

January, 1924

PSYCHIC POWER

—
EVOLUTIONARY
IMMORTALITY.
—

Mind, the Master Builder.....Henry Frank

Elementary Psychology...Clarence H. Foster

New Year Resolutions..Wm. J. Bryan, M. D.

ResolveYacki Raizuzun

*At the Yuletide time, when some are gay and
some are sad, I send my thought, a sunshine ray, to
greet my friend and wish for you a year of blessings
without end.*

ember, 1924

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Christmas Greetings

Watchman, what of the night?
A new day dawns. The Her-
alds of glad tidings draw near—
Their message is New Life—Their
sword is the Word of Peace.

The Governing Law is the Natural Law. Its
Driving Power Saves.--Ella C. Danielson.

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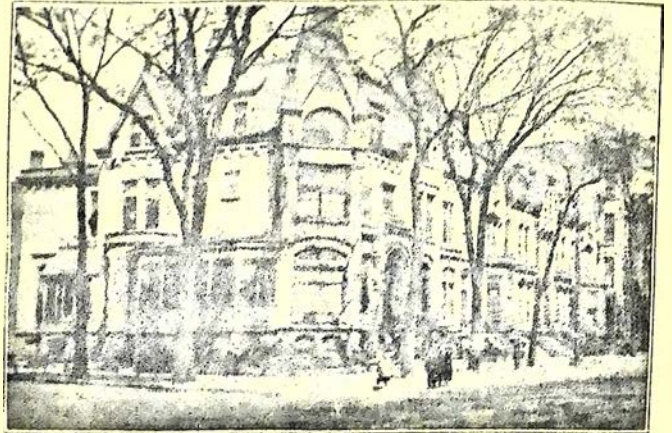
Simple Exercises to Overcome Fatigue

THE moment you are conscious of this abnormal feeling **STAND** still wherever you may be, with your feet holding all your weight. Inhale deeply. Start the breathing thought at the feet. Do this by directing your involuntary mind to this point. Let the mind move slowly upward, touching every organ, muscle and nerve of your entire body as your thought passes upward. Let the thought rest a moment as it reaches the head, at the throat intersection; traveling again in and out of the organs of the brain in a circular movement until reaching the top or center of the crown of the head. At this moment, direct the thought into the air above the head, charging the atmosphere within the radius of the aura or about five feet from the body. While the latter is being done, touch the eyes and ears in turn with the tips of the fingers.

When this exercise is completed, raise the body on the tip toes, with the hands stretched above the head and the fingers pointed upward. Bring hands together above the head, inhaling slowly and exhale violently. Repeat this exercise three times every time the tired feeling attracts your attention.

It will only take a minute or two and you will feel more refreshed than you would if you took a nap or a drink to stimulate you and in time you would be able to overcome this tendency to fatigue.

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EDITORIAL

Christmas

Christmas, as we know it, is the Mass of Christ in the Christian church, the festival of the Nativity of Jesus Christ. Apparently, after considerable uncertainty at first, both his birth and baptism were merged together and celebrated as one. The evidence shows that the new feast traveled from the west eastwards, toward the close of the fourth century after Christ, thus indicating a possible influence exerted by the preponderant Germanic element above the Roman.

When we examine the religious festivals of the Druids in the deep forests of ancient Germany, we find their principal feast taking place in the midst of the snows of winter, in the deep pine woods and at this very date. Up to this period of the year the days have been getting ever shorter, ever darker until, in that northern clime, it would seem as if they could not return to normal again. On the 21st of December, the shortest day of the year, the sun ceases to recede and gradually increases in brightness and warmth. We can imagine the thankfulness of these primitive people, filled with superstitious fears, when they saw again the upward trend of the sun's course. They came to revere the evergreen tree, which became the emblem of longevity and stability, and all their ceremonies clustered around the fact of the resurrection of all nature in the New Year leading on to a glorious new birth soon in the coming spring time.

This seasonal coincidence was one of the potent causes which eased the introduction of Christianity to the Northern people. Their habits of thought were not changed, the name only of the revered object was altered.

When the Church of Rome found itself mistress of the world and legatee of the ancient Roman Empire in 325, after the Council of Nice, in order to increase and uphold its prestige it found itself obliged to appropriate feast days and fast days belonging already to the people's habits in many lands, thus gathering to itself the reverence and co-operation formerly lavished on the now discredited Pagan Gods.

In the eternal forward march of Mankind in the search for Truth, each successive concept on the tree of religion has given way to a still broader one. This always takes place when the insistent craving of the people for ever greater Truth causes them to demand a higher conception of duty on the part of the priests of religion than the latter are capable of furnishing.

As we looked about us, at the beginning of the late World War, we were pleasantly surprised at, and

were glad to acclaim the high sounding principles so glibly enunciated and purporting to be aimed at the benefit of all humanity. When, however, after the terrible travail of the fierce struggle, the mountain opened and gave only birth to a tiny and almost invisible mouse, we were forced to admit to ourselves that we were standing on the brink of another period of upheaval, which would not end until a complete restoration of moral equilibrium had taken place.

When we saw mighty leaders of various nations, our own first and foremost, incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, we knew that indicated the existence of a moral vacuum so complete that a very hurricane would have to be exercised so as to restore the normal progress of civilization.

It has not yet come. We are patiently waiting. It is, however, merely the calm before the storm.

Let us, then, take advantage of this season of transition to put all in order on our mental ship. Let us, individually, foot up all our moral balances, note them down, and strive to fill in the voids wherever possible.

The greatest help in accomplishing this we will find in applying the grand principle of Human Solidarity, continually ignored, as it always is, in favor of profit-taking, in modern social activity. Let us ever train ourselves and our children to look at the other fellow's side of the question, thereby eliminating strife and activating breadth of mind. Let us join hands, spiritually, mentally and physically, with all our Brethren in Distress in this straight jacket we call physical life on earth, that we may soon come to see that nothing it can possibly offer us is more conducive to practical progress, both for ourselves personally and for the race, than the putting into practice of the New Golden Rule!

Awaken each morning to a new thought of Life.

Awaken each night to the manifestation of the thought of the morning.

Live today so filled with living things of life that the only decay in life is the process of reconstruction.

Our Daily Steps are our Daily Bread.

Ignorance cripples and fetters. Knowledge is power. Any man can have strength and vainglory, and gain for himself a kingdom and a throne, and still be a slave in his own temple; but to be a free man he must have Knowledge. Through knowledge only can the lamp of wisdom be fed. That which binds you today must free you tomorrow if you would not be slaves.

Gleanings

Burton C. Brown

Author of "The Finger on the Dial," "The New Religion," etc.

No truth is greater than the giver of it.

One who ventures out in any line of procedure without a definite plan of action is sure to run into a gale that will sink his craft. Foresight, developed by a close analysis of conditions, would avoid many a shipwreck.

Love is pure only as the soul is free from dross.

Nothing of importance is ever accomplished without diligent effort. The most simple inventions have been the reward of studious minds, while the prodigious labor of Edison is common knowledge.

Lack of affectation is most effective.

The mind should be a store-house of choice jewels that cast their scintillating light in a halo of glory around the individual. Perchance this is man's inheritance that he is still to grow into.

The most beautiful is that which is free in expression.

The long steady grade is what tests your stability.

Right action means action that balances all things that enter into it, with the least friction; in other words, action that accomplishes a certain result that is proper and just, with the least effort.

Obedience to the Law gives peace to the soul.

Blessed is the man who labors, for he not only benefits himself in developing thrift and health, but he is a benefactor to Humanity.

To be a hero is only laudable when the cause is a worthy one.

There is a great Sea of Consciousness all about us, in which the world of form is floating. Mankind is a receiving station upon which this intelligence is eternally playing, seeking expression. A genius is one so finely attuned to the Cosmic that he taps this immeasurable store-house, and the world stands tiptoe at the miracle of a man illuminated by the Higher Ray of the Great Unseen.

It is less painful to go with the Law than to be whipped into line.

Man is slowly unraveling what is held within his being and bringing it into expression in the physical. He is awakening to his Divinity, or in other words what was in him when he started out on his long pilgrimage into matter. He is growing slowly into a fullness of himself, and will express this to the glory of the Great Ultimate whence it emanated.

The light of unselfish service is never dimmed by Time.

The Great Work is subtle in its varied aspects, and many-angles are not apparent on the surface. As progress is made, details that are now obscure will come

into light, dove-tailing into the entire procedure as a complete, perfect whole.

The climb should be slow and steady. Remember the tortoise.

In Nature, where we see perfection we see also much imperfection, for perfection, like the harmony in a symphony, is the outgrowth of imperfect functioning.

Brutality is a hideous thing even though the whole world applauds.

You can only become conscious of the All by knowing its many parts. The scientist analyses the mass in its minuteness.

Know Folly on her throne even though she lacks the cap and bells.

Why Osteopaths Should Make Examinations

The osteopathic physician is as thoroughly educated as the doctor of any school. Four years' high school or college and four years of professional training are required by state laws, as well as our colleges, before he is graduated and admitted to the state board examinations. He has a medical examination plus—plus the osteopathic principle and practice which should make him a specialist in body diagnosis or treatment. He is trained to note points usually overlooked—the very beginnings or causative factors of disease.

A child slips or falls, twists a rib or vertebra or hip bone to the point where Nature is unable to correct. These slight or partial displacements, as in any mechanical structure, cause weakness of the related parts; a rib over the lung, a part of the spine which connects up with certain organs, a sacroiliac or hip-joint. Because of these defects and weaknesses there is less resistance to disease, hence greater danger if typhoid or tuberculosis should attack. The part with the weakest defense would, of course, suffer. That is why one side or limb or organ rather than the other is often affected. In many cases of hip disease or infantile paralysis something like this was often found—something that might have been avoided if observed earlier and corrected.

Ox-cart or intricate machine, it begins to give way at the weakest or exposed part. The natural and sensible thing is to have the ox-cart or engine or the human body carefully examined regularly by an expert who studies the mechanics as well as the symptoms, who not only feeds and oils, but makes those still more important adjustments that help to keep the mechanism running right. That is the reason for osteopathy. Other methods are perhaps as good as far as they go. But being a living machine it needs expert mechanical skill. This is just common sense and square dealing applied to the care and upkeep of the body.

HOW GREAT IS MAN?

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

Director of the Lowe Astronomical Observatory

I had been placed in the East room of the Great Astronomical Observatory, at Mount Lowe, California, one very dark night, in the midst of a dense cloud. It was my first night in the observatory, and upon my arrival, not being able to use the great telescope, I had retired for sleep. I had come up the inclined railway in darkness so great that I could not see even an outline of the awe-inspiring and magnificent environment, admittedly one of the most beautiful in the world. I slept in a room whose window opens to the east; and upon looking across the yawning abyss which the early morning revealed, a canyon descending precipitously to a depth of 700 feet, I beheld a very wonderful Mountain Summit horizon. This is a contour of wind-worn and lightning scarred rock, exposed to the wars of elements for uncounted ages, 100,000 years, or 10,000,000, or perhaps 50,000,000.

In the dawn here imagined, for this is but imagination, suppose me to be awakened by faint light coming in at the window. I am supposed to begin a research in my new home. First, I wish to know what light is. I hurry to the library, and take down a book on the fascinating science—Optics. But the book does not even commence to tell what it is; it defines it as a series of rapid vibrations of energy in ether, but does not tell what ether is. Looking in other books, their authors do not know what energy *is*, nor ether. But in these books one startling fact is stated. Light travels in space with the speed of 186,324 miles during each second of time.

Returning to the east room, the sky has cleared, and stars are visible by thousands to the unaided eye; by millions in the great telescope. The books in the library all agree on the fact, each star is a sun. Proof of this is given in great detail; arrived at by elaborate research since 1859, most of which has been made since 1890, with that triumph of human genius, the modern and very wonderful instrument—the telespectroscope.

This analysis was made by great object glasses, by which light was projected on diffraction gratings. Fraunhofer lines are shown—the lines constituting the wondrous alphabet of Nature. These can be read by expert spectroscopists as readily as can the Morse telegraphic dots and dashes by a telegrapher. The result of the spectrum analysis—which alone is one mighty department of modern human knowledge—shows that the chemical elements incandescent in suns are the same as are those in the earth. Upon opening another book on the science, on the progress of recent celestial photography, information is gained, that upon the many thousands of plates and negatives, which

have been taken of the entire sidereal Universe, there are about 100,000,000 minute points and dots in the silver bromide molecules, in the emulsion on the plates, and by means of the spectroscope, baths, prism analysis and tests, it is proven that each dot, each point, was imprinted by light direct from a sun.

I turn from my books and find that it is growing much brighter in the East, stars one by one are vanishing, soon all have disappeared. A wonderful event is coming. Indeed! it comes, it is the extreme edge of the mighty disk of the sun shining between the sides of a rift in a crag of a rock, a distant mountain peak. At this instant, the edge of the sun looks like an excessively bright electric arc light. This sends an exquisitely beautiful band of light across that "area cut out of Paradise," as Southern California is often called by travelers. It lights up tops of church spires in the great cities of Pasadena and Los Angeles, thousands of feet below, cities of marble and onyx surrounded by countless thousands of orange trees, their branches bending almost to the breaking point, with loads of golden fruit. But now the colossal disk stands on the distant summit. It is risen.

Floods of pure light stream on the peaceful vale below, where countless millions of roses bloom. I am filled with emotions far and away beyond expression, for the reader must imagine this to be my first view of sunrise from a mountain observatory. But he will fail to imagine what the two words, "pure light," mean. I am overwhelmed with the magnificence of this superb mountain sunrise, and the mind goes racing in the pleasing act of imagining what a very remarkable celestial body the sun is; how large it must be, how excessively brilliant, its energy of light. Then, supposing that I do not know of the sun, I open a book entitled "The Sun." My wonder is increased when I read, "the sun is 1,310,000 times larger than the entire earth; and contains 333,426 times more matter." Imagination runs on rapidly, and a sense of sublimity fills the mind, until on the next page all of this fine series of imaginings fall to the ground. We are told, "the sun is merely one of the smaller stars," one point on a negative plate, so small that a microscope must be used to see it. That is to say that one might come up here, dismount the great 16-inch telescope from its massive stone piers, put on the elecamera, mount the whole on space-ship, travel in a straight line during 300,000,000 years at a constant rate of one mile per minute, away from the earth, turn around the great lenses so they would be centered on the sun, hold the instrument motionless during 10 hours with negative

exposed, develop it, get a microscope, examine the plate, and the sun would be visible as a point the size of one made by the point of a needle on a cord, and all around this minute point would be thousands more, all photographs of suns. Our huge sun is but one of millions. The flight of three hundred million years would not bring us near the colossal band of strewn suns popularly called the Milky Way. At Page 400 in "Within the Mind Maze," published by _____ is shown one of the most wonderful photographs in existence, taken by Astronomer E. E. Barnard, now of the Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wisconsin; the photograph was made of the Lick Observatory here in California, on the summit of Mount Hamilton, 54 miles south of San Francisco. It is a long exposure photograph, long, so that the granules of silver salt would store the inconceivably faint rays of light that had been coming from remote suns, at the rate of 186,324 miles per second, during 20-30-50-100 and 1,000 years. The driving clock that turned the huge 36-inch equatorial telescope from west to east supposedly exactly as fast as the earth turns from west to east, to keep the object-glasses precisely centered on a definite point in the celestial vault of night, did not do so, keeping time with absolute accuracy. Thus the star-images would be blurred, so the great astronomer Barnard, with hand on the regulator and eye centered in finder, remained motionless all night to correct fast and slow motion of great driving clock, itself one of the nearly perfect clocks that human hands can make.

Just such delicate use of very accurate measuring instruments, micrometers and rapid photographic spectrum apparatus, is now being carried on in most of the great observatories. But there are some observatories which are not photographing millions of suns, and thus expanding the boundaries of human knowledge out toward infinity. Scientific men have been murdered by a few insane, who are responsible for the war in Europe. The bodies of a number of men able to weigh suns, and weigh electrons, are now in vast graves with bodies of a thousand other men, and these now moulder with the carcasses of mules.

The sun is now five degrees above the highest peak, the 900 square miles of paradise of ever living green is as a map below, the wondrous orange, lemon, apricot, peach, almond, nectarine, fig, magnolia and cypress trees, together with the graceful eucalyptus trees, are basking in the supernal light of our star, the sun. The masters of mathematics have weighed a quantity of matter thus known to be in existence, large enough to make billions of suns like our own, and all other suns. But this stupendous quantity of matter does not emit sufficient energy of light to be seen by the most sensitive and delicate light-energy storing plates. This is the unseen portion of the Universe of Matter. But it is sensed by a greater eye than that of the largest

telescope and telecamera—the wondrous eye of Mathematics. It knows, senses, weighs. This immense mass of invisible matter may be in planets, moons, faint nebulae, too dim to be photographed—or in comets, meteors and cosmic dust. From another book in the library we learn that the sun is in rapid motion—12 miles per second—from a point between the giant suns Sirius and Canopus, toward the giant sun Vega. And that it drags along with it Mercury, Venus, our little earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, 27 moons and a complex retinue of comets and meteoric streams, with not one lagging in the rear. We learn that all of the one hundred million suns are moving in every direction with specific speeds of from 4 to 80 miles per second, and further, there are a few suns in a select class by themselves, colossal white hot suns that are measured dashing through space with terrific velocities of from 150 to 250 miles per second, speeds which if not slowed down will carry them out of range of even the new 100-inch telescope and camera soon to be mounted on the summit of Mount Wilson, 9 miles eastward of this observatory. It is shown that the earth's diameter through the equator is 7,926.68 miles, and that along the axis it is 7,899.98 miles, and that its density is 5.63 times greater than if the globe should be composed of water. We are told that it revolves on its axis and around the sun, with its sister planets. Jupiter is 1,283 and Saturn 762 times larger than the earth. The accurately measured distance from the center of the sun to that of the earth is 92,894,767 miles. The distance to the nearest neighbor sun to ours, is this number of miles multiplied by 275,020, or 25,500,000,000,000, and the next nearest, Sirius, is twice as far away, or 51 trillion miles. These are our Sun's near neighbors, the others, the hundred million, being so remote in space-deeps, that the distance of the huge sun Alpha Centauri, the nearest, is used as the foot-rule or yardstick to measure them. It takes light energy 4.35 years to come from Alpha Centauri to the earth, so stellar distances are expressed in light years, by ten, twenties, hundreds, and thousands of light years, not in almost exactly insensible miles. In some pictures of suns, there are white patches. These are areas in the Milky Way, where suns are so thickly strewn that their images form a blur. They can only be separated and counted in high power microscopes. The photograph I have referred to, by Barnard, is of a small area in the galaxy, but shows between 30,000 and 40,000 suns, thus there are billions of suns in the majestic galaxy which extends entirely around the stellar sphere. This stupendous congress of suns in number and magnitude, extends into infinite space, beyond the powers of human imagination. Billions of suns exist; they may be centers of solar systems like our own, but this is

unknown, and there is at present no way of knowing astronomically.

Let it be imagined that there are one billion suns and that each has eight planets, as is the case with our sun. There then would be eight billion worlds. Imagine each to be inhabited by humans, then if all of the eight billion should instantly be annihilated, they or their inhabitants would not be missed—the suns would still move as if nothing had happened. Thus man is living on a world which, in comparison with the quantity of matter the masters have weighed, or even with the mass of the visible suns, is almost, but not quite nothing. Then what is Man and his Mind?

Natural Foods Build Endurance

Indian Runner Lived on Natural Foods

EARL J. DRINKALL, D. O.

Indian stories are replete with the wonders of the runner. Marathon races were of daily occurrence. No modern telegraph or telephone existed to communicate with neighboring tribes to tell them of danger or that herds of buffalo were coming their way.

Marathon races take endurance.

Down in Jamaica the runners with fresh fish and other highly perishable foods run for eighteen miles from the seacoast up the mountains to Kingston. That requires endurance.

The Indians, even with their strenuous lives, have lived to ripe old ages—ninety, one hundred and beyond.

What did they eat?

The Body and Exercise

As the body is used tissue is consumed. Most people exercise to consume fat, but the athlete has by training exercises removed all the surplus fat and he, in the heat of contests is consuming of his vital tissues.

It is but a natural consequence that during the usual activities of life we consume our tissues at a certain rate. During the training period the tissues are consumed at a faster rate and during the heat of the contest they are consumed at a still faster rate.

The faster the vital elements are consumed in the body the sooner is the end of our endurance reached and the race is lost. If then we would have endurance for the last spurt of the struggle we must put into the body the things from which it is made.

Our bank account is of no value and its endurance is limited unless we put back some of the same thing we take out. Rocks, tin cans, and such things, will not be acceptable to the banker in lieu of silver dollars. Neither will our bodies give us perfect function in action or endurance unless we put back that which we take out.

