

The

PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

A Monthly
Magazine



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If you are interested, a complete file of Dr. Mystery's articles will be invaluable to you. They will be continued. The language and form of expression used are as originally given and may at first be difficult to understand. However, they cannot be changed without altering their meaning.



The
PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

RUTH B. DROWN, *Owner and Publisher*

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Fundamental Teachings

Dr. Mystery



HERE are too few individuals who recognize the separateness of the body from the soul. They do not recognize the material which forms this body.

There are too few individuals who recognize the separateness of the body from the soul. They do not recognize the material which forms this body. First of all, it is necessary to know that there is not a pin-head in the ethers the size of which is not life. All is life in its varying manifestation and the body is made of elements or little cells containing life entities which create and build and constantly work for the purpose of holding together this particular physical body just as long as the entity dwelling therein chooses to be master and maintain a positive attitude. When this entity decides that it is old, that it has lived its span of years upon the earth plane and that it no longer can maintain life in this body, just at that point these small entities start to

disintegrate because the will of the entity dwelling within has deemed it so.

We have tried to teach our pupils throughout the years that they can live as long as they choose, as long as they will to live in this body, that this body is subject to their desire and will, that they can perform so-called miracles with it by a demand that it serve them so long as they choose. But it is a duty of these small cellular entities to disintegrate that which is no longer needed and if the entity living within has given up hope, feels that it can no longer go on under existing circumstances in that body, it subconsciously releases it and permits it to back. It has lived its whole life and few mortals realize as they let go.

Perhaps you can remember in your lives periods when you felt you had reached the closing of this span of years and to all outward appearances it seemed that you could not go on, but within yourself there was a determination and a knowing that you would go on, that you were not yet ready—that great entity which is your Real Self declared that it would go on regardless. Therefore the body rallied came forth and struggled on.

It is a great dynamic truth that you are indeed the master over your own domain. Why do you not assert yourself willfully, with a knowledge, with a feeling of

security that it is so? Why do you permit fear to enter in and to cause you to release your hold upon this domain? Why do you permit the thought and ideas of others to so change your own course in your lives? We see some of you who cannot rule your own lives attempting to rule all the lives about you attempting to rule many lives, when you have not shown the ability to rule one.

We see some of you declaring "I am sick. I am tired"—all of the destructive things. But in truth *You* are not sick. Perhaps your body is in a state of dis-ease, perhaps your body is tired—but that is not *You* and it is a false statement to declare that the "I AM" is less than perfect. You can renew, you can rebuild the body at will. Won't you try it?

But do not try by saying to yourself in rather a negative fashion, "I now rebuild this body"—and at the same time back within yourself say, "This body is sick". Do you not see that you neutralize and can not possibly create if you destroy at the same time? It is vitally necessary for you to have a clear thought, and to know it. You know that you are here now. You know the reality of things about you to the extent that you declare they are. If you could but know the reality of the truth and the unreality of these things that you declare to be true—you would

be living according to the laws of God; you would not be striving ahead three feet and sliding back two feet; you would not neutralize and abort that which you are trying to born before it is even through the gestation period; you would work, create and fulfill—if you were true to yourselves, if you had the courage to stand forth and know that these are truths and that you do rule over your own domain: Most of you rule in a very negative fashion. Most of you are not true to the ideals that you speak of to others. Most of you say one thing and think another.

If you know the potency, the strength of the spoken word you would indeed be careful. If you knew the vibrations sent out through the universe in idle speech you would indeed think many times before you spoke it.

Perhaps some of you have been wondering why it is if the spoken word is so potent, that it does not react upon you with more power. It is a truth that the laws of Nature protect all life and we will say this to you and you may contemplate upon it all you like. The fact that you are permitted and have been given the ability to laugh or to cry, which shatters the ethers about you to a degree, is one of your greatest protections in your state of ignorance, so to speak. It does indeed break up the ethers and only a portion of your spoken words go out to return, and they

would otherwise create much havoc were this not so.

