

BF

The Occultist

A Causational Medium of Creative Thought

IN THIS ISSUE

Will Levington Comfort
Jeanne L'strange Cappell
Dr. Juno Kayy Walton
Dr. Axel Emil Gibson
Gaspar Bela Daruvary
Ervine Denison York
Marc Edmund Jones
Dr. D. A. Stevens
Kevah Deo Griffis
Maud Wardroper
Emily M. Malster
Isabella Ingalese
Dr. Julia Seton
W. H. Scott



FEBRUARY 1929

35 CENTS

The Occultist's Book Department

RICHARD AND ISABELLA INGALESE

(Standard Texts of Western Occultism)

History and Power of Mind.....	\$2.50
Occult Philosophy	2.50
Fragments of Truth.....	2.50
The Greater Mysteries.....	2.50
Astrology and Health.....	\$0.25
The Evolution of God and Man.....	.25
Reincarnation25
Honesty25
Alchemy25

By JAMES MORGAN PRYSE

The Apocalypse Unsealed—A startling and sensational disclosure of the secret meanings of St. John's "Book of Revelation." Postpaid	\$2.00
Aischylos' Prometheus Bound—The sublimest poem and simplest tragedy of antiquity, founded upon the pivotal myth of all time. 208 pp. ill., postpaid, cloth, \$2.00, leather....	3.00
The Adorers of Dionysos (Bakchai)—Translation by James M. Pryse, translated from the Greek of Euripedes, with an original interpretation of the myth of Kadmos. 172 pp., 8 full page illustrations made for this work from drawings by J. Augustus Knapp. Postpaid, cloth, \$2.00; leather.....	3.00
The Restored New Testament—Destined to outlive the present age. It brings out vividly secret meanings in the text not perceived or even suspected by other translators. 819 pp., ill. Cloth, postpaid.....	5.00

By WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE

St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie Offices of Mystical Religion—Wherein an appeal is made to those minds mystically inclined, and which has an especial appeal to students of Astrology. Price.....	\$2.50
--	--------

By DR. FRANK RILEY

The Bible of Bibles—A study of ancient Bibles in comparison with the Christian Bible. An epochal volume in the history of the religious world. No student will want, or can afford, to do without this book. Postpaid....	\$7.50
---	--------

By MARC EDMUND JONES

Key Truths of Occult Philosophy.....	\$4.00
The Voice of Calliope.....	.25

By VALENTIA STRAITON

The Celestial Ship of the North, 2 Vols.....	6.00
--	------

ROSICRUCIAN PUBLICATIONS

Oceanside, Calif.

Cosmo-Conception	\$2.00
The Rosicrucian Mysteries.....	1.50
The Rosicrucian Philosophy in Questions and Answers	2.00
The Web of Destiny.....	2.00
Freemasonry and Catholicism.....	1.00
Mysteries of the Great Operas.....	2.00
Gleanings of a Mystic.....	2.00
Letters to Students.....	2.00
Teachings of an Initiate.....	2.00
The Mystical Interpretation of Christmas.....	.75
Rosicrucian Principles of Child Training.....	.50

Pamphlets

Rosicrucian Christianity Lectures, each.....	.10
Complete set of 20 consecutive numbers.....	1.50
How Shall We Know Christ At His Coming..	.15
Earthbound10
Evolution from the Rosicrucian Standpoint.....	.15
Christ or Buddha?.....	.30
How the Rosicrucians Heal the Sick, each.....	.05
Per hundred	1.50
Fundamental Rules of Natural Dietetics, each	.08
Per hundred	3.00

On Astrology

The Message of the Stars.....	3.50
Astro-Diagnosis	3.00
Simplified Scientific Astrology.....	1.50
Simplified Scientific Ephemeris, 1860 to date, each year25
Ephemeris Bound, 20 years.....	5.00
Simplified Scientific Tables of Houses, (3), each50

Address all communications and make all remittances payable to THE OCCULTIST, 2687 1/2 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. If ordering direct, please mention The Occultist.

Dr. Juno Kayy Walton

NUMEROLOGIST

3

Classes and Lectures

Studio of Philosophy

5928 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood

Metaphysical Unity Center

121 Chestnut St.
Long Beach

Talks on Numerology over Radi KGFH Glendale
Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 2:15 p.m.

TREES

Sonnet in the Italian Style

*T*O TREES I gave my youthful heart; aye, still!
If I but raise my eyes these friends of old
Take green-leaved place before me. I was bold
To mount their highest tips, and yet the will
To reach to heaven's vault—to know the thrill
Of sustenance in purest air—I hold
In memory as theirs! My heart goes cold
When now I climb a tree, with grown-up skill!

My love for grizzled giants lives to-day
In fitting form for forty odd of years;
Some autumn's bed of passioned leaves will stay
My lazy limbs despite those inner jeers.
That I with books should while the hours away—
My spirit climbs new trees despite my fears!

—Marc Edmund Jones.

FEB 25 1929

© Cl B 18177

THE OCCULTIST

HAYES BEASLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

(Copyright 1928, by Hayes Beasley, Editor. All rights reserved).

VOL. II, No. 2 At the time of the New Moon in FEBRUARY, 1929 35 Cents a Copy, \$3.00 a Year

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Trees—A Sonnet	Frontispiece	The Parable of the China Egg—Poem.....	13
MARC EDMUND JONES		GASPAR BELA DARUVARY	
Editorial	1	A New Book.....	13
The Ontology of the Moon's Nodes.....	3	Numerology Compared with Astrology.....	14
W. H. SCOTT		EMILY M. MALSTER	
La Nativite—Poem	5	The Sign of Aquarius.....	15
ERVINE DENISON YORK		MARC EDMUND JONES	
A Numerical Interpretation of the Name of God....	6	A Tear—Poem	16
DR. JUNO KAYY WALTON		GASPAR BELA DARUVARY	
Kevah-Grams	7	The Thunder Maiden.....	17
KEVAH DEO GRIFFIS		JEANNE L'STRANGE CAPPELL	
Love Here Is the Way to the Way.....	8	The Gospel of Goodness.....	18
WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT		DR. JULIA SETON	
Faure Mistakes the Symptoms for Cause and Effect	10	Will Durant and the New Morality.....	19
MAUD WARDROPER		DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON	
New Cure for Diabetes.....	11	Pursued—Farce Comedy	19
DR. D. A. STEVENS		ISABELLA INGALESE	

ADVERTISING RATES

The following schedule is effective January 1, 1929. It is based on a bona fide circulation of 1,000 copies:

	1. Mo.	2 Mos.	3 Mos.	1 Year (12 issues)
Page	\$25.00	\$45.00	\$65.00	\$240.00
Half Page	13.50	24.50	35.00	132.00
Quarter Page	7.00	12.50	23.50	66.00
One Inch	2.00	3.75	5.00	18.00

The privilege of refusing advertising of destructive or objectionable features is reserved. Cash must accompany all orders for short-time insertion, except in the case of authorized advertising agencies, or where credit has been duly established.

Usual commissions of 15 per cent, and 2 per cent in 10 days allowed to authorized agencies.

Type page 54 picas x 37 picas.

Advertisers are urged to change copy with each issue.

Two color display, double the schedule rate. Preferred space, add 20 per cent.

Eastern and foreign representatives wanted.

For information not listed herein, address

THE OCCULTIST

2687½ W. Pico Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif.

E D I T O R I A L

THE LINE IS TIGHTENING

I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs; and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up the pools.

And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not for-sake them.

They shall be turned back, they shall be greatly ashamed, that trust in graven images, that say to the molten images, Ye are our gods.—Isaiah XLII—15-16-17.

AIR VIBRATIONS are growing in strength. Its manifestation is evident to the occult reader of the daily press. The crooked ways of the crafty are being straightened. A new note is entering the public life. A note of cleansing is being sounded from many quarters.

Churches are dividing — the progressive separating from the non-progressive — being turned back from graven images, to the true worship of the God within.

The nations are gathering their war instruments; assembling the hosts, under the camouflage of regulating navies. The newspapers demanding preparedness in the name of peace.

The hordes of crime are more strongly entrenched in every way than ever before in the history of the world. The streets of cities have run with blood. Law enforcement is becoming the vital issue. The blind are being brought by a way they knew not. Surely darkness is being flooded with light as has not been known in many years. The officer of the immediate future will be asked for a severe accounting of his trust. It is not a time for quibbling.

There is the unknown element of solid citizenry that is never heard of in the daily press. They do not cater to the frothy and frivolous affairs of life but attend strictly to their own business and only come out in the open when a great calamity threatens the government. They are the great unconscious balance that walks out on the beam when the scales seem to have become top heavy with corruption and decay, and restores the balance in favor of law and order. But they are also blind to the great cosmic changes that are taking place around them and will be led in paths they have not known.

Old standards are breaking down. Darkness is being made light. Happy the man who has no passions, prejudices, habits and appetites; whose poise is normal; whose mind is free from limitation; who is living above the plane where he is affected by morality or immorality, but on a plane that is governed by Universal Love, where neither morality or immorality is a consideration; who has protected his

neighbor against himself by ceasing to covet his neighbor's property.

The trusts are taking the initiative away from humanity by serving them from a silver platter plated with humanity's silver.

And yet, the wrath evolved out of man's transgressions might be partially averted, if man would but break his graven images and not wait for the cosmic forces to break them for him. But will he?

Nature is awakening her destructive forces and from far and near is wreaking vengeance. Volcanoes, earthquakes, storms, are taking toll from man and beast. Mountains and hills are being made waste.

But there is a happy side to this sombre picture. The student who learns the law of Universal Love and directs his path along lines of Non-Resistance (not least resistance), realizing the underlying principles of the Christ-teaching that we must love our enemies and do good unto those who despitefully use us, need have no fear. He may walk the length and breadth of the land without harm. He will automatically become a life-saving corpuscle in the blood stream of the body politic.

SOMEONE IS GETTING HURT

Evidently the flour trust has been hard hit by a slump in the sale of white flour. Apparently the exodus from the snow white loaf to the despised whole wheat bread has been so great as to cause the expenditure of immense sums of money, on the part of the milling trust, to combat the slump. Yet we read in the advertising section of that great and imposing authority, the Literary Digest, the following advertisement entitled "Modern Fairy Tales", that:

"This cartoon (a pen sketch purporting to be a very funny caricature of a food specialist) is published in an effort to awaken the public to the danger of following the literature and advice of food faddists or fakirs when they should depend on a licensed doctor or dietitian for correct diet information. To anyone interested, we shall be glad to send, without charge, a copy of (No free advertising here) a booklet containing statements by the country's most eminent nutritional authorities. Address (Etc., Etc.,) millers". [Ed. Note.—The parentheses are mine.]

The above advertisement carries the assumption that only fakirs and faddists without legal standing or licensed privilege are alone responsible for the return to whole wheat flour and is also admission that the millers have some special reason for opposing this return. If the reason for their opposition is located it will also locate what is wrong with white flour.

White flour is so thoroughly demineralized and

devitalized that worms will not molest it and, therefore, it will keep in storage for an indefinite period, allowing the milling trust to control the price through manipulation of the quantity marketed.

The people are rapidly awakening to the fact that bread is not the staff of life, to the degree they have been led to believe. It is, largely, the sure road to all the ills that flesh is heir to, especially in the form it is being consumed by the majority of people. Let us look to the animal world, especially that part of it that serves man.

The horse, the cow and the sheep do not eat bread. They are healthy and strong, unless man interferes with their diet, when they begin to take on the ills of humanity.

Why, we wonder, should the great milling trust spend so much money advising the public to go to its particular doctors and dietitians and to prepare a booklet about the place of bread in the food regime of the world? Why?