If we want a surplus of endurance and power for

some particular occasion, then we must build it as we do our bank account.

What to Build

The blood must be perfect at all times because it is the medium by which oxygen is carried from the lungs to the muscles operating toes, feet, legs, thigh, arms, and every moving part. If it is deficient in the least in its oxygen-carrying power the body suffers. If it is deficient in its ability to pick up the carbon dioxide and other poisons in the tissues, we give out quickly. If it is deficient in its power to convey food to the tissues our endurance cannot be built up. The vital ingredient of the blood is sodium and it must be maintained at perfect balance.

The nervous system, although fed by the blood, guides and governs all the functions of this marvelous body of ours. It is within our nervous system that we store up the surplus of endurance. Phosphorus is that ingredient which has most to do with keeping the nervous system in perfect condition and its vital powers intact.

The ductless glands, particularly the thyroid and adrenals, have much to do with our enduring ability. These glands secrete highly complex fluids which are made by the cells from the material brought to them by the blood. If the blood does not get these needed materials from our food, then the secretions of the glands are in like measure deficient.

The nervous system, the blood, and the vital secretions of the glands require not the elements which make up the bulk of our body, namely: oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, but those elements which come under the head of organic salts. The organic salts we need in abundance for strenuous exercise are sodium, phosphorus, iron, calcium, silicon, sulphur, magnesium, potassium, and a number of others in minute quantities.

The muscles which are to do the work in athletics are almost pure protein, with a negligible amount of organic salts. The composition of muscle is carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. Naturally our muscles must be built up with a sufficient reserve to withstand the strain of the contest and the previous training.

How to Build Endurance

The first great principle we must obey in the building of reserve endurance is that we must put into our body those materials carrying the greatest amount of the elements desired. The second principle is that those materials must be capable of the easiest digestion and assimilation, giving to the body energy far in excess of that spent in their conversion.

The only foods which measure up to these principles are natural foods, eaten uncooked, as the Lord gave them to us. Natural foods are the most easily digested

and assimilated and in the conversion of their contained potential energy the kinetic energy we have the surplus stored in our bodies.

The cooking of any food beyond body temperature, 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, causes a recombination of the organic salts into insoluble compounds and thereby the blood and nervous systems are cheated of their vital elements. The vital secretions are in like manner devoid of their proper elements and combinations. The carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and potassium are retained, but they make only the bulk of our anatomy.

In making the statement that the cooked foods are the most easily digestible, scientists have been thrown off the track a trifle through the finding of undigested starch granules in the fecal material of the individual under test who is eating uncooked foods and none in the individual who is eating cooked foods. It so happens that the starch granule is encased in a capsule and the saliva alone is capable of eating through that substance and then converting the granule into two sugars. The granules not so converted pass on through the intestinal tract without producing harm. The cooking of starch breaks the capsule and what starch is not converted by the saliva before entering the stomach is fermented by the hydrochloric acid into an alcohol. This ferment taken up by the blood will cause harm, and although the fecal material has been tested to prove the presence of starch under the assumption that it proved the undigestibility of the uncooked foods, no scientist has tested the blood for the alcohol. Three years and a half of eating the natural foods have proved that the nervous system, blood, vital gland secretion can be built and maintained at a surplus over the normal—this spells endurance under strain.

Some Menus

Breakfast and dinner at noon should be the heavy meals of the day. These two meals should be composed of nuts, vegetables, fruits, and the grains. Supper should be composed of vegetables and fruit only. Water, preferably that which has not been treated with alum, chlorine, or other chemical, should be the beverage. Hot water with a teaspoonful or two of strained honey and a few drops of lemon juice (Honey Tea) could be used if desired.

Breakfast

Apple or pear cut in small pieces—use as many as the appetite calls for. Cover with ten to twelve tablespoons of ground nuts. Use unroasted Virginia peanuts No. 1, almonds, and filberts. After the taste for the peanuts is acquired you may leave out the other nuts. The peanut in its natural state is the muscle builder. Put the nuts through the food chopper twice—fine knife.

Two to four bananas sliced (not over-ripe nor green).

Apple cut in small pieces.

Ten to twelve tablespoons ground nuts.

Pears and tomatoes cut fine.

Ground nuts.

* * *

Oranges and bananas.

Ground nuts.

Any of the fruits except the sour fruits may be used as outlined with nuts and give you a very valuable breakfast. Sour fruits in winter, spring and fall, such as grapefruit and oranges, will make you hungry and cold. You may also munch a carrot, turnip, beet, Jerusalem artichoke or sweet potato along with these breakfasts.

Dinner

A big vegetable combination salad with nuts, called a synode, is to be the main part of this meal. Use several of the vegetables grown above the ground, as cabbage, lettuce, celery, cucumber, tomato, okra, spinach, water-cress, pepper, and so forth, according to season, chopping them as fine as will please your taste. Then one of the vegetables grown below the ground, such as carrot, turnip, beet, sweet potato, and other vegetable of the edible root type, and they should be shredded or grated upon a coarse grater.

These vegetables may be mixed together or placed separately upon the plate, arranged so their colors make the most pleasing appearance to the eye. For instance, starting at the top of the plate with cabbage (white green), next tomato (red), spinach (green), then carrot (golden), and ground nuts in the center.

Dress the vegetables with lemon juice; lemon juice and olive oil; lemon juice and honey if the sweet tooth calls, or lemon juice, olive oil, and honey. You may use occasionally a true mayonnaise dressing made with lemon juice, olive oil, mustard, yolk of the egg, and honey. Your taste will govern the type of dressing desired.

The nuts need not be ground or flaked, but may be eaten whole. From a cup to a cup and a half of the nuts may be eaten at this meal, if whole, or ten to twelve tablespoons if ground. Do not eat nuts alone.

Supper

Supper should be the lightest meal of the day as no muscular activity is to be indulged in to work the heavier food materials through the body. With less work to do the body will rest better and the night's sleep will have been more beneficial.

Make the evening meal of vegetables and fruits.

The vegetables may be prepared as for the noon meal and dressed to suit the taste, or they may be served in their natural state and the diner may serve himself as fancy dictates.

(Continued on page 20)

MIND, THE MASTER BUILDER

A Treatise on the Philosophy and Practice of Mental Science

By HENRY FRANK

Author of "The Doom of Dogma"; "Modern Light on Immortality"; "Psychic Phenomena, Science and Immortality"; "The Psychology of Hamlet"; "Can Science Answer the Riddle of the Grave?", etc., etc.

Mind in Thought

When we think, what happens? First let us observe that when we think we speak. That is, we speak to ourselves. Every thought has an accompanying word or words. We must realize that the process of thinking by the human mind has increased in exact ratio with the development of language. The low, primitive tribes who communicate with gesture or with two or three verbal explosions have no process of reflective thinking. Their mental process is close of kin with that of the animal world. What they utter is a sort of reflex action to a sensation or vague emotion, just as with the lower animals. When we come to the tribes that have more language—that is, more words, which symbolize their sensations and emotions—we reach a plane of thought utterly inaccessible to the lower animal kingdom. And so on up to the heights where a Shakespeare or a Dante prevails, whose marvellous creations are the result of mental processes that proceed from a perception of word-relations.

The latter phrase, "word-relations," affords a hint of the nature of what constitutes a thought. It consists of, or is, the expression of a "relation," consciously or unconsciously perceived by the mind. Just as the whole universe (that is, the infinite units of which it is composed and their multifarious manifestations) is but a congeries of relations established between individual units, so the whole process of thinking, from the lowliest sensation to the most exalted philosophy, is but an expression or description of modes of relation perceived to exist between primary units of experience.

If we could conceive of a single mind existing with no world outside it, then that mind would be void of the capacity of thinking. No such mind, of course, can be conceived of, for, we observe, the content of mind consists of its response to the stimuli of an external world.

It is a curious statement and an apparent contradiction, to assert that the mind exists absolutely within itself and yet that it could have no existence unless there were something outside of itself for it to contact with. However, that is true.

The mind is first generated by contact. No stimulus,

no mind. The babe on its mother's breast illustrates this. We all agree that the new born babe possesses no thinking mind. This is true if we refer to a mind consciously thinking. The babe undoubtedly is not aware that it thinks. Its actions are all reflex and mechanical. Nevertheless, the babe's mind even at birth already thinks in some way (we call it unconscious) because it performs intelligent acts; that is, it unconsciously discerns logical relations.

How do we prove this? Of course the baby does not consciously know that it must live. The fact, however, that it is born indicates, in the plan of Nature, a disposition of continued existence. Naturally the child is unaware of this. However it proceeds to act at once as if it were aware of it; for it performs the very act that assures its growth and continuity. Just as a chick scratches at once when released from its shell, so the babe at once instinctively sucks at its mother's breast, that it may live; this is its first act; nature compels it. But you say, this is a pure reflex or mechanical performance; which is true. Notwithstanding, the child in this very act already exercises a certain mental process, as we shall see. It perceives, at first unconsciously, the presence of the maternal breasts. At this primitive stage it is very questionable whether the babe perceives the existence of the mother. Doubtless it feels, it may not yet see, the teats presented; but the presence of the mother, or the body presenting the breast, is doubtlessly unperceived. Nevertheless, instinctively it begins to suck with but the slightest guidance. The instant the lips of the babe touch the teats a performance begins that indicates an initial mental process. For the fact that the lips suck is proof that the child has instinctively perceived a logical relation. Lips and breast meet; a contact; the relation is perceived; the child sucks. If the child did not proceed to suck, then it would be apparent that no relationship had been perceived. But the child knows unconsciously that the teats are there for its lips to use. In short, a logical relation between lips and teats has been perceived, and the vague discernment of that relationship results in the function of sucking. From that instant, the intelligence of the child, or its capacity to think, develops proportionately to its ability to perceive the relation between things.

Now, when it comes to solid foods, the child must first be fed. Why? Because it has not yet perceived the logical relation between the food and its mouth, or the use of that kind of food to satisfy its hunger. Instinctive impulse does not prompt the child to take any other food than that offered by its mother's breasts; therefore, the mother must teach it to take solid food into its mouth. That is, the relation between solid food and its mouth must be taught the child, to the end that its hunger be appeased. By the very fact, however, that an understanding of this relationship has been established in the child's mind proves that it has acquired a process of thinking, however initial.

From the growth of the instinct of appetite in the child, we pass on to the acquirement of language to show that every thought is accompanied by a word.

Who has informed the child that an object has a name? No one. Yet instinctively the child struggles to invent a name for every object it craves. How entrancing are the efforts of infants to give names to things! Each child has its own language in the primitive stage, and strives, often with great difficulty, to speak the words it has invented. How we laugh at these efforts! How often it happens that only the mother, on terms of intimacy with the infant, is able to translate its funny little sounds into language that elders can understand! For, just as the primitive man began speaking by merely making sounds in his mouth or with his tongue, so the little infant begins its achievement of language-speaking.

When at last the child has acquired a vocabulary, think how many things it has learned to know by name. Some philosopher has said that a human being learns more in the first two years of his existence than in all his remaining years on earth. This is probably true; because the two-year-old infant has acquired a name or a word for an infinite number of objects. And, remember, with the acquisition of each name it has achieved a thought; for each name of an object is merely the symbol of a relation that the object bears to the mind perceiving it.

This is the key to the evolution of language. We have gone ages beyond the old days of ignorance when languages were supposed to have a divine or supernatural origin. The legend of the Tower of Babel is not only a myth but presents a false mythology. Language is merely the outcome of natural evolution. *The history of human languages reveals the history of the human mind.* This is as true as that the story of a human skull reveals the evolution of a human body.

Having, then, established that thinking is merely the process of discerning the relation between things, we find that knowledge is commensurate with the experience of the individual. The great number of objects a man perceives (that is the proportion of his

experiences) determines the activity of his mind, his capacity to think. It is for this reason that the traveled man is really so much better educated than the mere book-man. For the traveled man more easily recalls his experiences (his observations, contacts, emotions) than the man who labors merely with words on a printed page and struggles to retain in his mind the relation between those words and his mind.

When an object deeply impresses one (that is, awakens an emotion), the relation between the perceiving mind and the object is so profound that its memory becomes instinctive. Mere words upon a printed page seldom awaken intense emotions; when they do, they start a process of thinking because the relation between the words (or the incidents they portray) and the mind of the reader becomes intimate and intense. But when the eye perceives a picture illustrating an incident or a thought, the relation between the mind and the object is more vividly impressed and, as a consequence, the memory of the thought or incident is more vivid. For that reason the method of illustrating books is valuable; not merely because it entertains but because it intensifies the conscious or unconscious relationship developed between the mind and the object.

But, at this juncture, a more important fact must be apprehended before we realize the full value of this analysis. Thus far thinking has been made to appear as a very simple process: merely the discernment of relationship. But it is not so simple. There is a vast mental process going on continually within us, of which we are wholly unaware. True, the process is identical in its nature with the process of which we are aware. But, parallel with the activity which we recognize, there is another plane of activity of which we know nothing at the time. Because of these two planes of mental action some writers have contended that man possesses two minds. Of course, such a classification is both unnecessary and confusing. If we possess two minds, because of these dual planes, we might as well argue that we have three or four or a dozen or any number of distinctive mental planes or separate minds. For there are profound and as yet unexplored depths to the human mind. We shall, perhaps, be able better to understand this process if we consider what I believe would be a proper term to use, namely the *affinity of thoughts*. We will recall what chemistry informs us about the affinity which exists between the elements, and how, because of this affinity, an infinity of chemical substances has been evolved by nature and even by man in the chemical laboratory.

Now we learn that thoughts assemble and group together just as the chemical elements do. There is an affinity between thoughts as there is between atoms. They attract each other; they form groups. For in-

stance, the mind perceives a certain "thing" it calls, say, red; another it calls blue, another yellow, etc. Why is it that when the mind thinks of one of these it instinctively recalls another? It finds itself compelled to do so, and in order to relieve itself of the confusion that might arise between them as well as to hold them in a single group apart from all things else, the mind seeks and finds a single word which symbolizes each and all of them. That word is "color."

There is no such thing as color in the universe; but there are colors. The mind perceives colors (a sensation) and thinks color (an imaginary concept). If we knew enough of the history of the evolution of human sight we would doubtless discover that there was a time when all the colors in the spectrum were not yet perceived by the human mind.

Doubtless, there was a gradual perception of these colors respectively; perhaps only the more intense, such as red and yellow, were at first discovered and slowly afterwards the less conspicuous hues. Possibly we have an atavistic illustration of this fact in the occasional existence of a color-blind person. All the colors have been lost to his vision save one. Perhaps primarily there was but one color seen by the very primitive man who gradually, by the advance of his experience, came to the discovery of the others. But, at last, when man perceived all the spectral hues he also perceived a relationship between them which was so intimate that he could not separate the single colors in his mind without recalling the rest, and therefore found it necessary to group them altogether under a single classification which he termed *color*.

But in doing that he learned through the affinity of group-thoughts the process of mental generalization or abstract concepts; that is, by this process, he advanced from being the mere scientific observer to the standpoint of the reflective philosopher. But the culmination, no less than the beginning of the process, was the outcome of the instinctive affinity which exists between thoughts.

Now comes a curious law of the human mind. *When thoughts have by affinity assembled into groups which symbolize a mental generalization, then that process of grouping, as well as the reflective generalization, both pass out of conscious activity and become a process of unconscious mental energy.*

Let me explain what I mean by this law.

When you mention "color" what happens in your experience? Perhaps, instinctively, a certain color, red or green, leaps into consciousness; or possibly there is but a vague suggestion or faint notion evoked in the mind without any particular color appearing. If a certain, distinct color leaps into the mind on thinking of the generic or group-name, it means that something has taken place in the experience of the person perceiving it which has caused him to realize

the existence of an intimate relation between himself and that special color. He may have known a girl who wore a red shawl that especially impressed him; or a woman may have been impressed by a deep-blue tie a friend had worn; if the notion of color is entertained by those persons, these particular hues will leap, from the spectrum, into their minds. But what of the other colors in the spectrum? The mind was also acquainted with these grouped under the general term. Now, where are the other six colors of the spectrum, when the mind perceives or conceives of only one?

They are still in the mind and the mind holds them in thought, though strange to say the mind does not know or is not aware that it is thinking of them.

This illustration leads us to understand that there are two or maybe more planes of mental activity which function simultaneously and parallel with each other nevertheless mutually unaware of each other's existence. This sort of experience has caused modern psychologists to divide all mental processes into the two planes of the Conscious and the Un (or sub-) conscious. Some psychologists prefer three planes as—the pre-conscious, the conscious and the subconscious. There are numerous planes, as we have already intimated; but these three, or at least two, are the most conspicuous. To describe these planes: Within the conscious all is entertained of which we are at the moment aware or intimately concerned with. The pre-(or fore)conscious is sometimes called the "marginal" realm, in which the conscious is fringed with partially aware experiences, yet not clearly discerned: as when I now, looking at my typewriter, see also rays of light, colors of keys, outlines of library shelves, etc., but take no special notice of them; the sub or unconscious is that realm into which all experiences have sunk in oblivion, with the capability of being recalled on occasion.

Now the point I am here stressing is this: These two or three or more parallel planes of mental activity are the outgrowth or evolution of the natural affinity of thoughts and their instinctive classification into distinctive groups. In the last analysis they all sink into unconscious groups. Observe, I say, "unconscious groups;" for their grouping is a wholly unconscious process. We are not aware that the mind is thus grouping its experiences; it does it of its own accord, or in accordance with the laws of its nature.

But in organizing these groups the mind, as I have already intimated, does more; it also conceives of reflective generalizations, or underlying principles, and thus constructs the plane of those potent functions we denominate as Memory, Imagination, Reflection, Reason, etc.

Later we shall consider these more in detail; but at this point it is well to note that the functions of mem-

art, imagination, reflection, etc., are widely unconscious processes or functions. In fact, memory and imagination, not to speak of reason, are unconscious activities—for reflection is a far more unconscious procedure than we have commonly admitted.

Now, the very fact that there is a natural and instinctive affinity existing between thoughts amounts to an indication that possible what we call thinking, is not really a conscious exercise of the mind, but is nothing more than a process of *thoughts thinking thoughts*.

Little do we realize how thoughts arise within us. We are proud to declare that we are the originators of our own thoughts, and especially when such thoughts are valuable to the race or in solving cosmic problems our pride is gratified in believing that they are *de novo* and original. Nevertheless, the science of psychology to a degree humbles us, for an analysis we learn that every thought is the offspring of a preceding thought. Slowly we are coming to realize that there is no such thing as absolute originality, and even relative originality is considerably limited. All thoughts in the human mind are inter-related. No individual ever thinks save by the stimulus of a preceding thought either in his own mind or in the mind of another. When another's thought impinges on the mind of an individual something occurs like a film striking on a metal or hard substance; it evokes a spark—that is another kindred thought. That offspring-thought we call our own, whereas it is but the official correlate of another's thought.

Thus comes all thinking: *Thoughts Think Thoughts*.

As this paragraph is to prove a moment to consider the nature of education. The more thoughts we come in contact with the more thinking will develop in our minds. All education is proportionally valuable as it evokes apparently original thoughts in the learner's mind. Therefore, Platon declared that "reading makes the full man; writing the empty man," because by reading we imitate thoughts, by writing we create thoughts. One thought evokes another thought, and the more thoughts of others we imitate the more thoughts of our own are evolved.

But concerning the true method of education, modern psychology has discovered this important and profound law: *The process of thinking is chiefly an unconscious process instigated by the subconscious mental plane by conscious thoughts first impinge on the mind.*

The educational value of this law lies in the encouragement it affords students to absorb from others as many thoughts as possible; for, thoughts, as we have been stating, having a natural affinity, a thought from another's mind may penetrate to one's own mind another thought of the highest value is created and

re-created. This law lies at the foundation of all successful inventions. No invention ever came about out of hand, directly created and immediately. All are the product of the events and mental processes. Each invention has come into existence because of some preceding invention, obedient to the law of the Affinity of Thought.

Likewise in the art—in poetry, the drama, sculpture and architecture. No individual genius in these places, not excepting even Shakespeare, Milton, Dante or the souls that trod Parnassus, has been exclusive or original; each is a borrower, an exploiter or a thief, however unconsciously, from the effusions and creations of those who have preceded.

As proof to oneself that apparent conscious thinking is chiefly an unconscious process, all one need do is to attempt to write an essay or a letter. He will soon discover strange and unwelcome thoughts leaping into his mind, of which he little conceived when he sat down to his task. Thoughts are then conjured by a mere stroke of the pen or an accidental word that may have dropped on the page. An extemporaneous speaker little realizes whence comes the eloquence that flows so fascinatingly from his lips; howbeit he thinks while speaking that the process is wholly conscious and under his control. But it is not; the larger fund of his information and the inspiration of his rhetorical phraseology emanate from the profound depths of himself of which at the moment he is wholly unaware.

