is the goal. It is from those who seek individual immortality that future Gods are evolved.

The churches of the world, for 2,000 years, have taught a dead Christ and have, therefore, evolved a dead religion, or, perhaps, dogma would be a better word. He has been pictured hanging on the cross, laid in the grave, His blood shed for the remission of sins, sinners washed in His blood, until the very thought of blood and death and crucifixion has become nauseating to analytical minds and they are turning to a living ideal for spiritual sustenance. Jesus revamped a dead prophet's aphorism, making the negative Golden Rule of Confucius over into a positive Golden Rule, removing the Chinese God's negativity and substituting His own positivity: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto

you". Which, Incidentally, is almost universally disobeyed.

This worship of a dead Christ has brought the death of negativity to the orthodox churches of the world, regardless of what form they assume, Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan, Brahmin, Buddhist, or what they may be. A new light is shining into the minds of men who are really seeking for truth and it is the light that shines from a living Christ spirit that has never been dead since the foundation of the world and will re-manifest when the mass consciousness is ready and waiting for further evolution on the world plane.

HUMAN LIFE IS A RIVER TIME IS ITS EMBANKMENTS THE ZODIAC IS ITS COURSE

Human life is a river flowing ceaselessly, without a stop, between the embankments of time. To say we have not time to accomplish a task is erroneous. We have nothing but time. To say we have not time is to admit we have not the inclination. Time and eternity are the two poles of a circle. Time is our consciousness of thoughts, words and deeds, for good or ill while functioning on the physical plane; eternity is our consciousness while reviewing those thoughts, words and deeds in the purgatorial realm, after leaving the physical and awaiting our new suit of clothes for the next manifestation.

The course of the River of Life is through the Zodiac.

Because life is a flowing river, it behooves us to improve its opportunities immediately upon presentation because to fail to do so is to lose that opportunity forever. There will be others presented but the lost one will not return.

The life that realizes the swiftness of the current of this river is the one that finds no time for the frivolities and foam of useless endeavor. There is something to do on every hand. To say "I have no time" or "It is too deep for me", is admitting that "I have no inclination because I am mentally lazy". It were better to be active and wrong than to be inactive and blank.

The loves, hates, fears, anticipations, disappointments and passions of life are the eddies, backwaters, deeps, shallows, cascades, rapids and the various moods of the river, retarding or accelerating the progress of the Ego on its outward flow from the fountain of birth to the ocean of death.

TRUTH IS MATHEMATICS AND VICE VERSA

There is no possible relationship in life, physical, mental or spiritual, that cannot be reduced to a mathematical equation and the truth or falsity of its premise be proven.

Life is vibration and vibration is life. Where there is vibration there must, of necessity, be a way to measure its force and frequency. This is the purpose of numbers and the combination of these numbers in mathematical equations enables the stu-

Two

dent to reduce, to ever finer and finer quotients, every possible condition or premise that can be conceived, providing there is one known point of contact. The fact that there is vibration to all forms of life gives the known point of contact and the mathematician can proceed from that point.

The law of correspondences will provide the relative conditions on the higher planes and thus the unknown in the spiritual realm may be brought to light through the operation of the known on the physical plane.

IS THERE A SPIRITUAL LAW IN THE UNIVERSE?

Many of our astrological friends insist that the element of free will is impossible in opposition to planetary influence.

What would happen if every man, woman and child in the world would, overnight, put into operation the law of universal love? I wonder if there would be any injustice, murder, theft, seduction, sickness, insanity or any of the multitudinous ills that one individual inflicts or causes to be inflicted upon another? Would aspects, directions or transits be stronger than the universal law of love, or would the impulse to steal, murder or otherwise disturb the equilibrium of the world, as shown by an evil direction, prevail?

Or is there a spiritual law operating through the hearts and minds of men? Each one must answer for himself.

FOLLOW YOUR GUIDE AND FEAR NO EVIL

The earnest seeker after Truth has nothing to fear. His desire is the divine spark feeling for the path leading back to "My Father's house" and the vibration of this divine spark within will find its counter vibration at the source and the magnetic pull will protect the student from the pitfalls of false teachers and the multitudinous cults that are built on false premises or a financial basis only.

The student's desire for Truth will be proportioned to the weight of his cross and the weight of his cross will give him intuitive ability to recognize the true and find the answer to all questions as they arise.

OUR SILENT HELPERS

With the beginning of another year and another volume of *The Occultist*, we earnestly request the Silent Helpers, wherever dispersed, to renew their kind thoughts for us and for all they may deem worthy. The silent thoughts are the most powerful, as they go into direct action and are not circumvented and demagnetized by passing through their symbolic form (words).

Let the Silent Helpers continue to send out suggestions for peace among nations, between individuals, and especially emphasize the need for care in the traffic of the street, thus endeavoring to lessen the awful death rate from reckless driving.

Has "Jazz" a Place in Civilization?

By DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON

I.

IN SPITE of all efforts of dignified art to outlaw the ruling Jazz obsession, it nevertheless continues to hold its sway over the generation. Nor is Jazz limited to music only—it expresses itself in every phase of our present life; in the speed mania on our highways, in the soaring motors of the air, in the "step phantastic" in our dance halls, in the "futurism" of our paintings, in the tabloid short story of our literature, in the cinema reels of the drama, and in the chromatic flare of our home decorations. It stands for the realization of a deep, innate element in our consciousness, which the quickened momentum of our evolution is rushing into action.

The power of Jazz to hold the world by the ears, and exert its fascination, even over old music-seasoned minds, has not its basis in a mere passing fad, sweeping through our time, but in the sporadic burst of a deep, but as yet misunderstood, musical world passion, released through the intonations of a new cycle which acts upon the minds as the impulse of springtime on the fertility and germinating power of the quickened soil. It is the screaming of an infant, too young yet to sing.

II.

The world of today is entering a new field of consciousness, a new era of growth. And it is America, with its amazing intellectual vivacity, that especially responds to this new impulse. Its political, industrial, literary, artistic and scientific minds are virtually bursting under the strain of this new born energy. But more than in any other field of human genius the American consciousness is awakening to the call of music.

This response to music, however, is not to be measured in a comparison between the classic music of the European masters and the bizarre uttering of our popular jazz. There is no comparison possible. Not more so than in a comparison between the ecstatic values of a sunset and a sunrise. It is the difference between the throbbing expectancy in the swelling bud of a plant, as compared to the revealed and finished ecstasies in the full-blown flower.

So with our music. Reasoning from the theory of cycles, with their rising and falling waves of power, it is safe to say that the classic music, which had its historical culmination in the genius of a Wagner, a Mozart, and a Beethoven, reached the apex of its cycle in the musical endeavor of the last century.

It may furthermore be said, that this triumvirate of musical mastery—Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven—released the soul of music in the unfoldment of European civilization. These masters brought music

to a height and perfection of expression beyond which that type or form of music could apparently not pass. Classical music appears to have exhausted its genius in the colossal attainments of these great men. For what Wagner did to music as a purging, purifying, creative and illuminating power, Mozart accomplished in terms of beauty, exaltation and melodic refinement; while Beethoven soared into heights of moral ecstasy, sacredness of motive and spiritual serenity of feeling. In the unparalleled beauty and power of these sublime effusions, the art of classic music seems to have found its cyclic and cultural fulfillment. And truly, from this time nothing of real value has been added to the principles of music.

III.

On the contrary, a decline in the appreciation of classic music is at present undoubtedly in evidence. The drop of refined, dignified and morally poised music into the tailspin of emotional and unprincipled rhapsodies in terms of Jazz, indicates that some new, extraordinary change is taking place in the musical consciousness of the world. A new cycle is evidently breaking upon us, and in the musical chaos of Jazz we meet a weird commingling of the convulsive beginnings of a new art, and the smothered strains of a vanishing old. Can it not be possible that the shocking rhapsodies which the screaming saxophone is ripping in the stately rhythms and majestic movements of the old music, mean the birth giving of a new melodic entity which, by its quick steps and dizzying momentum, is going to hit the world-concert into new and inexperienced measures of futuristic harmony. The supreme characteristic in the new movement is acceleration of the world's general momentum; in other words—speed.

That America especially is under the influence of this sweeping impulse is noticed in the breathless rush of energy exhibited in every phase and aspect of her life. Jazz in music is but one of the manifestations of this general, all-gripping speed. Yet as such it is of greatest significance as it necessitates an intensification and deepening of our musical themes and motives. It constitutes a general concentration process by which the mind is forced into an unexampled tonal vivacity and deeper intuition in interpreting the moods and feelings arising in inner nature. Though as yet almost brutal in its untamed energy, Jazz under the genius of new masters will rise to levels of musical eminence adequate to express ideals of beauty and duty, as never before achieved. A new music is in the process of becoming, and the birth pains attending this new creation—is Jazz!

It is natural that if Jazz is an expression of a new cyclic phase of consciousness that its dominion over the world must be irresistible. For life and

consciousness, and all that these terms imply, do not move along lines of extension only, but also of ascension, not only in curves of circles, but also of spirals—at once moving forwards and upwards. Every movement, organic or inorganic—from the atom to the Sun—follows this universal trend. "Nothing moves on aimless feet." From every aspect of social, political, industrial and religious life we are ascending into a zone of consciousness, which, through a release of innate, but dormant spiritual energies, is exerting itself upon our minds with an immediateness and directness, which holds no parallel in any age of recorded history.

IV.

Now what "Jazz" is to music, "Futurism" is to painting, the "tabloid story" to literature, "cubism" to sculpture, "ragtime" to dancing, "cinema" to drama, the "revolt of youth" to morals, and "modernism" to religion. They all represent the mental Jazz stage of transition, arising with its swirl of mental breakers, when the ebbing consciousness of the old cycle meets the surging tides of a new world impulse. It is the phenomena of our present humanity, passing out from the wither of crystalized dogmatism, to exert the new-learned freedom of its released energies. Hermes Trismegistus,—the old Egyptian philosopher, was right; "as above, so below"; as in spiritual nature, so in physical nature. We have mental seasons as well as material seasons; and between each we have intervals of transition, which either release or arrest the sweep of creative energies.

Humanity today is facing a big task:—the spiritualization of form. By the supreme effort of soul and mind, of heart and head, feeling and reason, the new generation is trying to find a new range for its spiritual career. The ship of progress is dropping its pilot. The rule of authority, with all its inroads in science, religion and morals, is dethroned from leadership, as a new light of understanding is breaking upon the stage of history.

V.