That is why we urge each of you to contemplate deeply upon the higher constructive things of life and to dwell in silence that you might bring back to yourself these same great thoughts and ideals. Never the less, we also urge you to lift your consciousness to a point of understanding and to realize and know why you desire things. We urge you to be the master to be the center of the universe to yourself and to rule there, not to be the center of another's universe. Do not permit others to rule your lives and yet learn to be together harmoniously, cheerfully and lovingly. As you lift yourself in consciousness you can manipulate your lives to a greater extent. Do not permit your lives to manipulate you.

Dwell upon the fact that there is indeed no death. It is a matter of change, of expression, even as the baby has a new tooth where there was none before, and that you will find yourself in a different existence perhaps than you were before. And so life goes on and when you can lift yourself to the right understanding you will know that there is no separation, that when one leaves his body it does not change the fact that he still exists. While his personality may change and does change, it changes even upon this plane, but his individuality does not change. Therefore, why so much grief at your so-called death? It is

as we have told you before, in our minds a time of rejoicing that one more soul may be freed from the bondage of this earth plane.

But remember, the longer you can remain upon this earth plane, the greater is your opportunity for advancement spiritually, the greater your opportunity for gaining a higher consciousness. The longer you may remain here, the better it is for your future. It is so very necessary that you learn the lessons that you came here to learn.

While you find that life is indeed a paradox, the time will come when the great mosaic picture will be placed together and you can see with greater vision all of it, but you are not ready for that yet. Therefore, you must learn and study and seek to know more, for only through each succeeding step can you hope to attain to the position formerly spoken of.

God is indeed in His Heaven and all is well with the universe. You may know that even though from your limited vision it seems to be a riot. Your duty to yourselves and to the Great Infinite is to fulfill from your own center, from your particular place in the universe and you can only do so from living *within*, out—not from *without*, in. *Seek* to know yourself, the Real Self. Change to the Real from the unreal and know who you are and whence you go.

There are many waiting to assist you when each and every one of you reaches that particular place. Those who have gone before have done so and you too will do so, and little do you know how close you are to the fulfillment of that cherished wish "When can I attain that I may see my Master, who will help me over the rugged place." No one can do this for you. Even the masters can not do this for you, they can only guide and assist you.

Do not place so much importance upon the source of your truth, but recognize the truth as coming direct and utilize it for your own good. Do not seek far out from yourself for something that you are unaware of, but utilize every moment which comes to you and which you are privileged to hear and retain. Know that here and now you are being given truth. As long as you recognize it as such, be not concerned about its source; ultimately that too will be revealed.

Do not waste moments idly dreaming about the time when you have attained or will attain, but be vital and alive and ever seeking that you may be a living, scintillating, vibrating, active being working out your own salvation toward truth, not one that is half dead, but one that is completely alive with life, with strength. Use all the truth, the knowledge and wisdom that you can manifest.

LIFE, MORE ABUNDANT! Let that be your slogan. Do not begin to recede but gather together all of your forces, all of your vitality and strength for the great courageous spurt ahead. Be alive! When you rest your bodies, make it a business of resting, but when you are up and about, then be alive and vital! Manifest to your best in all that you do. radiate love and life that all the people about you may know that you have something that they do not have. Be a living exemplar of the truth made manifest in every phase that you know. Be it! Live it! Create it! Woe it forth! Life, more abundant.

o—o

How I covet for the whole Church just a recovery of some such sense of God as that. A lot of our talk about God, and our talk to Him, is blind man's talk, it is beggar-man's talk. Yet all the time we might be seeing Him, we might be having Him, we might be dwelling in Him and He might be everything to us. We are craving, and imploring, and cajoling, and exerting our beggarman's ingenuities with Him, when all the time He is there for us in His Wealth, in His Abundance that we cannot find words for

We have GOD! For everyone of us there is God!

Unnecessary Speed

Norman M. Douglas

"They also serve who only stand and wait—Jesus.