I once heard an orator who rose to the supreme heights of eloquence; when approached ten minutes after his effort by a reporter to supply him with notes for his paper, the orator looked blank and declared he could not possibly accommodate him, for he could scarcely recall a single word that he had spoken. The unconscious was the inspired orator; not the man speaking. Here then, are the laws already set forth and explained:

First: There is between all thoughts a natural affinity that compels their classification and grouping into philosophical generalizations.

Second: All thoughts are the offspring of other thoughts emanating from the unconscious plane of mental activity. Therefore, in the end, all processes of thinking are unconscious processes.

Third: Conversely, all unconscious or subconscious thinking is a residual of conscious thinking, reduced to reflex or mechanical action. The subconscious never thinks independently; it merely reflects, repeats or exaggerates the conscious thinking; however, this occurs only when conscious thinking becomes automatic or sinks below the threshold of awareness.

Fourth: Subconscious or unconscious thinking, however, which instigates conscious action and thought.

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STELLAR-NUMEROLOGY SCIENTIFIC DIVINATION

By ARTIE MAY BLACKBURN, B.L.I.

Cyclicality in Its Relation to the Individual

"This continuity and unity of history repeat themselves before our eyes in all conceivable stages of progress. The governments furnish us with grounds for the generalization of two laws which are truly principles of scientific divination, by which the human mind penetrates the sealed records of the past and the unopened pages of the future. The first of these, to phrase it for our purpose, is the law of correlated simultaneity or organized history of the individual. Illustrated in the changing phases of every single maturing system of results. These thoughts summon into our immediate presence the measureless past and the measureless future of material history. They seem almost to open vistas through infinity, and to endow the human intellect with an existence and a vision exempt from the limitations of time and space and finite causation, and to lift it toward a sublime apprehension of the Supreme Intelligence, whose dwelling place is Eternity." (Prof. Winchell in "Cycle of Matter.")

We scarcely need a revelation that all nature is governed by Cyclic Law. A cycle means no more than a ring, a circle; but it is a circle that does not return to itself but to some corresponding point, higher up, like a spiral thread of a screw. The real revelation that occultism has to give us, comments Sidney G. P. Coryn, is not that there are cycles in nature, but rather that any one cycle is illuminative of all other cycles; and that, from any ascertained time-period on any plane, we may calculate corresponding time-periods upon other planes.

In the October issue of *PSYCHIC POWER* there was briefly presented a consideration of that phase of cyclicality which manifests in cataclysm and the recurrence at precise periods of national tragedy. It was also suggested that this globe is even now passing through a minor cycle connecting two major cycles—a period known as the period of compensation during which the very foundations of civilization are shaken at the dawning of the new age. All the chaos and anguish of this comparatively brief period are merely the birth-throes which precede the emergence of the new order.

Not only the existence of nations and civilizations, but the physical life of man as well, is divided into periods which come directly under the influence of the planets. Everything, even our physical bodies, are built up of such planetary influences, which may be

called "astral." But pure spirit cannot act directly upon gross matter. It needs an ethereal medium for that purpose and this constitutes the astral body of things. Not the planet Jupiter, visible to the heavens, but the "Jupiter" in the constitution of man, makes him powerful; the force called "Mars," which has been breathed from the spiritual atmosphere of our globe, makes him daring and strong; "Venus" to him makes him affectionate; "Mercury," intelligent, and so on. These "planets" are the external representatives of universal spiritual powers, called by these names. Understanding, then, that the sun, moon, planets and earth are *astrals* ourselves, that their motions are carried on within our own nature, we begin to realize that fate and fortune, health and sickness, the whim of the moment and the revolution that shakes an empire are all integrated, governed, guided and controlled by cyclic laws that are the same yesterday, today, and forever, until the original impulse that called the universe into being shall have sunk to rest.

Since the Solar Logos, the ordering power of the Infinite Will, is working through these laws of periodicity to an appointed end, it is of tremendous importance that we consider the effect of this action upon us as individuals and how our reactions thereunto are determined solely by our own choice.

Whether this choice be a conscious or unconscious one, **THERE ARE ONLY THREE ALTERNATIVES** before mankind. It can **COOPERATE**, it can **RESIST**, or it can be **INDIFFERENT**. Nothing can turn that will from its purpose. But the effect of the pressure of that purpose will necessarily be very different, according to the attitude which men assume toward it. If we recognize, understand and accept the Great Purpose, meeting it with willing cooperation, there will be little or no suffering connected with the process of self-realization. The suffering comes in every case from indifference or resistance. If we are indifferent we must be swung into action. If we resist, our resistance must be broken or crumbled.

Each of us is in a definite and easily calculated cycle of destiny, linked by a planetary number to the Solar Logos, the Infinite Will. In the next article the meaning of each cycle and its direct bearing upon **YOUR** individual life will be illustrated, as well as the method of determining what cycle may be influencing you at any given time, and toward what end your destiny is bearing you.

Meanwhile, let us remember that: "There is no suffering at the present time, anywhere in the world, which cannot, upon examination, be found to arise from the existence either of a condition of rigidity, which definitely resists the remoulding force of the Spirit, or of a dulness which refuses to take account of it; and all the darkness and all the menace of the times are merely the necessary means adopted for breaking down the resistance and awakening the dulness into clearer perception." ("Herald of the Star.")

Rid Yourself of the Curse of the Evil Mind

By EFFA E. DANIELSON

Author of "Journeys Through Space"

We are constantly called upon to remove the effect of the curse of the evil mind. Upon investigation, we find that this curse is often placed upon the victim by the physical mind of another. Occasionally, there comes one who is affected by the spirit mind, of one who had, while in the flesh body, been vicious; but, the majority of cases are people who have tried to free themselves from the fear and bondage caused by the superstition which has been created in the minds of the people and handed down from one generation to another through the false religious teachings concerning life after death.

These organized groups of people who are flooding the world with propaganda against the mediums are assisted by large organizations from those in the spirit who have not come to the consciousness of the deception under which they lived while in the flesh body. These groups of organized spirits who are helping to keep alive these false teachings concerning life after death are more vicious than the perpetrators of mass murder in the World War. To be sure, there are people calling themselves mediums, who make a practice of assisting such vicious minds; these tricksters are charging fabulous prices. However, if they did not have clients whose minds were of the same caliber, they could not remain long in business. The writer was once offered \$1,000 and threatened with arrest when she refused the request of a client to throw an evil spell over the person's wife, as he wished to rid himself of her by way of the insane asylum.

We are successfully treating at this time, the victim of another who has hypnotic powers, which he used to keep this man out of work.

The law of self-control—the law of self-mastery, should be taught to children. Their brain muscles are left undeveloped and, when the child is grown to manhood and womanhood, they are unable to combat these forces of the stronger minds with which they come in contact.

Just to make up your mind to do or not to do a thing will not give you this strength. You must create the *will* to do it and force the act.

Berating your enemy will not give you strength; but calling out to the forces of nature sets into vibration a power within yourself and if you make a practice of this whenever you feel the influence of the evil mind, you will, in time, overcome its power to molest you. Bring to your mind some good person whom you can visualize; get the picture of some influential person who is known to be the embodiment of goodness. Carry it in your pocket or your purse and when this distracting thought is felt, look into the eyes of the portrait; or, carry the picture of a woodland scene that has a waterfall in it; hold it in your hand and fancy yourself a care free child. The object of those practicing this evil work is to make you think of them. When they get your attention, they have you in their power. You must have something to counteract the image of them which they have implanted in your mind.

Mediums belong to two classes; good and bad. Lawyers are in two classes commonly called honest and dishonest. Doctors are in two classes: conscientious and fake. Ministers are true and untrue to their calling. In no profession, however, do you find writers condemning the cause and traducing its representatives as in the cause of Spiritualism and the calling of mediums.

It is disgusting to pick up a daily paper or a weekly or monthly magazine and read in big headlines where these self-appointed judges are condemning Spiritualism and mediumship, because of the professional crook or trickster of the trade, both on and off the stage.

The greater part of their tirades, especially that written by the professional trickster of the stage, is for the purpose of keeping themselves in the eyes of the public, enabling them thus to continue their performances. True mediumship, if allowed to develop, would educate the people and the "dear public" would no longer fill the theaters furnishing cheap amusement, for, as with the dollar, all of the people would prefer the genuine to the counterfeit.

Their rehearsals of how they tricked and exposed this and that medium are so illogical to one who knows true mediumship that we can not help but feel that the expose in itself is faked. The writer has never had the privilege of reading the account of one that featured a *true* medium. These expositors of mediums are poor charlatans. The *honest* seeker after truth, however, reasons that all this propaganda is to save from annihilation the business of the church, the quack, the shyster and the professional trickster. When the people know they can talk with the dead and when they can consult a medium for a small fee, they will no longer pay any of these agents fabulous sums for advice or a show; and when they are comforted in times of mourning and find that death is just an enemy that can be overcome, they will naturally try to find out how to conquer this great enemy of mankind.

We should and *do* feel sorry for those who listen to these stories, for they are cheating themselves out of this comforting and beneficial knowledge; a knowledge which every child should receive at its mother's breast.

Together with the late Prof. Wm. James we also hold that the time has come when Science can no longer ignore this Truth.

If we consider all the propaganda against the survival of Life after death, it hinges entirely on old traditions and commandments or else some one's pocket-book is affected. They hide themselves behind the "dear public" in some such manner as can best be shown by quoting from John Sloan in a recent article, published in the *Dearborn Independent*. This is doubly to be deplored in a paper whose slogan is "The Unchronicled Truth." In part, he says: "The deception by which the American people are looted of millions of dollars every year, by these tricksters may be divided roughly into four classes: fortune (future) telling, including palmistry and crystal gazing; slate-writing and communication with the Spirit world through the mouth of a trance medium; reading and answering sealed envelopes, written by the gullible public and the materialization from the spirit world of men, women and children, who have passed out of this world." He further states, "that it is a fact that the only thing we know about the spirit world is that we know nothing about it. We may think, believe and have all faith in the world, but when all the evidence has been analyzed, the most intelligent, the best trained and the most accurate students of spiritual affairs admit they know nothing."

Yet, these men, who admit they *know* nothing of this great theme, are taking fabulous sums of money constantly to enlighten the "dear public" on a matter they openly confess they know nothing about. Who are the tricksters, and who are the gullible public? He also states "That the minimum sum, paid to all mediums, honest or otherwise, is exactly one hundred and twenty millions of dollars." May we ask how many churches would that sum build in which these spiritual advisers, who openly admit they *do not know*, ply their art on the gullible, faithful flock, which they are *knowingly* leading over an *unknown* road to an *unknown* goal.

Is one class of people more gullible than the other? Are they not all seeking surcease from the sorrow of the grave? Who, then, is the trickster? The spiritual adviser, protected by the church, who admits he *does not know* or the honest medium who *does know* the road over which she leads the traveler.

In spite of these propagandists, the truth about Life goes marching on and Humanity is turning into the path which leads to the great open portal of TRUTH. None can miss the way, even the propagandist, who

lies awake nights constructing new material and planning new plans to deceive the public, finds himself at this portal door. Death is the last enemy and in the long run claims the pot of flesh and man finds himself born again.

Lovers of TRUTH—mourners, and ye who are heavy laden with the burdens of the day—turn to those who have found the way; seek out the honest medium as you would select the best lawyer, doctor, business investment or where you can get the best goods for your money. Be your own judge and jury in this question. The enemy of Truth is always at work like the thief in the night. The propagandist would make you believe that they, and they *only*, have the right of way, when, if the truth is known, they are at their wits end to know what to do next to save themselves that they may keep their hold on the public. They see their doom written in *red* and know that their end is near and they are fighting hard. No true medium was ever found doing the tricks they record. Proof of Life after Death is the easiest thing in the world to obtain, when you have clear, reasoning powers, and think constructively.

Another prediction of importance comes from (Spirit) Dr. J. M. Peebles, who says: "It is possible for spirits to return to earth to send a message. This method is just as reliable as the method of the telegrapher. The time is not far distant when the great truth of spirit-return will be as *universally recognized* as telegraphing now is."

Psychical researchers claim to be "slightly interested" in spirit phenomena, but— . . . This places them in the "kindergarten class" of curiosity seekers. Real truth seekers of Spiritualism are satisfied with nothing less than its full scientific, philosophical and religious teachings, as well as its phenomenal demonstrations of proof.

—Dr. Wm. J. Bryan.

Mrs. B., and small son, John, five years old, were waiting for a street-car. Many others awaited the car, too, among them a man with one leg and a crutch. In his shrill, piping voice, John said: "Oh, Mother, see the man with one leg."

"S-h-h-h, not so loud; he might hear you," Mother said. To which John questioned in softer tones: "Why, Mother, doesn't he know it yet?"

If your newsdealer can not supply you with PSYCHIC POWER MAGAZINE, write direct to the publisher, 1904 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

EFFECT OF THOUGHT ON HEALTH AND THE BODY

The body is the servant of the mind. It obeys the operations of the mind, whether they be deliberately chosen or automatically expressed. At the bidding of unlawful thoughts the body sinks rapidly into disease and decay; at the command of glad and beautiful thoughts it becomes clothed with youthfulness and beauty.

Disease and health, like circumstances, are rooted in thought. Sickly thoughts will express themselves through a sickly body. Thoughts of fear have been known to kill a man as speedily as a bullet, and they are continually killing thousands of people just as surely though less rapidly. The people who live in fear of disease are the people who get it. Anxiety quickly demoralizes the whole body, and lays it open to the entrance of disease; while impure thoughts, even if not physically indulged, will soon shatter the nervous system.

Strong, pure and happy thoughts build up the body in vigor and grace. The body is a delicate and plastic instrument, which responds readily to the thoughts by which it is impressed, and habits of thought will produce their own effects, good or bad, upon it.

Men will continue to have impure and poisoned blood, as long as they propagate unclean thoughts. Out of a clean heart comes a clean life and a clean body. Out of a defiled mind proceeds a defiled life and a corrupt body. Thought is the fount of action, life, and manifestation; make the fountain pure, and all will be pure.

Change of diet will not help a man who will not change his thoughts. When a man makes his thoughts pure, he no longer desires impure food.

Clean thoughts make clean habits. The so-called saint who does not wash his body is not a saint. He who has strengthened and purified his thoughts does not need to consider the malevolent microbe.

If you would perfect your body, guard your mind. If you would renew your body, beautify your mind. Thoughts of malice, envy, disappointment, despondency, rob the body of its health and grace. A sour face does not come by chance; it is made by sour thoughts. Wrinkles that mar are drawn by folly, passion, pride.

I know a woman of ninety-six who has the bright, innocent face of a girl. I know a man well under middle age whose face is drawn into inharmonious contours. The one is the result of a sweet and sunny disposition; the other is the outcome of passion and discontent.

As you cannot have a sweet and wholesome abode

unless you admit the air and sunshine freely into your rooms, so a strong body and a bright, happy, or serene countenance can only result from the free admittance into the mind of thoughts of joy and good-will and serenity.

On the faces of the aged there are wrinkles made by sympathy, others by strong and pure thought, and others are carved by passion; who cannot distinguish them? With those who have lived righteously, age is calm, peaceful, and softly mellowed, like the setting sun. I have recently seen a philosopher on his death-bed. He was not old except in years. He died as sweetly and peacefully as he had lived.

There is no physician like cheerful thought for dissipating the ills of the body; there is no comforter to compare with goodwill for dispersing the shadows of grief and sorrow. To live continually in thoughts of ill-will, cynicism, suspicion, and envy, is to be confined in a self-made prison-hole. But to think well of all, to be cheerful with all, to patiently learn to find the good in all—such unselfish thoughts are the very portals of heaven; and to dwell day by day in thoughts of peace toward every creature will bring abounding peace to their possessor.

Thought and Purpose

Until thought is linked with purpose there is no intelligent accomplishment. With the majority the bark of thought is allowed to "drift" upon the ocean of life. Aimlessness is a vice, and such drifting must not continue for him who would steer clear of catastrophe and destruction.

They who have no central purpose in their life fall an easy prey to petty worries, fears, troubles, and self-pitying, all of which are indications of weakness, which lead, just as surely as deliberately planned sins (though by a different route, to failure, unhappiness, and loss, for weakness cannot persist in a power-evolving universe.

A man should conceive of a legitimate purpose in his heart, and set out to accomplish it. He should make this purpose the centralizing point of his thoughts. It may take the form of a spiritual ideal, or it may be a worldly object, according to his nature at the time being; but whichever it is, he should steadily focus his thought-forces upon the object which he has set before him. He should make this purpose his supreme duty, and should devote himself to its attainment, not allowing his thoughts to wander away into ephemeral fancies, longings, and imaginings. This is the royal road to self-control and true concentration of thought. Even if he fails again and

again to accomplish his purpose (as he necessarily must until weakness is overcome), the *strength of character gained* will be the measure of his *true success*, and this will form a new starting-point for future power and triumph.

Those who are not prepared for the apprehension of a *great purpose* should fix the thoughts upon the faultless performance of their duty, no matter how insignificant their task may appear. Only in this way can the thoughts be gathered and focussed, and resolution and energy be developed, which being done, there is nothing which may not be accomplished.

The weakest soul, knowing its own weakness, and believing this truth—that *strength can only be developed by effort and practice*, will, thus believing, at once begin to exert itself, and strength to strength, will never cease to develop, and will at last grow divinely strong.

As the physically weak man can make himself strong by careful and patient training, so the man of weak thoughts can make them strong by exercising himself in right thinking.

To put away aimlessness and weakness, and to begin to think with purpose, is to enter the ranks of those strong ones who only recognize failure of one of the pathways to attainment; who make all conditions serve them, and who think strongly, attempt fearlessly, and accomplish masterfully.

Having conceived of his purpose, a man should mentally mark out a *straight* pathway to its achievement, looking neither to the right nor the left. Doubts and fears should be rigorously excluded; they are disintegrating elements which break up the straight line of effort, rendering it crooked, ineffectual, useless. Thoughts of doubt and fear never accomplish anything, and never can. They always lead to failure. Purpose, energy, power to do, and all strong thoughts cease when doubt and fear creep in.

The will to do things springs from the knowledge that we *can* do. Doubt and fear are the great enemies of knowledge, and he who encourages them, who does not slay them, thwarts himself at every step.

He who has conquered doubt and fear has conquered failure. His every thought is allied with power, and all difficulties are bravely met and wisely overcome. His purposes are seasonably planted, and they bloom and bring forth fruit which does not fail prematurely to the ground.

Thought allied fearlessly to purpose becomes creative force; he who *knows* this is ready to become something higher and stronger than a mere bundle of wavering thoughts and fluctuating sensations; he who *does* this has become the conscious and intelligent wielder of his mental powers.

The Thought-Factor in Achievement

All that a man achieves and all that he fails to

achieve is the direct result of his own thoughts. In a justly ordered universe, where loss of equipoise would mean total destruction, individual responsibility must be absolute. A man's weakness and strength, purity and impurity, are his own, and not another man's; they are brought about by himself, and not by another; and they can only be altered by himself, never by another. His condition is also his own, and not another man's. His suffering and his happiness are evolved from within. As he thinks, so he is; as he continues to think, so he remains.

A strong man cannot help a weaker unless the weaker is *willing* to be helped, and even then the weak man must become strong of himself; he must, by his own efforts, develop the strength which he admires in another. None but himself can alter his condition.

It has been usual for men to think and to say, "Many men are slaves because one is an oppressor; let us hate the oppressor." Now, however, there is amongst an increasing few a tendency to reverse this judgment, and to say, "One man is an oppressor because many are slaves; let us despise the slaves." The truth is that oppressor and slave are co-operators in ignorance, and, while seeming to afflict each other, are in reality afflicting themselves. A perfect knowledge perceives the action of law in the weakness of the oppressed and the misapplied power of the oppressor; a perfect Love, seeing the suffering which both states entail, condemns neither; a perfect Compassion embraces both oppressor and oppressed.

He who has conquered weakness, and has put away all selfish thoughts, belongs neither to oppressor nor oppressed. He is free.

A man can only rise, conquer, and achieve by lifting up his thoughts. He can only remain weak and abject, and miserable by refusing to lift up his thoughts.

Before a man can achieve anything, even in worldly things, he must lift his thoughts above slavish animal indulgence. He may not, in order to succeed, give up *all* animality and selfishness, by any means, but a portion of it must, at least, be sacrificed. A man whose first thought is bestial indulgence could neither think clearly nor plan methodically, he could not find and develop his latent resources, and would fail in any undertaking. Not having commenced to manfully control his thoughts, he is not in a position to control affairs and to adopt serious responsibilities. He is not fit to act independently and stand alone. But he is limited only by the thoughts which he chooses. There can be no progress, no achievement without sacrifice, and a man's worldly success will be in the measure that he sacrifices his confused animal thoughts, and fixes his mind on the development of his plans, and the strengthening of his resolution and self-reliance. And the higher he lifts his thoughts, the more manly, upright, and righteous he becomes, the greater will be his

success, the more blessed and enduring will be his achievements.