The standards adapted by these new conquistadores of civilization are originality, individuality, self-determination, boldness, fearlessness, and a

passion for the inexperienced and marvelous. Their quest is a new order of things; while the very suggestion of the past, with its old customs, old laws, old faiths—even its old homes—and all the staid and antiquated traditions and morals of the past strikes the new generation with a veritable panic.

It is in this relentless struggle with the past that the new generation is engaged. It is a "futurism" of civilization, which not only applies to painting and sculpture, but to every sincere and serious attempt to find the reality behind the form. "Futurism" disdains classic art to the extent the latter limits its purpose to a mere copying or "kodaking" of its object. Behind the moving panorama of line and color, the "futurist", in his yet obscure and tentative way, tries to find and to express the animating, ensouling factor, sustaining and explaining all. And it is this quite undefined and even barbaric struggle to interpret the great mystery of form, shrouding nature's deeper spiritual life—that constitutes the urge and motive of "Futurism".

Life must be understood, and to be understood, means to be released—made free—to fulfill its purposes and ideals. To find himself, the individual must face the stress of responsibility, which is impossible, as long as he is curbed by outside authority. The "Revolt of Youth", challenges all historical authority. Their only acceptable authority has its rise in their own moral consciousness as individuals, and comes from convictions, not from coercion. And while this "Revolt" against authority may mean critical adventures and serious mistakes, yet, without conflicts can come no conquests.

At the root of it all, however, lies the fact of man's changing his spiritual gear. He is shifting about from intellectual to spiritual guidance. And as all authority is intellectual, theorizing, temporizing and generalizing, this authority with its despotism, because of unconvincing and unsafe nature, must give way—whether in art or morals—to the mandate of conscience, which constitutes the unbiased statement of man's inner, critical self-scrutinizing. And it is by taking this recourse to his own central nature that he is recasting his conceptions and convictions in life, whether expressed in morals, in philosophy or in art.

Imagination, intuition and clairvoyance are one and the same.

Are You a Searcher for Unveiled Truth?

By TRISMA O'DAY

THE SCIENTIFIC IGNORAMUS" is the new monstrosity. He vainly boasts that he can tell all that is "knowable" and also what is "unknowable". He avows that the "unknowable" includes the answers to all the questions essential to purposeful living,
 * * * *The truth is that until we understand what we are, whence we come, whither we go, the*

paths of destiny we may choose and travel, why, and how, we have learned nothing of permanent value, or to make life really worth while with certainty, here or hereafter. To state that everything of first importance, (without which nothing else is of any permanent value) is "unknowable" is to brand one's self an ignoramus, an atheist, or a false teacher; and is an insult to the Intelligence of both

God and man, as well as to the greatest minds of all ages, races, times and climes. It is a lie hoary with age, however, born in the night of time; born, not of innocent ignorance, but out of the blackness of

perverted, ecclesiastico-political motives, to keep the masses in groveling blindness, for more easy exploitation and hopeless servitude. It cannot face the light of the Dawning New Age.

The imagination works on the physical plane, the intuition on the etheric plane and clairvoyance on the spiritual plane.

Where the Maple Leaves Went

By JEANNE L'STRANGE CAPPEL

IN THE time of long ago, the forest was silent and dull. There were no bright birds flying about among the trees. There was no song of happy birds nesting in the spring time. The trees were green and shady, to be sure, just as they are now, and the flowers bloomed, but the forest was all silent except for the humming of the bees and other insects.

Now the maple tree was very proud of her beautiful green leaves all summer, but in the autumn, when Kabbibonika, the giant North Wind, came and brought the little frost sprites with him, they painted the leaves new colors. When the Sun shone on them in the morning they were still a little green in spots or streaks, but mostly they were yellow and gold and crimson and brown all woven together over the whole leaf. They were as beautiful as any flower of the forest. Then the maple tree said, "I must hold you tight now, little leaves, or the giant North Wind will come again and steal you, for you are very beautiful".

Then the poor little leaves trembled in fright and said, "What will he do with us if he takes us away"?

And the tree said, "You will fall to the earth and die".

This made the pretty leaves very sad and they said, "We might better have stayed green as we were and be allowed to live than to have all this beauty and die".

But the mother tree said, "You have no choice in the matter. It is as the Great Spirit wills".

So at night came the giant North Wind, Kabbibonika, again, and he blew so hard that all the frightened little leaves let go their hold on the tree and fell to the earth.

Then they cried out and said to him, "Oh, please, giant North Wind, don't leave us to die like this", but he was gone on another merry chase for more leaves and did not care what they said.

But the Good Spirit-of-the-Forest, who is guardian of the trees, heard the little leaves cry and he said to them, "Do not be frightened, little maple leaves, I will not let you die. I will give you life and breath, and feathers and wings and behold—you are a bird".

And so they were very happy and flew among the branches of the tree that had been their home. But after awhile it grew too cold for them and they flew away to the warm southland to the home of Shan-das-see.

At the time of Segwun, the spring, they were homesick and so they came back to the forest where they used to live. And in the same tree they made their nests and later when there were eggs and then baby birds they were so happy their little hearts could not hold it all. Then each sang his own song of gladness and the whole forest was full of music and happiness. And so, still each year they come back again and build their nests and sing their song in the tree that was their mother.

Jazz is a tonal rebellion against the repressions of Piscene emotionalism.

Kevah-Grams

By KEVAH DEO GRIFFIS

JUPITER is the Preserver. Jupiter's metal is tin. Tin cans preserve all kinds of food; tin foil keeps cheese, butter, cigarettes and many other things fresh and flavorsome. The U. S. A. is said to be the greatest-user of tin, cans and foil, in the world. A sign of its Jupiterian estate. Saturn is the lead—the solder and the base of the can.

* * *

"The tin-can tourists" have made a trail across the country where all roads lead to California. Think of our covered-wagon pioneers and what they had to carry for food—and how. Time-binding, space-saving, food-storing by Saturn and Jupiter.

* * *

Sun-drying is another method of preservation—but it only works well in Jupiterian weather.

* * *

What of Jupiter herbs and metals in the preservation of mummies, I wonder?

* * *

Sometimes Jupiter preserves too much of what we do not want. Look for the lean, hard, keen Jupiterian—they are rare. But we don't want fat hearts and fat tummies. "Transfer the fat of the land from the bay window to the pocket book", might be a good motto for the new understanding. Observe your Jupiter. Its action is always to preserve, so it is up to us to have it preserve what we need most. Too much, too long, too luxurious, too big, too anything, kills holiness (wholeness) as surely as too little.

* * *

As you observe stars you learn to become spectator of all the great play and pageant of Brahm. The antics, tantrics and tantrums of the sex repressors and transmuters become extremely amusing. The use

of energy is what we yearn to understand and if one must use (waste) so much energy in repression surely one's asceticism becomes as stupid as the wildest sensuality. It is to find the balance, and float blissfully down its middle way (dancing on the tip of the teeter-totter like children) that we crave to do.

* * *

Don Marquis, in his delicious book, "The Almost Perfect State", says he instantly agrees with radical or conservative—both being so tiresome, it saves him much boredom.

* * *

Oh, the profound glory of the meaning of "Agree with thine adversary". It's one of those things you can't know till you do. But read the whole of "The Almost Perfect State". You'll get the essence of Capricornian—Aquarian—Leonian humor and wisdom and insight and love. You'll learn more than twenty years of study of the "ocult" and the "mystic" would teach you. You'll hear Pan and Syrinx and feel the stamp of his hoof. You'll get the zest and essence of the America that is Asia and the Mediterranean, too. You'll feel the youth dimension, and the New Age. You'll reel with joy like a California advertisement. I'm not paid for this. I've just got to holler about something that I love as hard as if I'd written it myself.

* * *

I hope you have all had the best kind of a Saturnalia for Christmas and New Year's. May all the planets bless you and with all thy gettings and begettings, get understanding of your stars. Know your own—roll your own. Be your self all 1929. Try to be.

* * *

Passion, compassion, dispassion—may you know them all—the blessed trinity. Pro-Creation, Re-Creation; Creation—the divine threefold, three-stringed lute of love—play every string.

True love is spiritualized selfishness.

The Moon's Nodes

By W. H. SCOTT

A CERTAIN man, a writer of such remarkable gifts that few seem to be able to follow him, save those who are nearly mad with the genius of Understanding, has said, "I find it harder to write about strength than shapes". Strength is the Truth that crowns the hills with golden glory. The Etruscan Word,—the Thought that forms every thing; the distant, and near, language of the Infinite Mind. One, SOLITARY WORD, the body of the Tree of Life, from which springs Utterance,—"I Am", "I Feel", "I begin to breathe", "I live"; the ethnology of human shapes. It is the Solar Substance poured thru the Mother Moon; and thereby she begins to Speak, Articulate, Pronounce, the Pnuma, which gives birth to the Radical Root Form. And so all is born from the currents of her life; the Great Mother, from whom, ask and ye shall receive.

The substance of the universe is only mind substance under another name, and your moon is your mentality. It is the preparation and foundation of your whole thought; your conscious life. She—the Moon—is the Spouse of your inner self, your freshness of life, your place of receptivity, your place of renewal. She conceives in silence the good seed of your thought; she speaks to you and you live. She photographs upon your consciousness the Wonders of your creation. The kind of thought you inspire; the chemical tincture of your sense impressions is your Moon's Eucharist,—your bread and wine of living. The great central truth around which our cycle of life rolls in infinite progression; from our beginning to our end; in her, the Great Mother, we catch a glimpse of the Divine Word,—"Thou art, thou shalt grow, and thou shall become".

This Word is the Credo of Christendom, the Effectual Utterance, presiding over the ocean of infinite space. This is the Mother Substance, which is merged in the Father Energy, and its orderly procession has seven modes, twelve houses, and four elements. And out of these arise the fabric of time and limit. The veil of the Moon's Action is the astral fluid. This is the receptacle of the nucleus out of which the body springs. Her's is the work of dimension, form and appearance, the ladder of incarnation starting at her Node.

"The Gods of the elements", says Kingsford, are "Athena (Air), Poseidon (Water), Hephaistos (Fire), and Demeter (Earth)". And the Moon's empire over these is absolute and universal; and thru the duality in these arise the Senses, with their specialized modes of perception, for lunar knowledge is polarized and exact. And matter is nothing but the intensification of idea, as expressed thru the Lunar Body. All things, therefore, are according to

the measure of the spirit in them as this Moon translates it. She produces our creation for us. She is the Priestess of Sibyl,—the Divine Sorceress; and we may consult her in time of peril.