White flour is about the only material the bill poster can find that will make a paste sufficiently viscous to stick the paper to the boards and at a price he can afford to pay. What, think you, will this viscosity do to the intestines?

The milling trust hasn't begun to feel the pressure as yet. A few more years and the user of white bread will be classed with the ancient relics of the carnivorous age.

THE LAW OF RHYTHM

The story of the crossing of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel, led by Moses, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his hosts, who pursued them, is an allegory demonstrating the Law of Rhythm.

Moses organized the exodus very carefully and made the trip to the shore of the sea without hurry and without worry. When he arrived, the traffic signals were set for him to cross and he went over without mishap. Not so with Pharaoh. When he discovered that the Israelites had escaped him he hurriedly ordered the pursuit and his soldiers were crowded to the limit, laboring under stress and anxiety for fear the Israelites would escape. When they plunged into the sea so lately traversed by Moses and his followers, the bell rang and they were engulfed in the midst of the oncoming waves of traffic.

This miracle happens daily, and many times daily, at any busy intersection in any large city where there is a traffic signal system. Try it for yourself, if in doubt. Pick out a particular place to go, by way of experiment, and make up your mind in advance that you will be on time. Do not become hurried nor impatient if the car should stop longer than you deem necessary, or, if in an auto,

you are caught in a traffic jam, or, if perchance you should be walking and are delayed unexpectedly. To become impatient is to take on the vibration that swamped Pharaoh. To become worried will surely defeat your plans.

But be sure in your own mind you will make your destination on time and if you are walking, do not be surprised when each traffic signal rings for you to cross the street as you approach or closes after you have passed over.

The premise on which this law is based is: Never worry and never hurry. If one never hurries nor worries they have mastered the secret of perfect poise and equilibrium or, to solve the mystery of "IT", they have attained this vital element, so necessary to success in all lines of endeavor.

And back of the solution of the problem of Rhythm is a still more subtle accomplishment which is necessary to its solution and that is to do the job in hand right now. Procrastination will draw the waves of the Red Sea of defeat and despair around your struggling soul as surely as you live.

TIME IS NOT THE FOURTH DIMENSION

The claim is now made by Dr. Albert Einstein, in his latest thesis, that Time is the Fourth Dimension. This is debatable for the reason that Time is an illusion of the material world. It is like physical man, who is a reflection of the Grand Man of the universe, hence, illusory. He passes out of this plane to a place he has prepared for himself, by reason of his rate of vibration.

The Fourth Dimension is Cosmic Fire. The source of all things. Time is illusion, hence impermanent. The Fourth Dimension is creative, hence permanent. Time becomes coexistent with the creature and ceases with the creature's demise.

Neither is the Fourth Dimension the Astral world, for Time does not cease on that plane. Time only ceases with the second death, which is that period in the soul's evolution when the two bodies used on this material plane, the physical and the astral, are finally dispensed with, because man has reached a degree of refinement or a rate of vibration, magnetically attracting the Ego (I AM that I AM) to a higher plane of manifestation.

The conclusion reached by the German mathematician, however, that electricity and gravity are the same, is sound and demonstrable. Another element could be added here that might, possibly, connect the Fourth Dimension with electricity. Electricity, gravity and principle are one and the same thing in various forms of manifestation. It might be said that electricity is the force of principle stepped down and gravity the force of electricity stepped down.

A sure cure for Halitosis—quit eating meat.

The Ontology of the Moon's Nodes

BY W. H. SCOTT

THE NECESSARY characteristics of all existence, the philosophical theory of reality, the history of the development of genera and gender in sex, the going out of life into other dimensions, and its coming in again; all this belongs to the Great Mother—the Hermaphrodite of Eternity. We live betwixt and between the breath of Sol-Lunar Continuity. The physical spark of life goes out at the Cross-Over Junction, but shall find it waiting for us at the end of our inquiry as the golden touchstone of a counter consciousness in another realm. Having lived from-ever, how shall we live less than for-ever? The story of Shaping ought to be an interesting story, since it follows the path of the nodes of the Sun and Moon—the Father and Mother that beget the child. Also we believe that the first commandment of heaven is "Thou shalt learn". The word unknowable is a very, very, unlucky word, and it should be swept into the dustbin of forgetfulness.

There is one supreme key that fits the door to the hall of knowing; and its trade-mark is the law of correspondences. The mind-shape must be the shape of space itself, since the womb of thought is limitless; the tree is a perfect symbol of this shape, since in the growth of the tree we behold unending divergence and yet unending unity; and in the cerebro-spinal nervous system we find the same form and expression as we do in yonder garden. And what the sap is to the tree, that the nerve fluids are to your tree of thought—your Feel-Thought, your essence of thought and feeling, speeding downward through every limb and branch of your tree of life. Keep the mind young with inspired thought from the astral world, and you will invite the solar energy into this tree of life, charging the nerve fluids with constitutional potency.

This also depends upon your Moon and her nodes. Your constitutional tone vibration, springing from your node, is what changes your inward beat to your outward beat, and changes it back again to the inward sense impression; and thus, your world is a composite photograph of that which you, here, feel and know. As fast as life whirls inward it must swirl outward, and the whirl and swirl must compensate each other. They must have a common meeting ground of strength. And we should understand that the Moon-Tide, and the Sun-Tide, are not confined to the sea, but are in your breath, the systole and diastole in the blood, and the magnetic nerve-pulse that begets thought. These, too, have their nodes, which is the center of dynamic power in the tree of life. In the beat of life, arising from our node, we find that one pulse turns forward, the other spiritward; other-

wise we do not live. As one has said, "We live in and out of creation a hundred million times in every beat of secular time". What impressions the spirit brings back as she reaches her ascending node, depend upon the breadth of the ego's sense scale and her ability to record them. Some life-trees bloom and bear abundantly; others slumber in deep vulgar sense, their slow awakening showing like changelessness; their vulgar errors lost in material quests.

In order to know, the Moon's Silver Cord must be kept tuned to concert pitch. The air I breathe is charged with electrical energy, the solar fluid translated to my use through the Moon's node. I look out of my window and see a street car passing, its trolley wheel rolling along the wire above, this wire serving as the node by which its motor is caused to revolve and transmit its energy to the wheels. Now electrical vibrations, like all vibration, is in the form of waves. For example, we observe that the perfect mental vibration, as expressed through fixed air (Aquarius) is symbolized thus \approx . The electrical oscillations traveling along the trolley wire follow the same path, and are governed by the same law. In both instances it is the alternating pulse-wave as between the Sun and Moon playing upon the Earth-Form. In the double life wave of Aquarius, we catch a glimpse of the masculine and feminine mind vibrations in friendly pose, vibrating together in perfect synchronous precision, reconciling the inner and outer worlds, and their two aspects of life, the inner and the outer; the innate life balancing itself on this horizon. Here the outer life revolves about the inner, in perfect balance, which results in creation. Will, which is centrifugal, and which has its seat of power in the Sun's node, added to concentration, which is centripetal, and having its seat in the Moon's node, have for their sum creative power. Thus does God speak creation into manifestation. And thus will perfected man create his world when his hour strikes.

Says Anna Kingsford, "It is truly said that God is primordial mind, and that the cosmic universe and its manifestation are the ideas of that mind. Mind itself is passive; it is organ, not function. Idea is active", it vibrates, and, "it is function. As soon, therefore, as mind begins to act, it brings forth ideas, and these constitute existence. Mind

is abstract, the seat of power; ideas are concrete. When thou thinkest, thou createst. Every thought is a substantial action".

It is a well known fact that thought can be photographed; therefore, every thought is a substantial entity, a child of the mind, clothed with mental substance. It can build a house; the hands

and arms putting it into form in the world outside. Burn the house if you will, but the house in the mind remains, and nothing but astral fire will consume it. The structure in the astral brain is infinitely more real and enduring; it is much nearer the node of accelerating force as balancing the moderating force; but it is not final, since that belongs to the Spiritual Creation, which is precisely in the node. The first power in our creation, as we know it, is mechanical; the second is chemical; the third is electric, and the fourth is psychic. This latter "is latent and diffused in all matter", as the demon of fire in the stone. It is not of itself, but of the spirit, and is therefore the basic quality of all things. It is of the Sun itself; and for this very reason we say the sign in which the Sun is found at birth, designates the Chief Characteristics of the individual. We might call it the "Motionless, which by motion is converted into the Solid"; this being the work of Mother Moon, the female element in creation; for the interior of woman is masculine, and gives rise to motion or creation. She possesses the powers of the Invisible, which by Energy is made Visible. This is that primordial force which springs from the Sun's node in the sign Libra, and Libra is the producing sign of Cancer. In other words Cancer and the Moon's Creative force, spring from the Solar Node.

Observe that Libra, in human anatomy, marks the reins; the cords that support the womb, where once resided the brains; at a time when man was directly in the currents of the Solar Mind and had no Moon. Or perhaps we should say, no Earth, or physical body as we now know it, he being a psychic entity pure and simple, with no mechanical or chemical powers—a two-fold entity, psychic and electrical. He knew no Mars—no iron in his blood then; he being a mental being without a physical counterpart. He was given a physical body that he might rise through the astral and above it; since only through the Earthly Triplicity (Capricorn, Taurus, Virgo), can the soul reach its destination of an Individualized Existence. But it is important to note, in this connection, that his chief psychic reactions spring from his Solar Node in Libra, while Libra's product, Cancer, which is ruled by the Moon and has its home in the fourth house, is the sign of *personal* psychic experiences. In other words, the psychic faculties take their rise in the seventh sign, which in the order of evolution is the first and find expression in and through the Moon and her fourth house sign.

Here is the beginning of sentient life. Here the Earth makes its invocation to the Sun (the source of life) through the Moon and her Dragon (Node).

"The Lha which turns the Fourth", says the Stanzas in the Secret Doctrine, "is Servant to the Lhas of the Seventh; they who revolve, driving their chariots around their Lord, the One Eye of

our World. His breath gave life to the Seven. It gave life to the First".

In other words, the Sun's Node (Libra) commands the Sacred Portals of the Eternal Center. Beyond her threshold, and in the Darkness—the Darkness from which Light is born—she holds the secrets of the Creator—the Secrets of the Formulating Processes of the Lunar Mother. And without, in this realm of manifestation, she pours her Electric Potencies into the red tide of Creative Organization. And, as the First in the Seventh Series, she rings out the Twelve Tones of the Four Elements—the Zodiacal Circle. And being the Center of Command, in the subtler realms of the Great First Cause, 'tis thus she "turns the Fourth". "They who revolve", driving their chariots around HER; since she is the "One Eye", It is evident, therefore, that, as stated in the Commentaries, her "Being covers the whole series of heavenly hierarchies, from Archangel, down to the Angel of Darkness" (Angel of the Moon) "or terrestrial Spirit".

Remembering that Venus rules Libra, and that in her (Venus) the Sun stores its light, we should be able to recognize Libra's connection with the "One Eye" which is so intimately associated with the Astral Light. We note, for example, that the First Son of Israel (Isis-Ra-El, or Moon-Sun-Power) was named Reuben, which being interpreted means Vision of the Sun, he who perceives the Light; and the first flash of intuitional perception of the Libra individual is the correct one. The "One Eye" gives the open vision into the Cause World along the Solar Node. In human anatomy, this is the Eye that is Single, and the pineal gland is said to be "the tail of the Dragon". In this "Eye" we recognize the "Holy Spear" that pierces through matter into the Fourth Dimension where is the True Light, about which the Vision of Sense, belonging to Cancer and the Moon, is caused to revolve.