The universe does not favor the greedy, the dishonest, the vicious, although on the mere surface it may sometimes appear to do so; it helps the honest, the magnanimous, the virtuous. All the great Teachers of the ages have declared this in varying forms, and to prove and know it a man has but to persist in making himself more and more virtuous by lifting up his thoughts.

Intellectual achievements are the result of thought concentrated to the search for knowledge, or for the beautiful and true in life and nature. Such achievements may be sometimes connected with vanity and ambition, but they are not the outcome of those characteristics; they are the natural outgrowth of long and arduous effort, and of pure and unselfish thoughts.

Spiritual achievements are the consummation of holy aspirations. He who lives constantly in the conception of noble and lofty thoughts, who dwells upon all that is pure and unselfish, will, as surely as the sun reaches its zenith and the moon its full, become wise and noble in character, and rise into a position of influence and blessedness.

Achievement, of whatever kind is the crown of effort, the diadem of thought. By the aid of self-control, resolution, purity, righteousness, and well-directed thought a man ascends; by the aid of animality, indolence, impurity, corruption, and confusion of thought a man descends.

A man may rise to high success in the world, and even to lofty altitudes in the spiritual realm, and again descend into weakness and wretchedness by allowing arrogant, selfish, and corrupt thoughts to take possession of him.

Victories attained by right thoughts can only be maintained by watchfulness. Many give way when success is assured, and rapidly fall back into failure.

All achievements, whether in the business, intellectual, or spiritual world, are the result of definitely directed thought, are governed by the same law and are of the same method; the only difference lies in the *object of attainment*.

He who would accomplish little must sacrifice little; he who would achieve much must sacrifice much; he who would attain highly must sacrifice greatly.

Visions and Ideals

The dreamers are the saviours of the world. As the visible world is sustained by the invisible, so men, through all their trials and sins and sordid vocations, are nourished by the beautiful visions of their solitary dreamers. Humanity cannot forget its dreamers; it cannot let their ideals fade and die; it lives in them; it knows them as the *realities* which it shall one day see and know.

Composer, sculptor, painter, poet, prophet, sage, these are the makers of the after-world, the architects of heaven. The world is beautiful because they have lived; without them, laboring humanity would perish.

He who cherishes a beautiful vision, a lofty ideal in his heart, will one day realize it. Columbus cherished a vision of another world, and he discovered it; Copernicus fostered the vision of a multiplicity of worlds and a wider universe, and he revealed it; Buddha beheld the vision of a spiritual world of stainless beauty and perfect peace, and he entered into it.

Cherish your visions; cherish your ideals; cherish the music that stirs in your heart, the beauty that forms in your mind, the loveliness that drapes your purest thoughts, for out of them will grow all delightful conditions, all heavenly environment; of these, if you but remain true to them, your world will at last be built.

To desire is to obtain; to aspire is to achieve. Shall man's basest desires receive the fullest measure of gratification, and his purest aspirations starve for lack of sustenance? Such is not the Law: such a condition of things can never obtain: "Ask and receive."

Dream lofty dreams, and as you dream, so shall you become. Your Vision is the promise of what you shall one day be; your Ideal is the prophecy of what you shall at last unveil.

The greatest achievement was at first and for a time a dream. The oak sleeps in the acorn; the bird waits in the egg; and in the highest vision of the soul a waking angel stirs. Dreams are the seedlings of realities.

Your circumstances may be uncongenial, but they shall not long remain so if you but perceive an Ideal and strive to reach it. You cannot travel *within* and stand still *without*. Here is a youth hard pressed by poverty and labor; confined long hours in an unhealthy workshop; unschooled, and lacking all the arts of refinement. But he dreams of better things; he thinks of intelligence, of refinement, of grace and beauty. He conceives of, mentally builds up, an ideal condition of life; the vision of a wider liberty and larger scope takes possession of him; unrest urges him to action, and he utilizes all his spare time and means, small though they are, to the development of his latent powers and resources. Very soon so altered has his mind become that the workshop can no longer hold him. It has become so out of harmony with his mentality that it falls out of his life as a garment is cast aside, and, with the growth of opportunities which fit the scope of his expanding powers, he passes out of it forever. Years later we see this youth as a full-grown man. We find him a master of certain forces of the mind which he wields with world-wide influence and almost unequalled power. In his hands he holds the cords of gigantic responsibilities; he speaks, and lo! lives are changed; men and women hang upon his words and

remould their characters, and, sunlike, he becomes the fixed and luminous centre round which innumerable destinies revolve. He has realized the Vision of his youth. He has become one with his Ideal.

And you, too, youthful reader, will realize the Vision (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate toward that which you, secretly, most love. Into your hands will be placed the exact results of your own thoughts; you will receive that which you most earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your Vision, your Ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration; in the beautiful words of Stanton Kirkham Davis, "You may be keeping accounts, and presently you shall walk out of the door that for so long has seemed to you the barrier of your ideals, and shall find yourself before an audience—the pen still behind your ear, the inkstains on your fingers—and then and there shall pour out the torrent of your inspiration. You may be driving sheep, and you shall wander to the city—bucolic and open-mouthed; shall wander under the intrepid guidance of the spirit into the studio of the master, and after a time he shall say, 'I have nothing more to teach you.' And now you have become the master, who did so recently dream of great things while driving sheep. You shall lay down the saw and the plane to take upon yourself the regeneration of the world."

The thoughtless, the ignorant, and the indolent, seeing only the apparent effects of things and not the things themselves, talk of luck, of fortune, and chance. Seeing a man grow rich, they say, "How lucky he is!" Observing another become intellectual, they exclaim, "How highly favored he is!" And noting the saintly character and wide influence of another, they remark, "How chance aids him at every turn!" They do not see the trials and failures and struggles which these men have voluntarily encountered in order to gain their experience; have no knowledge of the sacrifices they have made, of the undaunted efforts they have put forth, of the faith they have exercised, that they might overcome the apparently insurmountable, and realize the Vision of their heart. They do not know the darkness and the heartaches; they only see the light and joy, and call it "luck"; do not see the long and arduous journey, but only behold the pleasant goal, and call it "good fortune"; do not understand the process, but only perceive the result, and call it "chance."

In all human affairs there are *efforts*, and there are *results*, and the strength of the effort is the measure of the result. Chance is not. "Gifts," powers, material, intellectual, and spiritual possessions are the fruits of effort; they are thoughts completed, objects

accomplished, visions realized.

The Vision that you glorify in your mind, the Ideal that you enthrone in your heart—this you will build your life by, this you will become.

Serenity

Calmness of mind is one of the beautiful jewels of wisdom. It is the result of long and patient effort in self-control. Its presence is an indication of ripened experience, and of a more than ordinary knowledge of the laws and operations of thought.

A man becomes calm in the measure that he understands himself as a thought-evolved being, for such knowledge necessitates the understanding of others as the result of thought, and as he develops a right understanding, and sees more and more clearly the internal relations of things by the action of cause and effect, he ceases to fuss and fume and worry and grieve, and remains poised, steadfast, serene.

The calm man, having learned how to govern himself, knows how to adapt himself to others; and they, in turn, reverence his spiritual strength, and feel that they can learn of him and rely upon him. The more tranquil a man becomes, the greater is his success, his influence, his power for good. Even the ordinary trader will find his business prosperity increase as he develops a greater self-control and equanimity, for people will always prefer to deal with a man whose demeanor is strongly equable.

The strong, calm man is always loved and revered. He is like a shade-giving tree in a thirsty land, or a sheltering rock in a storm. "Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what changes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene, and calm. That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. It is precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yea, then even fine gold. How insignificant mere money-seeking looks in comparison with a serene life—a life that dwells in the ocean of Truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the Eternal Calm!

"How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character, and make bad blood! It is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!"

Yes, humanity surges with uncontrolled passion, is tumultuous with ungoverned grief, is blown about by anxiety and doubt. Only the wise man, only he whose

thoughts are controlled and purified, makes the winds and the storms of the soul obey him.

Tempest-tossed souls, wherever ye may be, under whatsoever conditions ye may live, know this—in the ocean of life the isles of Blessedness are smiling, and the sunny shore of your ideal awaits your coming. Keep your hand firmly upon the helm of thought. In the bark of your soul reclines the commanding Master; He does but sleep: awake Him. Self-control is strength; Right Thought is mastery; Calmness is power. Say unto your heart, "Peace, be still!"

Natural Foods Build Endurance

(Continued from page 8)

Cereals

Oatmeal, the old standby of the Scotch Highlander, cannot be excelled for food value and is easily prepared.

Oats ground coarse are put to soak in enough cold or lukewarm water to cover, and are ready to eat in two or three hours. Fine oatmeal is ready to eat in thirty minutes. "Rolled oats" is not oatmeal and they have been cooked at 176 degrees Fahrenheit before you get them.

The oatmeal served with fruit cut into it makes a delicious breakfast or evening meal. Ground or whole nuts may be added.

Cracked wheat makes a desirable dish and highly nutritious, although requiring more energy to handle than the oats.

Natural rice as it comes from the stock is the favorite dish of the Chinese coolie. It is due to the phosphorus pentoxide in the outer coat, which we mill off, that has built his world renowned endurance. The ground rice (use fine) put to soak in water will make you a fine dish of "paddie."

Eat as the Lord intended you should eat for the kind of work you are going to do, and you will thereby give your body its best possible chance to carry you through.

Keep the structure in absolute adjustment so that no tissue or organ will be impaired in the least. Perfect physiological function plus proper food builds health, and the power to do what you want to do, when you want to do it.

Let Us Make It Unanimous

Lord, give to men who are old and rougher

The things that little children suffer,

And let's keep bright and undefiled

The young years of a little child.

John Masfield.

The Stork Doesn't Care for Dates—They called their baby "Bill."—He arrived on the first of the month.

Spirit Guidance

By OSCAR L. CLARK

Recently a gentleman came to me for a psychic reading and related the following interesting incidents leading to his visit.

Being in deep trouble he set out from his house alone, to consult a lady medium whom he visited occasionally for advice. On the way there he heard, distinctly, a voice say to him, "See a Clark." He was very much surprised and could not understand as no one was near to speak to him. Arriving at the medium's house they proceeded with the sitting, without his mentioning the incident of the voice. Right away she got the message: "Go to see Mr. Clark; he will help you."

Hearing the same name again, this time from a person, the man was nonplussed and set out immediately to see for himself if the voice really referred to a person, hardly believing even then, to actually find a medium with that name, not having heard of me.

He arrived at my house intensely interested but still quite doubtful. Although a stranger he shook my hand with the vehemence of an old friend and excitedly told me of the voice.

I explained to him that a kind spirit friend, aware of his troubled condition, recognized that he possessed a psychic channel and through it had sought to direct him to one who could help him.

Being his first conscious experience with spirit phenomena and knowing nothing about psychic science until then, he did not realize the significance of the voice when he heard it.

We proceeded with the sitting and after receiving the desired advice he departed happy and with a newly awakened interest in the unseen world.

A few days later a lady visited me; she said that while resting on a couch alone, in the seclusion of her home, worrying over the troubles that beset her, suddenly a beautiful feeling of peace and calm settled over her and a clearly audible voice spoke out of the atmosphere, saying "Go to Clark, he can help you." Not knowing any person of that name, she did not understand, but started out to consult a lady medium. On the way she stopped at the home of a friend and told her of the happening. The friend had been to me and so explained to the lady the significance of the voice and directed her to me.

The lady was surprised as she had not heard of a medium by that name before. She, too, received the desired advice and departed well relieved of her worry and with the knowledge that out of the silence "speaketh the voice of wisdom."

Work in Love, Live in Truth, and Grow, bringing into activity the natural powers heretofore called Gifts.

RETRIBUTION

Georgina Johnson

Situated a few miles out of Philadelphia is the old Packard estate. The house, which is built of stone, stands far back from the roadway and is nearly hidden from view by the fine old trees which surround it.

At the time our story opens the owner, Mr. John Packard and his wife, Huldah, occupied that stately mansion. The family consisted of themselves and three or four servants. They had no children.

Nearly all of her married life Huldah had been a great society woman. She had attended all the big functions that were held in the city and had given many dinners, parties and dances at her own home.

During those years she did not want children. She could not be bothered with them. They required much care and attention and her mind was occupied with other things. The years stretched away ahead of her—there was plenty of time—and she expected, of course, to have children growing up around her, some day.

The years passed. They had been married twenty-five years; and now, at this time in the lives, the old house should ring with the merry laughter and gaiety of young people. But it did not. It stood there, silent and gloomy, a mute reproach to those two people who had never brought any children into the world to enjoy its comforts.

Mr. Packard had grown into a silent, morose man, wholly absorbed in his business. Many times in the last few years had he wished that he had a son who would inherit his property. The old home was very dear to him, and he hated to think of the time when strangers might occupy it. But he knew now that it would never be, so he plunged into his work and became wholly engrossed by it.

And Huldah—always so cold and haughty by nature, and caring little for anybody but herself—had not improved with the passing years. Now, at the age of forty-five, her health began to decline, and she became subject to nervousness and hysteria. She had given up society, entirely, and many evenings she was alone with only her thoughts for company.

Of late she seemed to be haunted by phantoms of the past. Into her mind, also, had come the wish that she had, at least, one child who would call her "mother"; and as she sat there alone evenings there would come a remembrance of two different times, in the years gone by, when she had frustrated nature's designs, and had denied two souls the right to be born into this mortal world.

Those thoughts persisted, they clung to her, and

she could not shake them off. Sometimes, when she was more nervous than usual, it seemed as though she could almost hear these words, "It was murder—murder."

She grew steadily worse and Dr. Wilbur, the family physician, said that she must have a change. She must get away from this gloomy house and go to a place where things would be brighter and pleasanter, and where she could think of something besides herself.

The doctor shook his head, gravely, when he talked to Mr. Packard about Huldah. He said that hers was a bad case of hysteria, and that her heart was affected, also; but he thought that, after a few months' sojourn in some quiet, pleasant place, she would come back feeling almost well. He said that medicine was of no avail, that her trouble was wholly of the mind.

The day before Huldah was to start on her journey, there had been much hustle and confusion throughout the house. She, herself, had superintended the packing of the trunks and boxes, and before the time for retiring came, she found herself unusually tired. She read for awhile but the story proved uninteresting. The book dropped into her lap and she sat there for a long time, staring into the distance, her mind wrapped in gloomy reflections.

She roused herself. She must go to bed and get rested for there was much to do on the morrow. She gave a few necessary orders to the servants and went upstairs.

She occupied a room alone. Mr. Packard slept in a room adjoining hers on one side, and on the other side of her bedroom was a door opening into her private sitting room. Beyond this was the maid's room. All of the rooms had doors opening into the hall.

After Huldah retired, it was a long time before she fell asleep, and then her slumber was disturbed by frightful dreams. During the night she awoke with a queer, gasping sensation, and she thought of calling someone, but it passed away and she fell asleep again.

In the morning she arose completely rested. In fact, she felt better, physically and mentally, than she had felt in a long time. She went into the sitting room and dressed quickly. She felt that she must hurry, for there was so much to be done on this last day. It seemed rather early to get up, because it was quite dark and a gray dimness seemed to be over all.

"I don't care if it is early," said Huldah. "I shall go down and eat breakfast with John, this last morning before my journey."

Once or twice, while she was dressing, it seemed as

though she could feel a presence near her—back of her—but when she turned quickly to see what it was, there was nothing there. She imagined that she saw forms lurking in the shadows. She looked closely, but there was nothing to be seen.

"Oh, I hope I am not going to be nervous, today," she said. "I feel so well this morning."

She went out into the hall. John was just coming out of his room.

"Good morning, John," said Huldah.

He did not answer. Of late, he had become very absent minded and pre-occupied, and often she had to speak two or three times before he noticed that she was talking. So she thought nothing of it and passed on down stairs and into the dining room. Here, preparations for breakfast were going on. The maid was arranging the table.

"Good morning, Janet," said Huldah.

The girl did not reply. She went on with her work as though there was no one in the room. Huldah glanced at her and thought, "She is probably angry about something, again." Janet often had those fits of anger and would go days without speaking to any one. But Huldah did not care. She felt so well this morning that she could overlook a great many things.

In a few moments Mr. Packard entered the dining room and sat down at the table. He ate his breakfast, hurriedly.

"Janet," said he, "do not disturb Mrs. Packard this morning."

"No, sir," answered Janet.

"Let her sleep as long as she likes. She was very tired last night."

"Yes, sir."

Huldah stared at her husband. Was he angry at her, also—was he pretending that he did not see her—and on this last morning, too? Or—perhaps he did not see her, the room was so dark.

"Why, John," she began, but he arose from the table and went out into the hall without saying a word. Then he put on his hat and coat and left the house.

Huldah did not feel hungry, so she went out of the dining room into the hall and up the broad staircase to her sitting room. She walked around the room looking at everything. She examined many little things—bric-a-brac and photographs—she looked at them closely as though she would indelibly impress them upon her memory.

"It is strange," she said, "but I feel almost as though I were taking my farewell look at this room."

She went toward the window. She would look once more upon the purple hills and the river which lay gleaming in the distance. She stepped close to the

window and glanced out, but a kind of misty darkness seemed to be over all. She could see only a little way out on the lawn.

"What makes it so dark!" she exclaimed. "I believe it is going to storm."

Then she thought that she ought not to stand here dreaming. She had so much to do and it must be getting late. She would go into her bedroom and look at the clock. She passed through the door and walked directly to a little table which stood beside the bed and upon which set the clock. She noticed the time and was just about to turn back into the sitting room when she caught sight of a form lying in her bed.

She stared in amazement. Who could that be? Not one of the maids, surely. Then she remembered that Marie, her special maid, did not feel well the evening before, and Huldah had told her that she need not get up early. But, even though she was ill she would not dare intrude into this room. Huldah knew positively that it was not the maid, and yet she called, sharply:

"Marie?"

No answer. She called again. Still no answer. She stepped quickly to the bed and took hold of the form to shake it. As she bent over it, she saw on the pillow a face, which exactly resembled her own. But the eyes were set and staring and the mouth was twisted to one side.

She gazed at that face as though she were hypnotized, she could not take her eyes away. Shudder after shudder ran through her and her very body seemed turned to ice. What was the matter with her? Did she really see that horrible face, or did she only think she saw it? This was not nervousness—it was not hysterics—it was not like anything that she had ever known in all her life. What was it then? What could it be? She knew, now. It was madness. She had gone mad.

She succeeded, at last, in drawing her eyes from that gruesome object, and she ran, shrieking and screaming, from the room. She flew down the stairs and into the rear of the house, where stood the maid, Janet, and the old housekeeper, Sarah, talking quietly together. She clutched the arm of Sarah, frantically, and cried:

"Help me! Oh, help me! Take that horrible thing away!"

Sarah took no notice of her. Huldah pleaded and begged, she wrung her hands and moaned. Oh, why did they not speak to her? Why did they ignore her so completely? Finally Sarah said:

"Janet, I feel as though something terrible was going to happen. I think I had better go and see if the mistress is all right. She was so blue and downcast last night, it would be awful if—"

"Oh, let her sleep," interrupted Janet. "Nothing

is the matter with her. She will only scold and nag at us, if she gets up."

Sarah shook her head. She was the only one, among all of the servants, who cared anything for Mrs. Packard.

"I'll just go up and see if she is all right," said Sarah. "It is time she was getting up, anyway."

During all this time, Huldah was walking the floor, wringing her hands and crying.

Sarah climbed the back stairs, slowly, went through two long halls and finally came to Mrs. Packard's room. She knocked softly on the door and waited. There was no sound to be heard, so she knocked again.

"She must be sound asleep," said Sarah.

She knocked the third time and still received no answer, so she went down the hall a little way, into the sitting room and tiptoed across the floor to the door which led into the bedroom. The door stood ajar and she stopped a moment to listen. All was silent, so she pushed open the door a little farther and stepped softly into the room. Mrs. Packard was still in bed. Sarah held her breath so that she might catch the least sound. But there was no sound, no stir, and a deathly stillness reigned over all.

An uncanny feeling passed over her as she drew nearer. She put out her hand and touched the arm. It felt cold and rigid. At the same time, she caught sight of that drawn face on the pillow. She turned and rushed through the rooms, down the stairs and into the kitchen, even as her mistress had done, only a few moments before.

Huldah, who by this time had ceased her pacing, was huddled down in a corner of the room, mentally suffering the torments of Hell.

With the tears streaming down her face, Sarah cried out:

"She is dead! She is dead! Mrs. Packard is dead!"