When you see the devotee kneeling and praying to the Virgin of God (the Sun), this is she; Angel of the Moon, to whom she addresses her earnest request; and if she be wise—this devotee—she chooses an hour when the Moon is with Jupiter on her node, or when the Moon and Jupiter are in strong good aspect, the conjunction being most powerful. This is the prayer of science; and the prayers of true science are essentially fruitful. And are not the Moon and Jupiter very fruitful? Their's are the paints of the blue sky, the green earth, the foaming sea, the yellow day, the violet night,—the green of generation and sensation, the Strength Conductor of the Word which formulates the world and makes it grow.

Why is this Strange Dead Woman—the Moon—the Earth's Mother, think you? Because she makes matter,—makes it grow. By slow degrees she goes on measuring man's life, against the life outside. Her Sphinx is the prophecy of evolution; its name the Assyrian Bull or Taurus the Substance.

This Woman in the Moon sways the great tides of the sea and air, the earth, and fire of life in man's blood. And she interprets the Gospel of the Sun, by means of which the victim is snatched from the cross. She has a layer of many tongues. She is the Language-Maker of Gemini. We call her the Great Interrogation Point, the Great Ask, What Is the Matter, who are you, and where did you come from? She is Persona, the Mask. She is the Translator of Light for our needs, and the Shining Falsehood of Father Time—Saturn. Her Nodes are the Fulcra of Time and Sense, the Beginning of the End.

The Dragon's Head is where the Note of our Creation begins; the Tail is where it ends. All creative force springs from the Node. Here the metonic Scale is of the Moon and her Node, the Golden Number (of Life) is of the Sun and its Nodes, at present in Aries and Libra.

The Moon is Sat's Urn, and she gives Sat's Light (a satellite), and she is therefore debited with the balance of the accounts against sinners. We cannot evade the obligation; it is the price set against living. And that is because we live on the crest of her life-wave, represented by Capricorn and Cancer, in the middle point between the Nodes, where we are now in the trough of the sea of Sensation, and anon on the crest of the wave of Feeling. We hear about "going into the silence"! If by chance any get there they are at their Moon's Node, where no Sound, no Feeling, no Emotion, no Sensation is. It is the point

from which Sound, or the Creative Word arises, the point of translation for Solar Power, the Great Pronouncement, the Voice Plexus of the Song of the planets. It is the Silver Larynx of the Latitude and Longitude of conscious knowing and feeling.

There are some things, that today, seem far-fetched, which tomorrow become the verification of an illuminated understanding. Yesterday the enslavement of woman—a soulless creature—was a good idea. And the well regulated church kept a banking account with God, with a full deposit of the spell of the tabu. She was the Dragon's Tail of Earthly Fruitfulness; the feminine verb made for the expression of the masculine noun. The Christian Feeling was that knowledge of the surgical truth in this matter, like most everything else, was forbidden; so man bound himself to the erstwhile spirit of the Godfather of Ignorance, to see that the tabu was kept. Man alone was the swaggering unit of the universe; his "better half" was an empty bubble of barren steam. Today he is viewing this Vexed Half of himself, as destined to become the Power of his Omnipotence; and this is a triumph of the New Religion over the old. He sees her today, as himself turned inside out, and Pan is waking from his long sleep.

Every day the "impossible" becomes, not only the possible, but the Actual. And so it may seem a far cry from the larynx and vocal cords to that of the Moon's Nodes, and yet the principle and function of each is the same. The Moon's Node is the cord which gives the articulation to all nature. It is the expressing mechanism of the Creative Word; and the translation of planetary sound, by the Moon, depends upon the length and position of her cord or node. But of the mechanical principle here involved I shall treat at length in another place.

We know Taurus as the sign of voice. Taurus possesses the Universal Key; it is where we find the "Power Urge" of Song. The pictorial art of speech becomes a Unity and a Complete Whole here; thus it is the true Node of Articulation. Gemini (The Word) has been called the Voice Plexus, because in its dual aspect it represents the Movement of Sound in all directions. Its planet (Mercury) is the Messenger of Sound arising from the Node; but in Taurus we discover not only the Power from which Articulation arises, but also the Substance employed in the execution of the sound; and she objectifies this inner perfection as no other sign is capable of doing. The fact that the vocal cords are found in the neck, which in human anatomy is ruled by Taurus, whose planet is the sympathetic synchronization of the whole creation, in the art of sound, would be sufficient in itself to show that Taurus holds the Master Key to the phonics of the zodiac.

We are told that a Word, or The Word, created all things; "all things were made by it". Even the "Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us". The Pythagorean school, long ago, taught the doctrine that music is the principle of form in nature, and that every shape and natural figure in the animate

and inanimate world was determined and created by the Divine infusion of music into formless chaos; this formless chaos being the womb of the primordial worlds, found in the sign Libra, the complement of Taurus. In other words Libra, the day-house sign of Venus, is the marriage-house of Sound or the Word. This Perfect Word or Sound or Music, which belongs to the creative scale of nature, is infused into primordial matter so as to bring the formless universe to harmonious order, and to produce the forms we see around us of landscapes, rivers, trees, flowers, instead of the everlasting chaos which preceded.

So we find the vibrations of musical sound, at the present day, producing the forms of flowers, trees, shells and other natural objects, spontaneously, and without any previous suggestion of the form by the hand of man. We see the same power when exercised upon a chaos of grains of sand, at once throw the sand into patterns of symmetry, whose lines and curves might very easily be construed into miniature models of winding rivers, sweeping mountain chains, and other objects which give order and outline to a landscape. This is the work of the Creative Word in the things we see, "the unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds, the thoughts of people and their ways and wills, these too, the great Law binds".

"Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands, Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm. Pity and love are man's because long stress moulded blind mass to form". Thus does the Word fetch secrets forth, "Sitting in the green of the forest-glades, nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root, devising leaves, blooms, blades".

This bringing forth is the bond of union in nature expressed thru the Moon's Node, and it is the cord of union between the sexes. At this point there passes into the life of the personality the entire influence of the solar system. It is the gate, so to speak, through which passes in and out the subtle causative forces which regulate human events.

But it is very essential that we keep in mind the mechanics or mechanical principle in this matter, lest you lose the significance of the idea that I am endeavoring to present. We have referred to the vocal cords as having their correspondence in the Moon's Nodes. This node is literally the Moon's Silver Cord along which vibrates the life-wave of Sound, which welds together the vital forces with those of the functional. And it brings about the interpenetration of the etheric body with that of the physical. And it is by this means that it modifies and shapes the form. This idea of the Cosmic Symphony was brought out in a very clear illustration in the December number of Modern Astrology for the year 1909, where the writer deals with the Solar Nodes Libra-Aries; that is to say, the Equinoctial Points, Libra being the descending node of the Sun and Aries its ascending node.

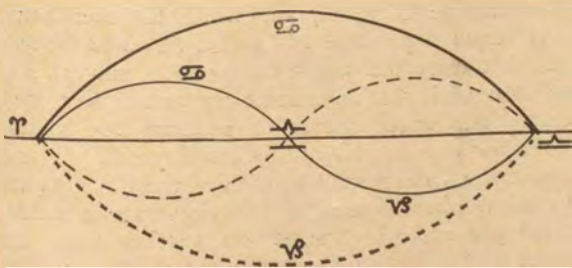
The writer says, "The annual course of the Sun,

when referred to the equator, assumes the form of an S". This is exactly the path taken by a particle in a vibrating string during one complete vibration, that is if the string be sounding the octave of its prime. We have, therefore, in Libra the complete analogy to what is termed the "Node" in a vibrating string such as that of a violin or piano. It is by placing the finger on such a "node" that a violinist produces what are termed *harmonics*. And it is of interest in this connection that this very word "node" is employed by astronomers to denote that point where the orbit of a planet crosses the ecliptic, or the plane of reference.

Now if we study the course of a particle setting out from the fixed end of a vibrating string, we shall find that it first of all moves away toward one side of the central line of the string; reaches a maximum distance therefrom,—which we may term the *tropic* or *turning point*—returns back toward the center and reaches the "Node". After which it passes to the *other side* of the central line of the string, where a complete 'reflection' of the first process ensues, till at last the particle—or rather the movement, for the motion is transmitted from one particle to another, undergoing a series of incarnations as it were—until at last the movement returns to its source, to be again sent forth in due time".

NOTE.—The Moon's Node is the Life String on which each succeeding incarnation takes its rise, passes to the fullness of life, and then gradually declines, only to pass out at the Dragon's Tail or negative Node.

"So the whole path traced out might be represented by the figure-of-eight, so: ∞



The diagram here appended will make this clear.

Now taking Libra as the primal example of the principle of the Node, we note that her keynote is Equilibrium. She strives to blend and harmonize all the qualities that have been segregated and diversified by her mutable expressor, Gemini, which is only possible by the aid of Saturn, the Stabilizer; Saturn being the formulator on the mental plane, of which she (Libra) is the head; since Libra stands at the head as the producing sign of the Mental Triplcity. The point is that she ever seeks the Conjunction of two opposing forces, male and female, positive and negative, and this conjunction is found only in the Node, for the Node is the point of sex union in all creative organization. And it makes no difference whether this union is on the physical, the

mental or the spiritual plane, the principle is the same; children of the brain are begotten at the Node, by the union of the sperm and germ of the male-female activities of the mind, thru Mercury and the Moon. This could not be otherwise, owing to the fact that this Node is the point of the Moon's receptivity. Once more, Libra ever seeks the Node, or place of Union, but the night-house sign of Venus, namely Taurus, is in possession of the instrument by which this is made possible. She is the larynx of the zodiac. Her magnetic principle draws down to the very center of life these opposing forces, male and female, light and darkness, inner and outer, positive and negative. She dwells on the Equalizing Plane of Maturity, where the masculine and feminine energy is present in equal force. It is the only sign in which the two forces may blend harmoniously in one organism. Thus it is said that the Moon is exalted here. The 3d. degree, where her exaltation occurs is the degree of Perfect Fruitfulness; it is the degree of Complete Fortune, or Complete Possession,—the final end of earthly incarnation. The Spirit, the Mind and the Body are here substantially wedded,—her final destination is "God in the Flesh".

But to return to our illustration of the vibrating string; and let us say by way of parenthesis, that there is absolutely no difference in function and purpose, nor yet in principle, as between a violin string, the vocal cords in your neck, and the Moon's Node, other than this, that the Moon's Vocal Cord or Node causes the form to stand out in concrete outline; she shapes the flower, the plant and the tree before our eyes. We touch and sense what she makes by playing the planetary tones on her Node. And if you spell Node backward you get the sound of Eden in Edon; the vowel e or o does not change the root meaning springing from the sound of the word. Eden is identical with the inner nature of the sign Taurus, where dwells the Complete Whole, male and female as One. It is the great "I Have" or "I Possess". Here the Individuality is self-centered, bounded on all sides by its Conscious Strength. It stands supreme in the exultant realization that it has within its command all that can be desired. I am not now speaking of some person, or any person who may chance to be born in the sign of Taurus, but only of the powers and principles belonging freely to this sign, where the possibilities of Oneness are complete. And because her life powers are those employed as the Moon's Perfected Articulation of the Creative Word, as expressed thru her Node.