This orientation of light is associated with the Lost Cord, the Western Node and the Great Life; for in the Spiritual Sense, the Sun rises in Libra, and not in Aries, at the Equinox. It goes the other way, coming out of the West, and reaching its culmination like the "Backward Moving" Node. Likewise, the scale of her music (creative power) is not the one we know but the Ancient Metonic Scale, which truly belongs to Saturn. It will be seen, therefore, that Saturn's exaltation in twenty-one of Libra, whose root is three; thus, two plus one equals three, or the Trinity, has reference to the Creative Scale, Saturn having command of the Seven Tones, and directing and guiding his child, the Moon, causing her Mother Loving Harmony to pulse through every atom of matter, moving, controlling, forming and reforming, all shapes of beauty and usefulness, and all these material forms springing from his invisible and transcen-

dent potencies; he being the perfect mathematical figure of the solar system.

The Moon's relation to Saturn—that of a child to its father, say—is as follows; Saturn represents the principle of Formulation on the mental plane. The Moon working on the material plane gathers from his cardinal sign Capricorn, those qualities which she is capable of utilizing in earthly formulation, or in other words externalizing; or, to put it in another way, she gathers from Capicorn the astral substance, which Saturn has prepared in such a way as to render it convertible into material substance. Now, in order to make this possible, the Moon and Saturn must be keyed to the same note, arising from the same Node, so far as this Earth is concerned; and this node is that of the Moon. This may serve to explain the old allegory concerning the creation of the World by the "Goat-Song".

The particular musical vibration of Capricorn is always in unison with Cancer—the Moon's sign; and these being on the high crest between the Solar Nodes (Libra-Aries), give rise to the principle of cohesion, producing a zone wherein the integral units from which molecules are constructed, are gathered and arranged in spherical form. Thus the Nodal Octave, running from Capricorn to Cancer, gave our globe its form, through the Moon's Silver Cord.

Saturn is ever a Moonmaker, and her wheel, (the Moon's) is doomed to turn the Earth, and turn its matter this way and that, shaping and re-shaping, nursing, feeding, bringing to birth, the visible to disappear into the invisible, in the science of a mighty Potency. She builds and scatters through the unrelenting hand of Time, at the behest of her Father, the great Technological Barrier; he who holds the secret of the Dark Side of the Moon. Libra is the sign which gives birth to thought, for she is the womb in which thought

is conceived, developed, fed, nourished, clothed and prepared for delivery. She is the Exhaustless Library of the entire octave of mental vibration. It is the fountain of mind from which may be gathered and formulated anything desired, and Saturn being the Formulator in the realm of mind, he is, therefore, the At-One-Ment of her Metonic Scale.—the I-Know of her inmost Sacred Heart.

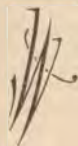
Saturn, as a ruler of Capricorn, is also the ruler of Christmastide, and the Christmas Tree, which is the Evergreen Tree of Thought,—the Regenerate Nerve-Tree, whose roots are in the brain. And if this brain be Illuminated there will be present a Pastoral Symphony in this Tree of life we call the nervous system; and that is the Best Christmas Present you can have. It is the "Singing Tree" of the Arabian Tale the "Princess Parizade". Let no one think this tale of the "Singing Tree" a fable, since there is a stage of spiritual development in which the Moon's Silver Cord becomes keyed to the inner responses of the soul-senses, so that the different signs and the entire planetary scale vibrate through the spinal cord or node, thereby awakening a musical response throughout the entire cerebro-spinal nervous system. The nerve-tree literally begins to sing. Here the red power of Mars is broken, and the cerebro-spinal system begins to control the destiny. The generative system is being absorbed in the brain, and the Larynx (Taurus) becomes the organ of the "Spoken Word" by which command of the lunar spirits is had.

Man's nervous structure has the possibilities of an Immortal Christmas Tree, where its music will hear upon its strains, thoughts caught from the higher spheres, which, vitalized by a united mentality, as expressed through fixed air (Aquarius), will possess the freshness of pure nature, in god-like purity of eternal youth; and that we are rapidly approaching that time is evidenced by certain specimens now appearing in the new race.

No man can render his best service with fear of failure
in his heart.

La Nativite

*Upon presenting a very old silver Swastika pin to a little
Maid upon her Birthday.*



WHEN you sit between the candles,
Upon your Natal Day;—
We see you framed in the gladness
The Blessed surely wear,
When they have cast off sadness
And all the shreds of care.

This Swastika is omen true
For every Natal Day;—
Love from each heart is welling,
To greet my girlie fair,
And Fortune good compelling
To meet you everywhere.

—Ervine Denison York.

A Numerical Interpretation of the Name of God

By DR. JUNO KAY WALTON

*"And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM;—
this is my name for ever, and is my memorial unto all
generations."*

WHEN WE read the Bible, we find that names were given much consideration in days of old and that when God or the Lord sent a chosen one into the world to do His will, He also selected the name His favorite was to carry. He often changed the names of those for whom He had prepared a special reward or blessing and seemed to be very exact and deliberate regarding these names. Even His own name He stated very clearly, making sure there was no mistake about it and that it should be a memorial for all generations.

Numerology is a mathematical interpretation of life and destiny through the study of names and numbers and great help is gained by the analysis of one's name, for character and possibilities are revealed through the numbers of a name and human experience can be accurately forecasted by these numbers. The name of God can be analyzed and figured in exactly the same way, giving light and spiritual comfort to all who read, uncovering the deeper facts of man's relationship to God.

God's words—"I AM THAT I AM", are not fully understood by even deeply religious people. They sense the strength of the affirmation but do not know how to make it their own. The statement "I AM THAT I AM", is one of the strongest, most powerful and majestic phrases to be found in the Bible. It is dynamic and life-giving and to use it as an affirmation or statement of Being is to re-charge, magnetize and re-construct the physical, mental and spiritual consciousness of man.

Every letter of the alphabet has a numerical value. This is the natural result of the sequence of the letters of the alphabet, A being the first letter, B the second and so on, as shown by the following chart:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	JOHN
A·B·C·D·E·F·G·H·I	1 6 8 5
J·K·L·M·N·O·P·Q·R	2 0
S·T·U·V·W·X·Y·Z	2

These numbers added make 20. Reduced to 2 through addition. The vibration of John.

Every name or word is, therefore, a mathematical statement and can be figured as accurately as any problem in arithmetic, for each letter and figure has its significance and vibration and symbolizes some fact in consciousness. For example—1 is the num-

Six

ber of will, 2 of patience, 3 of expression, 4 of construction, 5 of life, 6 of duty, 7 of analysis, 8 of judgment and 9 of love and service, and when these numbers are applied to a word or name the character and inner meaning is revealed and the truth presented as accurately and definitely as two and two make four in daily affairs.

Religious people and even Metaphysicians sometimes differ as to what is TRUTH or as to who has the real truth of BEING. One may say "I believe in the Absolute", even implying a sense of spiritual superiority over the one who is a scientist, occultist or psychologist. But that all life is one, that God is all, is proven by the facts and figures of words and their significance as worked out through their mathematical relationships. In God's life there is neither high nor low. Take the words—CELL
3533

which sums up to 14 or 5. FLESH which sums to
63518

23 or 5. The words HIGH LOW
8978 or 32 or 5. 365 or

ABSOLUTE LIFE
14 or 5. 12163325 or 23 or 5. 3965 or 23 or 5.

All have the same vibration and we see that which is high and low, from cell to the absolute, is but life itself and all one and the same thing in the final analysis.

In like manner the name of God—I AM
9 14 is 14 or
5 carrying the same numerical vibration. But God was not satisfied with I AM alone, He repeated it. He said: "I AM THAT I AM".

9 14 2812 9 14
5 4 5 which when added
together also sums to the 14 or 5, the number of life, freedom, progress and the unlimited. So we find little variation from the low to the high and the thrilling, permeating and inspiring words "I AM THAT I AM" include the whole of life.

Have you a problem or difficulty? Is life hard or limited in some direction? Then speak the life-giving words "I AM THAT I AM". Perhaps you do not understand them. Try this: say "I am THAT I AM" making the first part of the statement personal, meaning your self. Say this over and over until the realization of oneness with life comes over you. After this repeat again saying "the I am that I am", until you suddenly become the great I AM in consciousness. Now once more repeat the life-giving words until you lose all sense of the personal

in the universal and you can say with full realization—I AM THAT I AM.

It is not necessary to say "I AM HEALTH, I AM WEALTH, I AM LOVE". Simply say "I AM THAT I AM" and instantly you are one with all of life from atom to celestial hosts, and your lack will be filled, your body healed, your heart com-

forted and your whole being filled with spiritual light and power. The Lord appeared as a white light when He spoke to Moses.

Thus Numerology figures the NAME OF GOD and links man with his source through the mathematical calculation of life's finer relationships.

 | Nature is a prodigal provider. There is plenty of every- |
thing for everyone.

Kevah-Grams

By KEVAH DEO GRIFFIS

EUCALYPTUS—what a mystic tree! Among the three or four million reasons for coming to live in the California part of the planet, stands out the sensuous delight of my home in a Eucalyptus grove. I would wake in the night, in New York, hearing them whisper to me, calling me back to them with their enchanting sounds. They are the Pied Pipers of California appealing to the every sense of one who has ever loved them, to come to see, to smell, to hear, to touch, to taste them. Finer senses contact their essence, that for which we have, as yet, no words. They await their poet, serene in ineffable beauty of fragrance, of every color, of all music. They are the radioactive form, or one of the radioactive forms of life in the vegetable kingdom—"the effect produced by the inner essence as it makes its presence felt through the form, when the form has been brought to such a stage of refinement that it becomes possible". I quote Alice Bailey's treatise on Cosmic Fire, page 1062, and thank her for giving the words to express what I inarticulately knew.

* * *

Meditate on the Eucalyptus, revelling in the joy of opening your sense portals to its manifold beauty. It will teach us humans to become radiant and radioactive, and to delight the senses, as we become liberated.

* * *

Trines are lessons learned. Why linger in them? Use them to master squares.

* * *

The old and much misquoted "Feed a cold and

starve a fever" is an abbreviation of: "If you feed a cold you will have to starve a fever". Starve the cold first and then if the fever comes let it burn. That is, if during a Saturn affliction you have given your body no extra burden of elimination—or your mind or your emotional body.—When the Mars fever comes it cannot harm but only burn up the trash.

* * *

Saturn is a sentinel, an automatic policeman, who says: "Stop here and finish your job and then pass on." Like Janus, he looks forward and backward, upward and downward, for time is a ring.

* * *

When you are "ahead of your time" you are never afraid to grow old.

* * *

One of the striking effects of Neptune in Virgo was the finding of the manuscripts disclosing the secrets of Stradivarius, the greatest violin maker. His art died with him, so all thought. But Neptune, the planet of the violin, in Virgo, the sign of the craftsman, gives it back to us again.

* * *

Cotton! King Cotton! Neptune tells us now we can insulate electric wires with it instead of silk.

* * *

Thorns and nettles are Saturn and Mars. Nature's sweetest nuts are so kept safe for the unafraid.

But how much do you need? Take only that much.

Love Here is the Way to the Way

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

J KEEP saying the same thing over again—the same story in a hundred ways—even that love here is the way to the Way. Just to say it is redeeming work. It changes the cells of the body and the cells of the brain to tell it again and again. The mind-power works through these changed cells, and because it finds them keener and saner and sounder, its expression through them to the world is more potent, its drive more unerring; and thus the allegiance of the mind to the Spirit is hastened. Those who dwell with these things are quickened; then new vitalities take the place of the old destructive sensations that have answered so long to our disrupted thinking.