The maid's face grew white with terror.

Huldah started up at the sound of the housekeeper's voice.

"Dead?" she exclaimed, incredulously. "Dead? I am not mad, then—but dead?"

When the servants had recovered from their horrified amazement they began running to and fro in their efforts to do something, they hardly knew what. They telephoned to Mr. Packard and to the family physician and both came just as soon as it was possible for them to get there. The physician was the first to arrive.

During all of this commotion, Huldah had sat huddled in the corner of the room moaning and wailing to herself; but when the physician stepped into the front hall, she seemed to know, intuitively, that he was there, although she was way in the other part of the great house. She sprang up, rushed through the rooms and flung herself upon the doctor, crying wildly:

"Oh, Doctor, help me. Tell me I am not dead!"

The doctor put his hand up to his collar and tugged at it as though it were choking him. Just then Sarah came into the hall and he said to her:

"You say that Mrs. Packard is dead?"

"Yes, sir," answered Sarah, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Take me to her room."

Sarah led the way up the stairs, the doctor following.

Huldah watched them, her mind filled with vague misgivings and fears. It seemed so strange to her that they did not see her, that they did not know she was there. She could see them, why could they not see her? Then the thought came to her that maybe this was one form of the madness under which she was suffering. Maybe she was not dead. This might be only hallucinations, after all.

She sat down on the bottom stair, laid her folded arms across her knees and bowed her head upon them.

Poor, miserable, unhappy spirit! She waited there, while through her mind raced all sorts of thoughts.

In a few minutes Dr. Wilbur and the housekeeper came out of Mrs. Packard's room into the hall. Huldah heard the doctor say:

"There is nothing that I can do. She has been dead for hours."

He came down the stairs, brushed past Huldah, took his hat and bag and left the house.

Huldah raised her head from her arms.

"Then I am dead—he said so. Not mad, but dead."

So she was dead. She could hardly make herself believe it, but the doctor had said so and it must be true. Then, as she thought about it—how her body lay up there and yet she, herself, was down here—when finally she had gathered those thoughts firmly into her mind, the great truth burst upon her that she had really passed through the Change, that she was what the world calls "dead."

"But I am not dead!" she told herself with conviction. "I am just outside of my body, that's all."

A feeling of intense relief passed over her.

"Oh!" she sighed. "That is much better than being mad."

Just at this moment Mr. Packard opened the front door and stepped into the hall. Huldah started up and was going to meet him. Then she thought, "What's the use? he can't see me." So she sat down again.

Mr. Packard was much overcome by the shock. The servants crowded around him and told him all that they knew concerning the sad affair. Huldah listened to everything that was said. It was as much of a shock to her as it was to the others.

Mr. Packard went into the library and paced up and down the room. In a few moments the door bell rang

and the maid admitted a large, portly gentleman. He was the undertaker. Mr. Packard came out of the library and met him. The two men stood there and exchanged a few words, then they ascended the stairs together.

Huldah sprang to her feet. She could endure no more. They would go into her room and see that ghastly face on the pillow—oh, she could not stay here another moment—she must get away from it all.

But where should she go? Then there came into her mind a picture of a vine-covered arbor in the far end of the garden. In a second she found herself inside the arbor. She was very much surprised, for she expected to walk through the house and down the garden path. Yet here she was in the arbor immediately after the thought had entered her mind. She sat down on the rustic seat and buried her face in her hands.

Oh, it was awful—this terrible thing that had come upon her. So this was Death? How she had always hated the thought of it. Whenever it had entered her mind, she had always thrust it from her. She would not think of Death! And now she was face to face with it.

She lifted her head from her hands.

But Death, itself, was not bad. She did not even feel it. Then she thought of how she had awakened in the night with that queer, gasping sensation. "I must have died shortly after that," she said.

Then her whole past life swept before her. Every scene, every little incident, which had been forgotten for years, came to her mind. The great storehouse of Memory was open and she shuddered at many things which lay revealed. Particularly, did two acts of her life stand out more prominently than the rest, those two which had so troubled her during the last few days of her earthly life. And it now came upon her with full force, that, though she had sinned partly through ignorance, some atonement would have to be made for those two wicked deeds.

Then she thought how different was the life after death from what she had always expected. To be sure, her ideas were very vague and misty on that subject, but from what she had been taught she had always believed that after the soul left the body it was transferred, immediately, somewhere up into the heavens, there to be with God and His angels. Yet, here she sat in her own garden. She had not been transferred into any heaven. She was here, keenly alive, and her body was there—she glanced toward the window and shivered.

Then, that being a fact, the thought came into her mind that she must be, now, what is called a "spirit."

"Oh, I never believed in spirits," she said, with the old-time contemptuous curl of her lips.

"But," argued Common Sense, "you will have to admit that you are a spirit, now."

"Yes—but I never believed that they were on earth," said she, without thinking very deeply.

"But you are on earth," persisted the voice.

"Oh, don't!" she exclaimed, flinging out her arms to silence it.

Then the thought came to her that possibly her ideas concerning the Life after Death were not right, perhaps her belief was wrong, after all—it certainly began to look that way—and as she thought about it and wondered about it, a kind of fear stole over her.

She clasped her hands tightly to her breast.

"Oh, what will become of me?" she cried. "What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

Just then there appeared in the door of the little summer-house a woman. She was dressed in a white, clinging gown and her face was kind and beautiful. Huldah knew, instinctively, that she was not of earth. She looked at Huldah and smiled.

"Will you come with me?" she asked, in soft, sweet tones. And Huldah, not knowing what else to say, answered, "Yes."

The woman took Huldah by the hand and they gently floated upward into the air. Huldah looked back toward the house. She could see through the wall and into her room, and she saw persons bending over that prostrate form on the bed. She turned away and a glad feeling passed over her that at last she could escape from it all.

The ascended easily through the air. All at once Huldah became aware that forms were passing and re-passing her. Some were large, some were small. At first she saw them but faintly, but as she traveled along they grew very clear and distinct to her sight. These forms were going and coming to and from the earth, and the whole broad expanse of sky was filled with them. Huldah looked in wonder and amazement.

"Why, I never thought of the sky being filled with people, like this," said she. "Who are they?"

"They are the spirits of those who have died on earth," answered her companion.

"Do they go down and walk upon the earth?" asked Huldah.

"Yes."

"I did not see them a few moments ago," said Huldah, in doubting tones.

"Your spiritual sight was not sufficiently developed to perceive them," said her companion. "And besides, you could think of nothing but your dead body."

"Yes, that is true," answered Huldah.

She looked back toward her home and it was but a tiny speck far in the distance. When she looked again a few moments afterward, it had completely disappeared from view.

Soon, in the distance, high buildings appeared, and

as they drew nearer, a city lay spread out before them.

Then entered the city and passed through dark, narrow streets, on either side of which, loomed tall buildings. They kept on and soon came to a dismal looking house. "Come," said the guide, as she ascended the steps, opened the door and entered. Huldah followed. The house was very dark and a foul, musty odor pervaded the place. Huldah was dimly aware of furniture, for she stumbled over chairs as she followed her companion on and on through a maze of rooms. At last they entered a very large room, which was entirely devoid of furniture, except for a few benches, which ran along the sides of the room.

The guide sat down on one of the seats and motioned for Huldah to sit beside her. For a long time they sat there in silence and Huldah began to wish that she had not come. Then all at once there arose shrieks and cries and the sound of blows, mingled with shouts and curses. A light blazed up in the far end of the room. It showed a stage, with a man and boy for actors. The man, a great burly ruffian, held the boy by the arm and was raining blows upon its delicate body. Huldah stared in horrified amazement.

"He will kill the child!" she gasped.

Then came these words, uttered in a deep, sonorous voice:

"That is what you did! And not only one, but two!"

Terror-stricken Huldah shrank back in her seat, yet she watched the scene, before her, fascinated. Her heart ached for the child, but she dared not say anything more for fear that Knowing Voice might reveal other hidden secrets of her life. Then the man and boy disappeared, the red blaze died away and all was dark and still.

"Let us go," said Huldah, with pleading in her voice. She was trembling, and a nameless fear clutched at her heart.

"Wait!" answered her companion.

Soon faint lights again appeared in the far end of the room and unrolled before her view was a large screen upon which were written these words:

One Life

As It Might Have Been.

Then there appeared upon that curtain the picture of a young couple beginning their married life. She recognized the woman as herself.

This young couple loved each other and were very happy. A few years passed and a beautiful boy came to gladden their hearts. In the course of time another baby, a girl, came to be a companion to the boy. These children grew and thrived, romped and played, and made the old house ring with their merry laughter. The parents' hearts glowed with love and pride as they watched their darlings.

Then a picture of the boy and girl going to school was shown and the happy family gathered in the pleasant library of an evening. Next came scenes which were fraught with fear and trepidation; the mother bending over the bedside of a sick child, or pointing out the difference between the evil and the good. There was much bitter with the sweet; but after all, it was a labor of love, starting the little lives in the way they should go.

The years passed. Boy and girl had grown to young manhood and womanhood. They were trustworthy and true and a great joy and comfort to their parents. The care and love and patience which had been expended upon these two lives produced splendid results.

The mother, by this time, had reached middle age. Her hair was turning gray, but her face beamed with love and kindness. Her life was filled with thoughts of her loved ones and she had no time to think of herself. Crowds of gay young people gathered in that old home and through them her youth was renewed.

The last scene showed the mother sitting in her pleasant home with grandchildren grouped about her knees. Her life had been well spent. She had started two souls on the pathway of Life and she had helped them to gain, in this world, the knowledge and experience which is needed by every immortal soul. When the time comes for her to pass into another life, she will have little to regret.

The picture was ended. Huldah sat with bowed head, crying softly to herself.

The lights flickered and seemed about to fade away, when they changed to a pale blue color, which cast a weird light upon the curtain.

"Look!" said Huldah's companion. On the screen were slowly forming these words:

One Life

As It Was.

Again Huldah saw herself depicted on the screen and again she lived over the few years of her married life. How true and accurate was every scene. She saw herself a giddy, frivolous woman who cared only for the light, gay things of life. She shrank from the thought of having children. She did not love them. She did not want them. Then came those two acts which were to cause her much remorse and suffering.

Twice she saw herself go down to the gates of Death, and each time that she arose, she was free and untrammelled as before.

And what about those little souls that were denied the right to be born into this mortal world?

Here the picture showed the result of those wicked deeds which she had committed. It revealed the true state of things of which Huldah had been entirely ignorant.

The first little soul, violently thrust from the mortal

body which was forming about it, ascended into a Higher World.

At this moment Huldah shrank back with terror in her heart. Those sins had been almost forgotten until just recently, and she never had dreamed that they would come up to confront her like this.

"The child that you murdered!" said the Voice.

"But I did not know that it had a soul, yet," said Huldah in weak, trembling tones.

"And you think that the soul enters the body at what time?" asked the Voice.

"Just before it is born," answered Huldah, faintly.

"No!" thundered the Voice, and it vibrated again and again through that room. "No! The soul is there at the moment of conception and thereafter!"

The Voice ceased, and Huldah wished for oblivion—annihilation—only so she might escape from that accusing Voice and forget.

"Look at the picture," said the guide, and Huldah raised her eyes to the screen.

She saw the little soul ascend into the higher world. There it was taken charge of by wise Beings and tenderly placed into a little receptacle, there to stay until the time when it should have been born into the mortal world. At that time it was taken out of the receptacle and loved and cared for by those High Beings. When the second tiny soul was sent into Eternity it was cared for in the same way.

These babies grew, as do all babies, and they soon developed into beautiful little creatures of joy and light.

Meanwhile, the mother on earth had tired of her frivolity, but her hands and her heart were empty, and life itself began to pail. She contracted some slight ailment which left her weak and very nervous. A complete cure could have been easily effected had she thought of something besides herself. As she did not, it developed into a malady which finally ended her life.

The last of the picture showed two beautiful, fully-matured souls dwelling in the land of the blest, far removed from their sinful mother.

Thus ended the second picture. The blue lights flared high, then went out. The room was in darkness.

Then spoke the Voice:

"Those children, the representations of which you have seen, are yours. You did not want them, so you thrust them from you. You denied them the right to be born into the mortal world. You denied them your care, your love, your guidance. You denied them the right to live, to grow and to expand in an earthly body.

"It is the will and plan of the Creator that every immortal soul shall begin its life on some planet. Those souls needed the experiences and the lessons which only a life on earth could give.

"You wronged them, and you doubly wronged your-

self by wending them into the higher life with earthly lessons yet unlearned."

The Voice ceased. By this time Huldah had sunk to the floor and buried her face in her hands. She was filled with remorse and anguish, and her whole body shook with violent weeping.

"I did not know, I did not know," she moaned, brokenly.

"No," answered the Voice. "You sinned mainly through ignorance, therefore the punishment is less severe."

For a long time Huldah sat there. She expected any moment to hear the Voice again, but nothing was heard save her own sobbing.

How dark it was—and how awful! She groped around and found the garment of her companion and clung to it. It brought comfort and calm to her storm-tossed soul. After what seemed an interminable time Huldah's companion said, "Come." She took Huldah by the hand and together they passed out of that room.

They moved along through corridors and many rooms and soon Huldah found herself near the main entrance. Here, at her right, was a door before which the guide paused, while a look of pain crossed her face. Then she opened the door and drew Huldah into the room.

This room was quite large. It resembled somewhat a sitting room of earth. The light was very dim, yet Huldah discerned tables, chairs and other articles of furniture. They seemed to be shabby and worn. She noticed, also, a cold, damp air which was very disagreeable to her. The guide led her across this room and into an adjoining one, which apparently was a sleeping room, for it contained only a bed. The guide bade her be seated and Huldah sat down on the bed. There was a long silence, broken finally by the guide, who said:

"My child, it grieves me to see you suffer, but one of the laws of Life is this: as we have sown, so must we reap. That law is immutable." She paused for a few moments, then went on:

"This house was formed by the thoughts which you sent out and by the deeds which you committed while living on the earth. You harbored cold, selfish thoughts and they created this cold, damp atmosphere which penetrates your soul. This place is to be your home until your heart softens and you begin to feel a love and sympathy for your fellow beings."

Huldah was filled with terror.

"Do you mean to tell me that I must stay here in this awful house? Why, I should go mad!"

"This is your home for the present, but it is not necessary that you stay in it all the time. You may explore the city and the surrounding country; or, if you like, you may go back to your earthly home, although you will find that changed, now."

"Yes," replied Huldah, sadly. "Very much changed, indeed."

Always before this, whenever she thought of that scene, was the picture of that face on the pillow. She wrung her hands and cried: "What shall I do? Where can I go?"

"Rest for awhile," said the guide. "Duty calls me elsewhere for the present, but I shall come again."

She placed her hand on Huldah's head. Her touch brought a sense of calm and peace to Huldah which she had never known. She felt that she was, indeed, very tired and that she needed rest. She sank back upon the bed and was soon lost in deep slumber.

When Huldah awoke a cold wind was blowing in her face. She sat up, shivering. She looked around the dark, gloomy room and then a remembrance of all that had happened passed through her mind. There came to her a picture of the face on the pillow, she thought of this dismal house to which she had been brought, then of the dark, weird room where she had been confronted with her sins—and she threw herself face downward upon the bed. Oh, she was so wretched—and so cold. She lay there shivering for a long time. Finally, she discovered in the dim light a thin, torn quilt, which she drew up over her shaking form.

Oh, this horrible house! How she longed to get away from it, yet she dared not arise and pass through those dark rooms, alone.

As she lay there all of the events which had transpired since she had found herself out of her physical body, passed again through her mind. She lived them over again mentally, one after another. When she came to the second picture which had been shown her she paused. How beautiful they were—those children. And she never knew that they existed. A faint spark of love began to kindle in her heart. Her children—then she gasped—her children, whom she had killed! Oh, what an awful thing she had done! How terrible to contemplate! Then the Voice, which she had learned to fear, spoke:

"Yes, terrible, indeed! You would not have killed them after they were born—then why before?"

"Oh!" gasped Huldah, cringing farther down under the quilt. The Voice went on:

"Your conscience told you that you were doing wrong, that you were committing very grave crimes, but you little knew of the bitter consequences of your rash acts.

"Oh, that the children of earth might realize the enormity of that crime, and so escape the anguish and remorse which inevitably follow! Nemesis awaits each and every one who is guilty of that terrible deed."

Silence—dreadful and long. Huldah feared, yet hoped to hear that Voice again. Would it never speak? Even condemnation was better than this awful silence. As she lay there waiting, listening, fearing, the thought

came to her that perhaps that Presence planned to subject her to some other kind of torture, and her whole body shook with the fear that possessed her. She could endure no more. If she stayed there longer she should go mad. Then loudly and frantically she called to the one who had brought her hither.

"Oh, come and take me from this awful place!" she cried, wringing her hands, while great tears rolled down her face. "Come! Please come!" and her voice died away in a wail.

In a moment the guide stood by her side.

"You want me?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Huldah. "Take me away from this house—anywhere—only take me away!"

"Very well, I will take you," said the guide. "Where would you go?"

"I should rather be back in my other house, than here."

"Come, then," said the guide.

Huldah sprang from the bed. She clasped the guide's hand and clung close to her as they passed through the rooms. They went out of the house and through the streets, which were very dirty, with foul, muddy water running along the gutter. Outside of the house the air was stifling hot. There were a few trees, but they gave very little shade. They finally reached the outskirts of the city and before them lay a barren waste. They moved along over this, their feet scarcely touching the ground.

All at once, far in the distance Huldah saw a large ball rolling in space. It seemed to be coming toward them with great velocity, for it soon assumed huge proportions. Two or three times Huldah stopped, afraid to proceed farther. Then she noticed that when she stopped, the ball stopped; and when she started forward again, the ball came toward her. The guide spoke, reassuringly:

"Do not be afraid."

They traveled swiftly along and in a moment the ball lay spread out beneath them for a great distance on every side. Still they kept on and soon Huldah saw a light spot gleaming against a green background. As they drew nearer that spot developed into a city, which gradually began to look very familiar to Huldah, and in another moment she was hovering directly over her earthly home.

"Why, there is my house!" she exclaimed in joyful, excited tones.

"Yes," said her companion smiling. "And that huge ball which you saw is Earth."

They alighted on the ground and walked around for awhile and then went into the house. Huldah went directly into the library where sat John Paskard. He had been reading, but now the paper dropped to the floor and he sat there absorbed in deep thought.

Huldah stopped to his side and looked at him in

tently. He was the same man that she had known for years and yet, somehow, he appeared different. As she stood there she could feel the sorrow and sadness which emanated from him. Also, she could hear every thought that formed in his mind. Moreover, those thoughts, as they left his mind, could be seen word after word rippling along on the waves of ether. They traveled, like a flash of light, directly to the person of whom he was thinking.

She heard him think about herself and she saw the flashing words travel across the hall and into the parlor, where, as she followed the thought, she saw her body lying in the coffin. So it was not buried yet? It seemed to her such a long time since she had seen that face on the pillow. A quiver passed over her. Her companion divined the cause, and said:

"Do you not want to take one last look at your body before it is placed into the ground?"

Huldah hesitated. She dreaded to look at that form in which she had dwelt for so many years and yet she felt that she must. They crossed the hall and entered the parlor. Huldah controlled her fear and dread and went to the casket and looked. The body was arrayed in a robe of white material. In one hand, as it lay across her breast, was a flower. The hair had been arranged becomingly. The eyes were closed and there was a smile upon the lips. Huldah gazed long and earnestly into that face. The sight of it in its peaceful calm, eradicated the picture of that other face which had been so horrible a thing to contemplate. How glad she was now that she had come to take one last look at it. In the future whenever she thought of that face she would remember it as it looked now.

As she stood there a feeling of thankfulness came over her that, no matter how unhappy her life might be, she was not encased in that body. She felt light as air—and she was free. Free to go and come as she liked. Free to travel through that broad expanse of ether which she had viewed during her trip back to Earth. And she felt that even though the house to which she had been assigned was dark and dreary, yet, by her effort to live right and to think right from now on, she might be able to change its hideousness to pleasantness. Hope whispered to her that after a time she might find a better place in which to live.

So she resolved, while standing beside her dead body, to begin Life anew. She would try to love everyone with whom she came in contact, she would be kind and patient, she would try to do right in every possible way; and she felt that by so doing she could wipe out the mistakes and sins of her earthly life.

As she made those resolves, the darkness which had enshrouded her fell away and everything looked clearer and brighter than ever before. Suddenly a radiant Being stood before her and a Voice, which once had

made her tremble, but which now fell in soft cadence on her ear, said:

"My child, redemption has come. Those noble resolutions which you have just made have lifted your soul out of its darkness and despair. Never again need you go to that house of Horror, but come with me and I will show you the next step on the Pathway of Life. There you can start on the road of knowledge which leads to a realization of the Wisdom and Grandeur of this great Universe. There you will begin to understand the full and true meaning of the word, Life."