"And they besought Jesus that He would tarry a while with them: and He abode there two days,"—Saint John: Chapter 4; Verse 40

Calmness is the highest manifestation of power; and it is not surprising that the great—moving slowly but surely—are noted for their easy-going mein—their patience and serenity. Some of these great ones have been called "slow pokes" and "putterers"—as was the case with Darwin: spending thirty years studying earth worms. But among these slow, tireless workers are found the prophets, forerunners, builders and true benefactors that, with time, were to be vested in the raiment of immortality.

In Gibran's work, *Jesus The Son of Man*, Mary Magdalen is given to say: "The rhythm of His step was different from other men's. . . . Men do not pace the earth in that manner It was in the month of August that I saw Him again, through my window.

He was sitting in the shadow of the Cypress tree across my garden, and He was as still as if He had been carved out of stone. . . .And I gazed at Him, and my soul quivered within me, for He was beautiful."

No other being to have graced the earth was more loath to being hurried than was Jesus The Christ. True, He is criticized for being too slow—as was the case when they tried hurrying Him "over to where Lazarus lay sick"—Saint John (Chapter XI; Ver. 6) tells us "He Abode there two days in the same place where He was." Others claim it took The Christ four days to "get going"—sauntering along until, when He finally arrived, Lazarus was dead.

Howbeit, we are assured here that this slow, easy-going mein certainly pleased God, The Father; for on this occasion the Son was endowed with enough God-speed to outwing the pinions of Death and raise the seeming dead. If, however, the hurried, up-to-date enlightenment of today is loath to accept this—and it was not within the power of this Infinite Being to raise the dead, great must have been his slow, pacific powress—none the less—for, withal, He is the only Seer credited with such an accomplishment.

Buddhists, Mohammedans and Taoists wonder why Christians—of all devotees, are given to such hurry-scurry and impatience. The most outstanding lessons

in the life of The Christ are those personifying serenity and calm. Thus, the encouraging line: "They also serve who only stand and wait." When His mission on earth was nearing the climax and his followers wanted to "hurry affairs," His counsel was, "You wait here while I go yonder and pray" Where can we find a greater lesson in faith, security and calm than is found in the repose of The Christ while a "tempest arose" and threatened their light craft? Such was His serenity here, it subdued the rage of the sea. Yet we, of Christendom, place most of our faith in the materialism of science while our security rests in secrecy and concealment of atomic prowess. What do we, that is not effected in haste—speed—or impatience? We that vaunt our *eternal* natures and *immortal* souls are ever rushing and racing hither and yon as though we were void of all time for anything timely. In such a fast age it might be excusable to cut that meaningful term "United Nations Organization" to the hurried jot of "UN"—there may be an excuse in chopping "The City of The Angeles" Los Angeles to the brevity of L. A. and there might be cause for the abbreviation of such a beautiful name as California to a single C or Cal. In an age given to such speed and hurry, we may find it necessary to forget the great Saint Francis and refer to the City of

San Francisco as "Frisco"—but during Christmas, a time wherein we would bring to mind and esteem a Man connoting Eternity—the birth and death of countless eons, Christians (the proper noun, *Christ*, meaning Chosen or Anointed) might at least take time to grace *Christmas* greetings with *His* title rather than to hurriedly jot a meaningless XMAS.

Haste is of the devil.—From The Koran.

If today, in this so called Christian nation, the inner Self (Christ Consciousness) is sepulchered with speed and noise, it is because the outer person, the material self, is fed with jittery vibrations and thrives thereon. Tax payers are informed that we need larger hospitals and greater asylums for the speed maimed and the noise crazed. Doctors and psychiatrists warn us to slow up and relax.

Relax? Verily, our speed and restlessness have raced diversions and forms of relaxation to where jittery nerves and loud noise are the souls thereof. Dancing, once a form of diversion, raced to where Terpsichore was compelled to revert to the polkas and minuets of the past. Near maddened by what today's youth wanted in jungle rhythm and racket, not a few musicians were driven away from patrons. The man known as the sire of swing, when embarking on a more balanced career, said, "I love these kids, But

they don't want music. They want noise—fast and loud!" Another orchestra leader tells us: "I didn't mind playing for the old fashioned dances; but on Friday and Saturday nights I just couldn't give them enough noise and speed. A musician of today that looks up from his music and sights those crazy feet out there pounding the maple, runs a chance of losing what sense of time and balance he might have acquired in years of training—as well as that inherited."