Mystic offices of the Road are, one after another, different ways for correcting our thoughts; ways of refining and purifying body and mind, through action and devotion, so that the natural body may be used by the spiritual. The mind-power that is turned to be plain and true to its molecular vehicles becomes swiftly and mysteriously fit to be used by the Basic Nature itself. More and more as it grows active in perfecting its body and brain, its silences of devotion to the Spirit becomes more one-pointed and unerring—our old story of inbreathing and outbreathing—of Silence and Action again.

We never pass the love-story. No one has seen beyond it from this place; no Avatar out of the Unlimited has brought us a glimpse of a loftier means to regain the happiness of our birthrights. All love is of the Spirit. When a man's love for a woman is passional and possessive, it is merely because the force of his spiritual giving to her can only express itself mortally, the centers of his spiritual expression through the body not being awakened to carry the finer drive direct. The instrument reduces the vibration.

All love is bestowal. We bestow ourselves as we can, as we are, at the time. We externalize ourselves in those we love; and that spiritual force which is awakened within us through the outpouring, never recedes. The dimensions of love never end. It is only when we are ready for a higher dimension that we begin to encounter pain from the action of love as it is being expressed in us. The world has not yet learned anything like the real beauty of the passional and possessive love—nor touched the power of that. What some of us are yearning for now—the awakening of our powers for Spiritual Romance, the compassion that contains a humanity, the magic that touches to life the fountains of healing, the vision that globes the earth in understanding and begins to look intelligently across the inter-stellar space—these are but the first throbs

of the Spiritual Being as it quickens within the natural body.

I have known materially-minded men, valiantly struggling with things here below, who hate the mention of romance; and weary women who have been hurt so hard that they shudder at the thought of their daughters marrying any man alive. But weariness and material-mindedness are merely travel-stains of certain stages of the Road; hatred is invariably a sign of unfinished work. The man who is through with an ordeal doesn't hate its processes. He does, however, while he is still in reaction from failure, and while he is still being pressed by his Spirit against the will of his mind to take up a hard part still undone. The ordeal and its processes are seen for the first time impersonally by the man who has conquered; and the ordeal's long-road relation to himself and to all men is for the first time established.

The world has not learned even the power of glamour, much less the love that casts out fear and fulfills the law. Glamour goes with the love of one's self in another and invariably is subject to the pain of correction. Glamour is but an extension of the petty self. It is of the mind. A man is finished with glamour when he adores that which is not himself; and then only can he bestow that love which sets the other free.

The world sits back tight against its hearth and laughs at the love affairs of those whom it has called its great men. In its *naivette*, the world has not yet put two and two together—that the loves had something to do with the so-called "greatness" of the men they mention; even the bewildering one-after-another rush into infatuations, even the madness and abandon and early death of these tumultuous fanciers.

There is hatred in the scorn of the world for these episodes, because these episodes are still ahead for the world. The arousing of the unfinished thing in the breast of another always incurs hatred at first. In its small man-made law which it breaks secretly, the world still finds its sufficing content. But man-made laws must be broken openly for the emerging of greater laws. Chaos, yes—but that is only the eradication of disease from the system. The patient's face looks disrupted when the poison begins to come out through the pores. The poison must come out. The shrieking of the world against the ventilation and rupture of things as they are, will not avail to preserve the little laws of men by which two are tied in torment to each other until one or the other is permitted to unfasten a corpse from the yoke. Chaos, yes, as these laws are broken for the emerging of greater laws, but chaos that is cleaner than the secret suppuration of things as they are.

The world has not yet drawn the simple inference

that the "greatness" of such men as Byron, Poe, Shelley, Keats, Burns was the beginning of unfoldment through their minds, of the loveliness of their Basic Nature, and that their rush to find the loveliness of others was part of the same energy; the frenzied quickening to the outer quests. Power must be trained after it is awakened. These men hastened from one to another extending themselves, but finding no one to contain more than parts of them. Their glammers were swiftly broken because they were so swiftly growing out of themselves in comparison to the pace of the world. This is but an awakening process in one life that goes on with the many, without scandal, through endless incarnations. The higher, the faster. It isn't a pretty process—this spectacle of a lyric poet flinging himself to different quarters of heaven—but it is one of the paths which the world has still to tread, as it quickens spiritually; and the world will doubtless find softer conditions to unfold in that have its pioneers.

It takes a myriad romances to make Romance.

Really to Be, one cannot be locked in lower mind. If you will stop and catch yourself in the midst of pondering or cogitation, you will be shocked to find how incoherent and even disrupted, is the activity—criticism, resentment, sophistry. Out of this thorny ramble you may suddenly "come to yourself". But you must have some higher position of consciousness than the plane of this petty mind-activity, in order to watch it. Now in climbing a step above the mind, one does not at once become one with his Soul or Basic Nature. He finds himself in the psychological realm; between the mind and Spirit; the realm of the astral drift, sometimes called the Hall of Illusion.

The world at large has no such ensconcement. It is its mind—at the mercy of its petty rambles—incapable even of artistic play. The mind deals with the detached points of view of this material plane, invariably tentative and out of true with Spiritual Law. Even the points of view exactly opposite to its own are not true, because Truth is wholeness and not in the realm of the opposites and the fragmentary. Truth can only be brought for use to the material plane by one who touches its realm with his own Knower—the one star, pole-true for him, in all the astral drift.

We have discussed in several Letters this middle distance, a realm of tint and change, evanescent beauty and apparition, sumptuously attractive to the mind, and often touched with a momentary loveliness from the Light above . . . As a boy I used

to catch the little self at its petty performances from different shifting points of view. I used to speak of the point of vantage as part of myself calling it "the third eye", or "the reporter". It stood apart dramatizing all the little self's doings, even scoffing at its prayers.

The mind must come up through the bafflements of the self and through the often dazzling illusions of the psychological realm and render itself utterly in allegiance to its Spirit. I say it again and again: The mind must become plain and true! It must put away all its own wants and smilingly resist the attractions of the astral drift where for a time at least "a serpent is coiled under every leaf".

Yet there is always Verity to call upon. The tests are not stronger than one can bear. More and more one comes to know what it means to let the Warrior fight the battle—to fling away every care, every responsibility, every paltry anxiety of the mind, every admonition from the Job's advisers of the world, every fear, even for one's house or one's children, every temporal plan so carefully wrought, every material property so arduously and industriously gathered—only doing one's highest, inmost best and keeping the smile of faith, even if it be a twisted smile, even if one has to prop the corners of the mouth for a time.

For the things of the Spirit are not the things of the mind—until the twain are one. What the mind wants of itself is not what You want. What You want is as good for your neighbor as for yourself. Your Basic Nature will hurt no one, not even the mind of your neighbor, though the latter will disagree with You past doubt. Yet You will not answer him in kind, because You will see him as he does not see himself, not in criticism or irritation, but in understanding. And if you have not transcended his power to wound you, cleave unto him above all men, for you need no master just now above his teaching. The fact that you consider your neighbor unjust—is your weakness. You are still in worldly standards. There is no justice in the detached world. You are called to a higher justice. Your neighbor must also come to that in his own way and time—to your merit if he is helped toward it by your serenity.

This passage of the material mind to its union with the Soul is the Road, and those who tread the Road learn swiftly that pythons and all monsters and all terrors of the wild are but outer similitudes of the unconquered self; even that one's neighbor who can still cause pain holds an incomparable gift of teaching, for he externalizes a weakness, a part of the self still at war.

To take more is to rob another of his portion.

Faure Mistakes Symptoms for Cause and Effect

By MAUD WARDROPER

HAVING read with keen interest Dr. Axel Emil Gibson's able article on "The New Morality" in your November issue, I feel tempted to put forward a few comments which suggest themselves.

While agreeing with him in the main, there are a few points on which I find myself at variance with him.

On page six he states: "While M. Faure claims that morality has its basis in law, Roscoe Pond holds that law has its basis in morality, while lastly, in religion we have the background and basis for both."

Although it is true that Religion and Morality should, and often do, assist each other and are, often, so closely intertwined that Morality appears to grow out of Religion, yet on careful scrutiny we shall find that they are not, necessarily, co-existent, either in individuals or in the life of nations. Let us begin with a rough working definition of what Religion and Morality are.

Religion is that in man, which makes him owe allegiance to some supersensual power or powers (I prefer the term supersensual to supernatural) to whom he offers up worship, praise and sacrifice and for whom he experiences love and devotion, mingled with awe and fear.

Phrenologically, this sentiment is governed by the organs of veneration, wonder, hope and, to some extent, ideality. (It is through the latter organ that the religious and artistic sense contact each other).

Morality is that in man which makes him bring a sense of obligation, justice and "fairplay" into all his dealings with his fellowmen.

Phrenologically, it is regulated by the organs of conscientiousness, benevolence and, to some extent, human nature and friendship.

The more developed his conscientiousness, the stronger will be his desire to live up to the highest standard of morality, a continual "Revaluation of Values", as the brilliant and paradoxical and, therefore, much misunderstood and misinterpreted Nietzsche aptly called it. This can be assisted or retarded by human effort. There are times of stagnation when conventions and traditions have become so strong a stoa arrest growth. Then, as M. Faure rightly points out, decadence and enervation set in, unless a "Superman" (to use a Nietzschean term again) arises—be he World Teacher, Artist, Philosopher or Scientist—and gives up a new "Revaluation of Values". The Superman lives "Beyond Good and Evil"; that is, he is a law unto himself; it is

he who creates new standards of right and wrong in the moral realm, of beauty in art, of truth and error in science and philosophy.

At the other end of the scale, we have the criminal who also lives "Beyond Good and Evil", with a total disregard of accepted standards of Morality.

Between them, is the average man, for whom the law (both written and unwritten) sets his standards of Morality and who submits to them.

What happens in war time? Through various complex factors acting on mass psychology, standards of Morality are revived which belong to a primitive state of society and which still lie dormant in the national consciousness. Life and property, carefully nursed and protected in peace time, are ruthlessly destroyed. As once were human victims thrown into the jaws of some monster Moloch or Juggernaut, so is the flower of the nations offered up to some monstrous thought form, brooding like a vampire, over the peoples, and now, as then, it is the physically most perfect that are selected.

We have, then, in ancient times, the horrors of human sacrifice; in later days the cruelties of religious persecution and in modern times we still have war, *all co-existent with Religion*.

Dr. Gibson contends that war is immoral. If, as he also states, "Morality has grown out of Religion", how is it, that, with the exception of a few isolated sects, like the Quakers and others, the churches of all countries and ages have stood helplessly by in face of this great running sore in the life of the nations?

And not only helpless, but more, they have sanctioned it, blessed the banners, prayed for victory and sung tedeums and called it a righteous, holy war.

In the Franco-German war of 1870, the emperor, William I, after the battle and fall of Sedan, sent a very piously worded telegram to the Empress Augusta announcing the (for him) fortunate event.

"Punch" aptly paraphrased it as follows:

*"By God's grace, my dear Augusta,
We've had again an awful buster:
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below—
Praise God from whom all blessings flow".*

Could anything illustrate better the cleavage between Religion and Morality in our civilization?

To return to M. Faure's brilliant paradoxes, as paradoxes often do, they contain a grain of truth. He has rightly noticed that these periods of stress

and strain appear to precipitate a breaking up of old conventions and worn-out traditions and to favor the birth of new conceptions in art and morality. But M. Faure has mistaken the accompanying symptom for cause and effect.