So saying, he took her hand and they, together with Huldah's companion, glided upward through the roof of her home on earth, into the broad expanse of ether; and onward to her new home in the skies.

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Truth is **Eternal Growth**. Truth is a fire burning low, yet lighting all the world; is all and in all, the heights and depth, length and breadth; buried in yesterday, alive in today, yet to be revealed in tomorrow's sun.

Truth is everlasting; cannot be swayed. Turmoil is its strong current directing the stream, overflowing the banks even to destruction, carrying the fragments, broadening the channel as it increases on its onward march.

Harmony is the Sun's bright rays drawing together the scattered Pearls of Truth.

Not in a Religious Sense

In the Zone Finance Office a letter was received inquiring about a bond which the soldier had purchased. His letter was rather incoherent and the officer was unable to identify the case. So a letter went back to the soldier asking for more information and incidentally inquiring whether it was a converted bond.

"Naw, the bond wasn't converted," wrote back the soldier, "and I don't want it messed up in religion either. You just send it on to me like 'twas."

—New York Evening Post.

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ASTROLOGY

WHO WAS JESUS CHRIST?

PREPARED BY CATHERINE HOWARD THOMPSON

This article was published in The Student-Adept of the September issue because Bishop Brown of Ohio, was tried that month for heresy, for saying that the twelve apostles and the twelve tribes were personification of the twelve signs of the Zodiac; and to answer his question about the truth of a personal God.

Catherine Howard Thompson,
Suite 31, 211 Audubon Road, Boston, Mass.

We are taught that religion arose from history, but it did not—it was built up out of science, and that science was Astronomy which is now known as Theology from Theos God, but Theology and Astronomy and Astrology can be shown to be synonymous terms, and mean literally a star.

There are absolutely no monuments of the existence of Jesus Christ as a human being, other than a passage in Josephus, a single phrase in Tacitus, and the Gospels. The passage in Josephus is unanimously acknowledged to be apocryphal, and to have been interpolated towards the close of the third century, and that of Tacitus is so vague, and so evidently taken from the depositions of the Christians before the tribunals, that it may be ranked in the class of evangelical records.

It remains, therefore, to inquire, of what authority are these records? "All the world knows," says Faustus, who was one of the most learned men of the third century, "that the Gospels were neither written by Jesus Christ nor his apostles, but by certain unknown persons who, rightly judging that they would not obtain belief respecting things which they had not seen, placed at the head of their recitals, the names of contemporary apostles," and added the words, 'according to,' and not 'written by' Matthew, Mark, Luke and John." There are no manuscripts of the New Testament extant of an earlier date than the fourth and fifth centuries, and the five that are thought to be as old as that, show plainly that many alterations have been made in them.

Beausorb, a learned writer, has demonstrated the absolute uncertainty of these foundations of the Christian religion, so that the existence of Jesus Christ is no better proven than that of Osiris and Hercules or Pot, with whom the Chinese continually confound him. Dr. Watts, a learned divine, says, "Jesus Christ our Saviour, has been called a fish in Greek by the Fathers, because these are the first letters of the Greek words for Jesus Christ." But why was Jesus Christ called a fish? Because this Mythos arose or was introduced

into Europe from Egypt, when the Sun by the Precession of the Equinoxes had just receded from Aries the Lamb into Pisces the Fishes, which is the twelfth and last sign of the Zodiac, and being a water sign as name implies, water plays the most conspicuous part in the Christian Dispensation. We have to be born of water and baptised by water, and the stone shells placed at the entrance of our churches are called Piscenas, and contain the holy water with which we are expected to cross ourselves, in remembrance of the fact that the Sun has crossed into, or been crucified by his entrance into Pisces the Fishes.

For that reason, Christ promulgated his Gospel by twelve fishermen, each man standing for one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and for each month of the year, and the Gospel was recorded by the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, representing the four seasons, as can be seen by studying the stained glass windows of any orthodox church where this Gospel is preached. Matthew is represented by Leo, the Lion, with wings. Mark is represented by Aquarius the Man with wings. Luke is represented by Taurus, the Bull, with wings, and John is signified by Aquila, the Eagle. The wings showing that we are dealing with the heavens and therefore with the science of Astronomy, and not ancient history.

This mythos refers to a time six thousand years ago, when the Vernal Sun opened the year in the month of May, and not in April as it does in this age.

To show that the Christian religion is pure Sun worship, on the altar cloths is embroidered a circle showing the golden rays of the Sun, and in the center is either the letters I. H. S., which is the monogram of the young God Bacchus, or a lamb holding a cross at the same angle that the Sun makes crossing the Equator. Pope Adrian I., A. D. 680, ordered the lamb to be taken down, that had always been tied to the cross, while the Sun was in the sign of the precessional Lamb, and he substituted for it, the naked body of a handsome young man standing on a foot-rest, which has brought so much sorrow and misunderstanding into the world. Pictures still exist showing this crucified lamb, and when we pray we kneel and fold our hands at the same angle that the Sun makes when crossing the Equator. You can also see a lamb in the central stained glass window over the church altar, to remind us that the Vernal Equinox now takes place in Aries the Lamb, and not in Taurus the Bull, and so at certain seasons when the Sun occupies certain posi-

tions in the Zodiac, we eat fish or we eat lamb, and when the Sun is below the Equator, we mourn for him for forty days, and when he is in Pisces, the Fishes, in March, we eat fish and abstain from eating meat. We eat fish on Fridays because Venus is exalted in the sign of the Fishes, and Friday is dedicated to Venus, because the first planetary hour on Friday is ruled by Venus, and she is the Queen of Heaven or the Virgin of the Zodiac, and is worshipped by all Catholics; even sailors will not leave port on Fridays, and on Good Friday we eat cakes to the Queen of Heaven.

Again, when the Sun has dipped below the Equator in October, and we see him for the last time, we take the wheat of August and the grapes of September, and eat them as a Sacrament or Last Supper, in remembrance of his departure from this Northern Hemisphere for five months, and also as a sign of faith that we expect him to return to us and rise again in the east at Easter.

At Christmas we rejoice, because we know that the Sun has reached his lowest point of Declination south of the Equator, has descended into Hell, and after standing still from the 22nd to the 25th of December, he begins to rise from the dead, or is born "to bring life and immortality to light," and to renew the earth. Jesus says, "If I go away, I will come again unto you." Look on a planisphere of the heavens and near the Genius of October, which is the first of the winter months, is Scorpio or "the worm that never dieth," standing in the gates of Hell (for Hell is that portion of the world below the Equator), to testify that fire, whose cheering light and warmth is now about to be abated, will never be put out, for Jesus says, "the fire is not quenched."

The Church has taken hold of this beautiful scientific truth, and thrown such a mantle of terror and suffering over humanity by this picture of hell-fire, that not a million Saviors will ever be able to eradicate the fearful effects of it from the minds of men. It fills our insane asylums and affects children not yet born. The next most important festival of the Church is Easter Sunday, which is the first Sunday after the first Full Moon after the Sun enters Aries the Ram or Lamb, on March 21st, which is the opening of the Astrological year.

We see, therefore, that Jesus Christ, Jesus being a triune Copitic word, meaning "I" for J, which is a modern letter, the self-existing One, "es" for life and "us" fire and is the Sun as he passes respectively into each sign of the Zodiac, assumes the character of that sign, and is assimilated and entirely identified with it. So that while he is the same and only God, we find him continually spoken of under the most opposite and contradictory characteristics and attributes. He is even spoken of as his own enemy, as when he

is the Diabolos or Lord of the opposite sign or Satan, and is often the destroyer as the savior of the world, sometimes loving the world when in the northern hemisphere, then hating the world when he leaves it to its wintry condition, and then he returns and reconciles it unto himself again; thus borrowing the gospel fable from his physical affinities in the Zodiac.

He is the Lamb of God crossing the line of the Equator in March, where, having "overcome the sharpness of death, he opens the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers," thus giving us the meaning where no other meaning can be imagined of those words of St. Matthew, that "the earth did quake and the rocks rent and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the Holy City and appeared unto many." Holy coming from the Greek word "Helios" the Sun; and the saints in the proper significance of that word, never having meant any persons who had ever lived on earth, but referring to the stars of heaven, or the Holy Ones of God, as the Holy City, and the City of David, and the City of our God; and this Jerusalem in which all these fallings and risings—again, these crucifixions, resurrections and ascensions do all of them annually occur, was no Jerusalem or city on earth, but "Jerusalem which is above," as the apostle expressly admonishes us in his Epistle to the Colossians: "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth," that is, set your understanding and apprehension on the great principles of Astronomical science, and do not suppose that Jesus Christ and his apostles were persons who ever existed on earth. And again to the Philippians, Ch. 2 v. 20, "For our conversation is in the Heavens," that is, this whole affair of which we speak and preach and which is called gospel, has no reference to any persons that existed or events that occurred on earth, but is all astronomical and can be seen in the heavens. For "faith" is the proper understanding of the science of astronomy, and so far from intending it to be taken literally, "faith" means it must be taken as it was intended to be taken, viz., scientifically, and believing it means understanding it. The word "faith" is always applied to religion, which in olden times referred to the twin sciences of Astronomy and Astrology, one never being separated from the other, the Astronomers existing for the Astrologers. According to Job, the heavens were mapped out and the stars named long before Genesis was written. The Bible, therefore is a scientific work, and is not built up on history but on Astronomical science, and the supposed histories of the different personalities in the Bible are allegories to demonstrate scientific facts. The terms Christians, Jews and Hebrews were understood by St. Paul as being degrees in Masonry, of which the Christian was the lowest degree and the Hebrew the

highest, and then came those who were "perfect."

There is not a single passage in the Old or New Testament, that recognizes a national or political claim of any race upon earth to be related to Abraham and Sarah, but the relationship is understood as being a moral one. There are no "children of Abraham" any more than there are "sons of Belial," or a "generation of the faithful." All these terms are moral orientalisms of speech. Again, the Sun is the Lion of the tribes of Judah in July, while he is the sign that shall be spoken against or the opposite sign, that is, one of the signs of the winter months, the sign Sagittarius, the half-man and half-horse in the month of December, which the Sun is said to break and conquer by suffering and passing through it, and thus through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and is similar to the twelve labors of Hercules.

Each sign was also given to each of the twelve tribes of Israel, but the tribes never existed any more than the apostles did. "The children of Israel" being a poetical allusion to the twelve constellations, each with their hundred and more respective stars. So that today when it is asked, "what has become of the twelve tribes," we are told that "ten are lost," which is an easy way of answering the question. The Bible says, the Israelites wandered in the wilderness for forty years; and when it is asked how did they procure clothes, we are given to understand they had shoes and clothes that never wore out; and what did they do for food? God rained food; and what did the Canaanites say, when the Israelites came and took their land and homes away from them, the Bible says they massacred them, and then they said nothing.

The Bible was written for the use of astronomical priests and learned men, and was not intended for the masses of the people to read literally. It was written to teach astronomy, to veil scientific truths and the processes of Nature; and as such, the Bible is beautiful and valuable, but in no other sense.

All the contradictions and apparent absurdities of the gospel by which a thousand generations have been led by sanctified priests and bishops into a thousand different sects, and maddened into Christians, are the fallen ruins of a once glorious temple, which we are going to resurrect, and will prove that Christianity is a fable, and will show how the fable originated, and what was its meaning and moral; so that though it may be possible for the fanatic to continue to take personalities for persons, and allegories for histories, and the machinery of science for its ultimate scope and end, it is no longer possible for a man of learning not to know that the Christian religion as taught today, is being craftily practised upon the credulous simplicity of ignorance.

The great Albertus has expressly said, "*All the mysteries of the incarnation of our Savior Christ, and all*

the circumstances of his marvellous life, from his conception to his ascension, are to be seen in the constellations, and are figured in the stars." Every passage of the Old and New Testament can be traced to its true origin in that occult astronomy, which, under the allegorical veil of what was called Sacred or Secret History, has for ages subjugated insulted reason to the power of priest-craft, by dropping as it unhappily did, out of the management of those who knew its meaning, into the hands of the Goths and Vandals who knew nothing about it.

The Jews we are told were Egyptian slaves, Moses being an Egyptian and educated by Pharaoh's daughter, and we are still being influenced by his writings and Commandments, but the Jews as a nation have never existed, for thus far no coin has ever been found that was struck, having the inscription of any Jewish government, or Jewish king, or Jewish ruler's head, or Jewish superscription upon it; and as the Jews have always been recognized as the bankers and money-lenders of the world, they certainly would have hoarded up their national currency if they ever had any. They tell us they built their Temple "without the hammer's sound," and we know that Cyrus, King of Persia, built them a Temple at Jerusalem to keep them from revolting against him.

But as the Sun is now by the Procession of the Equinoxes in Aquarius, a scientific air sign of the Zodiac for 2,000 years, and you cannot hide anything in the air, the wind will blow this mythos back and forth, and it will be scientifically investigated, and unless the priesthood keeps up with the learning of this New Age, they and this book which their imaginations have consecrated will be discarded as behind the times.

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Mind, the Master Builder

(Continued from page 12)

is first characterized, and therefore may be controlled or guided, by the Conscious Thinker. To paraphrase an old maxim, *As a Man Thinketh in his Unconscious, so is he.*

Mind in Action

Mind has its mechanism. Brain has its mechanism. Each is the correlate complement of the other. When mind acts it acts through the brain mechanism. When brain functions, it acts through the mechanism of the mind. It is a waste of time to speculate whether we have a mind or only a brain. There is no educative value to be placed on the speculations of Idealism which attempt to negative materialistic conceptions, or vice versa. The fact is all life and being are both idealistic and materialistic. Our interior life is idealistic, or subjective. Our exterior life is materialistic, or objective. But there is no interior life that has not at least a germ of exteriority; and conversely, there is no objective life that has not its reflex in some subjective reaction. The Science of Ontology comprehends essentially the world of matter as well as the world of experience—sensation, thought consciousness. The Ego is the universe of the self. The Self is the Ego of the universe. As Professor William James puts it: "Few recent formulas have done more real service of a rough sort in psychology than the Spencerian one that the essence of mental life and bodily life are one, namely, 'the adjustment of inner to outer relations.' And again—'It will be safe to lay down the general law that *no mental modification ever occurs which is not accompanied or followed by a bodily change.*'"

You cannot think without affecting a brain cell or a group of cells. Contra, there can be no action among the brain cells without generating some mental activity, either conscious or unconscious.

Many people in studying Mental Science or Psychology are confused because of traditional teachings. The tradition which is most disconcerting in an attempt to grasp psychological truths is that relating to the soul. Because such great ethical importance has been placed, especially by theology on the soul-concept, many believe that when we study psychology we study the science of the soul. But in real psychology we have nothing to do with this conception. Soul is a dictum of theological metaphysics. Mind is a dictum of scientific psychology. Since at least the day of William James no true psychologist has any business with the so-called soul. Says James on this point: "My final conclusion about the substantial soul is that it explains nothing and guarantees nothing. Its successive thoughts are the only intelligible and verifiable things about it, and definitely to ascertain the correlations of these with brain processes is as much as psychology can empirically do. . . . I therefore feel entirely free to discard the word soul from this book

. . . The reader who finds any comfort in the idea of the Soul is, however, perfectly free to continue to believe it; for our reasonings have not established the non-existence of the Soul; they have only proved its *superfluity for scientific purposes.*"

But the fact that there is a parallelism or intimate relation existing between mind and brain makes it mandatory that the relation should be always healthful and normal. A diseased brain cannot function normally through a diseased or abnormal mind. Neither can a diseased mind find normal expression through a diseased or abnormal brain. The old maxim of our forefathers still holds true, despite all the advances of scientific psychology, namely: *Mens sana in corpore sano* (a sound mind in a sound body).

But while we may lay down the law, intuitively as in the old psychology, modern analytical and physiological psychology present to us the reasons for its existence. Only when we come to understand the mechanism of the brain do we discern the rationale of the law. The brain is so organized that the mind must use its elements before it can express itself correctly. First we learn that the cells of the brain are a sort of reservoir into which pour all the stimuli of the outer world. But if these stimuli were merely there accumulated without vents through which to escape or function, then the action of the mind would be utterly chaotic. It is because the organization of the brain does afford such avenues or vents that the mind expresses itself rationally and usefully. Now these avenues are known technically as fibres. It is because the function of these fibres is to distribute the energy of the incoming stimuli through the various nerve centres which communicate with the muscular organs that we have the power of intelligent physical expression. If these fibres were not properly coördinated with the brain cells which receive the stimuli our physical acts would be irrational and chaotic. Vulpis made a careful study of the tangential fibres which run parallel to the surface of the cortex and connect various convolutions with each other.

The convolutions of the brain represent the organized stimuli that energizes it. Certain centres of the brain are composed of specific forms of energy which impinge upon it from the outer world. If, for instance, the energy of light enters the brain, it is registered in certain convolutions. If the energy of sound enters the brain it impinges on other specific convolutions. Now the reason why we can at once both see a bell, for instance, and hear it, is because the convolutions that register the light-energy are connected by fibres with the convolutions which register the sound-energy. If that were not so, then we would only hear and see the bell at disconnected moments of consciousness; but there would be no way for us to determine that the sound and light (as represented

in form and color) were associated in the same object. We could only know that we saw the form and color of the object, and that we heard the sound—but we would never know that the two states of consciousness were centered on the same object. It is the connecting fibre that enables us to associate the two observations. This mechanism is the foundation of all forms of human knowledge.

Some people, for instance, have great facility in the use of the pen; but when it comes to the use of the tongue (as in conversation or speech) they are almost paralyzed. This is said to have been the case with Washington Irving, who so entrances us with his writings; but as a speaker he was an absolute failure. Now why? Physiological psychology tells us why. He had not so cultivated the use of his powers of speech as to have developed the fibres that connect them with the convolutions in which the intelligent faculties are registered (memory, reason, imagination, reflection). But he had developed their connection with the muscles of the hand. Just as in a telephone station it is impossible to forward a message received to a certain office unless wires are strung to connect the sending with the receiving apparatus, at that point, so unless there are connecting fibres developed between the convolutions that receive the outer stimuli and the muscular organs of the body, the mind cannot intelligently affect those organs.

When we study the so-called faculties of memory, imagination, reason and whatever other mental powers we possess, we shall find that the possibility of their use and cultivation depends wholly on the degree to which we have developed the fibres that connect the separate brain-convolutions.

Thus we see that in order to understand the mechanism of the mind (and its activities) we must know at least a little about the machinery of the brain—that is, the sort of mechanism which nature has constructed. In the old days of ignorance such an understanding was impossible, and therefore all mental activities were veiled in a sort of mystery. If the mind were a divine element, emanating directly from God, it was always impossible to understand why such a mind should be so subservient to an imperfect or intractable brain. But now we know that there is nothing more divine or supernatural about the mind than there is about the body; that mind and body in essence are one and the same; and that only as the one develops can the other develop. They represent merely the two sides of the identical agency of being; and being expresses itself inwardly or outwardly in a rational or irrational manner in accordance with the efficient coördination of the two mechanisms (mind and brain).

Now it is a peculiar fact that each sensory area responds to a stimulus in its own individual way. The stimulus may be identical, but the different areas will

respond in accordance to their own characteristics. For instance: If a stimulus reaches the temporal lobes, there will be a sensation of sound. If a like stimulus affects the occipital lobes, the sensation of light is experienced, etc. DuBois Reymond, the celebrated French psychologist, performed a pretty experiment which illustrated this fact. He showed that when a chain of four persons is arranged in such manner as to send a current of electricity through the tongue of one, the eyeball of another, and the muscles of a frog held by two of the four, the same current will cause simultaneously an acid taste, a flash of light, and a movement of the animal's muscles" (Ladd's *Elements of Physiological Psychology*).

But we find Nature has so organized the human sensorium that there are two great nerve systems—the Central and the Sympathetic. The central system controls all the activities of the higher mental forms of conscious functioning. The sympathetic controls all the lower or reflex forms of mental functioning. Until recently we knew nothing of the educative value of this natural classification. We knew we had the two systems but we did not know what a diverse and yet synthetic relation they held to the actions of the mind. We have always appreciated the fact that we had moments of overt consciousness, as well as moments of what we might call covert consciousness. That is, we realized that our consciousness was so divided that sometimes it was vivid and sometimes vague. But we never knew that at the bottom of these distinctive experiences lay the physical organization that made such differentiation of consciousness possible. But now we know that all modes of overt consciousness (that is, the moments of vivid mental action) are such as are activated by or associated with the movements of the cells and fibres of the brain that abide in the upper cerebral centres, or the cortex. That is, which act through the Central nervous system, and we know that all the covert (or unrecognized) moments of consciousness are conditioned by the movements in the lower or reflex nerve centres, such as the medullary or spinal cord, and the basal ganglia, the sympathetic nerve system.