"Wide is the gate and broad the path that leadeth to destruction: and *many* there be that enter. Straight is the path and narrow the gate that leadeth unto Eternal Light: and *few* there be that find it."

God is not mocked. The speed and noise that would break His quietude only makes it more profound—"like a crash of deafening thunder in the sweet, blue stillness drowned. Let thy soul walk quietly in thee—like a saint in ether shod: being one with quietude, is being one with God." While the many race on toward the wide, broad gate, the few—going slowly but surely—keep the balance and sanity so necessary for continuance of the worthwhile and the Real. Among these are "Teeners" of today given to contemplation, meditation, prayer and self-mastery:

carrying in with the teachings wrought by the Master, they are a credit to their nation, their parents, teachers and *Self*.

A paraphrase from Gibran's work of *The Christ* might here be timely. They say to Jesus, "Master if then Thy kingdom be not of this earth, tell us of Thy kingdom?" And He replied, "Wherever there be a *few* of you gathered together in continuance of my work, there is my kingdom."

As for the many among today's youth, never before in the birth of this planet has juvenile delinquency so troubled those in charge. Indifferent parents, tolerating anything in the home, leave—on the doorstep of society—uncultured grown-ups that the social and ethical world will not tolerate. Moreover—and along with this, our "hurry-up" school system with the prodding teacher and speed-minded educator, are not without fault. Space permits using but one example:—"New Educational Methods Stress Speed . . . the student is taught to grasp the meaning of phrases instead of words, then paragraphs instead of phrases, finally whole pages instead of paragraphs. One educator claims that he can take a high school student reading an average of 125 words a minute and increase it to 350 words a minute. With a college student, he says he can accelerate the speed to 500 words. One youthful prodigy has developed 'photo-

graphic eyes' capable of reading six pages a minute If the day of jet-propulsion in reading has come, let us hope that when students read Shakespeare, Browning and Tennyson, they will slow their pace and pause to reflect on the thoughts that those men wove into their works. There are some books that it profits a man more to re-read slowly 100 times than to read 100 different books quickly."

Slow growth is the only real growth. Weeds and toadstools spring up over night. The strength and beauty of the *aloe* in bloom is the result of a century's care. The acquirement of real knowledge and wisdom takes time and patience. We can hurry school children into knowing that Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863; but can never hurry them into knowing *why*? We can hurry students into memorizing dates and datum—or prod them into knowing that in such and such a year George Washington trusted Arnold with West Point; but we can never hurry them into knowing *why* Arnold was so trusted, *why* he betrayed or the effect of his treason. Yet such knowledge is **expedient** in the acquirement of real education.

Grade skipping, "hurried" credit requirements, modern stimulue and the general rush in our school system is manifested in today's youth that shows a

light sense of value for the Worthwhile and gives recognition to occasional "spurts" rather than *effort* resulting from time and patience. So what? So that with all our hustle-bustle, speed and hurrying—if we had students like Plato and deans like Socrates; if we had prelates with the wisdom of Solomon; leaders with the righteousness of Akhnation—ruler of both Upper and Lower Egypt; if we had men like Pericles, Founder of The Persian Empire; statesmen equal to Aristides "The Just;" architects as great as Ctesiphon designed of the Temple of Diana—one of the Seven Wonders of The World: With all our speed and hurried education, if we had mathematicians beyond Euclid, the Father of Geometry; teachers as learned as Aristotle, instructor to Alexander The Great; scientists greater than Hermes or astronomers as brilliant as Copernius, Father of The Helicocentric Theory. With all our hurried regimens and general rush in junor schools and colleges, if we had physicians true as Hippocrates; poets as great as Homer; philosophers as wise as Confucius or with the Enlightenment of Buddha, then might there be some excuse for the speed stimulus of today and the pace we set for our children. But with all our hurried hustl and bustle, we have not only failed to produce such men but a reasonable number of men capable of