It is the invisible vibrating string which gives rise to all wave motion, the tides of life and sense as expressed thru Cancer, the sign of personal psychic vibration. "Those who study the phenomena of wave-motion", says our author, "tell us that in the middle of the wave, between the starting-point and the node,—corresponding to Cancer,—there is the maximum of movement, or in other words *sensation*; here the air particles are all in violent motion to and fro, their paths or orbits are of the largest,

but,—the change in density is *nil*. In other words, the air particle is moved about, tossed about, but is not stirred internally; it lives upon the Great Wave, the Great Life does not live in it". Note that this is precisely the reverse of the Life Wave belonging to the sign of the Moon's Exaltation, Taurus, whose special mission is to Hold the Great Life of the ALL-SELF.

"At the node, the motion is *nil*, yet the change of density is at its maximum". Here Matter or the Moon is under the Pressure of the Great Life Wave of Transmutative Force. It is the Terrible Power of the WORD, the supreme Exaltation of Spiritual Power in Matter. Every thrill, every harmonic or sub-tone of the string passes thru the node and affects the consciousness. But no outward sign is visible, for it shows no movement. Here silence is Golden. So we might imagine a perfected Taurean as realizing that the best language is that which is never spoken. The violent motion of the tongue of the extreme Mercurial type, of nothing endures, and fair virtue is a waste of time, as speech ripples on to endless nothings. With Taurus, on the other hand, all the oscillations are internal, and the real flow of life is *felt* rather than the bombardment of the form.

If a little tin soldier is balanced upon the node of a vibrating string, as on a cello, for instance, it will remain unmoved, whereas if placed on the crest of sound as between two nodes it will be thrown off. Pursuing the experiment we find in the case of an organ pipe, by moving a taper up and down in it, we find that between the nodes the taper is free to burn, but at the nodes the variations in density are so great as to subject the flame to violent disturbance, sometimes extinguishing it altogether. And so the inner flame of the soul may be blown hither and thither in an agony of tremors and the body die at the Dragon's Tail of the Mother Moon, where dwells the Negation of the Creative Sound or the Word of articulated sense and consciousness. The inner scale of music or the creative sounds of the planets as translated thru the Moon's Nodes do not play upon the external nerves of sensation as do the staccato effects which are the only ones rendered in the music of today. Her laws of harmony acting thru her nodes are the vibrations of the life currents and playing directly on the soul senses of the listener. And it is at the nodes of the Moon that the thoughts of the Infinite take form.

The majority of the people who study Astrology consider it, at best, but a system of reading character and future events; but a time is rapidly approaching when the world will know it as a revelation concerning the laws of God's Kingdom on this Earth, wherein is a vast storehouse of exhaustless riches and limitless joy, from which man may continually produce new thought elements.

In another article I will deal with some practical observations in relation to the transits of the Moon's Nodes over radical places in the birth-chart, and the

events with which they coincided. In the present I am only endeavoring to outline the principle by which the Word of Creation finds expression. It is in the node that the plot of the drama of creation takes its rise. We know that the orbit of the Moon is elliptical, its diameter being of varying lengths; and if we imagine a cord stretched across this diameter, whose ends move from left to right at the rate of one degree in nineteen days, completing the circle of the orbit in nineteen years, we shall then have a picture of the Moon's Vocal Cord or Node as it is called. Now, in virtue of the fact that this orbit is an ellipse, we see at once that this cord is subject to a constant variation in its length, just as the performer on a violin moves his finger along the string, establishing the various nodes which give rise to the various notes in the symphony.

Consider for one moment this Vocal Organ of the Cosmic Mind, constructed and adapted to produce the creation we behold, and producing musical effects in the astral world, which the ear of man has never sensed; his narrow sense scale being wholly inadequate to any response therein. Can this be the result of a blind unreasoning force, or blundering, unconscious chance. To minds who could imagine such impossibilities, how appropriate are the words of the Psalmist, "Understand, ye brutish among the people; and ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see? He that chastiseth the heathen, shall he not correct? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall he not know"?

Here are a hundred singers, strangers to each other, all arranged together. The leader touches the key of middle C on a piano which has been accurately tuned to produce 264 sound-waves to the second. Instantly the whole company of singers imitate the sound; that is, in some mysterious way, they adjust their vocal chords to produce 264 sound-waves per second. He strikes another note, G, and at once the vocal organs of each of these singers are so readjusted as to produce 396 vibrations of sound-waves per second. He strikes another tone, the octave of the first, and at once the singers respond by adjusting the vocal chords to produce 528 sound-waves per second. And if any voice fails to produce the requisite number of sound-waves, the musical ear at once detects the error. But at the same time a hundred other voices may adjust themselves to produce other sounds which shall chord with the sounds produced by the first hundred singers, and their ears will detect any want of concord in those sounds. And so four or five companies of singers will be singing at once, each company producing different and yet concordant sounds; each person in these companies passing at pleasure through the ranges of one, two, or three octaves, and producing with the rapidity of thought, these changeful numbers of sound-waves, and instantly detecting every discord and every concord in tones, all of which depends upon the nicest mathematical combinations. And yet all this is done by persons who may know nothing of

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mathematics, who understand nothing of the laws of acoustics, who never heard of a sound-wave or a vibration number, and yet who, by some mysterious power, work out these subtle mathematical problems to perfection, enjoying and communicating to others the most intense pleasure; while other persons right beside them, having equally acute hearing, cannot distinguish one musical note or sound from another, and find no pleasure in them.

This is because in the true musician there exists the ubiquitous in consciousness; he has the heart beat of all the elements. And when he sings it is not he—the man—whose voice is heard; but the voice of manifold nature; it approaches the cadence of the universal life, which becomes articulate in the pronouncement; and the more perfect his note, and the detective sense of his ear, the closer he is to his Moon's Node in Articulation. His skillful periphrasis conduces both to beauty and simplicity.

What, then, is the office of the Moon, working thru her nodes? Here the great fundamental, mathematical law of sound is reduced to that Unit equa-

tion from which arises the whole range of mental, vital, chemical and mechanical activities of the WORD, in the interplay of the two primal forces, male and female. So through her nodes, the Moon regulates the life-beat of the cosmic egg of which man is but a single cell.

Working thru this vast treasure house of Causation we call the zodiac, she brings into manifestation the essence of the fruit, the tincture in the blood, the breath of the flower, all the qualities and powers we meet in our own mentalities or those of others around us; our aspiration and longings, our want of tomorrow, our search for love and affection, our intelligent appropriation for our needs, and our entire range of possibilities and growth, the progress we make, and the beginning and the end of all things. As the source of the Music of Life, she brings to birth the Ideal. And in Taurus, the Perfect sound, this Ideal borrows the prayer of the "I Have", by which it is made practical and enduring. In Taurus the exalted phonetics of the Moon's Silver Chord, sounds the note of Aeonian Life.

*There is a note in the harmony of the New Age music
that speaks of a new freedom.*

New Books

"The Zodiac and the Soul" by Charles E. O. Carter, London. The Theosophical Publishing House, London, W. C. 1.

The above volume, which was placed on the market November 15th, 1928, contains a special message to that class of astrologers who realize that Astrology is a spiritual science and also has an appeal to those mystics who have delved into the law of correspondences and realize that man and his material world are but illusory reflections of a higher world of reality.

The discussion is opened with the consideration of Polarity, wherein the author shows that the positive signs are related, by analogy, to the Manifest and the negative to the Unmanifest, the Sun being the ruling principle of the former and the Moon of the latter. But Astrology can scarcely place one before the other, either in dignity or in sequence. It begins, so far as our written doctrine is concerned, with a dualism and if we seek, in Astrology, the ONE that is behind the TWO, we must use some such symbol as the point within the zodiacal circle.

The mind cannot rest content with a quality; it must turn to the Unity behind all things.

One is tempted, in reviewing such a volume as this, to quote at length, but space limits forbid. Suffice it that the author has produced a work that will have a far-reaching, if not an epochal, effect on the attitude of astrologers to Astrology. I must quote a few more sentences, showing the author's attitude toward Determinism. This for instance: Although the influence of the stellar bodies is subtle in the extreme and has great power in regard to our bodies and fortunes, even invading our mental and emotional processes, there is no astrological

proof that we are entirely dominated by it. If this were indeed the case it is probable that our prophesies would more often be true, but at the same time nothing could be more useless than the foreseeing of the inevitable. But any deterministic doctrine destroy the validity of all reasoning processes, whatsoever, including the very process by which its adherents attempt to demonstrate its truth.

And read this sentence: But universal principles have no liability in respect of planetary influences; they are immutable and eternal Realities, and it is from them that the characters of the planets are derived. By uniting himself with these, man becomes, himself, rooted in the unchanging, and, although he may certainly retain traces of astrological influences, yet the more nearly he approaches the perfect Ideals, the less is he characterized by the merely personal and separative. His nativity then becomes a register of certain relationships between himself and the material cosmos, which, indeed, the world at large may consider of paramount importance, but which will mean very little to him.

It is hoped that enough has been quoted from Mr. Carter's book to stimulate desire to the point of ordering a copy, in which case this review will have bestowed a lasting benefit upon the reader.

W. H. Scott of Seattle, begins in this issue a series of articles on the Moon's Nodes. In reviewing these articles preparatory to submitting them to the printer, I am impressed by the fact that here must be a new note, or, at least, one that is not generally struck in popular Astrology, and that they are entitled to a more permanent life than is possible in a magazine article, and have decided to publish them in book form.

Quicken the Centers Within to Contact the Higher Dimensions

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

CONSIDER that we must have faculties to receive powers; that we are connected with larger dimensions of life only as we quicken the centers within which answer to the new vibrations.

There is a system of interurban railways here in the mountain and shore country which is in many ways admirable; something of a New Race pattern working out. In some canyon stillness, or at the edge of a sea town, or back among the ranch lands, one finds the power stations—soft purring dynamos, as you approach. These low brick buildings, stone-floored, solidly-founded and gracefully vined are noticed attentively by few. The whirring of wheels is a mere matter of silence to the many; the steadiness of the production of power effaces itself like a spiritual source, from eyes accustomed only to noise and show and shine.