Dr. Gibson justly points out that war is a disease and the heightened activity it brings into all departments of life is comparable to a fever in an organism which is trying to throw off a disease. Yes, and I would like to add that the noble and progressive souls that bring about a Revaluation of Values at these times are comparable to the beneficent phagocytes which hasten to the rescue to fight the rapidly increasing microbes in the diseased organism. In this sense, and in this sense only, can immorality be called a means to progress.

Now a few more words on the connection between Art, Morality and Religion.

As rightly remarked, all art has had its inception in religious sentiment. Architecture, sculpture, painting, found their first expression in the erecting of temples, and the moulding of statues of the dieties, while music, poetry, drama and dancing combined to build up religious ritual. But, although the artist, at the outset, undoubtedly drew his inspiration from religion, was not this due in part to the fact, that in a primitive form of society it was the only field open to him—the line of least resistance? It has been said that Art begins with the superfluous, and the artist of all ages has had to face the hard fact that his productions are not an absolute necessity to life. At the outset there was no demand for them except in the religious sphere, or in connection with the burial of the dead.

Later, in a more advanced state of society, the

"pomp and circumstance of Kings" created a demand for his services and from that time onwards secular Art begins.

It is then that we find the great artist becoming a law unto himself where his work is concerned. However, as Beauty, Truth, and Goodness are really only three aspects of one and the same thing, no truly great work of art can be immoral, although the artist himself, on certain sides of his character, may not always have lived up to the level of his best work.

In the same way, we find in the life of nations, often, a great discrepancy between their artistic and moral development.

The Italian Renaissance, so rich in works of genius, owed its unparalleled splendors as much to patronage of its art-loving but vicious and lawless popes as to the revival of religious sentiment. In Spain, we find a wonderful efflorescence of Art and Literature going hand in hand with the horrors of the Inquisition. In England, the revival of religious feeling in the days of the Puritans put a severe check on artistic production, especially in the realms of music, drama, folksongs and dances, which it took centuries to overcome.

Hence, we must conclude that Art, Morality and Religion at the present day are no longer interdependent.

Possibly in the new world-cycle upon which we are entering—in the Aquarian Age—these three may again become blended as they should rightly be.

Possibly, the Occult Sciences will accomplish the task of evolving a Religion in which all three will be so merged in each other as to be a perfect expression of all human aspiration towards The Good—The True—The Beautiful.

No person can tell you how to "Get anything you want".

New Cure for Diabetes

By DR. D. A. STEVENS

"I was sick and ye ministered unto me."

SONSTRUCTIVE healing is steadily forging to the front; not long ago, disease was laid to sin; and for ages it was laid to evil spirits, witches and other imaginary entities. Even today I frequently have patients tell in all seriousness, they are under some spell and declare they know who the party is who holds the evil sway over them.

Strange as it may seem to those of today, the modern healing art originated from spells, charms, incantations and other superstitions. Within the memory of this generation disease was looked upon as an entity; something to be driven out with heroic

doses of vile smelling or tasting drugs, or with the bleeding of the patient's blood to the point of death. Surely it was kill or cure, which was very near the truth, although spoken in jest.

It has been a hard and a long fight, to get the healing art upon a basis of constructive healing; every man who advanced in thought and methods was the mark for ridicule and opposition.

The occultist understands well the role played upon the human organism by outside vibrations, yet witness the persecution meted out to the late Dr. Albert Abrams. The "Electronic Reactions of Abrams" were nothing but tuned vibrations, coming

from the patient's own body, from and through which the diagnosis is made. The treatment was, again, tuned vibrations, made by an electrically energized machine, which gave to the organ or organs of the body—not an electrical current—but a force similar to that which goes through the air in radio phenomena. That the treatment of Abrams is constructive, is proven by this fact: His treatment will not kill germs in a test tube, but will cause the body to soon eradicate them, giving that something to the body that annuls their action.

This is not a treatise on the Abrams theory, however much I admire and practice it, but to tell you about something that bids to be one of the truly great things discovered for the benefit of a certain class of men. Namely, those suffering from Diabetes Mellitus. This disease is characterized by sugar in the urine, an excess of sugar in the blood, and a progressive loss of flesh and strength. The cause of diabetes was long in doubt; experimentation upon animals proved, when the pancreas was removed, the animal would show sugar in the urine. Part of the organ left in the body seemed to take care of the sugar. So the assumption that the secretion from the pancreas contained a digestive ferment that neutralized sugar.

With the discovery of Insulin, (the active principle of the pancreatic secretion, as far as sugar chemistry is concerned), the function of the pancreas is proven. Daily hypodermic injections of Insulin along with a rigid diet, carefully balanced, to harmonize with the Insulin dose, will make it possible for the diabetic to live.

This has been hailed as one of the great advances in medicine, and is truly so. Notwithstanding there is no claim to curative action in its use, its ceaseless use is the price of living.

Now what seems to me to be of far greater importance, is the fact that I have been able to make the pancreas in the patient's own body do the work that it fails to do when diabetes is present.

So far in my work along this line, it seems not to make much difference as to the degree of the disease, age or sex. Some have had bad gangrene of the feet and some were passing extreme amounts of sugar. Ages have run from six to sixty years. Some of the worst cases, and the most misleading to diagnose, were those with an excess of sugar in the blood, and none showing in the urine. These people com-

plain of dizziness, palpitation, loss of strength, headaches, swelling of neck and legs at times. Incipient cases of diabetes, may suffer over a long period of time, without relief; as the list of specialists look for everything but blood sugar. Focal infection being the pet fad, they, the patients, lose tonsils, teeth, appendices, etc., before finding out the cause of their symptoms.

The pancreas has scattered through its structure certain groups of cells different from the main part of the organ. These cells grouped in islands, are called the Islands of Langerhans. They are the particular cells which manufacture the secretion which causes the sugar to be assimilated in the body.

What are some of the causes of diabetes? Heredity, undoubtedly, seems to run down through certain families. I am sure this is owing to other diseases present in the families, which will not be discussed at this time. Heredity is a factor. Seasons: Spring and fall seem to be the times most noticed. Males: Most of the cases are males, but females present the mild, obscure cases in my experience. The Hebrew race is very susceptible; the Negro race rarely at all; more prevalent in the well to do. Shock: Mental anxiety over a long period of time. Diseases of a toxic nature, as Syphilis, Malaria, Influenza, etc. Growths: Injury, and many others.

The subject is too great to go into at length in a popular article, but just to give an idea of what is being done, I have consented to give you a few words at this time.

My treatment consists of a stimulation by an energy passed to the pancreas by a machine of my own, that is painless, mildly perceptible, and that causes the sugar to diminish every day to the point where the laboratory reports show normal. The use of the machine will keep it normal indefinitely, (as far as I can see now, regardless of diet). The use of the machine a reasonable time, shows a cure; no failures so far.

This, in a few words, is my work. After about three years on this particular disease, I feel like the cure of diabetes is at hand. Some long standing cases have had no treatment for one year and a half and are in good health, and no return of sugar. Fortunately for all concerned, the state or progress of a case is definitely told by chemical tests by any laboratory, at any time. No one's word or feelings need be consulted.

You must learn for yourself.

The Parable of the China Egg

THE HEN she is an honest bird, and though she sings no lays,
 She lays her eggs and favors us in other little ways;
 Belike the heroines of old, she lays her young life down
 To give us white-meat crisply fried with bread-crumbs rich and brown.
 In case she be a rooster, she alarms us with her crow,
 To warn us in our drowsy beds 'tis six o'clock below;
 But oh, her toil is purposeless—of common sense the dregs,
 Those times in stubborn hopefulness she sets on china eggs.

Now perseverance is a trait by which success is won.
 But perseverance in this line is highly overdone;
 And though the wisest of us makes an error now and then,
 For graceless repetition just commend me to the hen.
 She mounts her nest of china eggs, and though she never gets
 A solitary chicken for her patience, still she "sets".
 Experience may teach us of its wisdom now and then,
 But never seems successful in the teaching of the hen.

And yet she has her counterpart that goes on human legs,
 The world is always full of folks who sit on china eggs;
 The fellow with a system that will beat a game of chance,
 The man who grubstakes Failure—he's the setting hen in pants.
 The one who seeks the "ticker" as the way to sudden wealth,
 The nostrum-buying invalid who seeks the way to health,
 The hen is not the only soul that goes upon two legs
 And moves the world to pity when it sits on china eggs.

The woman who would marry to reform her husband's ways,
 The man who always looks for "something solid" in the plays,
 The one who plays the races with a tip that's right, he knows,
 The purchaser of oil stock in a well that never flows;
 Full half the folks upon the stage who play a simple part,
 And more than half the dabblers in the stream of verse and art;
 The hen is not the only soul that goes upon two legs
 And sits in stubborn hopefulness upon her china eggs.

—Gaspar Bela Daruvary.

Many persons can tell you how to give them what they
 want.

A New Book

"The Celestial Ship of the North" by E. Valentia Straiton. Howard V. Herndon, Editor of Practical Astrology, 690 Market St., San Francisco, distributor for the West Coast. Two Vols., illustrated, cloth bound, price \$6.00.

"The Celestial Ship of the North" contains over 500 pages of highly specialized knowledge, gleaned from thirty years of study and travel among the ancient landmarks both spiritual and physical, in all parts of the world. The author has traveled far and wide and the book shows the results of these travels and studies.

The worship of the Holy Mother and Child has been the central theme of many religions as far back as the mind of man can trace history. It is

the basis of worship of the orthodox church of today and its antiquity is immeasurable.

The female mind is aeons older than the male mind and it is only of relatively recent times that Gods have taken on masculinity. These points are ably discussed in this immense labor of occult science.

The second volume is largely devoted to Astrology and many valuable studies are given along astrological lines. There is much to be learned about this ancient spiritual science. Students of Astrology will find "The Celestial Ship of the North" an invaluable aid in the solution of some of the knotty problems contacted.

One passage is here quoted, from the second volume, as being of intense interest and importance to students who are interested in a study of the Aquarian Age vibrations:

"The world is in a cosmic vortex at the present time, because the Super-Solar influences are rushing into a vacuum in our Solar system. The advent of Uranus and Neptune and the unseen planet is very recent. The vibration of Earth is void of any Super-Solar magnetically attractive polarity. On the higher planes many ancient souls or higher entities are laboring to reflect to Earth in manifestations of matter, a reflex of the Serpent Power, but few can exhale the exhumation of this force on Earth, the physical plane . . . Neptune is the Super-Moon ruler of the spiritual world. Our Solar system is in

obedience to the upper Solar or Super-Solar system beyond the Neptunian integrity of revolution and obedience. Uranus is not so powerful in the coming era as Neptune, and the unseen planet is even more potent than Neptune. It is unseen because it refracts the light of the Dog-Star, which is inseparably connected with the Tree of Light and Life that comes from the Pole".

This book is one to be studied as a text-book, and such study will pay large dividends in increased intuitive power.

"The Celestial Ship of the North" will be incorporated in The Occultist's Book Department. It may be ordered direct from this magazine or secured from Howard V. Herndon, 690 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

That's why you pay them for advice.

Numerology Compared with Astrology

By EMILY M. MALSTER

THE QUESTION is often asked if there is an influence for good or otherwise in numbers and names. When it is understood that everything is vibrating—the furniture in a room, the color of the wallpaper, and everything contacted in life, such being the case, it is only reasonable to conclude that a name or number has a vibratory rate which affects, for good or ill, the individual.

The question arises, what is good and what evil? It is said that one man's meat is another man's poison. There may be a fine sense of discrimination and keen intuition and yet grievous mistakes will occur in the choosing of a name. The name chosen may have the highest vibration, but how is one to know if that vibration will harmonize with the individual and attract greater happiness and success?