understanding or realizing the value of the mental heritage left by these: for it takes time and contemplation to understand or realize anything of lasting value or worth. With all our sacrifices for Speed's sake that we might, at least, have leisure for what is worthwhile, we haven't found time to look into Plato's Republic or Plato's Form of Government and find whether or not we have anything as worthy. Nor are our leaders, statesmen and teachers wholly to blame. The greed and selfishness *a la masse*—with rapid-fire, high-powered salesmanship; the increase in human consumption of dope, drugs and alcohol; the popular addiction to heavy cigarette smoking; the fast-selling concoctions advertised to promote pep and "Umph"—together with libertinism passed as a virtue, make it difficult for leaders, teachers and those aware of the dangers, to effect normalcy and balance.

The best excuse our impatience can find for our hurry and hustle is the needed time—finally caught up with—for leisure, enjoyment and rest. But, while being rushed at work; rushing home, rushing through meals and hushing to get out—racing toward no particular goal, how necessary is any part of the hurry and hustle?

Recently the opening of a golf season saw a sport-

ing club hurrying toward the field as though its very existence depended upon immediate arrival. When suddenly the group paused on the (only) bridge to the field. A bird's nest with two tiny eggs nestled in the center of the bridge. The anxious golfers considered; Turned back, the nest left undisturbed and their hurrying waited until time, toil and money had built another bridge.

Surely a most humane act—and one that proved this particular golf club to be membered with true sports. But there must have been laughter in the sky at claims made for our necessary haste—and especially when some of our busiest publications set seeming Urgency aside to news and detail the incident.

Listen again: recently in San Francisco a hustling crowd was stayed by a robin caught in a kite string enmeshed in a tree. Boys climbed the tree in a vain to shake the branches and free the snared bird. More busy people paused, joined the gathering, and curiously looked on. Finally, Mr: Eneas Kane—one of the crowd and secretary to the mayor—took time to find the nearest telephone and, calling chief John Kearney of the fire department, requested the extension ladder truck and crew. More busy and hurried people gathered. Ladder truck number 12 arrived, and the rescue of the snared bird undertaken

in a big way. Patiently the now large crowd watched Joseph Blakely, the driver, extend and then ascend the long ladder. Time was not spared in consideration of this bird. We saw pictures of the crowd around Mr. Blakely as he opened his hand and the bird set free.

While such incidents show our hustle and bustle to be mostly the result of an unnatural stimulus effected by the general speed and haste of a machine age; at the time of the happening, however, most of the comment thereon dealt with our lack of consideration for another's plight or pain—unless we are a witness or fellow sufferer. During the time this robin's plight moved a hurried, busy crowd to pause in feeling, the suffering throughout the world from the effects of war and wounds, heartache and hunger, was such that Mother Earth, turning o'er in space revolved in human pangs. Moreover, while we were then gathering datum on the needlessness of today's speed and was, incidently, impressed how—regardless of excuses for today's haste—Mr. Average Man, Woman or Child, has time for most anything; others, impressed with this particular incident, wondered at such human consideration when, during the rescue of this snared bird, many a stray animal, pet dogs and cats—captives in the snares of the vivisectionist, were being cut and sliced by experimenting dupes until every tender

nerve and fiber is exposed and these sentient beings die in agony no longer endurable. And yet, withal, no one—no one in power at least—was impressed how, during time-out in feeling for one lone bird, speedsters throughout the land were minutely causing human casualties that continue to overcrowd the hospitals, morgues and mausoleums—as statistics prove.

Statistics—And what are statistics to the speed-minded? They aren't as much as little black markings on white paper—for he has no time for such. Would that he might be made to witness and withstand some of the pain and suffering—the agony and grief—that his insane haste brings to others, his victims—and their relatives, friends or dependents.