As days follow days of travel on the Road, the great patience comes. At first, one is very anxious to get somewhere, and his untrained endurance is stimulated from time to time by intimations of an approach to another power-house along the road. He examines himself daily for travel stains and listens at evening for the whir of wings that will bring fulfillment of the heart—even the Comrade perfect.

Luckily we are not abandoned for being so shortsighted. The outpost Christian who talks with a personal God in terms of desirous petition, is not abandoned. In his own time he shall come to consider the arrays of splendid hierarchies between him and the outer harmonic vibrations, the least of which would mean extinction to all creatures within limitation. He shall come to see how the Creative Purpose is minimized through innumerable artifices of reduction, before it breaks into working forces here, as the main current from the power-house is reduced point by point until it flows modestly into our desk-lamp or tea-kettle. By infinite and marvelous artifices the Creative Vibration is lowered, that we may find it in the grass, in the roll of hills and clouds, in the beneficence of still waters and the fragrance of flowing winds.

It is by the awakening of the centers in our own being that the nearest Teacher in the Unseen may appear—a celestial being truly enough from where we stand, imprisoned in molecular bodies. Only the touch of his hand at first, face to face would slay us with too much light; yet his first Teaching is of infinite glories beyond him—glories which shall be opened to us, as the beauty of the flower and the star and the mate and the master are opened, by the unfolding of the Self. Circuit by circuit, we turn on the lights within to endure the increase of Light

from without. As we ascend the Grand Highway, power-house after power-house is found upon the Road, and each has its answering ganglion within ourselves. The quickening of these centers within is our awakening to the broader beauty of the Plan.

As days follow days of travel upon the Road, the great patience comes. It is as vulgar to be at the mercy of sensuous desire for spiritual union, as to be the prey of ourselves in the seizure of food or possessions. Still it is a gathering energy, though by the very form of our desire, we are withheld from attainment, until it is balanced and beautified by loving kindness to others. By its very nature, as all life below shows, the desire of the personal encounters resistance of its kind. "Know now and forever that in the calm of the Soul lies real knowledge, and from the divine tranquility of the heart comes power".

Travel-stains are forgotten in the great cleansings of the night; and Faith, always the structure stuff for bridging the planes, comes in good time; Faith to know that the Master will appear, when the disciple is ready. Each day we adore more heroically, and by our steady allegiance the Plan unfolds; we perceive that the centers within are built thought by thought, as the power-houses of the great electric system are built brick by brick, the dynamos installed with great labor and ingenuity, the road connected up and scheduled, division by division. As above, so below; as within, so without. We know at last what Walt meant when he cried out that he did not want the constellations any nearer—that no array of terms could explain how much at peace he was about God and about death.

For those who hope for Liberation, there is but one unit to work with, and that is the planet itself. There cannot be even continental partisanship for the true Democrat. To be civilized in the actual sense means to be free from the bigotries of class and caste, of race and cult. We have spent the ages becoming familiar with primitives and peasants, with barbarians and semi-civilized, and have emerged at last to perceive a globe and not a plane—a globe in the midst of a myriad sun-centers, each a center of its own reflecting globes. We have come to think not only of the races of this Earth as members of one family, in different states of growth, but that all those represented in incarnation are but a handful compared to their humanity as a whole; also that there are myriads of humanities.

As Democrats emerging into the globe-consciousness, and ignited with the dream of Liberation, we shall presently perceive that to put off the needs of a physical body, is simply to put off the shell, as a

chick does—that growth in the physical is but an incubation. The many who are being taught to affirm that they shall hurry back into incarnation for service are confronting the Plan with *their* idea that all service is here. It is as if a child who had passed into the first grade from the kindergarten refused to go on because there were children still behind. Moreover, freed from the body, such affirmers may find themselves self-psychologized by their affirmations, cut off by their own mind powers, from the dear care of those who would see to their forwarding. * * * Others say that they dare not smile and be happy while there is sorrow left in the world. This is a confession that their pity is sensuous rather than spiritual; that their feeling is still of passion, not compassion.

The unfoldment of the spiritual life has to do with plenty of ordeals of pain, but it is not the Spirit's fault, be very sure. The pain comes from the adjustment of *feeling* and *thinking* to the Spirit the essential nature of which is Loveliness and Joy. Pain passes; joy endures. Compassion is not smileless; it is not lost in the present predicament; it does not waste its energies in kindred emotions with the fallen. It understands, it lifts, it sees that the whole work Down Here is a process of extrication; it realizes that its first duty, in order to help, is to gain its own Freedom.

There is help in realizing the whole earth as a working unit. The Earth is like a ship. One's fellow passengers were all strangers on the first days out; the arrangement and activity of the ship itself was strange. Presently we found ourselves forming in little detachments and companies, but the rough weather and the long days of the voyage gradually revealed to us that the good of one was the

good of all. At the end of the voyage the ship is to be brought singing into port—a Merry Party. This is a story of a humanity's use of a planet. Those who are emerging into the freedom of globe consciousness, are not only putting from themselves the needs of further work below decks, but they alone of the ship's company so far, are able to see what the ship and the voyage are about.

I have found it interesting to realize that the process of meditation works out under two laws that can be demonstrated. It is of course an inbreathing and an out-breathing—two movements that we have called *silence* and *action*. The first law is that an object to which we devote ourselves, unfolds to us; in other words, that love comes back to the lover. Thus, as we lift our minds in devotion to the Spirit, the Spirit unfolds to our minds. The co-ordination of these two is Illumination. So much for the first half, the inbreathing. The second law, also demonstrable, is that it comes into recreative activity with in us exactly as we turn out in service toward others. This is the outbreathing, the *action* part. The whole science of meditation, which to each is the achievement of union with his own Lord, is involved in these two movements, each covered by a law which can be verified in life here below.

We have passed some of the rough places together. Ahead is an establishment and continuity in our work that we have not quite known before. We have touched upon the deep agonies of our personal and national life, and most of us have stood bravely by. We have made some few departures from things as they are, yet the values of allegiance between us have deepened and broadened. We have made some mistakes, and these apparently have only mellowed the human-ness of our association.

The man ahead of his time is never annoyed by the flight of time.

Pursued

A ONE-ACT PLAY

By ISABELLA INGALESE
(Copyrighted, 1920.)

Scene: BIDDIE O'BRIEN'S BACK YARD.

Time: PRESENT.

Persons in the Play:

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

Fred looks around apprehensively and puts one hand to one side of his mouth.

"It ain't a he that's chasin' me, Bedellia, it's a she!"

Bedellia steps backward and raises her hands in astonishment.

"A she, is it? Sure, thin, naw dacent woman wud be afther runnin' a bye down loike that!"

She crosses the stage to left. Fred thinks she is going to leave him and follows her.

"That's prezactly what I think about it, Bedellia.

Thirteen

No decent woman would run a man down who hadn't done anything to hurt her. But, she said she'd made up her mind to marry me, and that's all I know about it. I didn't want to hurt her feelin's and run away from her".

Bedellia, wonderingly—"But, phwhat do she be wantin' t' marry ye fer? Sure, ye're not attractive enough t' make anny woman crazy about ye"!

Fred is embarrassed. His chest deflates with wounded vanity, but he looks into Bedellia's eyes.

"That's just what I can't figger out. She says she loves me because I look like her last dead husband".

Bedellia—"Her dead husband, is it yer lookin' loike? Sure, an' ye don't look much loike a carpse, to me"!

Fred gets excited again.

"I can't help lookin' as I do! I wish I didn't! I wish I could look like somebody else. I'd be glad to look like Larry, or like the devil, or like anything—if she'd only stop chasin' me"!

Bedellia brightens.

"Arrah, thin, she's a widdy? That must be th' explanation—fer widdies is dangerous, so Oi've heard—"

Fred interrupts plaintively—"Won't you give me some of that good stuff in the pot? I'm almost starved to death".

Bedellia, sympathetically—"Sure, an' Oi will—ye poor bye". (Crosses stage to pot). "It's so hungry ye air, while Oi stan' a axin' ye questions, till ye're faint an' sick over thim".

Bedellia takes off the cover of the pot and puts it on the soap box. The dog comes as near as his strap allows and looks anxious. She plunges the dipper into the pot, brings up a chunk of corn beef and holds it for Fred to see. He wipes his mouth on his shirt sleeve and manifests impatience. Bedellia puts the meat into the basin, dips again and brings up some cabbage, fills the dish and offers it to Fred. As he reaches for it Biddie shrieks angrily from off stage.

Biddie—"Bedellia, BEDELLIA".

The dog gives a quick glance at the door of the shanty and sneaks into his kennel. Looks out furtively.

Biddie—"Bedellia! BEDELLIA! Phwhat do ye be doin' since ye wint afther th' clo'es? Sure! Me flatirons is burnin' up wid waitin' fer ye t' bring in th' sheets an' th' pillycases"!

Bedellia is frightened. Fred looks for a place to hide. She sets the basin on the soap box and looks apprehensively toward the shanty. She clasps and unclasps her hands nervously.

Bedellia, to Fred—"Hist, now! It's me stepmother! I must take in th' clo'es"!

Fred looks anxious.

"Hide me somewhere, Bedellia! Do put me out of sight before you go in".

Bedellia looks hastily about. Fred stands helplessly twisting his fingers and awkwardly shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Her face lights up, she has an idea, runs to the kennel, unties the dog's strap and leads him to the post at right of stage, ties him quickly, runs back to the kennel and beckons to Fred. He looks dubious.

Bedellia, in an undertone—"In wid ye! An' Oi'll bring ye th' soup aftherwards"!

Fred hesitates. Looks at the kennel and then at the shanty.

Fred—"Why can't I go in with you and meet your stepmother, Bedellia? I'll help bring in the clothes—"

Bedellia, excited—"Meet me stepmother, wud ye? Arrah, now, ye'd be a brave bye to meet her now,

Fourteen

whin she's mad loike this"!

Fred gathers up the clean linen lying on the ground by the basket.

"Sure, she won't be mad if I help bring in the clothes for you—"

Bedellia, interrupting excitedly—"Hist, now, me stepmother's in th' kitchen an' no man iver gits past th' door where she lives".

Fred drops the bundle of linen and turns dejectedly toward the kennel. Falls upon his knees before its entrance and looks inside; draws back suddenly and looks wildly at Bedellia.

"Bedellia! There's fleas in there"!

Bedellia impatiently stamps her foot.

"Fleas, is it, ye're 'fraid av? there's nawbody's fleas in there but Larry's—an' he's a hilty dawg"!

The dog sits upon his haunches and howls. Again Biddie's shrill voice is heard inside the shanty.

"Bedellia! Bedellia! BEDELLIA"!

Bedellia calls back—"Comin', mother, comin'!"