Astrology affords the proof. The birth chart should be corrected, and the best planetary influences found. Then if you have a name which harmonizes with the very best within *you*, it will aid in emphasizing that *best*, and become a magnetic force attracting a greater degree of harmony and success.

Jupiter or Venus need not be the best planets in your chart, but it is often the case that Saturn or Mars bring the best influences to the individual life, and when such is the case, the name should have the vibration of these planets. Too many people think these planets are malefic and consider that no good is derived from them. This is far from being true. From Saturn we receive the ability to plan, organize, systematize, and to plod. Energy, initiative, and constructive effort, come from Mars. Many owe their success in life to one or the other of these so-called, malefic planets. Your name should harmonize with the best planet in your birth chart, regardless of which it may be.

Some years ago a man came to me asking my help in choosing a name. He said he found it very difficult to get money and he thought that if he changed his name it might help. After erecting his birth chart, I found the best planet to be Mercury, (the man made his living by speaking and writing), so I planned a name which had the vibrations of that planet. A day or two later he met a numerologist who did not understand astrology and she told him that the name I had chosen would be inclined to make him restless and want to travel, which was true, for Mercury does tend that way, so she chose a name whose vibrations were those of Jupiter. Of course Jupiter is called the great benefic, but in that man's chart it was the worst planet, indicating that the vibrations of his astral body did not harmonize with those of Jupiter, therefore, the Jupiter name would focalize the most unfortunate planetary influence in his birth chart and would do him more harm than good. I did not argue the point. I had explained my method and thought that was sufficient. About a year later I again met the man and asked if he was having better luck? He said not a bit.

Some people think that if they are not successful, a change of name may help. True, a new name may help if chosen along the lines suggested. If the birth chart is erected and progressed, advice can be given which will be a real help to the person, the birth chart being the most direct way to the egoistic urges.

Astrology is the basic foundation of all esoteric as well as exoteric knowledge and if those now ignorant of the wonderful truths unfolded by a study of this spiritual science would undertake its accomplishment, I am sure they would reap a wonderful reward in pleasure and profit from its study.

The Sign of Aquarius

BY MARC EDMUND JONES

THIS LESSON in Matthew is based upon chapter twenty-six, verses seventeen to nineteen, and it serves to bring out an important and salient difference between the Gospel and the other two which in these lessons are relegated to a minor place—although fully considered and almost completely covered in their texts. The passage is common to the Synoptics (all three of the Gospels in point; cf. Mark, 14:12-16; Luke, 22:7-13) but Matthew is very abbreviated and it will be necessary for the student to read either one of the other passages in order to find the astrological reference that gives the study its title. That it is possible to consider the Synoptic New Testament account wholly from the point of view of Matthew will be seen from the fact that only fifty-five verses of Mark (the earliest Gospel) are absent from Matthew and these all are points of no consequence except as color, or else they are details covered in connection with other material in Matthew; and that while the material according to Luke is more numerous, it is either connective in nature (a result of literary necessity), additional color and trivial detail, or material of varying importance.

Matthew is not perfect, and it is always easy from the perspective of almost two thousand years to pick all manner of minor flaws and petty details of misjudgment, but the Wisdom Gospel is by all odds the account which, of the three, possesses intelligent organization and downright competency. The distinction is well brought out in the present passage. Mark and Luke were both written to be read; they were essentially propaganda in their conception and execution. Matthew, upon the other hand, possesses the mellowness of a schooled authorship; it was written by a cabalist and one well versed in every detail of the understanding and point of view of his times, as well as in the physical and political conditions of that part of the world that was the theatre of the passion story. Matthew was written as a guide to interpretation of all spiritual teaching, and all scripture. In the present instance the astrological symbol obviously was omitted by him for the reason that during the first century in Rome the archaic science of Astrology smacked as much of pure hokus pokus as it does today in most quarters, and therefore was not really to be trusted out of the hands of the initiated aspirant.

There are several minor points in the critical study of the parallel passages. Peter and John are sent to arrange for the last supper, in Luke's account; in Mark an unnamed "two" are sent; Matthew gives the instructions as indefinitely spoken to the twelve as a body—the more natural procedure

in the crowded fellowship of the passover season. The whole ministry of Jesus is characterized by an absence of a whispering apart with this and that group of the disciples, even though three of them are considered as rather the seniors of the rest. In Matthew, alone, the key phrase "My time is at hand" is revealed—a sort of password to the owner of the house with the upper chamber. The preknowledge of events, with a man to be met in a certain street, is more of the nature of the astral than the physical world, although it is true that strange "coincidences" in life will frequently give literal substance to this sort of occult display or legerdemain. It is necessary, however, to realize that Jesus was singularly free from any desire to show off. The man with the water jar is wholly symbolic, the sign of Aquarius. Of the events as a whole, it is to be noted that John shows the Passover as occurring later, but the Fourth Gospel is drama, as has already been pointed out, and so only to be used cautiously as a source for historical fact.

The certification in outer signature is the beginning of every spiritual passion or climactic agony in life. To the more enduring or deeper understanding the mere convenience of events is a sufficient sign (as in the fact that upper room was available without preliminary preparations, as would be necessary in a deliberate staging of the circumstances); but to the novitiate in spiritual things a heavenly sign is necessary. Aquarius is that one of the fixed signs in Astrology which rules the outreaching of inner desire; its use to identify the new "Aquarian Age" is superficially correct enough to serve its purpose here, and give color to the "narrative" Gospels.

The spiritual teaching of the passage lies in a realization of the place of Astrology in a higher or spiritual understanding. There is little doubt but that Jesus, and Matthew who presents him, were both grounded in the arcane science (probably not in its genethliac or judicial branch); however, that the Bible student should study the science, unless he intends to fit himself for very specialized spiritual work, is never to be recommended. As even Claudius Ptolemy, the oldest known authority upon horoscopy, pointed out, experience with life itself should always precede any particular or definite training in the recognition of the symbols interpreting, and the cycles underlying life; and it is because of this that esotericism (so abused in the modern world) first came into being.

The personal application of the passage lies in the necessity of bread-breaking or group fellowship in all spiritual work. There must be an "upper chamber" of fellowship in all higher seeking. Even the race has developed the family (and the increasingly larger and inclusive units of group conscious-

ness), as well as the "chosen people" or invisible fellowship of those who seek to leaven the race and advance their own spiritual evolution. In the family the father is priest (actually, among the Jews and Orientals), and there must be a priest (or cen-

tral nucleating influence) in all life, together with its Passovers and other occasions for a refocusing of centers. Therefore Jesus has to draw his disciples apart, and even in the face of the greater things serve as their father or priest for the moment.

The wise employee will send the counter thought to his employer and change the vibration.

A Tear

RIGHT, tremulous drop,
Say, what are you?
On violet leaf—
Diamond or dew?
Or yet heaven's gem
Fallen down to earth,
Which from the sod
Brings flowers to birth?

Not here thy place,
If diamond thou;
On garden plots;
If dew, fall down.
If daily rain
Shed from the sky,
The fields around
Then fructify.

"No diamond I;
But gem more dear;
Not dew my name;
I am more clear;
I was not born
In heights above;
Lowly the state
From which I sprang.

"Angels love me,
And greet me so;
Bathe their bright wings
In my drops' glow.
What am I here?
A little tear.
Secret I roll,
Within shines clear
A world—the Soul!"

—Gaspar Bela Daruvary.

The Thunder Maiden

BY JEANNE L'ESTRANGE CAPPELL

ONCE THERE was a young Indian hunter who had taken his long fast, and the Great Spirit had given him his song and his medicine, so he was ready to start out and find a wife for himself and make a home of his own. He was strong and brave, as well as handsome, so he thought he should have some one extra fine for a wife. He went through the villages looking at all the maidens. Some were too fat and some were too thin. Some were too tall and some were too short. Some were pretty but had bad tempers. Some had lovely dispositions but were ugly to look at.

So it went on until the old men said he would never find a wife because he was too particular. But the young man said he knew the Great Spirit had a wife for him somewhere and that he would not take any until he found the right one. So he traveled to another village and looked about, but it was the same old story. He went to still another village to look, but they were no better than the first, and no one suited him.

So one day he gave it up and went into the forest to hunt. He saw a beautiful deer and started to follow it. The deer let him keep close enough to be seen, but not close enough to be shot and killed. At last it was almost dark, the deer was gone and the young man stood alone on a high hill. Ahead of him he saw nothing but a great rock that towered high up into the sky. It grew dark and the clouds rolled up black and threatening. The thunder and lightning started and he was far from his home. He looked about him for a shelter, but there was none. He looked back toward the rock again, and there standing in front of it, was a beautiful maiden. He put away his arrow and looked again, thinking it might be only a vision, for she was the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen.

He went over to where she was and said to her, "Who are you, and where do you come from?"

"I am the Thunder Maiden," she said. "My brothers are the Thunder Men and my father is the Thunder God." Then she asked, "Won't you come with me and visit my land and my people?"

He answered that he would go. She laid her hand on the great rock and it opened and showed a pathway, up, up, up into the sky.

When they were through the rock pathway, they came out into a new and wonderful country. It was more like a big room, for the ground and walls were all clouds of every shade, black, purple, light blue, pink, gold and silver and as soft as the finest silk velvet. It was so beautiful that the young man could only stand and look. The girl's dress and cloak were of soft silver and when the

gentle wind blew them about, he saw that they were all lined with gold. Her hair, which was long and hung about her shoulders, was black as midnight.

She led the stranger to her father, who sat on a throne of clouds, which were dark purple all streaked with pale lavender. His hair was white and long and seemed to float around him like the mists that trail across the sky at sunset. His dress was black, lined with gold.

"Father," said the maiden, "here is a young earth being who has lost his way, and I have brought him home with me."

"Welcome, my son," said the father who was the Thunder God. "Would you like to stay here and live with us?"

Before answering, the young man looked at the maiden and thought how long he had searched for just such a wife as this, and he answered, yes, that he would like to stay.

At evening the sons of the Thunder God came home and they asked the young earth man to play ball with them. They did not throw the ball, but rolled it across the sky and the game was to see who could roll it the farthest. They were much pleased to see that the young stranger could roll the ball *almost* as far as they.

Next day when the sons went out to play they asked the young earth man to go with them. They fastened on large purple wings and the thunder maiden brought a pair of them for the young earth man. They took bows and arrows of gold and silver and told the young man that they must not shoot close to the earth for they might hurt some of the people who were their friends,—that they must not shoot the trees for *they* were friends,—but that in the south, there lived a great ugly bird, who was their enemy, and if he saw *IT* he could shoot as straight and as often as he wanted to.

They rolled their balls across the sky and shot their silver arrows until the earth people said, "Hear the thunder and see the lightning."

Then the little rain people became frightened and threw down their raindrops and ran home, so the earth people said, "It rains, too."

For a long time the young man was happy, then he began to think of his home and his people. He wanted to hunt the deer instead of rolling balls, he wanted to fish in the deep cool lake, and he thought it would be finer to float down the river in his canoe than float around in the sky on purple wings.

One day the Thunder God said to the young man, "Why are you sad? You do not take any pleasure here any more." Then the young man said

he wanted to go back to the earth. He did not like to leave his friends, the Thunder People and most of all he did not like to leave the beautiful maiden, but that he was homesick for his own country. So the Thunder God told him it was all right, that he could go.

So the pretty Thunder Maiden gave him his wings and looked sadly after him as he flew away with her brothers back to the earth. They flew to the top of the great rock, then the brothers flew away and left him there alone. The earth people were frightened, for they said, "How close is the thunder and the lightning today, we will all be killed."