Procrastination is a lesser evil than haste

Doctor Lin Yutang writes in *The Art of Living*: "Sometimes there comes to me a beautiful vision of a millennium when Manhattan will go slow, and the American go-getter will become an Oriental loafer. Policemen will exchange a word of greeting with you at the crossing; drivers will stop and accost each other and dispute the number of passing wild geese in the sky. Lunch counters will be abolished, and people will have learned the art of killing a whole afternoon in some cafe. A glass of orange juice will last half an hour, and people will sip wine rather than gulp it!"

While a normal pace is necessary; and to be held by slow pokes is aggravating, the pokes are among the speed-crazed—either burned out or necessitated to relax. They fight passage through a crowd, then stand idly on the curb, blocking traffic, while wondering which way to wander next. They push and shove their way through congestion—to window-shop or saunter along on the wrong side of the walk. Interfering with the normal time allotted others, the unnatural slow poke has time for most anything. A columnist depicts: "Thoughts while strolling; with the skurrying crowd for a spell—to suddenly find myself with another crowd curiously stationed in front of a shop window wherein a cat and a monkey lay side by side, asleep."

(To be continued)

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No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what his *is*, not according to what he *has*.

—Henry Ward Beecher

o—o

To know the ocean's serenity and depth, the waves have more to do than to play with the frailty of its foam.

Monte Zendo

A Question of Perspective

"When you feel depressed because your ideal of a Christian world seems so long in coming, remember that men's efforts to build a decent civilized order are in their infancy.

"Professor Gheyselinck, the geologist, puts it in a startling way by saying that if a cinema-film of the history of the earth were made, lasting 24 hours, man would not appear in the picture until the last five seconds of the film. Once get things into that sort of perspective, and you find that many of your depressing moods about the slow progress of good causes have no basis in fact.

"And this is no false perspective for men who believe in a God Who is from everlasting to everlasting, in Whose sight a thousand years are but one day. This whole mechanistic civilization, which makes us despair sometimes, will pass away and give place to another, perhaps drawing its spiritual inspiration from the East, in which quietness and patience and the human values will be honored far more."

Rev. A. E. Gould, B. A., B. D. in Here and Now

Truth Is Always True

"I think with you, that nothing is of more importance for the public weal, than to form and train up youth in wisdom and virtue. Wise and good men are, in my opinion, the strength of a state far more so than riches or arms, which, under the management of ignorance and wickedness, often draw on destruction, instead of providing for the safety of a people. Though the culture bestowed on many should be successful only with a few, yet the influence of those few and the service in their power may be very great—General virtue is more probably to be expected and obtained from the education of youth, than from the exhortation of adult persons; bad habits and vices of the mind being, like diseases of the body, more easily prevented than cured.

Benjamin Franklin

o—o

The purpose of man's being here is to make of himself—and be—that which, in reality, he is. And this, even the mystic terms *Strange*.

Monte Zendo

I do not have to make over the universe; I have only to do my job, great or small, and to look often at the trees and the hills and the sky, and be friendly with all men.

David Grayson

The Divine Factor

I have the feeling that if we would take God literally, there is much in our current speech, in our prayers and in our plans that would be out of date. This applies even to our hymn-books that tell us of a distant God and a next-life God rather than of a God who is here, now and everywhere. . . .

It is simple, practical, hard truth that God is relevant everywhere, that there is absolutely nothing in life where God is not relevant, and that the folly is in leaving God out and not keeping Him in. Everywhere, at every turn, in every waking hour of my day, I find God intruding, I find God coming in, the factor that cannot be neglected, the supreme factor in everything. That makes all the difference

o—o

“The world needs less heat and more light. It needs less of the heat of anger, revenge, retaliation, fighting attitudes, and more of the light of ideas, faith, courage, aspiration, cheer, hope.

The
PHILOSOPHER'S
STONE.

Is a magazine for
the busy man and woman who desire an impetus in
life to give them a little encouragement to carry on in
a world that is fast changing from an old order into a
new one. Busy minds have little time to delve deeply
Let us do it for you.



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