Bedellia to Fred, giving him a little push—"In wid ye! Sure, if she sees ye here, she'll be worse to ye nor th' ither wan wus—that ye've ben runnin' frum"!

Fred shudders and then creeps, on his hands and knees, into the kennel; turns round and looks out of the opening. Bedellia gathers up the linen and puts it into the clothes basket; empties the clothes pins out of her pockets into the basket, picks it up and carries it up the steps. Fred speaks to her in a loud whisper.

"Bedellia! Oh, Bedellia"!

Bedellia turns on top step—"Wall, phwhat is it now"?

Fred—"Where's my corn beef an' cabbage"?

Bedellia, exclaiming—"Och, wait a minnit"!

She comes down the steps, puts the basket on the ground, runs across the stage to the soap box, gets the basin, brings and pushes it into the kennel, speaks in an undertone.

"Hist, now, an' be quiet, till Oi come back to ye—an' Oi will cum back soon as th' auld woman is satisfied".

She runs to the basket, takes it and exits into the shanty. Fred sticks his head out of the kennel and watches her until she disappears, and now, without spoon or fork, begins his meal.

Larry shows resentment to Fred being in his kennel, barks, jumps and tries to break his leash. Fred shakes his fist at the dog and tantalizingly holds up a piece of meat. Larry goes wild with rage. Now, Mrs. Rickey appears from right of stage, walks mimingly to gate, stops and stands looking curiously about, starts nervously at the barking of the dog, Fred puts his head out to see what the dog is barking at, takes a good look at Mrs. Rickey, and with an expression of horror upon his face, draws back into the kennel out of sight.

Mrs. Rickey observes that the dog cannot reach her, because he is tied to the post, she steps into the yard, passes close to the kennel but does not see Fred, walks over to the steps, sniffs at the odor of the cabbage and expresses disgust at the litter in the yard. She closes her parasol, and, reaching over the steps, knocks with its handle upon the closed door of the shanty, fans herself violently while waiting for her knock to be answered. While her back is toward the kennel Fred's face appears. He is horrified, half crawls out and seems undecided. Is about to make a dash for freedom when the dog begins barking furiously. Mrs. Rickey turns to look at the dog and Fred hastily retreats into the kennel. Now the door opens and Biddie stands in the doorway. She is smoking a clay pipe and looks tired and cross. Mrs. Rickey forces a smile and asks:

"Oh, how do you do? I am looking for a gentleman friend—expected to meet him somewhere in this neighborhood, and am wondering if you have seen him. He is—"

Biddie takes her pipe out of her mouth and interrupts snappishly.

"A gintlemum frind it is ye do be lookin' fer? Begorra! thin, ye'd better be lookin' somewhere ilse than here, fer naw gintlemum is iver allowed on dese premises—no man iver gits tru dis door"!

Mrs. Rickey manifests astonishment, steps back a pace and gazes at Biddie.

"Am I to understand—"

Biddie steps out on the top step, shakes her pipe wrathfully at Mrs. Rickey and interrupts.

"Ye may understand dis: Me name is Biddie O'Brien an' Oi'm a lone widdy woman—praises be t' God—an' Oi've hed enuff o' th' min! Me last husban' is dead—rist his sowl—me childer is all dead, too. Oi makes me livin' wid th' washtubs an' flatirons—ef ye want sumpin washed, Oi'll shpake wid ye. Ef ye don't, thin ye'd betther be goin' an' lave me t' finish me wurruk in pace".

Mrs. Rickey—"But, it's necessary for me to know—"

Biddie angrily shakes her pipe at Mrs. Rickey.

"Nicissary nothin! D'ye want sumpin washed, er don't ye? Ef ye do, come in. Ef ye don't, thin take yersilf aff"!

Biddie exits into shanty. Mrs. Rickey turns away disappointed. Bedellia comes out, the door is shut behind her with a bang. Bedellia stands on the top step and looks curiously down at Mrs. Rickey. Comes down the steps and speaks in a conciliatory tone to Mrs. Rickey.

"Me stepmother's tired an' crass frum th' har-r-d day's wurruk she's done. Can't Oi do sumpin fer ye"?

Mrs. Rickey turns gushingly to Bedellia.

"Oh, you dear child! I'm so glad you came to my rescue. I'm looking for a gentleman friend—a Mr. Miller. I hoped to meet him in this vicinity and have been looking everywhere for him. Have you seen him"?

Bedellia takes the woman's hand and pulls her up stage.

"Hist, now, me loidy; come over here out av ear-shot av me stepmother, an' thin ye kin tell me all ye'r troubles".

Mrs. Rickey manifests anxiety and nervousness.

"What's the matter with your stepmother? You seem to be dreadfully afraid of her".

Bedellia nods her head in the direction of the shanty and looks mysterious.

"Me stepmother's a good woman, but, she's soured on th' min. She wuz married six toimes an' hed twilve childer, before she married me father".

Mrs. Rickey, astonished—"Why, that was a terrible family for one woman to have"!

Bedellia—"Ivery wan av her husban's bate her whin he was drunk; an' the childer all doide wid th' whoopin' caff. Me father doide wid th' childer an' nawbody wus lift t' hilp her but me. She's had a har-r-d toime all her life, poor sowl, an' now she's old an' tired an' crass".

Mrs. Rickey—"Well, I should think she would be; but, how can you stand it with her"?

Bedellia—"Och, me loidy, Oi kin stand annythin".

Oi'm used to her now". (Wipes the tears from her cheeks with the palm of her hand.) "Oi always wus batted about. It wus a bit har-r-d whin Oi wus too little to git out av th' way; but, now, Oi've learned t' dodge de tings she trows at me, (looks down and sighs) an' Oi don't git hurted anny more".

A slight pause. Bedellia brightens.

"But, till me about yer own throubles, me loidy. Ye look worrited so ye do".

Mrs. Rickey pushes back her hat and fans herself violently.

"I am worried. I'm in love with the most wonderful young man in the world. (Clasps her hands and rolls her eyes enthusiastically.) I met him first at a fireman's ball and danced with him there. Oh, he was so wonderful—I knew he was my soul-mate the first moment I saw him"!

Bedellia steps back, and looks at Mrs. Rickey in amazement.

"Sowl-mate, did ye say? An' phwhat's that"?

Mrs. Rickey wriggles enthusiastically.

"Oh, don't you know what a soul-mate is? Why, that is the very latest thing to have. Everybody of any importance has a soul-mate now. And I have been looking for another ever since my last husband died".

Bedellia—"Ye air a widdy, thin"?

Mrs. Rickey tosses her head proudly.

"Oh, yes. I've been a widow four times. All my husbands were soul-mates, and, when the last passed on, I had to have another, of course; and, when I met Fred, looked into his be-a-u-t-iful eyes and heard his soft, silken, velvety voice, I just knew he belonged to me". (Squirms and simpers.)

A long, deep groan comes from the kennel, and Fred draws back as Mrs. Rickey looks around.

Mrs. Rickey, startled—"What was that noise"?

Bedellia, looking stupid—"Oi think it wus th' dawg. Sometoimes he groans loike that whin he's disgusted wid tings. (Turns and addresses the dog.) Don't ye, Larry"?

Dog puts up his nose and howls mournfully. Bedellia turns to Mrs. Rickey, who looks at Larry and is satisfied. Mrs. Rickey is a little confused.

"Oh, where was I? Oh, yes, it was at the fireman's ball I met Fred, and when I pressed my cheek to his and smelled his perfumed breath, I thought I was in Heaven! Oh, that waltz"!

Mrs. Rickey clasps her parasol with both hands and dwaltzes awkwardly around the stage. Flushed and breathless she returns to Bedellia.

It was my first and last waltz with him; but, while it lasted, I was in ecstasy".

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

Divinity alone can manifest divinity.

The Image

By JULIA SETON, M. D.

*I*N EVERY level of life we find imperfection and we would not know that it was imperfect if we had not sometime, somehow sensed, or seen the perfect, so it is not stretching the imagination to say that in every department of human understanding where ever the imperfect is found the perfect pre-exists.

This perfect was what we are taught to call His Image and His Image is simply the impression of the original divinity and its projection into form.

This original divinity has always existed and always will exist. It is the divine spark, the Reality, the first beginning of all things. The original archetypal idea, the first measure of the universe.

In every human being, deep within the unseen

depths lies this image and anyone who knows himself associated with God will find in himself the likeness of God and when he passes from himself as an image, into the illuminated sense of being God he will have reached the end of his human evolution.

The recognition of this image as indwelling is the true and supreme end of the human trail, for, strive as we will, the only paths to final satisfaction are found along the lines which lead man to his source and here he finds Truth which satisfies his mind, and love which comforts his affections and he finds satisfying activities through love, service and worship. He knows then that he is eternally greater than this life will let him be, for at his center is the flame of God.

Man is gregarious only in the degree of his ignorance.

The Song of the Soul

*J*HERE is no failure. Life itself's a song
Of victory o'er death, and ages long
Have told the story old of triumphs wrought
Unending, from the things once held for naught.
The battle's over; though defeated now,
In coming time the waiting world shall bow
Before the throne of Truth that's builded high
Above the dust of those whose ashes lie
All heedless of the glorious fight they won
When death obscured the light of vict'ry's sun.

There is no failure. If we could but see
Beyond the battle line; if we could be
Where battle-smoke does ne'er becloud the eye,
Then we should know where these prostrate lie
Accoutered in habiliments of death,
Sweet Freedom's radiant form has drawn new breath—
The breath of life which they so nobly gave
Shall swell anew above the lowly grave
And give new life and hope to hearts that beat
Like battle-drums that never sound retreat.

There is no failure. God's immortal plan
Accounts no loss a lesson learned for man.
Defeat is oft the discipline we need
To save us from the wrong, or teaching heed
To errors which would else more dearly cost—
A lesson learned is ne'er a battle lost.
Whene'er the cause is right, be not afraid;
Defeat is then but victory delayed—
And e'er the greatest vict'ries of the world
Are often won when the battle flags unfurled.

—Gaspar Bela Daruvary.

The Price of Failure

By MARC EDMUND JONES

THIS lesson in Matthew is based upon chapter 26, verses 1-5, and it serves to launch the drama of the passion week into its final action. The passage is common to the Synoptics (cf. Mark, 14:1-2; Luke, 22:1-6), but Matthew is much the more graphic, enlarging a simple statement into prophecy and placing the meeting of the chief priests in the house of Caiaphas, the head. The seven days of unleavened bread, to which reference is made in the conference, followed, in Jewish practice, immediately after the Passover season, during which these events are taking place; and for the coupling of these two feasts the student should compare Second Chronicles, 35:17, and Exodus, 34:25. The Passover, fundamentally, was a festival of the first fruits of the flock, the other of the first fruits of the corn.