But when the clouds were cleared away, there

was the young man standing alone on the hill. They all remembered him and his sudden disappearance and had thought he was dead. Then he told them all about his wonderful experience in the land of the Thunder People, of the great Thunder God and his sons and of his beautiful daughter.

He never found any one who suited him as well as the Thunder Maiden so he never had a wife. Some times he would be lonely and wish he had stayed in the Thunder Land. Often during a thunder storm he would go out and look up at the sky where the lightning was, and the Thunder Maiden, who was so sad when he left, would go out and look down and sometimes they would get glimpses of each other through the cracks in the sky.

— — — — —
The parish priest dares not to let his fancy roam in
untried realms of logic.
— — — — —

The Gospel of Goodness

BY JULIA SETON, M. D.

JHE NEW religion of goodness is slowly, but surely, sweeping over the world. Humanity is opening its eyes to see that religion is not found in creeds of priests of dogmas but is born from what men do under the pressure of life itself.

It has taken time and many racial experiences to come to the realization that religion worth while is that something which makes for world safety, and this safety can only come when we learn to transfer the impetus of our own desires to the great world-field of human endeavor and through will, thought and deed, regulate the world-life into finer and sweeter expression.

We know today that unless the higher impulses of our mind and heart can be translated into form and this form so tangible that none can miss it, the best there is in divinity will remain inoperative.

Love, truth, peace, happiness, freedom and all human ideas only become real to humanity when they become so humanized they can not be distinguished from personality itself.

We are learning to be love and do lovely things; we are learning to be free and act freely; and our own new power bears witness for us. We are learning to be just and not merely live in the idea of justice.

In the real possession of all these great characters we act the part, until we need not argue or explain; our very goodness of understanding sets the pattern.

The whole spiritual nature of the world has always been fitted to understand deeds better than words, "Do noble things, not dream them all day

long". This was the commandment long ago, and nothing in life will ever satisfy the human heart except this endless proof that behind all the laws laid down for conduct the simple one of Goodness through deeds will accomplish the highest spiritual education.

It is now and ever will be the truth, that if we want to get behind the secret of an eternal lasting religion and a religion which will stir the inmost depths of every human heart with that thrill that renews from everlasting to everlasting, we must build that religion on the corner stone of actions and not on Creeds.

God can only speak in deeds, and deeds of goodness speak themselves into the heart. "The pure in heart see God", (good) and this Goodness brings a spiritual satisfaction to every hungry heart. "A little word in kindness spoken, a motion or a tear, has helped to heal a heart that's broken and made a friend sincere".

With Goodness as the real Gospel, humanity will attain to an endless chance for growth. With Goodness behind all standards and all laws of existence, men will obtain a higher glimpse of Divinity and identify themselves with God through human deeds. Then we will find "A mightier church shall rise whose covenant word, shall be the deeds of love. Not Credo then—Amo shall be the password through its gates. Man shall not ask his brother any more. 'Believest thou?' but 'Lovest thou?' and all shall answer at God's altar, 'Lord, I love'. For hope may anchor, faith may steer, but Love, Great Love alone, is captain of the soul".

Will Durant and the New Morality

BY DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON

IN HIS lecture on "Our Changing Morals", in the Trinity Auditorium, last week, Dr. Will Durant arrived at the conclusion that morality and immorality are different only in the way the words are spelled, and that the only remedy for a rehabilitation of the fading morals of our age is to increase the scientific and philosophic instruction of the people.

That means to say that ignorant people have little or no recourse to morals. Yet, if morality is what all the encyclopedists of the world have defined to be—faithfulness to duty and unselfishness to life—our present practice of morality, as testified to by the lecturer himself—in spite of the fact of being supported by an historically unexampled advance of general knowledge—is way below the moral standards of the simple folks that lived and died long before our knowledge of the telephone, electric light, dynamic motors and broadcasting radio had opened the minds to the undreamed of advantages of knowledge and power.

Nor did the lecturer himself hide the fact that as a moral being—that is, a being obedient to the laws and principles of his own spiritual nature—the aboriginal of this country had very little to

learn from his cultured descendants of the twentieth century.

On the other hand, Dr. Durant admitted that, while in sympathy with Birth Control, Companionate Marriage and Contraception, the practice of these innovations in our society is degenerative both to life and morals.

Here, if anywhere, we have a process of reasoning which certainly defeats itself. For if a scientific and philosophic education ever has had a chance to develop morality, it certainly has a chance right here and now. The laboratories are bristling with new discoveries and the libraries are bursting with literary productions; brilliant lecturers, like Will Durant, himself, are broadcasting their mental radiations to thrilled multitudes.

But morality, for its life and nature, may require something else than chemistry and mechanics, Birth Control, Companionate Marriage and Contraception. How would it be if we tried studies in self-control, self-respect and self-knowledge.

With all due respect for the knowledge and sincerity of the exponents of the "New Morality", there certainly must be "something wrong with the picture".

Will power never cured a habit or an appetite.

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

Bedellia—"But, Oi don't understand why yer hunting' him down. Ef he's yer sowl-mate, an' knows it, why don't he shtay wid ye"?

Mrs. Rickey—"It's his shyness that makes him run away from me. He's such a modest young man—bashful to the last degree—afraid of women and all that, you know. (Pokes *Bedellia* with her elbow

and simpers.) I know he loves me, my psychic sense tells me so".

Bedellia is puzzled.

"Phwhat's that ye said about a scint? Phwhat koid av a scint is a psychic scint"?

Mrs. Rickey, patronizingly—"Oh, not a scint, my dear child; not an odor, or a perfume. I didn't

mean anything like that. A psychic sense is a spiritual perception. Everybody, of any consequence, has a psychic sense, now. It's quite the proper thing to be psychic. Why, I always know when Fred is near me—even when I can't see him—"

A long, deep groan again comes from the kennel. The dog sits up and looks in that direction. Mrs. Rickey, startled turns round and looks at the dog.

"Why, what an unusual dog! He groans like a man—"

Bedellia interrupts—"Hist, now, me loidy! Shpake a little lower. Larry don't loike yer psychic scint; an' ef me step-mother hears ye talkin' dat way, she'll run ye aff th' place—she'd think ye wus possissed av th' divil, so she wud".

Mrs. Rickey is startled and looks apprehensively around the yard.

"Does your step-mother believe in the devil?"

Bedellia—"Niver moind what me step-mother believes; jest talk a little lower, an' ye'll hav no trouble wid her".

Mrs. Rickey moves to right of stage and fans herself.

"I'm so tired. Can't I sit down on something?"

Bedellia brings the empty soap box and puts it behind Mrs. Rickey. The dog barks. Is excited at seeing the box removed, tries to follow.

Bedellia, to dog—"Go back, Larry! lie down an' behave yerself!"

Dog slinks back to his post and lies down with his nose between his fore paws; groans and beats his tail against the post. Mrs. Rickey looks closely at the soap box, dusts it carefully with her handkerchief, seats herself gingerly upon it and stretches out her long, thin legs toward the audience. Bedellia stands at her right where she can see Fred in the kennel. Mrs. Rickey puts her forefinger to her forehead and looks oulshly at Bedellia.

Mrs. Rickey—"As I said before, I'm so psychic. Why, I feel everything before I see it".

Bedellia, wonderingly—"Ye don't mane it! Ain't it th' divil yer feelin' now? Me step-mother says she kin feel him whin she don't see him—an' that's how she knows whin he's prisent".

Mrs. Rickey looks nervously over her shoulder.

"I wish you wouldn't speak so glibly about his Satanic Majesty—it makes me nervous!"

Bedellia, good naturedly—"All roight, me loidy; go on wid yer shtery".

Mrs. Rickey brightens.

"As I was saying, it is through my wonderful psychic sense that I am able to follow that dear, dear boy, Fred. I always can tell when I am near him, and—Oh! I feel him now! I could swear he is breathing the same air with me, and, at this very moment, is listening to my voice".

Bedellia is alarmed. Fred looks out of the kennel and pantomimes to Bedellia to send Mrs. Rickey away. Dog is sleeping and Mrs. Rickey is unconscious of the action behind her. She continues.

"I have loads of money. My rents give me a good income. Our life together will be one long, sweet dream of happiness. Fred never will have to do a thing, but just love me. (Smiles and wriggles.)

Fred collapses, pulls himself together, and begins crawling out of the kennel.

Mrs. Rickey continues—"I shall give him motor cars and everything a man can want".

Fred creeps out on his hands and knees. Desperation is expressed upon his face. Bedellia watches him out of the corner of her eye. He pantomimes to her to keep Mrs. Rickey's attention attracted to herself. Bedellia stoops and pretends to examine Mrs. Rickey's stockings. Dog is asleep.

Bedellia—"Thim's foine socks ye do be wearin', loidy. Where did ye git thim"?

Mrs. Rickey, flattered and smiling—"Oh, these are my very plainest ones; you should see some others I have—all lacy and embroidered with gold and silver thread".

Fred is on his feet and tip-toeing toward the gate. Bedellia pretends to examine Mrs. Rickey's stockings. Fred gets almost out but steps on a tin can; it rolls and rattles. Dog awakes, and with a ferocious growl jumps at him. Mrs. Rickey drops her parasol, turns, sees Fred, rises to her feet, backs down stage and screams.

"Oh! There he is! I felt him! I knew he was near! Oh, Fred, my darling! I've come to get you!"

With arms outstretched, Mrs. Rickey rushes after Fred, who is trying to escape the dog and get through the gate. She throws both arms around his neck and drags him back into the yard, stoops and puts her head upon his shoulder. He stands helplessly staring at Bedellia, who tilts her nose in disgust. Mrs. Rickey snuggles close to Fred and gurgles.

"Oh, you sweet boy! I'm so glad I've found you—"

Bedellia interrupts—"Phwhat's th' matter wid ye? Phy don't ye defin yerself an' not be actin' loke a choild? Sure, she can't marry ye agin yer will, kin she? Thin brace up an' be a man!"

Fred straightens his shoulders, throws back his head and unclasps Mrs. Rickey's hands from the back of his neck. He pulls himself away from her embrace and steps backward. She looks at him tenderly. He drops her hands and steps still further away. Says positively:

"Now, Mrs. Rickey, this is played out! I've tried to spare your feelin's by runnin' away—an' I hain't said what I think of you; but, now, it's come to a show-down, and this sort of thing has got to stop!"

Mrs. Rickey, surprised and staring—"Oh, darling! My precious soul-mate! You don't mean that you are not going to be mine—all mine"?

Fred, firmly—"That's just what I mean, Mrs. Rickey—and please don't call me your soul-mate—what ever that is—for, I ain't nobody's soul-mate, and I ain't going to stand this nonsense no more".

Fred brushes his sleeves with his hands and adjusts the neckband of his shirt. A short pause follows while Mrs. Rickey tries to collect her wits. She backs down stage to extreme left and extends her arms.

"B-b-b-but, Lovey! Don't say you aren't going to be my sweetie!"

Again Mrs. Rickey rushes up stage at Fred. He awaits her approach and as she is about to grab him, ducks under her outstretched arms and dashes down stage. Missing him, she turns and runs down stage after him. Both dodge about until Fred puts the soap box between them. She makes one more wild rush to catch him, trips over her parasol and falls forward. He catches her; she winds her long arms around his neck and gurgles.

"At last! At last, my own!"

Fred disengages himself from Mrs. Rickey's embrace, stands her squarely upon her feet and holds her off at arm's length.

"Now, Mrs. Rickey, this is the finish!"