Mental mechanism refers to the special functions of the mind that operate in the conscious, subconscious and unconscious centres. The conscious centres relate to modes of immediate and vivid awareness. Their physical correlates are the convolutions in the upper brain or the cortex. The sub- or un-conscious centres of mental activity are related to the lower medullary or ganglionic areas of the sensorium. In the conscious and subconscious centres the activities of the intellect and the will, memory, reflection, imagination, etc., operate. These utilize the organs of the cortical and the lower cerebral areas. But modern analytical and physiological psychology, has also revealed to us the

fact that there is a vast field of ceaseless mental activities which lie in physical correlates much lower than the above areas (the ganglion, glandular and visceral area), and what has been especially revealed to us is that these basal activities (buried so deeply down in the nervous centres and in the mind) constitute potent and vital factors in human conduct and character. This realm is known as the Realm of the Instincts. For ages man has conceitedly prided himself on the powers of his intellect, especially as formative factors in human civilization and individual character. The newer psychology somewhat apologetically assures us that man must swallow his pride in this respect, and now recognize the fact that probably the basal instincts are more efficient in the guidance and ordering of human conduct than the proud intellect. After all, it is not lofty intelligence and sublime reason that, taking the human race *en masse*, bespeak the present status or the future possibilities of the race.

Not that intellect or reason are to be demeaned or denied their true office. But they must learn that they are opposed by forces which lie in strategic ambushes, ready to leap upon and overcome them at any moment. Intellect and reason are like an arrayed army moving toward an attack upon an open plain. But the enemy which they are seeking lies concealed in ambush difficult of discovery. These concealed foes are the Instincts—for they are the elemental and primordial groups which have through the ages learned to bury themselves in the depths of the human organism—in subterranean nerve centres, through which the well ordered armies of the intellect and reason reconnoitre only too frequently to find themselves overwhelmed.

On this point Th. Ribot has an eloquent passage in "The Diseases of Memory": "We may regard the nervous system as traversed by continuous discharges. Of these nervous actions some answer to the incessant rhythm of the vital activities; much fewer in number, to the succession of states of consciousness; still others, and these are far more numerous, constitute unconscious cerebration. The six hundred (or the twelve hundred) million cells, and the four thousand or five thousand millions of fibres, even allowing for those which are inactive or remain during the whole period of life without occupation, offer a considerable contingent of active elements. The brain is a sort of busy workshop where ten thousand different operations are going on at once. Unconscious cerebration not being subject to the conditions of time, and taking place, so to speak, in space, may act in different places simultaneously. Consciousness is the narrow wicket through which a very small portion of all this work becomes visible to us."

Conscious mental action is a narrow wicket. Un-

conscious cerebration is a vast ocean. What you are or are to become depends wholly on what amount and what quality of water passes under that wicket. Now the ocean of unconscious cerebration consists chiefly of the streams of the instincts that flow into it.

In the mechanism of the Unconscious or the Realm of the Instincts we discover groups or complexes, that is, organized impulses which operate as reflex nervous actions, such as hunger, sex appetite, consanguinity, or the instinct of blood relationship, gregariousness, or the instinct of association, self-preservation, or the instinct of the persistence of life, etc.

Now studying these instincts we observe that they were probably not innate, having always existed, but that they are the result of experience, contact with environment and the developed capacity of selection. Hunger, for instance, which lies at the very bottom of organic existence, probably developed from a purely chemical activity. Doubtless when the amoeba reaches out to absorb a substance there is little more biological action than what takes place when two chemicals unite for the formation of a substance. Doubtless at this stage sensation is so negligible that the animal experiences but little more feeling from food than the chemical feels in yielding to its natural affinity. But in the ascent of organic life, when sensation evolves as consciousness, the want of such chemical acquisition as food provides is felt consciously. It is then that the conscious effort to supply the food and which calls attention to its need, gradually sinks into an unconscious appeal. That appeal, the instinct of hunger, in the course of ages becomes wholly unconscious, and therefore constitutes a complex, involved in the chemical requisites of the nervous system.

In the same manner doubtless all the other instincts developed in time. The reason why we classify these tendencies as instincts is because they lie below the bodily actions and the accompanying mental response which they induce. They themselves are unconscious nervous impulses, but they give rise to conscious response.

When we respond to the instinct of hunger we do not think or reason about it; we are hungry and we must eat. What conscious action may be involved is itself almost unconscious for it is an immediate affirmative reaction. If there is nothing to eat we have not the power by reason to quell the hunger. We seek it wherever we can at whatever cost. It drives us to actions we cannot resist. That is the cause of riots and revolutions. Men do not think about them at all; they are not instigated; they simply come; burst out; because the instinct of hunger drives men on senselessly and unconsciously to its gratification, if possible. Where the gratification is impossible, starvation or insanity ensue, in spite of reason or will or intellect.

(Continued on page 38)

THE SPIRIT-LIFE OF MARMADUKE, THE ASTROLOGER

By LOUIS LISEMER

*Author of Fate Or Destiny, The Psychic Hand, and
Other Publications*

The most comforting spiritual book I have ever read—I have re-read it many times, and am still at it—is a volume of 200 pages entitled, "The Progression of Marmaduke" (Stead's Publishing House, London, Eng.), and consists of writings given by him through the hand of Florence Dismore automatically after his passing to the spirit world.

To me there is a whole world of comfort in the book for the reason that Marmaduke led the same dissolute life on earth that I have lived, and that his experiences in the Land of Bliss and of Retributive Justice are identical with those I have experienced in my cataleptic dreams, when my soul left the body and roamed in another world. In public prints and in talks before audiences I have spoken of these psychic adventures, and they have proved as interesting to readers and listeners as they were to me—grand and glorious. In order to forestall the materialist and the biased sceptic, let me state here that many of the journeys of my soul were made years before I read "The Progression of Marmaduke." I always considered them dreams and hence gave them little thought; but since I am enjoying some knowledge of psychic science, I find them to be realities shadowed in a dream, the reality of the continuity of life in never-ending sequence in a Land of Somewhere, whose Light is radiance and whose glory is Love in the progression of the soul.

I had considered catalepsy a disease, which it cannot be because I am in perfect physical health. Neither is my mind distracted, nor the soul ill at ease, like an infant crying; crying in the night, which is the voice of the soul.

At my next sitting with Dr. Helen Weyant, the venerable medium at Toledo, who is according me the great privilege of a sitting whenever I wish one, I concluded to call up the spirit-entity of Marmaduke. He announced his presence through Dawn, the medium's guide, and said he was Marmaduke, the astrologer, who had accompanied Napoleon from Egypt to France. Instantly I recalled that I had read of this Egyptian in my histories of the emperor.

I said to him that I had been reading a book entitled "The Progression of Marmaduke" with profound interest, and that it was written by one Marmaduke. "I did not write it, friend," he replied. We carried on a conversation for some time, the purport of which I cannot now recall because of my agreeable surprise. Ap-

parently I cannot always succeed in maintaining my equanimity for the reason that the surprises are so wonderful that my emotions are enkindled, frequently bordering on ecstasy—emotions of wonder, of tender affections, of pleasure, and of joy. And who could? They are the emotions of the soul functioning in the seance-room, where soul meets soul.

The medium had never read or heard of Marmaduke, the Egyptian astrologer; after her disenchantment she was anxious to hear of him and of my wonderful experience with him. I also immediately acquainted Florence Dismore with my unusual psychic adventure with the idol of her psychic life, and received the following reply to my letter. I shall quote in part:

"25 Carnarvon Road, Oxtou, Birkenhead,

"England, April 7th, 1924

"Dear Mr. Lisemer:

"I want to correct an error on one point. The 'Marmaduke' who comes, as you state, to your circle, and represents himself as being the former servant of Napoleon, is *not* the Marmaduke of 'The Progression of Marmaduke.' The latter only lived, we gather, at a much later date, but he has given me a test-sign by which I can know at once whether any message purporting to come from him is genuine, or if the entity who gives this name is impersonating him. My Marmaduke has also emphatically denied, in writing, that he is the 'Marmaduke' who came to our circle, saying that he has never been to any circle but to my own, and adds that he has never written through anyone but myself and Miss A. V. Earle. Marmaduke had that Christian name given to him amongst others and at his earth-christening, but he says there is another spirit called 'Marmaduke' who may be the one who has come to you.

"I may also say that this denial of the two Marmadukes being one and the same, has been corroborated by Miss Earle's guides and my own, as well as by Marmaduke himself, as I have stated above.

"I write thus fully, because your Marmaduke might give messages with which my Marmaduke would not be in sympathy, and this would lead to complications and questions which I wish to avoid.

"With thanks again, believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"FLORENCE DISMORE."

Truly, this is a remarkable experience and should

excite the interest of every searcher after truth, in whatsoever form it might come. It proves that the spirit-world is inhabited by humans and that the same laws obtain there that govern here. It is like messages to and fro over a telephone, with letters of explanation following. How wonderful and gratifying it all is.

In a series of dissertations upon the human soul which I recently penned for the Toledo, Ohio, *Daily News-Bee*, I had occasion to state:

"Editor *News-Bee*:

"In a communication to the *News-Bee* that mind anteceded the brain, and light preceded the cell; that light produced the cell. Since my averment has not been challenged, I shall further state that the soul preceded the mind, and that the soul is parent to the mind.

"The soul enters the body of man at the time of birth—it matters not when—when the soul in turn gives birth to the mind, sustaining it as blood does the body. Hence the mind is a born entity, which cannot be maintained of the soul, as we shall see in these discussions.

"But whence comes the soul? What is it and its function? The evolutionist and scientist have attempted to fathom its mystery. Permit an investigator to cast a shade of light on the soul and its mystery. I shall wander far afield.

"The writer is a victim, or a beneficiary, of catalepsy. The dictionary defines this term as 'a sudden suppression of motion and sensation, in which the patient is speechless, senseless, and fixed in one posture, with his eyes open, without seeing or understanding.'

"Since I am a victim of this peculiar disease—if it is a disease, which I doubt—I have instructed the undertaker in the burg where I make my earthly abode to fully satisfy himself of my death before he administers the undertaker's fluid, in case he should be called to my bier.

"About forty years ago I chanced to read in the Chicago *Record-Herald* a communication from a physician in which he made the claim that one in every hundred persons is buried alive. If I mistake not, the undertaker's fluid was unknown at that time, hence the physician's statement in regard to burial. If this physician's statement is correct, then catalepsy is a natural condition, or a natural disease, much as dandruff is to the scalp, at least to a percentage of the human race.

"In a study of my ego in this condition of semi-death, I must conclude that the soul leaves the body for a time, but does not disconnect itself from the body, and wanders to other realms of existence, from the known to the unknown—either to its pre-abode or to its future sphere of existence.

"I have been in the pre-abode of the soul. In two public prints of international reputation I have ventured this bold statement, and it has not been challenged. Also I have made a journey to the soul's next

state of existence, which our Grecian fathers termed the Elysian fields, and my averment has not been disputed. The probable reason is that the traveler's account of his journey to a country cannot well be disputed by one who has not made the journey. It is the explorer who leaves the beaten paths and ventures into unknown paths which he makes and treads.

"What did I find in these unknown states of soul-existence and soul-consciousness? I made the discovery that the natural laws governing life are identical, that the denizens inhabiting them are the same in form, and that the law of individuality and of memory obtains.

"In the pre-abode of the soul the inhabitants are of a low type of man, while in the future state—that next door—they are of a higher type. While the scenery which I chanced to observe in these spheres of human existence—I shall make use of the term, human, for the reason that man does not die, but lives, and has lived—was unusual, still I recognized a similarity. I was cognizant of the fact that I was present in an invisible country. My cataleptic experience disputes the single-origin-of-life theory, and favors the theory of lineal parallelism and its shades of light, of which I spoke in a recent communication to the *News-Bee*.

"What interested me profoundly in these journeys of my soul was the conviction that the soul is an entity of progression in all three stages or realms of its existence—in its pre-abode, in its present life, and in its future state—and that the mortal takes his place automatically in accordance with the life he has been leading, as he obviously does in the present life. Above all, I was soul-conscious and subjectively realized that I was a part of a supreme consciousness, while the life-power of the plant was within the plant, and not a part of it.

"How do these visits to unknown shores influence the traveler? The answer is, beneficially. He will aim to lead the morally pure and unselfish life, as I am doing, and consider the welfare of others. He will postulate from the known to the unknown, from the finite to the infinite, from the mortal to the immortal. Then is not a state of catalepsy a natural condition to favored ones? Assuredly."

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WOMEN ASSERT DEAD RETURN

A persistent and increasing interest in the subject of psychic communication has given rise to a strange suggestion that, perhaps, the spirits of dead statesmen return to the Washington capital and communicate with its residents who are still in the flesh.

Stranger still is the fact that the idea is being received seriously by a number of prominent Washington women.

During the war a great impetus was given to psychic research work. Since then this spiritual investigation has increased rather than slackened. This is particularly so in the case of women, who have always been more frank concerning their faith in spiritualistic communication than men.

Number of Women Interested Surprises

In Washington the number of women prominent in official life seriously investigating spiritualistic phenomena has assumed proportions surprising to those who have given little attention to the general growth of interest in psychic research.

Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, wife of Senator Fletcher of Florida, is president and moving spirit of the Psychic Research society of Washington. The little book, "To Walk With God," which purports to be "lessons" received from a spirit which has never been on earth and which was published by Mrs. Franklin K. Lane and Mrs. Harriet Blaine Beale, daughter of James G. Blaine, has been widely read; and whenever the two women are together they continue to receive messages which they are convinced come from the spirit world.

"In Constant Touch with Father"

Mrs. Newlands Johnston, daughter of the late Senator Newlands, is in constant touch with her father in the beyond, to her own satisfaction at all events.

Mrs. Minnigerode Andrews, philanthropist, society woman and organizer for Washington of the drive to purchase Monticello and make it a national shrine, is guided in all her activities by the spirit of her daughter, the late Mary Lord Andrews, who died just as she was growing into womanhood. Other well-known women who have made occasional excursions into spiritualism are Mary Roberts Rinehart and Mrs. Henry Wilder Keyes.

It has been repeatedly stated that Mrs. Harding is keenly interested in spiritism and that when she was mistress of the White House she used to go frequently to a medium in the hope of getting a peep into the future or advice on matters which were troubling her.

This Story Lacks Verification

It has, however, been difficult to obtain verification

of this fact; and when a story became current during President Harding's lifetime that he had been persuaded to accompany his wife when she was making an effort to get into communication with the spirit world, it was denied at the White House.

In most instances, however, the devotees of spiritualism like to tell of their experiences. Mrs. Fletcher consults a medium for advice and counsel as regularly as she consults a doctor—and much more frequently. She is thoroughly convinced of the authenticity of the messages which she receives and is very dependent upon her spirit guidance.

Mrs. Keyes, wife of Senator Keyes of New Hampshire, who is known to readers all over the United States for her "Letters of a Senator's Wife," has been an exceptionally busy woman all her married life—keeping house, raising a large family of boys, helping her husband with his political fences, writing prolifically, lecturing and finding time for all sorts of philanthropic and civic activities. Consequently, she has been too cumbered with the cares of this world to make a very prolonged or consistent effort to penetrate the veil into the next world.

Experiences "Separation" of Spirit

She has, however, had some curious experiences in time of illness, a feeling that her spirit had separated from her body and gone off on little exploring expeditions of its own, and she means when her duties slacken a bit to investigate such phenomena and to make a study of a subject which has always interested her and which she feels to be vitally important to human happiness.

A sensitive spirit, she occasionally receives "leadings" in moments of stress when important decisions are to be made, and she feels that with experience she might develop psychic powers.

It was not until after the death of Mrs. Beale's only son, Lieut. Walker Beale, killed in France, that Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Beale made concentrated efforts to reach the other world. Both were convinced that for a time they did get messages direct from the young soldier, comforting his mother and assuring her of his well being. Then came a warning that this personal communication must stop, but to stand by for further teaching, and after that the lessons began coming.

Code of Conduct Outlined

As written down in "To Walk with God," they outline a code of conduct, with emphasis on the love of man and the love of God as the directing power in human life. To the unprejudiced reader there is much that is appealing in the teaching, but nothing

power than the gospel preached by Christ and nothing that might not have emanated from the mind, conscious or subconscious, of the mediums through which the lessons flowed.

Both Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Beale, however, are firm in their assurance of the spiritual inspiration of their work and published the little volume on the direct command of their spirit guide.

Some time after the death of Mr. Lane his widow was questioned as to whether or not she had ever received any word from her husband. Admitting that she had only once thought herself to be in direct communication with him, she stated that, on the other hand, she had repeatedly received messages of advice on matters of health, business and on the very intimate subject of her daughter's welfare through a third person.

The Beyond Gave Warning

She cited, for example, two instances when she had been seriously ill in New York but had let none of her friends know for fear of alarming her daughter, Mrs. Philip Kauffmann, then living in Washington. Nevertheless, each time within twenty-four hours of her seizure she received a letter from Mrs. Newlands Johnston, an old friend, who was then living in Boston and who wrote to say that, through her father, she had received word from Mr. Lane to convey to his wife advice on the care of her health.

The incident which Mrs. Lane felt demonstrated a direct communication from her husband was curious in the extreme. It was shortly after Mr. Lane's death and she and Mrs. Beale had been working together constantly but for short periods to avoid fatigue, for Mrs. Lane, who was near the breaking point from nervous strain. Came word from the control, "Listen for a message." Then suddenly the pencil began and as suddenly stopped, leaving the lines:

"The lily whispers, 'I hear, I hear.'"

"The larkspur answers, 'I wait.'"

Connected Dead Husband with Verses

Nothing more was received and, with the comment that the quotation was apt, the work was given up for the time. It wasn't until she was retiring that night that Mrs. Lane began mulling over the message, and, recognizing that the lines were a quotation from Tennyson's "Maud," remembered that these were the first verses Mr. Lane had ever read to her. The poem was not a favorite, however, and by no means one which would have come to mind as something Mr. Lane might have tried to use as a medium of expression.

In telling of this experience, Mrs. Lane commented upon the fact that whereas by quoting verse if she had a lapse of memory her mind would stop and churn until the right word came up, Mr. Lane would go on without a pause, substituting for the words of the

poet something else that would fit into the sense and the meter.

A certain unfamiliarity about the lines received via automatic writing sent her to her Tennyson and there she read:

"The lily listens, 'I hear, I hear.'"

"The larkspur whispers, 'I wait.'"

(Substitutions having been made in two places.)

Mrs. Lane is one of a number of prominent Washington women who claim to have received messages from the departed.—N. Y. Sun.

Mind, the Master Builder

(Continued from page 34)

Hunger makes a refined and gentle Orlando rush in on a group of feasting gentry, sword in hand, and exclaims with challenge, "the thorny point of bare distress hath taken from me the show of smooth civility."

It was the madness of hunger that drove him against his reason and intellect to murder if need be to assuage his pain.

Precisely so has the sex-instinct or appetite been the force which has maintained the continuity of the race, the preservation of the human species. This instinct has become fundamental; it is stronger than the will; if it were amenable to the demands and regulation of reason, the race had long since doubtlessly have been expunged. We discern the proof of this statement in the agitation for birth control, now making its powerful plea. There are too many children born because there is not sufficient place or opportunity for them in the world at present. But in spite of that and all the force of the argument intellect may present, men will go on producing children because the appetite of the sex force is too strong to be overcome by resolution. Therefore society must protect itself in some way by preventive measures that will permit the due proportion of children to be born to maintain at once the continuity and the social advancement of the race. This is one of the supreme problems of eugenics. A future civilization will sometime solve it.

The instinct of gregariousness, or human association, has made possible the existence of the domestic family and the institutions of government. Man did not voluntarily and premeditatively create these things; they came about out of the necessities of man's nature.

From these observations we conclude that the human and animal instincts are purely reflex activities, functioning like a mechanical structure; but, of course, the energy involved in these activities is mental if not rational. In truth, an instinct in the last analysis is a submerged process of thinking.

We may illustrate this proposition. The instinct of self-preservation, for instance. Mark how it acts. When suddenly attacked, what do you do? You in-

stantly throw out your arm, or kick out your leg or foot, or do whatever at the moment may save you from danger. But do you think what you are doing? Apparently not. Yet if you penetrate the nerve centers sufficiently you will find that what you are doing is to experience a certain stimulus passing over the afferent nerve that impinges on a certain brain center from which flows a force that runs down another nerve avenue which impinges on a certain muscle that causes the muscle to move or act. In short you will do spontaneously and without apparent thought what you have accustomed yourself to do as a consequence of ages of experience through which the race has passed. The energy of the brain or action of the thought of self-preservation moves so swiftly through the physical path over which the race-experience has accustomed it to move that it is unperceived by your consciousness, and therefore seems to be merely mechanical or reflex. Just as the hand can move faster than the eye, as in tricks of legerdemain, and though the eye cannot detect the movement of the hand, yet we know that the hand does move; so, in the mind, there are doubtless processes of thinking, or instants of reasoning, so swift and immediate that the mind cannot detect them. These swift processes of mental activity are what we know as the instincts, but, though we yield to them mechanically and without apparent consciousness, they are nevertheless logical and therefore rational. They

are, indeed, the preservers, protectors and conservers of all organic life, human and animal.