The tragic element in the progression of circumstances to this point is the double note of failure—upon the part of the dominant temple party, and upon the part of Jesus himself—and the price exacted as a consequence. While it is true that the words and work of Jesus have been a contribution to human progress that may never be measured, resulting directly in the development of a world faith and a civilization promising to be unique in the history of man, yet this does not detract from the fact that neither Jesus nor the chief priests achieved their consciously-held purpose. In Gethsemane we will see the surrender of Jesus to higher purpose, and in this present instance we witness the abject surrender of the temple party to their own littleness of soul. Superficially the admission of this failure might seem a lack of sympathy with Christianity itself, and certainly an inability to appreciate the service of Jesus. Our point of view, however, is deeper, and more concerned with the eternal realities. It is the divine paradox of all life that only in the ability to fail in lesser things does a man open himself to a service of higher purpose. Not to be construed, however, as an excusing of a lack of excellency in the petty things that are the mark of outer or lower every-day practical existence, this means rather that only as man reaches out and beyond himself, and proves this to be so by apparent failure, and proves his mettle by his courageous facing of this falling short, together with all its consequences, does he demonstrate his capacity for service to that which really, at the moment, lies on and beyond any possibility of immediate comprehension. All success is built upon failure; too easy and too early accomplishment in all but those cases which are the outgrowth of antenatal conditions, is proof that the real potentialities of self have not been touched.

The chief priests had built a false peace in Judea by a surrender of their principles when, many years before, they had sent a delegation to Rome and gained a release from Herodian tyranny by inviting

a direct imperial rule. Because it was a security for their prerogatives and privileges they considered this peace as imperative to the well-being of all Jews, naively (as is customary with rulers in most cases) regarding themselves as the one alone equipped to look after the interests of their people. Because it had been gained at the cost of higher and more eternal considerations they were finding it necessary to meet this same cost again and again: it was that obligation of basic insincerity which never was to be paid in full. Such is the real price of failure; that it must be met recurrently. Jesus threatened the outer calm and order of the festival by His spectacular and inflammatory appeal to the masses; indeed, the efforts of Jesus to force reform with the aid of popular clamor but served to direct the power of force against Himself, and to lead to this conference of the temple authorities. From the point of view of Caiaphas and his associates the all-important thing was to prevent rioting, because the reasonably controlled behavior of the Jews during any of the festivals was the principal condition of Roman non-interference in the local city affairs. Jesus was dangerous because he might cause turbulent excitement; and by the same token it was impossible to move against Him directly or openly for the reason that to do so might cause this very upset, with all its consequences. The question of the possible killing of Jesus did not enter into the consideration because of the cheapness with which human life was held among all people of the period, and among Orientals in particular.

The spiritual teaching of the passage is found in the bigotry of all ages, since this all-too-common human trait is, more generally than not, the price which the individual pays for the failure he cares neither to face nor admit to himself. Men, by and large, are tolerant of their kind. It is only when the defects of our neighbors hold up the mirror to our own shortcomings that we are inclined to protest, and take drastic or frantic action. Herein is seen the principle often stated too literally as "we can only see in others what exists within ourselves". We gather in the rooms of the inner high priest of self, and counsel to destroy whatever voice of prophecy threatens to destroy the complacency of self-satisfaction. We feel that peace, no matter what its cost, is the first necessity of ordered existence, and we all too frequently pay too heavily for the peace of mind and even tenor of life that unwittingly may be shutting us out from the greater opportunities. Here is the price of failure, whereas actual failure might stimulate to success.

The real purposes of evolution are not to be cheated, and they will express themselves through whatever proper channelship may first develop. Jesus failed to leaven Judaism, and the chief priests failed to prevent Him from leaving an indelible impress

upon the times, and upon all times. As a result a new faith was born, and a new impetus given to humanity. The eventual outcome has been a success in an expanding of the consciousness of the race which certainly could not have been forecast during the tumult of this passion week in Jerusalem.

The personal application of the passage lies in the application of this "success out of failure" to the point of view and detailed purposes of Jesus himself. Consideration that he sought, first of all, to confine himself to his own faith, his mission may be termed wholly unsuccessful. Maimonides, and those of whom he was the climax and the ever-shining light, has given us modern Judaism; not Jesus, and not any worker participating in the hopeless experiment for a "national" or literally-constituted "chosen people". Jesus himself died, and unless more light came to

him than he knew in the garden alone, in his last hour he had no glimmering of his accomplishment in other than the inner and eternal sense of spiritual realization.

Objectively and outwardly Jesus failed because he sought to build upon the old order of things. The pioneers of life are ever acclaimed if they are not working for merit, and are sufficiently detached from current issues to permit men to gain some measure of perspective upon what they may be doing. But reformers are apt to be hated because, to those whose consciousness is founded in the existing state of things, their work is merely meddling. Jesus remained a Jew always, therefore Paul dominated and founded Christianity. The real work of Jesus is only now beginning to bear fruit in the new modern economic and ethical order.

The more enlightened a man becomes the greater his demand for solitude.

Self Analysis

JUST stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he", instead of "I".
Note, closely as in other men you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat.
Pick flaws; find fault! forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
You see you shirk. O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you, with "he" as substitute for "I",
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Gaspar Bela Daruvary.

The Evolution of an Astrologer

By CEDRIC W. LEMONT

IN A former issue of *THE OCCULIST* the editor referred to the writer as one who "formerly wrote music for a livelihood and practiced astrology as a side line, but now practices astrology for a livelihood and composes music as a hobby". The duality of my Sagittarian nature will thus be seen to run true to form throughout this article.

I recall quite clearly my first contact with the subject of astrology. Years ago, when a student in Boston, I was dining with some friends one evening when the subject came up for discussion. At that time even the word *astrology* was totally unfamiliar to me. One of the party at the table related how she had had her horoscope read and how wonderfully the reading had fitted her, even to the prediction of some events which had since come true. Of course I looked at it as some sort of fortune telling, but the mystery of the thing fascinated me and I resolved to have my horoscope cast.

So, after writing home to find out the hour of my birth, with some trepidation I must confess, I called on the astrologer who had been recommended to me. I had been passing through rather a hectic period and the accuracy of his reading nearly scared the wits out of me. It did not seem possible that anyone could give me so much "inside information" by merely looking up the position of the stars at the moment of my birth, and I concluded that he must possess some occult power which I did not understand.

However, during the next two or three years I consulted several different astrologers, and as the mystery wore off I found that, given the same data, there was only a slight variation in the appearance of the odd looking diagrams worked out by the various star readers, and that the readings differed only in detail and in mode of expression. Fundamentally they all agreed, although some of course were better than others. I was perhaps unusually fortunate, for I contacted no fakirs or imposters.

With my interest thus kindled I started buying one book after another dealing with the (to me) fascinating subject, until finally I managed to set up my own chart and read it with the aid of a textbook. Frankly, I did not take the matter very seriously, but it afforded me interest and pleasure, and as I became more proficient I got to reading the horoscopes of my friends and pupils. This was all done in a spirit of fun, and I should have laughed if anyone had considered it in any other light. There seemed to be so many inconsistencies—one planetary position said one thing, while another denoted something just the reverse right in the same chart.

Gradually, however, I came to realize that people were full of inconsistencies, just as their horoscopes indicated. Looking at my own chart I saw one

planet pulling against another; and on examining my own inner life I *felt* the same pull and the same struggle of one part of me pulling against another part. At that time I could analyze a horoscope fairly well, but I lacked the ability and experience necessary in order to synthesize it properly and to judge just which tendencies were most likely to dominate and rule the life.

Two incidents came up about this time which made a marked impression on me. I had read the chart of a then popular musical comedy star and had noted that, according to her horoscope, home conditions were likely to be very much disturbed at a certain period, with danger of fire, accidents and losses, with especial danger to the mother. You may imagine my feelings when, on picking up the *Chicago Tribune* one morning, in great headlines I read that May DeSouza's mother had been trapped in her home and burned to death.

The other incident came in connection with my own horoscope. A friend, (now a successful novelist), whose chart I had read, became very much enthused and urged me to advertise and start work professionally. He would look after the business end, while I was to do the actual work. My own planetary conditions at the time were in the worst possible way for starting anything of the kind, as in my chart Moon was just forming an opposition with Uranus. At the present time I would no more consider such an undertaking under those conditions than I would of jumping off an Atlantic liner in mid-ocean; but remember that I still thought of astrology as nothing more than an interesting species of fortune telling.

And the result * * * Let me explain that the planet Uranus has to do with the curious and unusual, with officials and those in authority; the Moon rules the general public and, when an aspecting planet, brings things about. The "opposition" acts just as it sounds.

Within forty-eight hours after our first advertisement had appeared an official from the Post Office called at my studio, wanting to know why the * * * and how in * * * I expected to get away with * * * etc., etc. Also—the manager of the building where I was located, who was most jealous of the building's spotless reputation, sent a hurry-up call for me to come to his office. And he too wanted to know why * * * and how * * * etc.

These two little incidents made me pause—in more ways than one. But Astrology still was "fortune telling" to me, though I learned that apparently the planets "had teeth". One would think that such events would at least have called forth some respect for the ancient science on my part. But no; I still refused to take it seriously, confining my readings, however, to my personal friends.

As the years passed I continued my study, reading the charts of my pupils and of every interesting person whose birth data I could get. Naturally I became more proficient and frequently startled people with the uncanny accuracy of my readings and predictions. I know they all thought, just as I had concerning my first astrologer, that I had some special mystical power. But there is little of the psychic or mystic about me—such things are out of my line and make little appeal to me.

Finally, though, my astrological activities became a burden. Even people whom I had never met began coming in and requesting, even demanding, that I look up their horoscopes. I loved to do it, but at last, purely in self-defense I started to make a charge in order to conserve my time. But the charge, even when raised to a fair figure, failed to have any appreciable effect on the number of my callers, and almost before I knew it I was a full-fledged "professional".

Such was my advent among the "fortune tellers". My own horoscope at the time showed promise of money derived from Uranian sources (under which comes astrology) but I hardly anticipated the actual course of events. As a matter of fact your horoscope will not tell you just what you will do or just what will happen to you at any specific time—merely, how you will feel inclined to act; how your conditions will be, whether favorable or unfavorable; and the general trend of events. "The stars incline but do not compel". Those who have no knowledge of astrology, or are prejudiced against it, do not or will not grasp this fundamental axiom in connection with horoscopic work.