Mrs. Rickey manifests anger, walks mincingly around the soap box toward Fred. He recedes as she approaches. She stops, turns and, with her eyes glaring furiously, points her finger at Bedellia and screams

"You have captured him!"

Bedellia tosses her head, and puts her hands on her hips.

"Faith, an' he's naw pris'ner o' mine!"

Mrs. Rickey turns fiercely to Fred—"Do you love me, or do you not"?

Fred, emphatically—"I love you not! NOT!"

Mrs. Rickey stamps her foot angrily—"You are a NOT!"

lizard—a cootie!"

Fred—"Which"?

Mrs. Rickey shouts—"Both"!

Mrs. Rickey stoops to pick up her parasol. Fred is ready to take to his heels if she should attempt to strike him. She gets a firm hold upon the parasol and bangs its top upon the stage. Fred jumps. She shouts.

"I shall go to the firemen's ball, this very night and find myself another soul-mate—one that will appreciate me"!

Mrs. Rickey glares at Fred and Bedellia, turns, switches her skirt spitefully and starts toward the gate; stumbles over a tin can, stops, glares at it and knicks it across the stage. Fred and Bedellia giggle. Mrs. Rickey frowns at them, tosses her head, elevates her chin and exits through the gate. Fred sighs relief, looks at Bedellia and both giggle. He offers his hand.

"Say, little girl, you're a peach. May I come again sometime"?

Bedellia takes Fred's hand and looks self-conscious.

"Sure, an' ye may—sometoime, afther ye've had

yer dinner, an' whin me step-mother's gone t' church—"

Through the window Biddie has just seen a man talking to Bedellia. The door of the shanty flies open and Biddie appears on the top step. She is wildly flourishing a big blackthorn shillelah and shrieks.

Biddie—"Howly Mary, mither av God! 'Tis a man on me premises"!

Rushes at Fred with the shillelah.

Bedellia—"R-run fer ye'r loif, Fred! Th' auld woman is afther ye"!

Fred makes a dash fo rthe gate. Larry guards it and will not let Fred pass. Bedellia rushes into the shanty and bangs the door. Fred leaps the fence and disappears down the sidewalk. Biddie stands in the center of the stage and shouts.

Biddie—"Bad cest th' spalpeen! He'll be kilt intiorly whin he comes agin"!

CURTAIN!

PEACE BE UNTO YOU.

— IMPORTANT INFORMATION —
For Business or Crops

MOON'S SIGNS and quarterly changes can be used with profit. A simple, correct, proven method now being used by many successful farmers, gardeners, orchardists and poultrymen shows how to increase both quantity and quality of your crops without extra labor or expense.

Many report amazing results; once tried always used. The "Moon's Sign Book" is a Daily Guide of Nature Secrets of the kind which you can use in your work and add greatly to your earning power.

The information can be used in business, social personal, industrial and agricultural affairs.

★

The Moon's Signs, rightly used, add Power to Your Efforts — Profit to Your Purse

★

Send \$1.00 now for 1929 "Moon's Sign Year Book"—24th annual edition—full of information

★ ★ ★

LLEWELLYN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Astrological Bldg., 8921 National Blvd., Palms,
Los Angeles, California

Descriptive circulars of "Moon Book" and 100 page catalogue sent free upon request.

An Esoteric Reading of the Birth Chart

Vocational Analysis
General Reading

What is your problem? And what in particular would you like to know? Perhaps I can help you. Give full birth data, including the hour and place of birth. Terms on application.

W. H. SCOTT

121 Fifteenth Avenue North,
Seattle, Wash.

IF YOU are in harmony with the vibration of THE OCCULTIST and have a desire to extend its field of helpfulness, pass your copy on to a friend and ask him or her to send their subscription in.

THE TORCH

aims to present to its readers, through the teachings of the **Science of Astrology**, the **surest** and **swiftest** way to **real** and **lasting** Success!

We believe and endeavor to teach that the Individual can **eliminate** uncertainty and wasted effort and **unerringly** pursue a policy of practical, constructive, worth-while work bringing **sure** Success and Happiness!

The Torch also advocates Health Restoration through **Natural** means as opposed to the present craze of drug, knife and serum therapy!

Every issue contains **live** articles on Astrology and Health written from a constructive, straight-from-the-shoulder angle! Many of these are written by the Editor, Mrs. Ada Muir, personally, who has a record for excellence in the casting and interpreting of Horoscopes

Send Twenty Cents today for an Introductory Copy! Two Dollars for Twelve Issues!

Address

The Torch

22 Court House Block, 812 Robson Street,
VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE OCCULTIST'S ADVERTISING COLUMNS

Are increasing in value. The steady, consistent advertiser of a worth while service [and none other is solicited] will get results. This magazine serves humanity. DO YOU?

Emily M. Malster

D. A., F. A. S.

Vocational Analyst

Your Questions Answered. Your problems solved. Find your place in the world.

Your Birth Chart or Progressed Directions worked out and explained.

263 S. Lake St. Los Angeles, Calif.
Phone DUnkirk 2670

O. W. LE MAR

3915 Brooklyn Avenue

Will find your correct birth hour. Give day month, year, place of birth; send a personal description with one dollar, and be sure to date your letter when starting to write.

EAST-WEST BOOK STORE

KEVAH DEO GRIFFIS, Proprietor

130 East 28th Street
New York City

A RADIANT CENTER

Astrological and Occult Books
and Magazines

ASTROLOGY

The Astrologer's Quarterly

EDITOR: C. E. O. CARTER

Sixty Pages of Reading Matter. Specimen
Copy on Application

One Dollar Twenty-Five Cents (\$1.25) a year,
Post Free.

10 Woodborough Road, London, S. W. 15. Eng.

Who's Who In Occultism, New Thought, Psychism, Spiritualism

For the Researcher, Student and Teacher. A Stupendous International Compilation by William C. Hartmann (second edition of Hartmann's "Who's Who"). A biography, directory and bibliography in separate sections containing over 1600 biographical sketches of leaders and writers in occult, psychic and spiritual movements of the world; descriptive articles; bibliographies and thousands of authors and their works; listings of thousands of societies, individual workers, periodicals, libraries and publishers; professional register, classified and display advertising, etc., etc. **This is the only book of its kind in the world.** It is 6x9 inches, comprising 368 pages, weight 1½ lbs.
Price \$5.00

THE OCCULTIST, 2687½ West Pico, Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Let's Get Acquainted SEND us your name and we will send you a Sample Copy of our

Inspirational Magazine

LIBERTY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Station D, Box 4364, Cleveland, Ohio

The New Phase of Food Science

COOKING is an Art, but Combining is a Science. It is a Science that either spells Disease or Health---Weakness or Power! Do you know your Problem? If not write for Pointers. An entire "Dietetic System" with non-fermentive combinations to cover a month's diet, including "Man's Relation to Disease," "Man's Relation to Health" and "Man's Relation to Food." Three Parts---all for \$1.00. Address

Dr. Axel Emil Gibson,

Specialist in Anomalies of the Nervous and Digestive
Systems

Suite 435-436 Bradbury Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SEND FOR A COPY

Science and



Astrology

1719 Ravenna Blvd

Seattle, Washington

PRE-NATAL EPOCHS in ASTROLOGY

Detailed and Practical Studies, based upon facts and discussed from sound, natural law and medical science

THE MYSTERY of TWIN BIRTHS

Related Subjects and General Articles

\$2.00 the Year

20c the Copy

Order from SCIENCE and ASTROLOGY,
1719 Ravenna Boulevard, SEATTLE, WASH.

VALUES IN ASTROLOGY

By ELEANOR JENNINGS

In formal discussion of the values of astrology in the ordinary contacts and relations of life. Interesting to students of child training, social ethics and illustrating various aspects of karma.

Closing Out the First Edition at 75c

Heavy Paper

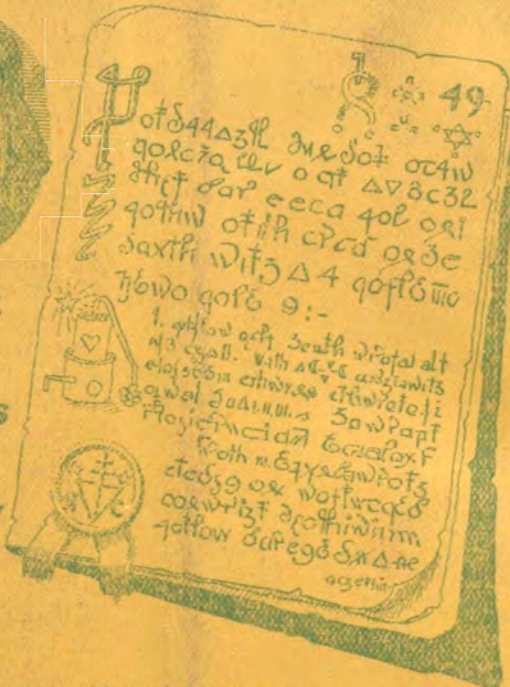
At Your Book Dealers

The Secret Found



Rare, Old, Mystic Manuscript Tells Rosicrucian Mysteries

A FREE BOOK JUST ISSUED!



An elixir for long life!
A positive prevention against disease and sorrow!
A sure means to obtain happiness and wealth!
These were the important secrets looked for in the strange writings of the old monk, Roger Bacon. For a hundred years or more he was believed to be the most learned mystic of the oldest secret schools. His knowledge along many lines proved that he was a facile worker in the natural laws. But, the old monk kept to himself the secrets he had learned—so far as the public knew. After his transition a world-wide search was made for the secret manuscripts he had written. Then suddenly, they were found! The secrets were at hand. Yellow sheets, peculiar writing, surprising illustrations, and mysterious seals. Who held the key to these things?

The Strange Manuscripts

Parts of the manuscripts were eventually deciphered. The wisdom was astonishing. The monk was super-human in his ability to control and direct nature's forces. But, the special secrets were veiled. There was some hidden key that the eminent scientists could not comprehend.

Then came the second discovery. Monk Bacon was a Rosicrucian—had been one for many years. He was the mysterious character featured in many novels and great human dramas. He was the weird Fear Bacon, who has been confused with Sir Francis Bacon. He was the world's great wizard of the thirteenth century.

The Secret of His Power

Now the world knows that as a Rosicrucian, Bacon had access to unusual knowledge. The manuscripts clearly prove that he possessed such wisdom as only the privileged few may possess in any century. In his lifetime perhaps five or ten thousand men and men and women shared his knowledge with him, as members of the Rosicrucian brotherhood.

Today, many thousands more are winning their way to majestic heights in the attainment of abundant health, happiness and prosperity through the secret Rosicrucian teachings.

For Those Who Are Searching

The Rosicrucian Order—a brotherhood of highly evolved minds—offers today to the sincere searchers for the Path to a better life, the welcome hand of fellowship. Not for a price in money, not for the satisfaction of curiosity, but for the hunger of the heart and soul, are the privileges of the Rosicrucians offered. Age-long integrity, ancient traditions and centuries of exclusive selection, have brought only the sincere and extremely happy together in this great movement.

You May Borrow This Book

A new edition of the book "Light of Egypt" has just been issued. Sincere and honest seekers may have a copy by writing a letter (not a post card) and asking for it. It tells the strange story of the Rosicrucians and explains how you can qualify in the unusual attainment of their private teachings. Address your letter as follows:

AMORC TEMPLE

Librarian B. T.

ROSICRUCIAN PARK

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

NOTE: AMORC is the American section of the International Rosicrucian Order of the same name throughout the world. AMORC neither sponsors nor recognizes any other organization in America adapting the name Rosicrucian.

Handwritten signature or mark at the bottom right of the page.