Along with the instincts we must consider the emotions. These lie, we might say, a slight stratum above the instincts in the plane of the unconscious.

We are conscious of our emotions, but not all they arise from the unconscious plane of the instincts. "We assume, as a fundamental fact, that with nervous action, feeling begins. We cannot draw a line between nervous action without feeling and nervous action with feeling; we can only indicate a scale of degree. Yet to all intents and purposes there is a division of nervous actions into conscious and unconscious." (A. Bain: Mind and Body.)

Note the instinct of hunger. This instinct prompts to the necessity and procurement of food. An unconscious nervous action without feeling. But we do not become aware of the demands of this instinct until the nervous action takes on feeling; that is until we experience the feeling of pain. The first intimation of the instinct is vague and uncertain; for it still abides wholly in the plane of the unconscious. We do not respond to it until the nervous action rises to the higher cortical areas of the brain which awakens an emotion that compels our attention to the demands of the instinct. That is, instinct lies below, emotion or feeling lies partly above, the threshold of consciousness.

Thus we may lay down the rule that the emotions

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are the voicings of the instincts. Because emotions are more intimate and conscious, we can more easily control and guide them than we can our instincts.

Here then we discern the first important step in human education. It consists of the method of discerning and controlling, or at least guiding, the emotions and through them the instincts. As primarily both the instincts and the emotions are processes of the unconscious mind, or molecular cerebration, we find that we must get at the very root of our beings if we wish to educate them. This is the field which is now being entered by the so-called psychoanalysts. The great purpose of modern psychology is to educate and understand the unconscious mind.

It is because of our past ignorance of the origin of our instincts and emotions and of how they may be rationally guided, educated and controlled, that human character has been so illy formed, and racial conduct so often misguided. Modern analytical psychology teaches the origin of these basic impulses and sensations, and therefore also the way their secret natures can be divulged, and the quality of the energy that moves them. Knowing that, we have found the path that may lead to their uprooting, if evil, or to their guidance and development if beneficial. Their roots lie in the depths of the unconscious mind. They must be mastered there and not immediately in the conscious mind. The latter is merely an onlooker; the unconscious mind is the mechanic behind the screen who pulls the string and shifts the scenery.

Psychic Photography: The Ideoplastic Theory

A Professional Photographer's Opinion

[The writer of the following account is a retired professional photographer with a life-long experience of photography, and several years' knowledge of psychic occurrences.]

The ideoplastic or thought form theory is not sufficient to account for extras appearing on photo plates. Many times when wishing to see the face of my wife who passed over nearly four years ago, other faces have appeared to me which I have neither seen nor thought of, but faces they were, nevertheless. My wife's face I have seen, and heard her voice, but other faces in and of which I have not the slightest personal interest or knowledge frequently appear clairvoyantly.

Now as a practical photographer I know quite well that these violet light visions, emanations, or whatever this exact phenomenon may be, are quite sufficiently actinic to impress a sensitive photo plate either through the lens or otherwise. These visions are very fleeting to my mind, but on a sensitive photo plate they are caught and held.

I feel positive it is the same mode of impression, whether on the photo plate or on the mind. I wonder how many of your readers know that the chemical bromide of potassium has a restraining action equally on the human mind or body and on a photo plate! This is so as all photographers and doctors well know, then surely the same phenomenon can be applied to both mind and plate. They are both recording agents. The subconscious mind and sensitive plate can be and are used by disincarnate entities.

My personal experience in regard to these visions, which to me occur first as a violet light or violet cloud and then open, when a face or figures are seen, is that they are thought forms, transmitted from those who have passed to the other condition of life. With me they are usually very fleeting, for directly my conscious mind takes them in or is cognizant of them they at once disappear. It would be exactly the same on a photo plate, only the impression is left, and on the plate being developed the image is retained, while as to our minds we have only the memory of the occurrence, while the plate is a permanent visible memory.

During my experience as a photographer no extras ever occurred. At that time I was not interested in the psychic side of the question.

It would be interesting to know just exactly what there is akin to a photo plate in the human body or mind for bromide to react on the same as a restraining influence.

Too much bromide in the developing solution would cause no image to appear at all, while bromide taken by the body causes sleep, or inaction of the mind. An alkaline solution added to photographic developer has an accelerating effect to the photo image; does this also apply to the human body or mind?

The violet sparks and light I have seen both in daylight and in darkness and gaslight would readily impress a sensitive photo plate, for violet is the most actinic light known.—C. G. Hayward.

Use of Brick Through the Ages

The complete story of brick has never been told. Its history is the history of architecture. It is a building material that has come down through the centuries and is still the leading building material. Other materials have at various times gained favor, but brick has always serenely gone on its way, and after each digression has come back with more prestige than ever before.

It is a noteworthy fact that every nation that has not had stone easily available for its building construction has developed some kind of durable brick, specimens of which are extant today. It would be interest-

(Continued on page 44)

PHYSICAL REQUISITES FOR MEDIUMSHIP

What Your Mirror Tells

By DR. W. K. DUNMORE

Spiritualistic phenomena are never so interesting when demonstrated through the agency of a medium as when received directly. Most of those who have been converted to our thought are interested in developing some phase of mediumship. Whether for public demonstration or personal satisfaction is unimportant; the pertinent question being, whether or not the aspirant is capable of development.

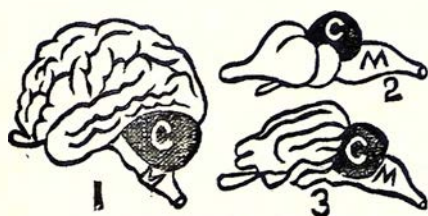


Figure 1
1—Human Brain; 2—Bird; 3—Mammal

The beginner usually doubts his own ability to see, hear or otherwise witness manifestations without the assistance of a medium. False hopes may be entertained by those who cannot develop, while some who can may become discouraged. Any one may determine to what extent they possess the necessary qualifications to develop to a degree that will justify the attempt.

Failure to do so may be due to improper procedure rather than lack of ability. On the contrary, it is as useless for one who does not possess the faculty to attempt development as it is to try to create talent for anything beyond the intellectual possibility.

In attempting to determine the physical requisites for mediumship it is essential to make a comparison of a large number of mediums and locate such anatomical developments as are common to all of them. In addition to this, consideration has been given to the fact that lower animals apparently possess psychic senses.

From our observations we have arrived at the conclusion that a well developed cerebellum is the most important. Other factors contribute much to success, but are not in themselves sufficient for a working basis. Intelligence and education are only useful in aiding one to understand the principles involved and giving expression to them in a concise manner.

The cerebellum is a division of the brain situated in the lower back portion of the head and is distinct in structure and function from the cerebrum or brain proper. Compared to the cerebrum it is much larger

in animals than in man. In what manner it influences the psychic senses is not known.

We attribute much to instinct in animals, but some of their acts are so remarkable that it is difficult to believe that their movements are not directed by some external influence. The performance of the carrier pigeon is well known and it is doubtful if it can be credited to any of the ordinary senses. Cats likewise will return home after being carried long distances and set free.

By referring to Figure 1, you will observe that the cerebellum is, proportionately, the largest in birds, mammals being a close second. Man possesses relatively the smallest; the intellectual faculties located in the cerebrum having caused it to overbalance the cerebellum in size. Those races in whose lives education has not played an important part show less cerebral development and are much more psychic.

The American Indian is credited with a high degree of psychic development. His facial and cranial characteristics confirm our faith in the conclusions arrived at. The East Indian, Arab and numerous others displaying psychic powers furnish corroborative evidence of the same nature.

If you desire to know whether you can develop mediumship, consult your mirror. The size of the cerebellum can be determined by certain parts of the face which correspond in measurement. The breadth of the



Figure 2

cheek bones, as indicated at C, Figure II, corresponds to the breadth of the cerebellum and indicates the degree of stability. If yours are broad you have one point in your favor, if narrow you will probably not persevere in your efforts.

The length of the lower jaw from the angle A to the

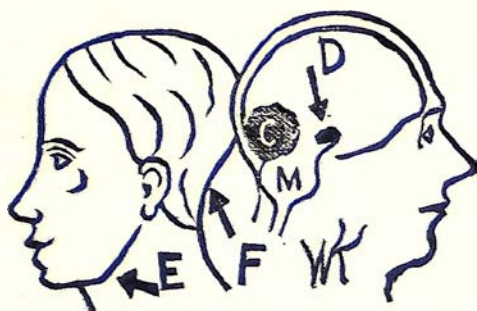


Figure III

tip of the chin denotes the length of the cerebellum and its activity. If this is short, do not be too eager to develop, though you may succeed to a moderate degree if other conditions are favorable. The third point is a prominence of the forehead just above the eyes at B. It indicates to what extent the perceptive faculty is active. If there is a flatness here you will be likely to fail.

A forehead that is well rounded is better than one in which the upper part is too prominent either forward or laterally. Lips that curve prominently outward, very small ears, large, wide-open eyes and highly arched eyebrows are not favorable signs. If the head is very high above the ears and the face is long and narrow, there is little hope for you. You may be very enthusiastic for a time, but you will most likely fail.

The head at the left, in Figure III, shows a type that will not develop. The distance from E to the tip of the chin is too short, cheeks are too narrow and the back head is relatively too small at F. The forehead is flat above the eyes, the curve of the lips is too great and the ears are small.

There are those who possess the necessary qualities to become good mediums, but who are dominated by other faculties. They may be unconsciously guided by the spirit forces but will not acknowledge their belief in the phenomena.

Figure IV illustrates a character of this type at the



Figure IV

left. This man, a Presbyterian minister, has the necessary development to become a medium. The predominating faculties of Spirituality, Benevolence, Veneration and Conscientiousness, undoubtedly influenced him to choose the career of a minister and reformer. His love of approbation, however, precludes the probability of his doing that which does not meet with general approval.

Having good intellectual and reasoning powers, his is not a single track mind, yet he cannot overcome the desire for a generous portion of praise from his fellow men; therefore any tendency to the display of psychic phenomena would at once be suppressed.

The head at the right shows the mediumistic qualities with Spirituality, Benevolence and Veneration well developed, but with small Approbativeness. The length of the chin downward denotes great will power and determination that can meet any crisis unflinchingly.

Whether or not we accept this as a true likeness of The Christ, it at least portrays the character he possessed and illustrates that high type of mediumship of which he was the greatest.

There is an impression among mediums and believers in mythology, that the pineal gland (D, Figure III), situated in the lower part of the mass of brain tissue, is the remains of what was once a third eye. To this gland are attributed the properties of psychic senses. In our researches we have been unable to find evidence that this body contributes in any way to the functioning of these senses.

Having satisfied yourself that you can become a medium, do not attempt to develop any particular phase of mediumship until you have experienced some manifestation indicating your adaptability to that phase. It is better to do what you are fitted to do than fail in attempting what may please you most.

One who is ill should never demonstrate physical phenomena but may become a successful mental medium. The vital temperament is quite well adapted to mental mediumship; the motive and motive-vital to physical demonstrations, while those of a nervous temperament should be cautious and conserve their energy. They are better adapted to passive than active participation in demonstrations.

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A Constant Reader

QUESTION No. 1.—Is it possible for three parties, all of one family, to sit for development in their own home?

Answer: The number of people sitting has nothing to do with the individual; whether family relation or stranger makes no difference. The development of psychic power, or sight to see beyond the physical dimension, is a purely individual matter; the place, time or company has no significance whatever and is not germane to the subject.

There are three things the sitters should possess: good common sense for analyzing the law governing life; patience beyond description and the power of endurance. Each person is a law unto themselves and must awaken to their own truth. The best an outsider can do is to serve as a comparison.

No. 2.—Would you darken the room?

Answer.—If you are sitting for mental development, sit in a lighted room, shaded; or, if you desire, you may close your eyes. If for physical phenomena, all who are practicing such phases, have developed in the dark; but we would advise the beginners to sit in the light when sitting alone. Under a good teacher, the darkened class room is permissible.

No. 3.—Do the three parties hold hands?

Answer.—Some teachers desire this; others do not. In our classes we do not hold hands. As you advance you will receive instructions according to your law from the spirit teachers whom you will attract. These teachers understand your needs and provide for them. This field is covered in the 1923 issues of *PSYCHIC POWER*.

We teach a conscious development and advise the beginner to demand that those who come in the spirit body do not attempt a demonstration unless intelligently qualified to do so.

The law of communication and attraction is the same after death as before. Who would think of entertaining an intelligent audience in some of the ways in which this question is treated? Demand intelligence, and then attract it, by refusing those who come in any other manner. The old idea of "let the spirit come," "Oh, do come, dear spirit," without ascertaining whether they are desirable or not, must be discarded. The idea that all spirits were angel friends has caused more criticism to our cause than all else combined and thus the phrase: "The ignorant medium," has attached itself to the cause.

An individual may lack education, but they could attract an educated person from the spirit world and gain the knowledge of Life; while, on the other hand, an educated person may attract those who are uneducated and lose their own individuality. Both the educated and uneducated person may attract all kinds and classes. Therefore, we can not be too strenuous in our advice to the individual in regard to selecting their company.

Visualize a crowd of people; yourself, wanting instructions on a given subject. Would you accept any one of the number who happened to be attracted to you? You would be courteous to them, but you would search out the one who was qualified to instruct you. This is the method you must use when selecting those from the spirit to instruct you. Much harm has been done through the religious analysis of this question of life after death. It should be analyzed scientifically from the angle of natural law.

Radiogram May Carry to Mars

Science Seeks to Transmit Message to Planet

On August 22 the planet Mars was within 36,000,000 miles of earth—closer to us than it has been for a century. Twenty-one different methods have been suggested of attempting to establish communication between the two planets, including gigantic searchlights, geometric designs on the Sahara Desert, radio impulses of various kinds, reflectors for heliographic signals and enormous rockets.

Would any of these signals be understood? More, are there inhabitants on Mars to perceive signals from the earth?

The theory of the existence of a Martian race, is anything but unreasonable, asserts Lieutenant-Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N., writing in *Popular Science Monthly*. Biologists and chemists lately have stripped much of the mystery from that phenomenon we call "life." Results of their research show beyond a doubt that only a few requisites are necessary to life. They are: Warmth, light, water, carbon compounds and some inorganic salts. Every one of these, astronomers have found, exists on Mars.

If a race of reasoning beings exists on Mars its char-

acteristics are not likely to be similar to ours, for the reason that Mars, being smaller and farther away from the sun than we are, undoubtedly cooled off ages before the earth did, and consequently probably was inhabited millions of years before the earth. However, though probably not "men," the Martians, if they exist and are reasoning beings, undoubtedly would perceive and prove capable of interpreting signals from the earth. Moreover, our scientists could decode communications from the Martians.

The latter would be a long, heart-breaking task, but the success of scientists in deciphering the picture writing of the cave men and tracing the early history of the earth from the signs that nature has left in the rocks, the sands and the waters, may be taken as an almost certain indication that the task could be accomplished.

Mars and earth have certain common experiences—night and day, for instance, winter and summer, heat and cold, eclipses, sun, stars, comets, meteors, moons, and so on. Once these features had become mutually identified by sending radios or some other sort of signals to correspond with each it would not be difficult to progress to some sort of symbol writing as an interplanetary language. The fact that a light ray or a radio signal could travel from earth to Mars in about 3½ minutes when the two planets come close to each other this summer makes the prospect of communicating with our neighbor of the heavens not so fanciful as it was once believed to be. At all events, our chances of "getting" Mars this August are 10,000 times what they were in 1909.

Since 1921, when the radio broadcasting stations were opened, the earth has been girdled with invisible sound. Eventually the heavens also may be so girdled.

The Use of Brick Through the Ages

(Continued from page 43)

ing to know whether or not the ancient nations, which, so far as we are aware, had no intercourse, each independently developed its building brick.

It remained for the Romans, the greatest engineers and builders of ancient times, however, to realize fully the possibilities of brick and to extend its uses to every kind of structure. They were the first to use burnt brick extensively. They were also the first to discover many principles of construction which are used even down to the present day. With the expansion of the "Roman Empire" brick penetrated every corner of the European continent and found its way across the channel to the British Isles.

Meantime the Chinese developed brick to such perfection that it has stood in the Great Wall for centuries. This wall, which was ten years in building, was finished about 211 B. C., and such was the character of its construction that it is still sound.

The Saracens also developed a brick of their own and gave Europe lasting examples of their art in the "Alhambra" and other buildings they left behind them following their meteoric sweep across southwestern Europe.

In the Middle Ages brick was the most popular building material in Holland, Netherlands, Italy and parts of Spain. Each country developed its own practice, leading to a great diversity in brick architecture. In England during this period brick was largely covered with "compos," a practice abandoned in the beginning of the fifteenth century, when England began to perfect its brick architecture and give to the world buildings which set the standard until the present generation of American architects began to realize the possibilities of brick.

When our forefathers landed in America there was a generous supply of timber on every hand. All that was necessary to make a house secure from the severe climate of New England, was to cut down trees and build thick walls, which could resist every kind of weather. There was an additional reason for this form of building, for there were no brickmakers among the earliest colonists.

Not until 1634 was the first brick house built on the American continent. That was built in the town of Medford, Mass., by Governor Craddock of Massachusetts Bay Colony, of brick brought from Europe, and has stood as a monument to the durability of brick for almost three centuries.

So far as known, the first brick made in America was made in the New Haven Colony in 1650, but very little was manufactured until after the revolution.

But while brick was not extensively used, the most sacred monuments which we have of those early historical days were built of brick—the Old State House and Faneuil Hall in Boston, Independence Hall in Philadelphia, the old home of William Penn and the Betsy Ross House, in which the first American flag was made. It has been possible to hand these down as an inspiration from generation to generation, simply because they were built of brick.

Until comparatively recent times wood in the ordinary building was the only material which was given any consideration. Only the pretentious houses of the rich and important commercial buildings were built of any other material, and in this class of buildings brick has always been the predominant material.—*Ralph H. Butz, Allentown, Pa.*

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DEVELOP a new brain cell every day. Put your mind to real work; the old way of repeating a word to memorize it is like the "old Hoss Shay"—a thing of the past that has served its time and lost out. The new method is to think—think of the word and its relation to you and what it implies. To think is to live the thing through; action is the slogan now. Visualize the word you are learning; paint it on your mind; get the meaning of it across to your mind consciousness.

The old method of teaching children had a tendency to make grooves in the child's brain rather than to develop the mind.

Brain cells are not the tissues of the physical brain; brain cells are living entities that live outside of it and only come to the rescue when called. Do you feel the lack of poise? Call to the poise brain cell and it will fit you out with material you need for poise and will stay with you if you are enthusiastic enough. It takes enthusiasm to get the brain cells to stick. They have to be fed. Enthusiasm and earnestness is what they feed on. You can develop your brain capacity the same as you develop your muscle. You are not a one-sided creature. What your body needs to build it up is light, fresh air, proper food

and enthusiasm. You can't just think you want a thing, and get it. You must be enthusiastic about getting it.

Our advice to you is not to begin a thing if you are not filled with enthusiasm. Let me give you a few *live* words: EARNESTNESS, DETERMINATION and ENTHUSIASM, these are your stock in trade; DESIRE, INSPIRATION AND ASPIRATION are your feeders. Take LOVING KINDNESS, RESPONSIBILITY AND JUSTICE for your armor, and for your slogan: WORK TO WIN, WIN TO WORK again.

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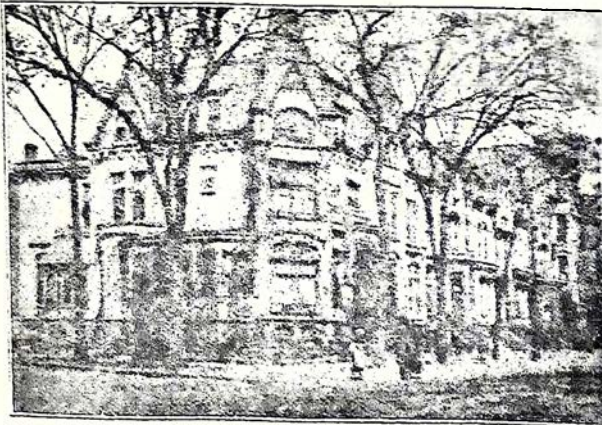
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