I must confess that it was not until astrology started to assume a regular place in connection with the family budget that I began to consider it anything more than an interesting, though quite dependable method of fortune telling. For the first time I began to consider the *why* of it. That it was true I knew; that I could help people in their problems by means of it I knew; that I could accurately predict the course of events in the individual chart I knew; but as to how or why the zodiacal and planetary positions at the moment of one's birth could possibly affect the course of one's life I could not fathom, and this became my one engrossing problem.

In the abstract it still remains a problem, but concretely I have learned that each planet (we treat the Sun and Moon as planets astrologically) is a source of energy, or at least so do they act. By way of comparison—we know absolutely nothing as to what electricity is, but that does not prevent us from observing and studying how it acts, nor does it prevent us from making practical use of it.

Similarly, by observing the course of the planets through the twelve signs of the zodiac and through the twelve celestial "houses" we discover that each planet has a distinctly individual ray or vibration, colored more or less according to the sign and house it is in, and according to the angle at which the rays

from the other planets aspect it. Such observations have been made and tabulated as far back as we have record, and the later astronomical discoveries which overturned the erroneous earlier theories in no way invalidated the truth of these observed effects. The direction of the apple's fall had been noted a good many years before Newton propounded his theory, and it will hardly be claimed that his discovery either changed the direction or proved the earlier observations to be incorrect.

A horoscope is a map or chart of the zodiacal and planetary positions calculated for any specific moment and place (latitude and longitude). Casting a horoscope is a matter of astronomy and mathematics; reading and interpreting it is astrology. The astronomical data with which the astrologer works is found in the Ephemeris, which in turn is taken from the Nautical Almanac. Various "tables of houses", logarithms, etc., also are used. There are several different branches of astrology—Natal, Mundane, Horary, etc.—but this article deals only with the Natal branch, which has to do with the life and activities of the individual.

From a study of the horoscope it is possible to read the character, disposition, talents, tendencies, etc., and the general trend of the life. Moreover, as the planets move forward in their courses, from time to time they assume new positions and form new aspects, and it is from these new positions that we judge of future conditions and events. There is no more mystery to this process than there is to calculating how long it will take a car traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour to reach a point ten miles distant.

The study of astrology appeals only to certain types, just as any other science does, but there are thousands of people all over the world, who, while having no special interest in it as a science, are quite willing to profit by its teachings and prognostications. It is from this ever growing class that the professional astrologer draws his clients. I have many such for whom I have been supplying yearly forecasts for a considerable period, some of them for nearly twenty years.

With the unbelievers and scoffers I have no quarrel; in fact the latter afford me considerable amusement by the withering air of scorn with which they hold up astrology and the astrologers. According to these enlightened ones astrology is bunk, and all astrologers cheats and charlatans. To add to the weight of the scathing denunciations the makers usually take the pains to announce, "I know nothing whatever about astrology, but—"; or they start out, "Now, I am not narrow minded, but—".

It is no difficult matter to start with a false premise and demolish the whole structure, but I cannot conceive of anyone making an honest investigation into the real claims of astrology and failing to find them true, helpful, and dependable. If one merely investigates what others have said or written about it, or fails to study the effect of the planets upon his own life and the life of others whom he knows

intimately, he cannot reach any dependable conclusion. It is odd and interesting to note that not one of the articles in any of the supposedly authoritative encyclopedias was written by a practical astrologer or apparently by anyone having a working knowledge of the subject.

The truth of the matter is that the whole subject for so long was obscured by such a veil of mysticism, secrecy, and so much pure bunk that the odium which has been attached to it is not to be wondered at. The main trouble, however, has been with the astrologers rather than the subject with which they dealt. It must be confessed that too often the professed astrologer has been nothing but a fraud, and still is, for that matter. But conditions in this respect are rapidly changing.

In July, 1927, at Hollywood, California, was held the first convention of the National Astrological Association. This was the first conclave of astrologers ever called together. I had the pleasure of attend-

ing this convention and was most agreeably impressed by the class of delegates coming from all parts of the country. Among them were doctors, lawyers, judges, architects, musicians, teachers, clergymen, and hard-headed business men. The "nuts", dreamers, fakirs, and fortune telling fraternity were conspicuous by their absence.

With the high scholastic and ethical standard now required of the practitioner, and with increasing enlightenment on the part of the public as to the truth and value of astrology I have no doubt whatever of its eventual triumph. After all it is nothing more than an interpretation and practical application of the working of natural forces. As this fact seeps in it will no longer be considered odd to have an astrologer in the family.

I have three young daughters who now take their astrology quite as casually as they take their meals, and I have hopes that at least one of them will follow in their daddy's star-led footsteps. But I never forget that "The stars incline but do not compel".

A man builds the embankments of his character from day to day by the thoroughness of his work.

Effect of Planets in the Various Houses on the Human Body

By O. W. LEMAR

CAPRICORN

JRANUS.—A middle shortish statue, well-made body, short neck, high forehead, very dark hair, plenty of whiskers, dull complexion, small peering eyes, and some peculiarity in their gait; disposition reserved, firm in their dealings, austere, conceited and generally unprincipled in their propensities.

SATURN.—Personates a low statue, thin and weak looking, but very enduring and hardy, rough, coarse skin, dark or obscure complexion, long visage, thin hair and beard; peevish, melancholy and suspicious, selfish, avaricious, serious and austere; a sound, solid keen judgment, which seldom goes wrong; once wronged seldom or ever forgives, and usually grave.

JUPITER.—Describes a small statue, small bones, thin face, small head, dark hair, scant beard, a sickly creature, peevish, inactive, helpless, indolent and of no decision; usually very frail in all their propensities, at war with themselves and those around them.

MARS.—A small statue, lean body, little face and head, lank black hair, bad complexion, keen eye, ingenious, courageous, quick and agile, possessing great prudence and firm determination; sharp penetrating, able and successful in their pursuits.

SUN.—Mean statue, pale complexion, brown hair, just and honorable, tolerable temper yet very

hasty when provoked, but soon over it. Gains love and friendship by their very witty and agreeable conversation, and gain much respect by their courteous and genteel manners.

VENUS.—Denotes a small statue, thin oval face, dusky complexion, dark hair, courteous and obliging, fond of enjoyment, eating and drinking; rather unfortunate, subject to strange changes in life and sudden catastrophes; prudent but too speculative.

MERCURY.—Personates a short thin body, scrawny neck, dark obscure complexion, bow-legged or some other defect of the legs, a prominent nose, peevish and fickle, but very acute, sharp active and penetrating, suspicious, dejected and changeable; good-natured when they have a selfish purpose in view, but extremely disagreeable when aroused.

MOON.—Gives a low statue, small, thin, weak body and face, dull, dusky complexion, dark hair, thin beard, knees crooked, ill-formed or weak; inactive, dull, irritable and weak character, debauched in their conduct and seldom have any true friends; a most unfortunate being.

AQUARIUS

URANUS.—Middle statue, fine complexion, well-made and handsome face, broad and long; very ingenious, fond of literature, science and occultism; a profound ideality and opinions, a good clever dis-

position and agreeable temper; original and inventive.

SATURN.—Personates a middle statue, strong, well knit body, large head and face, dark brown hair and clear complexion, graceful carriage, industrious, persevering, careful and prudent, fond of research and science, yet somewhat set or bigoted.

JUPITER.—Indicates a tallish statue, well-set, compact and strong body, dark hair, large face, cheerful and obliging disposition, kind, humane, just and good-humored, mirthful, industrious and persevering, fond of science and learning.

MARS.—Usually gives a well-favored body, rather corpulent; red or sandy hair, clear, ruddy complexion, fiery disposition and very unruly, fond of argument and display; not a very fortunate character.

SUN.—Denotes a middle statue, stout body, roundish face, clear complexion, light hair, good disposition, obliging and kind, though tinged with arrogance and a desire to rule, ostentatious and fond of displaying authority, yet withal a just and upright person.

VENUS.—Gives a very handsome, tall, well-favored body, rather corpulent, clear, sanguine complexion; brown hair, (on rare occasions flaxen), a kind, generous, quiet, affable nature, not at all inclined to be vicious or turbulent, fortunate and obliging to all, and generally well liked.

MERCURY.—Ordinary statue, good, clear complexion, brown or black hair, a prepossessing countenance, kind, just and obliging disposition, humane and charitable; inclined to study, fond of arts and sciences, very inventive, a brilliant mind, keen, sharp active and restless, unwearied fancy and brilliant attainments.

MOON.—Personates a middle statue, rather stout but well-made, brown hair, clear skin, sanguine complexion, ingenious, kind, obliging and inoffensive; mind well-balanced, fond of research, a lover of curious and scientific studies, rarely guilty of a mean or scurvly act; a sharp, keen and brilliant orator.

PISCES

URANUS.—Personates a middle statue, pale deli-

cate and effeminate, large oval features, large, thick shoulders, dark hair, high forehead, fond of debates and controversy, ingenious, fortunate but mutable, often addicted to drink or bibulous habits.

SATURN.—Short statue, pale complexion, dark or black hair, large head, full, dull eye, contentious and cross, a cheat and dissembler, though they frequently present a prepossessing appearance.

JUPITER.—Middle statue, fleshy body, dull, dark obscure complexion, lightish brown hair, sort of harmless and careless disposition, quite studious, generous, good-hearted, fortunate in journeys and in most business dealings, a very respectable individual who leads a good life.

MARS.—Short, fleshy body, brown hair and grey eyes, bad complexion, which has a sort of a debauched look, stupid, sottish and contentious, a libertine and a rogue, too often deceitful and idle, wanton and worthless, a contemptible and worthless nature.

SUN.—Rather short statue, round face, indifferent complexion, light brown hair and grey eyes; rather corpulent, effeminate and indolent; while harmless to others, they generally succeed in ruining themselves by allowing their passions full license, of extravagant habits, a weak character.

VENUS.—Denotes a short, plump statue, round, full face, sweet or pleasing expression, dimple in the chin, good, clear, complexion, merging from pale to light-ruddy, good-humored, just and lovable, kind, generous and humane, peaceable and ingenious; but somewhat unstable and moderately fortunate.

MERCURY.—Stiffly made body, short statue, bad, dusky complexion; hairy body, peevish, repining and sickly; foppish, foolish and too fond of the opposite sex; addicted to drink, a weak character; usually changeable as the wind and of no decision.

MOON.—Personates a low statue, rather fleshy; pale, bloated face, dull, heavy eye, slow in action, given to drink, unfortunate to themselves and others; this is when the Moon is free from all sustaining aspects of Jupiter, Venus or Sun. When these planets aspect the Moon favorably, the habits are much improved and even entirely overcome.

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